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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 or 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.

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"The Nativity"

Botticelli
A Very Merry Christmas
in
All Its Friends
from
The Georgetown College Journal.

Editorial.
The Calculating Kind Man.

Among the many errors to which poor human nature is prone is that of Charity—unwise Charity. We give too much with our hearts and too little with our heads. The outstretched hand of the street beggar speaks to us with an eloquence more potent than that of the most inspired missionary. And yet the latter may advocate a cause more deserving and urgent with logic as convincing as that of Bour-
daloue, while the beggar, for all we know, may be an arrant fraud. Still, we each of us know the almost irresistible sway of the sympathies in a matter of this kind and continue to enrich undeservers. If realization of one's failings is, as they say, the first step towards their correction, there is reason, then, to hope for an improvement in this regard when once our faults are made clear to us.

That there is a real necessity for a reform of this kind is evident if we but notice for a moment a few of the late bequests of wealthy citizens. When we see, as some of us have done recently, a state-endowed university receiving an enormous gift for the benefit of its already well-established medical school, or another school of medicine, possessed of an international reputation and now the most heavily endowed school in the country, acquiring an equally fabulous amount for research work, then we are forced to reflect. Are there not charities more deserving, more necessary, more urgent? Assuredly there are, if the evidence of observation and experience is to be believed, narrow though they may be in scope.

Let us hope, then that this Christmas-tide, this time of all times most appropriate to giving, may see more of Intellectual Charity—that man may bestow upon their charitable deeds the same careful and calculating judgment that they would impose upon their other reasonable acts. It is indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The Passing of a Leader.

Thanksgiving Day last, Georgetown students and Alumni saw in action for the final time a player and football leader unique in many ways. If only unique in that he was the first captain to play in four successive victories over Virginia (a feat once considered impossible), the passing of Costello would be of enough significance to merit more than passing mention.

Never heavy or powerful physically, Harry Costello was the best possible proof of the recent assertion of an authority that "great football players are great from the shoulders up." It was this part of his physical make-up that made him the best player Georgetown has ever turned out. It was precisely because he was far from being a mere player that he was the most feared man that Virginia teams have ever faced. If a kick were needed, then "Cos" could be depended upon to do it and to do it just a little better than any one had a right to expect. If, instead, a run of twenty-five yards were more necessary, he could furnish that too and at the most opportune time. Emergencies, he thrived on. Crises were his special delight. He was called upon to pull the irons out of the fire so often that it seemed to become a habit with him, and no game seemed rightly won that did not bear the impress of his handiwork. Not to be niggard of praise where it is justly due, he was, in our memory, the only "idol of the gridiron" who did not sooner or later show the proverbial "clay
feet.” Brilliant performer individually, as he always was, he yet could upon occasion (as in the last Virginia contest) completely submerge his individuality if it was for the good of the team, thus proving that it was neither a speedy pair of legs, nor yet the famed “twinkling toe” that made Costello, but a brain active, alert, quick to see an advantage, quicker to seize it. Qualities such as these make for success on the broader field of life as well as within the enclosed confines of the football arena, and thus we have no fear but that Harry Costello will disprove the oft-made accusation that a football star remains a football star and nothing more. When he goes forth next June armed with a Georgetown degree, he may go cheered also with the knowledge that Georgetown to a man will join to wish him a heartfelt and regretful “Vale Costello.”

The Babe Divine.

May the smiles of the little Babe Divine,
And the light of His Mother’s eyes to thine,
And the Angels of the night
Carol “Peace” upon the height
And the glory of the hill-top on thee shine!

May the little Hand of Christ bless thy year,
And the great Heart of Christ hold thee dear,
And all the blest and happy things
Which the love of Jesus brings
Be upon thee till another Yule is here.
A Writer of Prefaces—George Bernard Shaw.


O say anything decisive about George Bernard Shaw would appear to be synonymous with courting disaster. The extreme divergence of opinion concerning him, ranging from that of the more enthusiastic of his admirers who see in him another—if not a better—Shakespeare down to the more violent of his decriers who will concede him nothing either in this world or the next—all this must be seen through the vista of time in order that, with a correct perspective, we may fairly judge just what place is to be given to this most enterprising of playwrights. "Enterprising" will be granted him by all. Indeed were he a man of less enterprise, of a less insatiable capacity for work, he would never have the privilege which he now enjoys of having made so many sincere, bona fide enemies in the short span of one man's allotted life.

Confronted at the very outset by this difficulty, namely how to safely say anything decisive about him we are arrested by a query still more vital. Why say anything at all? Why waste time, patience, and paper trying, with the little knowledge we have at hand, to write about a man who, doubtless, knows himself much better than we can ever hope to and has written so much and so interestingly about himself. Through various mediums, chiefly through the prefaces to his published plays, he has given ample evidence that he is not only well informed on this particular subject but has also a power of expression most adequate, fluent and forcible. His prefaces for the most part are devoted to what he himself calls "The Exploitation of George Bernard Shaw, The Dramatist, By G. B. S., the Journalist." Nor is this to be held to his dis-credit. In this regard Shaw is by no means without precedent. One of the most famous orations that the world has ever known ("the De Corona of Demosthenes") is, in its last analysis, a most candid exposition of the virtues and good deeds of the orator himself. Indeed we are indebted, and most gratefully too, to this same "De Corona" for some of the most important points in the career and character of Demosthenes. The great Cicero, particularly in his Catalinarian orations, could not refrain from showing forth the contrast between a good citizen like himself and a villain such as Cataline. Many other great names might be cited to the same purpose. Do we think the worse of them for that? On the contrary it would seem as though mankind were glad to let a man talk about himself provided only that he make his talk interesting. We meet enough of the other types in real life to enjoy, occasionally, a real work of art in the way of readable self-exploitation.

But to return to the prefaces. Shaw, as Chesterton says, is conceived of in most people's minds as a man who would write a very long preface to a very short play. Literally speaking, this is true.
His plays are, for the most part, short if we consider them in terms of printed pages. His prefaces by the same reckoning are long. This, carefully considered, is no great inconsistency; certainly none in Shaw. He is so much more interested in telling us why he wrote plays and what purposes he expects them to achieve, that, in the end, it is an even wager which he attaches the more importance to, the explanation of the fact or the fact itself. One thing is certain, you cannot afford to read the plays and skip the prefaces. Whether or not there is more of Shaw (as some have maintained) in the latter is an open issue and those who will may contest it. But if you wish to get any adequate idea of the man himself, who he is, what he is and what he is trying to do, you cannot fail to find them a great source of information on these points.

For one thing they are interesting. This makes them easy to read and at the same time discloses to view one secret of Shaw’s success. Whatever else he is, judged either by friend or by foe, he is undeniably interesting. And this is a tremendous element in the analysis of the causes that go to produce popular success. Without it, the dramatist cannot even get started. It makes no difference how genuinely meritorious his principles may be, how vital, how human, how far reaching the issues that he sets forth. If he commit the one unpardonable sin of making his audience yawn, then he will find his hold upon the ladder of fame a nerveless one indeed. His damnation in the eyes of the public favor is deep and lasting. Our audiences have demonstrated, not once but often and beyond the reach of argument, that they can tolerate, with a very fair grace, bad morals in a good play. Reverse the formula, however, and the result is something that we absolutely cannot abide. It does not seem to be human nature to make the moral sense dominate the artistic. Whatever we may be in the world outside, in the theatre we are there first of all to be interested. Whatever else the theatre may be to us it positively is not a place for us to yawn. We refuse to be bored, however praiseworthy the boresome subject is in itself.

Another reason for reading these prefaces is that they reveal, to a degree of clearness greater than any of his other writings afford, Shaw’s many good qualities and his many weaknesses. It is not within our power, and in such a brief space, to place a positive finger on each of these. We must be content to deal in superficialities—with what things appear to be, not what they are in strictest actuality.

To take up then a few of the apparent faults. For instance, in his preface to the third volume of his published plays entitled, “Three Plays for Puritans,” Shaw seeks to disclaim all originality, bemoaning the fact that that seems the uppermost impression of him in the minds of many. To prove his point he cites instances in “The Devil’s Disciple” and “Caesar and Cleopatra” of old stage tricks he has revamped. These facts may be true enough, but in his very showing them forth he betrays inconsistency. His very appearance of wanting to disclaim originality leads one to suspect that this is the very aim that he would covertly attain! If our judgment is correct, then truly he does attain it.
We have had men who were hailed as original and who actually had originality, true and unimpeachable. We have also had men who stole obsolete tricks and hackneyed themes and never owned up. But never, as far as we can discover, have we found a man who, after being acclaimed startlingly individual by critics, both admiring and adverse, then turned around and denied the designation, citing facts to prove his contention, all with the ultimate purpose that he would be dominated still more firmly by the very title that he was endeavoring to disclaim. This is originality of a high order and it is eminently characteristic of Shaw. He seems to care not a jot what you think of him if you only but think—of him.

As for his good qualities they cannot be slightly overlooked. There are many points on which the most sincere opponents of Shaw will find it easy to agree with him. He insists on a true proportion between the pictured incident of the stage and the actual incident of human life. He cannot tolerate the well groomed hero and gloatingly languorous heroine mincing elegantly through four acts of polite conversation and unreal situations, relieved by occasional episodes of "double entente," to an impossible "happy ending." Nor can any healthy, sane-minded person for that matter.

And then Shaw's humor. It is one of the best things he possesses. Caustic and grim to a degree, in all strictness of terms it must be placed in the category of wit rather than under the broader caption. It permeates all his plays from melodrama to farce comedy and in places it is of such an irresistible nature that we cannot help being just vulgarly "tickled" by it. Convention-worship, particularly that of his own British Isles, is a butt that is dear to his fancy. "In Caesar and Cleopatra" he makes the following conversation take place between Cleopatra (whom he represents, not as the voluptuous siren that she is commonly painted but as a raw, undeveloped girl of seventeen with nothing decided about her but a temper) and Brittanus, Caesar's body servant, whom Shaw makes a caricature of the modern convention-ridden type of Briton:

Cleopatra: "Is it true that when Caesar caught you on that island you were painted all over blue?"

Brittanus: (With dignity) "Blue is the color worn by all Britons of good standing. In war we stain our bodies blue, so that though our enemies may strip us of our clothes and our lives, they cannot strip us of our respectability."

But this is digressing. To return to a final summarizing of our impressions concerning the prefaces of Shaw, and Shaw, as a preface-writer. What is the crux of our question? Are they, and he, good or bad? In any event do we advise that they be read? To this we may answer yes and no. If anyone wants to be entertained by Shaw's plays (and of their entertaining qualities no question has heretofore been raised) and, beyond that if anyone wishes to get an idea of the real Bernard Shaw—not the Shaw of the newspaper lampoon nor yet that of the blind fanatical Shavian; if this be his desire then by all means "Yes!" On the other hand if he is utterly indifferent to
Shaw and Shavianism and cares nothing about the whys and wherefores of either—or both—then by all means “No!” “Quid valet?” Shaw is neither a mountain nor an atom. Not great, perhaps, but certainly very clever. “Not sincere,” some may say, but still undeniably interesting. How will his reputation stand the test of time? Let us hear his own words on the subject, the sentences which close one of his best-known prefaces:

“Reputations are cheap nowadays. Even were they dear, it would still be impossible for any public-spirited citizen of the world to hope that his reputation might endure; for this would be to hope that the flood of general enlightenment may never rise above his miserable high water mark. We must hurry on; we must get rid of reputations; they are weeds in the soil of ignorance. Cultivate that soil, and they will flower more beautiful, but only as annuals. If this preface will at all help to get rid of mine, the writing of it will have been well worth the pains.”

George Bernard Shaw then, evidently does not believe in the permanency of his reputation. Can we ask better authority?

“The Love That Casteth Out Fear.”

Lonely the way, O Lord, that I must go,
No soul is with me, though my friends from far
May call, “Have courage,” from some distant star
Their voices seem to come. Oh, Thou dost know
How chill the winter’s blasts upon me blow,
And how unfruitful all my labors are!
Their paltry offspring do no more than mar
The plan that Thou hast set. My life’s but woe
Until I find a Friend to go with me.
Yet why be lonely when Thy love’s great sea
Casts on our shores a Child who comes to aid
The sinner’s course, to hearken to his cry?
He comes in love to lead me on, and I
Am lonely now no more, no more afraid.

—Donald V. Chisholm, ’14.
"A Christmas Story of Childhood."

Peter A. Karl, '15.

Johnny, what you got there, now?" spat Willie Montague, as he slid over the ice and snow of the sidewalk and landed in a heap at Johnny Hoffman's feet. Willie had nearly grown pale from thinking of Johnny's luck. Johnny's possessions were always bigger and better than any other fellow's it seemed. Maybe he laughed or cried or worried over them so much that they began to seem better. So in dreams by night, Willie generally managed to steal a miser's pot of gold, or bloom into a comfortable general, lording a ravishing horde of swashbuckles. To outshine Johnny was his aim. If he ever realized his ambition, what would he do? Willie would share halves with himself and Willie, as Johnny always did with Johnny.

At the above query, Johnny became creepingly mysterious. "If I tell you something, don't you tell! Now, cross your heart and spit. No, that don't go. You gotta spit real, so I can see it in the snow."

"That's alright. Remember! not even a word to Joey Bigger. You know the old man that lives in the barn back of Lizzie Meying's house? He called me in there just now, and told me all sorts of things. Gee! he coughed awful bad, so he asked me to get his medicine. Then he said I always treated him right, so he'd give me something to remember him by when he was gone. He coughed so bad again, I thought he was never going to quit. He pulled out this here charm—see!—and he told me it would take away my warts, and would bring me good luck. You bet it's rare and sacred! He wants me to keep it all the time, and wear it around my neck. Why he gave it to me, I don't know, except that I got him some medicine one night."

When Johnny finished, Willie whimpered "When your warts are gone, won't you let me wear it so that mine will go away too?"

"Did'nt he say it wouldn't do me no good at all if I let anyone take it? Here comes Joey, but don't you tell him anything!"

"What you showing him?" bellowed Joey Bigger, his weight acting as a shock absorber. "If you'll show me, I'll tell you what I'm going to get for Christmas tomorrow."

"I don't care what you get anyway, because I'm going to get my things tonight."

That night at supper, Johnny and his sister Mary, ate their meal in the hallowed silence of Christmas Eve. Their mother and father leaving the table, went to the fore part of the house. Then Johnny, who was the older, whispered softly and in all-knowing wise, "They're gone to fix the tree and get our things out. I guessed it all when mama locked
the parlor doors, and pulled the shades down."

"Are you going to give me anything for Christmas this year?" Mary humbly entreated.

"I aint got only that ten cents from my birthday, and I was going to buy Lizzie something, but you can have it—"

"I know what you can do" Mary interrupted, "You can let me take that charm for my warts."

"Did Willie tell you about that?" he inquired sternly, and even hotly.

"No, he didn’t! I saw you standing in front of the house talking as though you were in heaven. I stood there and heard it all. Then I saw Lizzie and I went to the market with her, and all the while you never saw me."

"Anyway, the old man said I shouldn’t let anybody else wear it except myself," he answered more mildly.

"But, Johnny, won’t you let me take it just for Christmas day, even if I aint got nothing for you? I got an awful lot of warts, and you only got one, and that other little one that’s coming."

"I might let you take it some day when mine are gone. Supposing I give it to you now, my warts won’t go away at all. So the old man said."

"Won’t you though, Johnny? I’ll never, never fight with you again, and I’ll always give you the biggest piece of everything."

"I’ll"—but he heard his mother coming, so he stopped. Smiling on her two little children, she suggested that they kneel and pray, so that Kris Kingle would come soon. The door bell rang as they blessed themselves. Expectantly in a hush and lull, full of joy, they waited for the sign. The front door creaked, and the shot of its bang threw their souls into a tumult. They stormed the parlor door that their father now released.

From their lips, as they rushed into the darkness that fitted around glinting sticks of winking wax, broke oh’s and my’s of wonderment. It was the darkness through which the lights of Christ broke, and is still breaking: When Johnny saw his carpenter’s chest and games, and Mary saw her newest dollie and ribbons, they danced gayly around the tree, and sent out a chorus of delight. Both Mary and Johnny picked a spot by the tree. In the front, with the cotton and popcorn, squatted Mary; while in the back, where the pine fir hung low with gingerbread and bells, lay Johnny.

Playing and singing, they laughed and made merry until the weariness of the night stealthily stole upon them. But the home-made wine of the elderberry drove back the demon of heavy eyelids. Near their mother’s knee they curled and rested, while she told them a story of long ago. At this time there were two brothers and two sisters who went into the woods to gather fire wood. The youngest and ugliest of the four, who was Matilda, tarried too long watching the gold fish in the deep shadowy pools. She was rarely given any attention, so they didn’t miss her absence until they struck the clearing close to the village. Now, it was too late to seek her. For when the longer shadow falls, the goblins and spirits, that haunt the woods, go airing and dancing. And folks said it was dangerous to be caught in there after dark. They sought for her the next day, but the gold fish could not talk.
At the end of the story Johnny boldly asserted that if he had been there, he would have risked his life to save his sister. Their mother said it was time for bed now. They must go to early Mass in the morning. On their way in the hall, Mary whispered pleadingly in her brother's ear, "Won't you let me take that charm—please Johnny!"

That night, in his tiny cot, Johnny tossed about in a sea of white billows. To get enough sleep was very important, because he had to rise early. Yet the demon of those heavy eye lids would not come to his help, but rather kept spear­ing his soul with tiny wakeful darts. The demon unwound reels of imaginings. Here Johnny forever saw Mary, covered with warts, trying to escape from the gold fish that haunted the woods. Fre­quently he sank to semi-consciousness, and just then the demon brought out a new reel and hurled more darts. For two lonely hours he lay in a long torment. Then a thought seized him. He jumped out of bed, pattered down the stairs, and when he came back the eye lids sank with heavy sleep.

The next morning, the blinding sheen of the new fallen snow flooded the room with light. Johnny tried to rub his eyes. Then only did he realize that some one was hugging him for dear life.

"Honestly, Johnny, are you going to let me take that charm for a little while?"

"No! I'm going to let you have it forever and ever."

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A Sonnet.

(In Aid of the 6:30 Bell.)

When first upon the hills the mild-eyed morn
Stands tiptoe, smiling soft upon the land
When first the sun-god gilds with light the corn,
That, silken-tasseled, in the fields doth stand,
'Tis sweet to glide back from the halls of sleep
To gladly greet the new awakened day,
While through the forest aisles the dawn doth creep,
While far above us sings the lark—of May.
Who would remain abed, a sluggish clod
Wrapt in his dreams while thus the East doth glow?
Go forth! inhale the fragrance of the sod
Down where the silver river glideth slow,
Go forth! know'st not the perfume of the morn
Straight from Heav'n's gate on angel wings is borne?

—Marlyn J. Brown, '15.
The Peace Movement and Its Advocates.

FRANCIS A. I. CONNOLLY, '15.

If there's a hole in all your coats,
I wot you rue it;
A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prattle.

—Burns.

For a matter of some fifteen or sixteen years the civilized world has been showering its lavish attentions upon its chosen offspring, "The World-wide Peace Movement." Men from all classes of society have flocked to the mutual standard. Perhaps never before has such power been marshaled to any single cause of man which exhaled such a distinct aroma of the humane. Rulers and statesmen, wealth and social prestige, sentiment and intellect have rushed into the breach to urge forward this so worthy cause, to promote the peace and welfare of mankind, to enhance his civilization and to weed out from his heart the vestiges of his ancient barbarism.

At the close of the last century and during our embroglio with Spain, the Czar of Russia extended to the foreign diplomats residing at his court an invitation to unite with him in constituting some recognized medium of international arbitration which by its settlement of disputes arising between governments would promote the cause of peace. It was like calling to life some string that had lain silent for ages and all of civilization seemed to respond with its full note of approval and commendation. Ambassadors and Ministers, acting upon this invitation, at once submitted the plan to their home governments and as a result the powers of the world convened in Holland as the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. The young Queen of Holland, then only in her eighteenth year, acted as a cordial hostess to them and entertained them in the widely famed House of the Woods, formerly the summer residence of the royal family. Since then the grand castle of the Congress of The Hague has been erected and in it many intricate problems of international dispute have been solved. Year by year its scope has broadened and with its unceasing display of adequacy men have begun to turn hesitatingly but surely from their former dauntless allegiance to war.

So far, indeed, have they digressed from their former belligerent natures that they are now proposing to bury the science of warfare among the relics of dead ages. In the eyes of these optimists who see the cycle turning forth the Golden Age the hour is at hand when no more the Martian Campus shall resound to the beat of hoof and the shattering lance. The triremes of the sea-fight
shall be hauled up on the rock-bound coast and left to rot beneath the drying sun of friendship, while men shall grasp each other’s hands in peace. In fact, and this is among the latest of their suggestions, some have even proposed that the nations of the world so far indulge themselves as to forego for at least one year the construction of ships of war. If such a plan were to be sustained for one year, and only one, it might prove quite a source of saving, but even then it might be like the young innocent who forewent his dinner that he might indulge in a two-fold supper.

But we are led from one thought to another, and so from this so-called “Naval Holiday” we naturally inquire whether the disarmament of nations can bring about the far-proclaimed era of peace. “Go,” the promoters of peace seem to tell us, “and steam your warships up into your creeks and tear the steel from off their sides and let them rot. Re-cast your steel and make proper use of it, and buy no more for such inhuman purposes.” Perhaps if we did the price of steel would go down. We wonder if all the Scotch Lairds are advocates of these measures. And for those who are not interested in steel and its market quotation, or in other products equally necessary to warfare on the high seas, we might say that the fact that they are not so interested serves to diminish in no wise the astonishment caused by such a proposition. They might as well tell us that we have courts which will adjust commercial disagreements, and therefore jails are of no use. Then let them tell us what moral or physical force demands the fulfillment of the courts’ decrees if it is not the fear of confinement or actual confinement. Is it probable that a nation, even though it had pledged itself to abide by the decision of a court, would do so when it felt that the decision of that court had been unfair to it, unless there were not some force capable of demanding that it should do so? And nations are often as apt to consider their own side of a contention the only fair side as are individuals.

On the other hand, in the blessing of God society has come to that state in which it is beginning to realize that the ruthless sacrifice of human life which warfare entails is but a relic of barbarism, the symbol of a bloodthirsty craving for satisfaction or revenge. The days when the quarrels of drunken petty princes were enough to send thousands of strong men forth to engage in bloody conflict are now happily over. True, just warfare, and that is warfare which cannot be avoided, still remains with us and probably it is so necessary a property of the human race that we shall never see its end, but who does not deplore the dreadful loss of life which occurred in our late conflict with Spain? Would that there had then been some Court of Peace to which this hapless misunderstanding could have been brought!

So far we have ignored the real hero in the movement and the most heroic act in this world-wide cause of brotherhood. It occurred in the Andes, and our hero was Bishop Benevente. The republics of Chile and Argentina were on the verge of war, when through the intervention of the noble-hearted Bishop they were induced to lay aside their preparations for conflict and grasp each other’s hands as
friends. An armistice was declared and their differences settled. Then the gold that was to have paid for the implements of war was sent to Buenos Ayres to pay for the casting of a huge statue. Along with it were set the cannon whose brass was molded into the figure of Jesus Christ bearing his cross. This, the Statue of Peace, was erected on their mutual border line in the heights of the Andes, and at its unveiling Chileans stood in Argentina and grasped the hands of Argentines in Chile and pledged themselves to the inscription which adorned the sides of the statue:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."

If the cause of peace makes such rapid strides in the coming quarter of a century as it has done in the last, it is safe to predict that the world will have entered on the era foretold by England's poet, in which he calls it "The Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World." And is it not better to think of man thus and his conquests of peace than to sing the choking song of the mother in the famous lines of Browning:

"Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the West; And one of them shot in the East by the sea! Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast You want a great song for your Italy free— Let none look at me!"

Great Falls of the Potomac.

Through rough and jagged channels gray
The river grand, with roar and groan,
Is plunging, 'mid the foam and spray,
To awe-inspiring gorge of stone.

—Grafton Tyler Brown, '17.
The "Night Star" was headed on a northward course out of Havana, bound for New York. It was about ten o'clock of a September morning, or four bells in nautical parlance. The weather was cold, and a haze hung about the horizon. A fair breeze bore from the south and the graceful bow of the ship cut smoothly through the long swells of the gulf stream. Back near the wheel, a harsh voice was heard raised in angry expostulation, the language smacking strongly of the sea. The night before the captain had given directions as to the course, but that morning an observation taken during a break in the haze found them twenty miles out of their way. The direction was immediately changed, and with the watches of the night before were being taken sternly to task.

"Small raft, two points off port bow," came the hail from somewhere forward. Then was to be heard the scuffling of heavy shoes across the deck, glasses were trained, a few hoarse orders bawled, and a boat was now lowered equipped with its compliment of men. The raft, for such it proved to be, was soon towed in, its occupants, two living and one dead, were transferred on board, and the "Night Star" was again ploughing the waves, yet this time westward toward Cape Henry. The body taken from the raft was thrown overboard; it was that of a giant negro dressed in the rough clothing of a seaman, the garments of which were ripped to shreds, exposing the flesh of the arms and legs which were torn and gouged as though with a dull knife. But the living were scarcely more presentable than the dead, with eyes red and protruding, tongue and lips blackened and swollen, limbs weakened so that neither could stand erect, they indeed presented a pitiable spectacle. The older man was half unconscious; the younger, who could speak only in whispers, continually insisted that he was neither hungry nor thirsty. But when given his first spoonful of water it was thought he would go mad. On his knees he begged for more, sobbing horribly, chokingly from his parched throat, beseeching in hoarse whispers from his blackened and bursting lips, and raising his helpless hands to each of the crew in turn.

Here is the story that some days later he told, which has since been given by the captain of the "Night Star" to myself, the author of the narrative.

"We put out from Boston on the ninth of September, and sailed due south, intending to make Charleston in record time. Two days out of Boston however the sun set in a mass of inky clouds. The sea wrinkled and flashed with unvaried colors, the wind came in puffs then died away. We shortened sail and went on into the night. By nine thirty, three bells, the wind puffs had
increased to a steady gale, which howled through our rigging, as sea piled on sea, surmounted our bow and charged in a hissing and seething deluge along our deck. It was then that the tiller was wrenched from the helmsman's grip; the ship plunged wildly and with a fearful crash our foremost broke off short, stunning one man in its fall, two more were swept overboard in clearing the wreckage. The ship lightened, sped on in the blackness; her decks a litter; her exhausted crew clinging to the battered bulk in whatsoever way they could.

At midnight our main mast gave way and we were left in the darkness to the mercy of a giant sea. Nothing was visible on deck, and the few faint lights that burned were dimly reflected on an angry waste of waters. A command shouted even close to the ear was snatched away by the wind before it could be heard. By dawn the wreckage was clear, but the seams were strained and the water was gaining fast, too fast indeed for our pumps to control. In the gray light of morning the sea presented a black and angry aspect; thick mist enshrouded us on all sides. At 8 o'clock, eight bells, we launched our only remaining lifeboat. This was crushed alongside and all in it were drowned. The captain, two negroes and myself were more successful on a small raft and were soon adrift with no water, no provisions and almost without sufficient clothing at the mercy of the waves.

The mist soon broke and revealed only the water tumbling to the horizon, dark and undulating like a vast plain, and terrifying. No sail was in sight, and our raft was scarcely large enough to hold us. The silence was awful, broken only by the vast muttering of the sea.

But it was not long silent, for on the second night the larger of the two negroes became delirious. He sat beside me and I can never forget his monotonous reiteration of the words "bread, bread," as he ran his hands again and again over my arm and shoulder. "Bread, bread." I heard it all through the night, all through the next day, and the rolling of his white eyes, and the vacant look on his face— it was terrible. Soon after he became quieter, but then he imagined casks of water floating alongside and was continually grasping for them. At sundown he over-reached, slipped off the raft and disappeared. A few bubbles floated to the surface where he had sunk, and we saw him no more. I admit it was a relief as we had grown to be afraid of him. The second negro died next, but we had not the strength to push his body off the raft, and in that state we lingered through another day. By now my tongue had swollen to an enormous size, and while before I had not wished to speak, now it was that I could only whisper. During the preceding days we had managed to lap up—we could reach them in no other way—a few small gelatine-like creatures that had been washed onto our raft by the sea. But now even this wretched food had become exhausted, and it was then that an idea occurred to me. Somehow I managed to extract the knife out of my captain's belt and with it I cut a small slice from the arm of the dead negro, who was lying near to me. Being very
weak this took a long time, but finally I succeeded in hacking away and cutting up into fine morsels a handful of the meat. Some of this I tried to give to my captain, but he was too weak to swallow, moulting it until it rolled from his blackened lips. My share I managed to eat, but I was weak, so weak! The night came, and with it the sea calmed, reflecting on its smoothness miriads of waves. Then came blackness, the stars and their reflections vanished and it became cold, strangely cold, and still.

The dawn broke over the sea. At one corner of the raft sat the captain; I sat at the other, and the dead man lay between us, staring up to the sky with sightless gaze. The ocean pulsed beneath in long, even swells, and the sun mounted higher and higher, breaking at times through the misty haze that surrounded us. The waves passed without a sound to break the stillness. I reached again for the body, though I had long since lost the feeling of hunger, yet now I knew that I must either eat or die. How long I struggled with it I do not know for my hand could scarcely grasp the knife. Finally the sky swam before my sight, a roaring not of wind or sea filled my ears, my grip weakened and I fell forward and remember no more.

“A Second.”

A second like a passing thought
With wings obscure moves on,
A trace is left, but faint and dim
Like change of night to dawn.

It lingers not at wish or prayer,
It jeers at all delay,
Yet reaps rich harvests for the man
Who grasps it day by day.

—Frank F. Lamorelle, ’15.
ACK BARRYMORE was once a student at Georgetown. As was also Wilton Lackaye and many others of lesser prominence in the theatrical profession. Indeed, Georgetown's walls have in the course of her century and a quarter of existence sheltered a galaxy of dramatic talent far above the ordinary level of college acting. It is reasonable to expect that such an array of histrionic ability should leave behind it a record of stellar performances, as in fact is the case. Georgetown's dramatic productions took and held a high rank among her college contemporaries, and the yearly appearance of her students in new roles was looked forward to with eagerness, and the performance past, furnished the subject for many days' discussion. Old students still recall a truly historical presentation of Sheridan's "Rivals." Through all these years, however, never has a musical comedy been attempted by a Georgetown Dramatic Association.

On Friday afternoon, December 12, the curtain of the Columbia Theatre will rise upon "The Maid of Marchfeld," Georgetown's first venture in this hitherto untried field. New departures naturally stimulate inquiry. Why is a musical comedy being given? There are several reasons. One might say that other colleges are producing them. Now, while it is true that the fact of some one else's doing a thing is no reason for imitation of them, still it is likewise true that if some one else is active along certain lines and one thinks that not only unlimited but even surpassed them, then most assuredly one is justified in making the attempt. The grounds supporting such a hope on our part brings us down to the second reason, namely, the presence of musical comedy talent in the University. It is but natural to suppose that among the 1,600 students attending a sufficient number should be found possessing the necessary ability to make a success of this kind of production. As a matter of fact, we know such to be the case. We know that we have in the University not only men of sufficient talent to learn this art, but also men who have already had practical experience in this line, either on the professional stage or through the medium of other amateur productions.

Then with regard to the public. Will a musical comedy attract a large enough audience to ensure a financial success? To this we may with reasonable confidence say "yes." People have enough of seriousness and gravity in their everyday lives not to insist that they shall always have it in the theatre. There is no reason to suppose that they do not relish occasionally a departure from the "deadly earnest" into the lighter, less serious, or, if you will, the more frivolous aspects of life. Beardless striplings mouthing with ponderous gravity huge, weighty words of wisdom and voicing complaints of the "burden of time" are well enough, but who has not felt at times a genuine yearning for some music and singing and joking (however old the vintage)?

Then the whole affair, the musical
comedy itself, is more in the nature of a frolic. Mistakes will happen, and instead of marring the performance are more apt to lend an impetus to the enjoyment—of the audience at least, if not to that of the actors. What if the feet of the "village maidens" are most unfemininely large and their voices most masculinely deep? What if the singer and orchestra occasionally part company completely or the Jewish comedian betrays unmistakable signs of an Irish ancestry? It's "on with the play" just the same, and nobody cares.

Holding this opinion in common, a number of University students met early last fall and organized an association which was to be called the Clover Club, and which was to be composed of students from all departments of the University, for the purpose of producing a musical comedy. The following officers were chosen: President, George Williams, Medical '17; Vice-President, Delphin Rodriguez, College '14; Secretary, Charles Bergin, Law '14; Treasurer, J. Kenna Jennings, Dental '16. This selection ensured a representation of all departments in the new organization. It might be well in passing to remark that this is one of the unique features of the Clover Club, that it will be the first association in the history of the University to produce a performance with the cooperation of all departments. Because the Clover Club, let it be understood, is an organization distinct from the Georgetown University Dramatic Association, a college-controlled society whose purpose is the production of serious dramatic pieces. Many of the Clover Club members also hold membership in this association, which, it is understood, will present for yearly offering (at about Easter time) Shakespeare's comedy masterpiece, "Much Ado About Nothing."

For the present all eyes are fixed on the date, December 12, because in the afternoon of that day at the Columbia Theatre, Georgetown will demonstrate whether she can successfully present a musical comedy and so answer the question, oftentimes propounded to us by students of other universities, "Can't Georgetown, with her large enrollment, give a musical performance such as is yearly given by Princeton and Pennsylvania?" Georgetown can, and if every student rallies to her aid with customary Georgetown loyalty, Georgetown will.

N. B.—While the fortunes of theatrical productions are notoriously uncertain, still we feel justified in announcing for the benefit of Alumni that following a successful Washington performance, "The Maid of Marchfeld" will be presented at the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, and the Astor Hotel, New York, on the evenings of December 19 and 20, respectively. With the large and active Alumni bodies we have in these cities, there is every reason for believing that these performances will achieve such a success as to insure the permanency of the Clover Club organization, and provide some financial basis upon which to work for next year. This year, since we were a newly started society, almost wholly devoid of credit, the problem of finances was a knotty one. It was finally solved through the self-sacrifice of the individual members, each responding to a heavy assessment on behalf of the club's treasury, an act of unselfishness which we, on behalf of the Clover Club, wish here to acknowledge.
Modernism vs. Orthodoxy.

F. Howard Eldridge, '14.

HIS is indeed a progressive age! Modern man has suddenly realized the error in which the world, for centuries, has been steeped, and we may thank the transcendent intellectualities of the present era that at last shining reason has penetrated the obscurity, and now, the rift once made, the age-old fog of blindest ignorance will soon be totally dispelled. In order that this desired end may be the most expeditiously and completely consummated, we have Modernists in Religion, Modernists in Politics, Modernists in the Arts—in fact, every phase of human activity is being Modernized. All of which, to be sure, indicates a change for the better in every way.

Since it has been definitely settled, by but a few men, it is true, however none the less definitely settled, that it is only lately that humanity has risen from the misguided gropings of its infancy to the full use of reason, it is only too evident that all the doctrines of the past must be discarded like outgrown nursery rhymes. Such beliefs as the Christian Religion, the sanctity of marriage, down to the Classic element in art, were but the first puerile conclusions of an embryonic civilization. If we dare to temporize or continue to hold a single one of these preposterous fallacies we show ourselves totally reactionary, nothing less than detestable drags on modern progress and culture. In this day of universal wisdom we ought to realize that the Old Masters were as children playing at mudpies; that the governments of the ancient world were as primitive and illogical as the school-boy game of follow-the-leader; that marriage is but a temporary convenience, divorce the real necessity; and above all that the worship of any divinity, save ourselves and Humanity in general, died when relentless science broke the back of Superstition and Ignorance.

Such are the general tendencies of the present day. There is a wide divergence of ideas in their positive doctrine, concerning the way things ought to be, but there is a striking concordance of them in their negative doctrine, or the way things ought not to be. For the one fixed belief of Modernism seems to be, that no matter what changes are deemed necessary, or how they are to be made, they should be radical and entirely free from any taint of traditional, medieval, or ancient principles. Thus, and thus only, can we have Progress. For today it seems that Progress implies reform by revolution, and moreover, that reform by revolution always means Progress.

In the face of this forceful and entirely reasonable opposition, it is with considerable surprise that we greet the birth of a certain school of English literature, all of whose exponents have firm convictions, and moreover the gift of a strong and highly individual expression.
To be sure, the enjoyment of fixed ideas and facility in making them known to the world is not a note markedly peculiar and common to these authors alone. What makes them stand out, distinct from the rank and file of present day litterateurs is the daring originality of their belief. These men audaciously assert that Orthodoxy is the solution of the problems of the day. That through rigid Christianity alone can be attained spiritual and moral salvation. That Political perfection may best be reached by a reversion to Middle-Age, even Ancient forms of government. That by nothing else than a close conformity to Classic ideals and standards, may we approach artistic excellence. The foundation and defense of their whole doctrine may be summed up in this one sentence:—The position of an idea in time has no effect on its value, and therefore, Progress may as well be attained by reversion to old principles as by advancement to new.

Anarchists in the sciences are not a product peculiar to this era alone, nor are defenders of Orthodoxy. Both are as old as the pursuit of knowledge itself, but today they are present under unusual conditions.

The past century was marked by a revolution in the Physical sciences, and consequently some seem to think that there is demanded a corresponding advance and revolution in the Theological and Ethical sciences, seemingly forgetting that while the one is founded mainly on theory and is, as a result, contingent and variable, the others are based on absolute truths, and thus must be unchangeable.

There is also a general smattering of education among the masses, which never existed before the advent of free schooling. A great many men are possessed of that dangerous conceit, a little knowledge, which entices them to form their own conclusions regardless of those age-tested and time-tried principles which are really modern man’s greatest heritage. Then again, people of the Twentieth Century require something very striking to gain their attention. This is as true in the field of literature as it is in the field of business advertising.

This is all a state of affairs particularly conducive to the introduction of these ultra-modern doctrines, since they are at least highly radical in their teachings, and thus pass among many as progressive. They tell the world that freedom from the thralldom of rigid Orthodoxy is true independence of thought. And finally they attract the necessary attention by the varied novelty of doctrine they expound.

The time has now past when dry treatises and drier theses possess the power of swaying public opinion. The mere zealous presentation of the truth fails to convince, and only because, in order to convince, an audience must be gained. Fire must be fought with fire. If the Modernists gain a hearing by being revolutionary in their doctrines, the defenders of Orthodoxy must be revolutionary also, if not in their doctrines, in their treatment of it. If the Modernists teach that holding their doctrine is the only road to independence of thought, their antagonists must prove that enforced Modernism is greater tyranny.
than free Orthodoxy. And last of all, if the public demands novelty as the price of its attention, let there be novelty, not necessarily in the matter, but in the form in which the matter is presented.

Just as in a well-constructed moving-picture war-scenario, when the enemy appears to be overpowering, up dashes the hero with the necessary reinforcements, and the tables are turned—so, strangely enough, when the foes of Orthodoxy appeared to be winning in the present doctrinal war, on the scene rushed a new band of defenders and the day bids fair to be saved. The heroes of this charge are the new school of English Literature, and their valiant leaders are Hilaire Belloc, Robert Hugh Benson, and foremost of all, with a club in one hand, an "automatic" in the other, and a pugnaciously eager look in his eye, Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

These warriors are of the indomitable type, not contented merely to defend, but who carry the fight into the enemy’s territory and conquer with the enemy’s own weapons. When Modernistic doctrines are presented in severely logical form, Belloc attacks them in an equally severe and logical manner, as in “The Servile State,” where he proves the poisonous evils that exist in the Socialistic tendencies of today, and where he also states the only antidote. Again, when Modernism is defended and Orthodoxy condemned by means of novels, Fr. Benson responds by the same medium. Thus in his “Lord of the World” by transporting us to a future time he shows us the terrible consequences of Socialism and Materialism, while, in “The Dawn of All,” by the same method, he draws a picture of the glorious results of the fostering of a strong national religious feeling, together with the spurning of all Materialistic doctrines.

But whether it be in essay or novel, or in plain, straight-from-the-shoulder journalism, probably the most powerful defender of Orthodoxy that the present decade can boast, is Gilbert Chesterton. In the first place, this brilliant essayist, novelist, poet, short-story writer, and now budding playwright, is as prolific as any three of his opponents. It would be a waste of time to try to examine his works in detail. Every year, in addition to countless magazine and newspaper articles, the English-speaking world greets the publication of one or two novels, and a book or so of essays from the pen of this astounding genius; and in every single one of them he proves himself a hater of Modernism in all its aspects.

In regard to style, Chesterton is unique. Abounding as he is, with startling simile and ingenious paradox, he has been the despair of many a staid student of contemporary literature, for many constantly regret that so evident a master of the English tongue should stoop to such frequent play on words and phrases. But he has a good reason for all this. As has been stated previously, it is useless to defend a doctrine if nobody listens, and, by these very eccentricities of expression and argumentation, Chesterton has a larger audience than many a more sedate and conservative stylist. Moreover, whosoever reads is convinced, for he grants his opponents
everything but the question at issue, and then by the most curious, yet shrewd and inevitable logic, completely routs him.

Now that Orthodoxy once again has Might as well as Right on its side, the time will not be long in coming when the world, today just a bit too conceited and self-reliant, will learn that there may still be some little truth in past beliefs, that it is not necessary to kill all the sick in order to have health, nor is it, by the same reasoning, necessary to destroy all the old principles because parts of a few are wrong. Perhaps curative or constructive methods are as sure, and certainly they are more to be desired.

The Tower Clock.

As zephyrs whisper songs of Spring,
Or Summer flits o'er hill and dell,
While scarlet Autumn dies 'neath sting
Of Winter's breath, you faithful bell

With far-resounding note and clear
Rings out the passing of the hour;
It speaks of war, it speaks of cheer—
This sturdy sentinel of the tower.

The student, spent with fretful themes,
Awaits its summons from on high,
To rend the classic bonds, and deems
No truer friend 'twixt earth and sky.

The townsman hears a matin song
When Dawn breaks through the eastern ground
That speeds him to his task; ah! long
The day, if cheered not by its sound,

Let years on years revere thy name,
Majestic time-piece of the skies;
Let Wiser tongues thy need proclaim,
To thee may praise unending rise!

—H. J. N.
The Lost Art of Pedestrianism.

BAINBRIDGE Winslow, '16.

Of course there is something to be said in favor of the automobile and its exhilarating sense of freedom from physical labor; one can even defend the motorcycle (if one is writing advertisements); the bicycle has, or rather had, its ardent devotees, whose enthusiasm is easily appreciated; but, when all’s said and done, when the ignoble dust of the wheeled vehicle is out of our mind’s eye, there is nothing to compare with a winding road, a stout pair of legs, a light heart, and the pure wine-like air of out-of-doors pumping through the lungs with every step along the highway.

It isn’t the exercise that constitutes the transcendent zest of a brisk five-miles—tennis, football, or boxing would serve the same ends to better purpose; it isn’t the scenery, for that is merely accessory; nor is it a convivial and sympathetic companion, who in some ways is to be greatly desired, though certain epics of the road advise against him. It is something more intrinsic than these, something that pertains to the very essence itself of walking. And it is this quality, or should we say mood, that is, in the ultimate analysis, the raison d’etre of all true pedestrianism.

These jolly humours, as Stevenson calls them, are the antitheses of anxiety and care, and deadly enemies to the little blue devils, depression and pessimism. Wherefore walking is the universal solvent for the cankers of worry, the panacea that heals all wounds. Let him who doubts this, on some evil-starred day, when all the malignant gods are oppressing him, when he has just “flunked” Greek, or failed to receive that letter from home, or caught a despairing glimpse of his fate in the final exam., let him catch up his hat, tuck his pipe and tobacco in his pocket, and sally forth for an hour’s walk before dinner. If the springy feel of the road beneath his feet, the thrill of the frosty evening air, the sharp savour of burning leaves, the hazy sunset-tinted vistas of rolling hills, does not produce in him a divine content, a vague drowsy repletion of spirit, his case is indeed hopeless, and the sooner he takes to drink the better. In the olden days, when there was more of poetry in the world and less of science, men would have explained the bond between man and nature by a subtle fluid flowing freely from the goodly earth into the human heart, giving surcease of mind and a great contentment. The Greeks typified this, in part, in their god, Pan, who is pictured “by the woodside on a summer noon trolling on his pipe until he charmed the hearts of upland ploughman;” and the notes of his pipe, oh ye of little faith, can still be heard by anyone who will wander forth beneath old oaks or through shady byways with an ear just a little bit attuned to his woodland lilts and quivers.
The charm of walking is not for him who strikes out on any ulterior motive; then, surely, the pipes of Pan are silent, and the glories departed from the surroundings; the road is merely a road, the loveliness of nature, if he behold it at all, is but tinsel and paint; he is disenchanted like a man witnessing the circus of his boyhood. For him of the true brotherhood, the walk itself is the ultimate end. Beyond this he can see no further peaks of desire; for him it is more than sufficient, and in wonderment he asks:

“For who would gratefully set his face
To travel to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.”

And, certainly, to your real pedestrian, nothing matters greatly except that his shoes be comfortable and the road undefiled by man. For these reasons he is wont to shun the city bricks. Not for him the architectural monstrosities, the hideous aberrations of color gone mad, the ever-prosaic drug store and grocery, the hardness of city pavements. He prefers:

“*—covert and woodland, and ash and elm and oak,
Tewkesbury inns, and Malvern roofs,
and Worcester chimney smoke,
The apple trees in the orchard, the cattle in the byre,
And all the land from Ludlow town to Bredon church's spire.”

Here the air is purer, his eye unobstructed, and his mind undisturbed. There are no interruptions to irritate and side-track his line of pleasant, lazy musing; his thoughts can float away into the blue empyrean and drift with every passing current; he can enjoy the priceless luxury of being in vagabondia, not only in mind but in body as well. In short, he is free.

The perfect contentment which follows upon a walk is, as has been indicated, the consequence of certain jovial moods engendered by the mere physical exertion in combination with an influx of mother earth, and the sight of beautiful things about us. The result is a sort of exalted intoxication. The spirits soar; the heart thrills with the joy of living; the brain throws off its gray mantle of care; we comprehend Hazlitt's description, when in similar circumstances he says: “I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy;” the landscape is glorified, or what is truer, the mask of long-association is torn from our eyes, and we see the trees and the hills as they really are—as they appeared to our first parents in the flush of creation.

I remember one Summer afternoon of blazing sun and scorched fields, when three ease-loving individuals were forced by cruel circumstances to walk some six or eight miles along a dusty highway in order to reach the place of their abode. The road was inch-deep with fine white sand, and the shade-trees, as is general in agricultural districts, were not along the road. The sun poured down a blistering stream upon the necks of the trio, and the dust rose in clouds from their feet. For a mile they strode in grim, stoical silence; the drab monotony of their spirits reflected in the unanimated landscape. It was unpleasant, tiresome business. Would that they were comfortable again on the cool veranda of
the bungalow, with a yielding hammock for their weary backs, the rousing South Sea tales of Louis Becke for their jejune spirits, and a tankard of well-water at their elbow. They plodded on; past colorless farm-houses, sleeping in the sun; past hump-backed hayfields, past drowsy cattle; now trudging up endless hills, now stepping jerkily down into umbra­geous hollows. A tiny, one-roomed schoolhouse was passed, and what is more desolate than a country school­house in mid-August? Silence lay on the land with a deadening heaviness; the only sound that broke the uncanny still­ness was the steady chirping of crickets. Thus the first three miles were covered.

But the intoxicant of the road, all this while, was slowly creeping through the veins of the three; and, as is usual in such a process, the final effect came as sudden as a blow. The hopeless coun­tryside seemed to melt away, and in its place came a marvellous, colorful land­scape—a landscape just escaped out of a fairy-tale or out of the sketch book of a Maxfield Parrish. Below them lay the harbor, blue as a turquoise, unruffled and serene, mirroring the wooded bluffs of its shores and the majestic bulk of ancient sailing ships. Far out beyond the sentinel points of the harbor they could see the sound, and a tug with its long black trail of smoke. On the other side of the highway, “a sun-lit pasture field, with cattle and horses feeding; and haze, and vista, and the far horizon fading away.” Even the road was spirit­uated, and they strode along with equable strides, a song in their heart and on their lips. The road wound away over hill and down dale with mysterious curves and a way of leading one into queer, unexpected spots where could be caught entrancing glimpses of old apple orchards, deserted farms, and cool dim ravines with streams bubbling and chuckling below. And at times the road would wind up to the summit of the ridge where unrolled below one’s feet stretched the magnificent panorama of hill and sea. Ah! that was a day to be remembered! Never was there such a flavor in the air; never such an epicu­rean highway. The three travelers stepped along, forgetful of time and space, forgetful of the dust that whitened their shoes and filled the cuffs of their trousers; forgetful of everything except that they were on the road, that the spirit of the road had in some strange manner entered into their hearts and put its lilt on their tongue. They had, in the words of the incomparable R. L. S., “surrendered themselves to that fine in­toxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehen­sion. “And,” again to quote Stevenson, “surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best.”
HAD just dined—and a sumptuous repast it had been. One of those good old satisfying dinners for which the institution on the Hilltop is famous, consequently, I was full of vigor and the whole world seemed my province. I strolled from the refectory with a feeling of lazy contentment hanging over me.

Suddenly, a wild longing seized me, the hard grip of sensual pleasure was choking my soul, and making me forget my duties—to myself, my parents and my revered and beloved professors. Two possible aspects of life rose in my bewildered vision. One—a hard, rough path, leading to the rickety stairway in Old North Hall, and thence along the re-echoing corridors to my room—and then—the penalty of genius, a long night's study 'neath my flickering gas light which burned as though even it were tired of the terrible struggle for knowledge.

The other alternative was so attractive! It was like an Elysian Field after the gloom of Hades—but I knew in reality it was but an empty dream, a disobedience of orders, an infringement of regulations, and that nightmare of the self-respecting student at the institution across the creek, an opportunity for expulsion. This was what I had to face. Oh, the weakness of human nature! Woe to me, I fell before the temptation of this deluding phantasm, and strode out into the starlight. The Call of the Movies is strong—it had conquered—a den of the dancing film was my destination, and the attractions of the Fairy Queens in Pathé Frères, or of the blood curdling excitement of the Biograph.

It was a splendid night in early Winter as I strode forth. The cold air made me rejoice in living. I paced the entrance walks, now rivaling Broadway in the magnificence of its splendid illumination, and I thought—"Ah me, this Blue and Gray school isn't so bad after all," and I turned and looked back at the lofty towers of Healy, strikingly outlined even against the black silhouette of the night. As I looked, a tenderness came o'er me. I went back. I stretched my arms loving about those cold gray walls, and even as I strained my finger tips to gather more of them to me, they seemed to become warm—to embrace and welcome me forever.

But my reverie was interrupted by a rampant thought of the "movies." Again a terrific mental struggle shook me, but as I wavered, the plaintive face of Alice Joyce, burdened down with the trouble of some intricate plot, rushed before me, and I literally tore myself from the old gray walls, rushed toward the college gate. As I neared this old portcullis, beyond which 'twere crime to venture, the kind-hearted old watchman intercepted
me. He must have seen the excited look in my eyes. Like a true friend, he detained me. "Son," he said, and his voice trembled with pathos, "go not forth this night—yonder stretches the world and all its vices. Be not a wanderer from the good Fathers behind you"—and as he paused, he stretched a significant arm towards the classic halls I had left behind me.

"But Captain," I cried, "I'll return in good time. I must get to the movies, give the dairy a deal, and then—then I'll return and sleep on a sound conscience, confident I know nothing of some theses the morrow may call upon me for defense, but satisfied that this is college life, that I'm sowing my wild oats, that I'm young and the world is before me."

The captain looked at me with a look of sorrow, and held forth a restraining arm. "Oh, that it should come to this!" I thought—but I brushed him aside, and was gone—gone from campus restraints and boundaries. I pursued my nervous way along O street, stopped at Doc's for a coco-cola to brace me up, and then proceeded, on and on and on!

I walked rapidly, and soon had placed many squares behind me, and then I stood before the ticket window with the little girl inside. I groped in my pockets for money, and when I withdrew my week's allowance, one nickel—lonely and lonesome—was stretched in my grimy palm. To squander a week's stipend was a serious thing to me, but I felt devilish tonight, and after one regretful thought, came through like a sport. As I purchased my pass I smiled vivaciously, I thought, at the girl in the little window, and I am almost sure she looked back tenderly in return, and with my head awhirl I climbed through one of the entrances into the darkness and slid into a corner seat in the rear of the beautifully decorated emporium. The screen showed the title of the next picture—"In Love and War," and so I settled back for an evening's enjoyment, exclaiming "Here comes Pathes, this ought to be good!" And so I fell—for the Call of the Movies is strong.

The Eagle.

Monarch of air, untamed by Man,
O, would that wings were mine!
To wheel and sweep on scornful wing;
To poise above storm's sleety sting;
Earth-born, yet not of earth, O King,
The world and sky are thine!
Could I but live in cloudless Spring,
Unsoiled by earth and proof to snare,
And bathe forever in the upper air!

—Ernest Blau, '17.
In one of those misty, drizzling mornings which only residents of Washington can fully appreciate, a small crowd of college boys with an audience consisting of "Prof." Joyce, who had just dropped in for a chat, were as usual discoursing on the affairs of every one else. So far, the "audience" had taken but little part in the conversation, but, on the mention of some incident of travel in the West, let a reminiscent smile flicker across his massive countenance and thus addressed the assembly:

"Boys," he said, "it's a long time since I was out there, and I guess the country has changed a lot for the better; at least I hope it has, because what is now almost considered East was, in my time, as wild as the worst."

He paused, and the pause being greeted by an expectant silence, presently resumed:

"I refer to a town called Keechi, a little mudhole on the boundary between Texas and Louisiana, about fifty miles from Shreveport. At that time I was doing a trapeze act in Fourpaw Bros.' circus. We were making what is called a "jump;" since there weren't as many railroads as there are now, we had to go to many places in wagons instead. Our destination was Nackatosh, but we had to stop over night at Keechi, which was about half way. We blew in there about 10 P. M., as tired and hungry as the horses, and asked a fellow where the hotel was. He said 'they didn't have no regular hotel,' but he could show us the biggest boarding house in town, and it would hold about fifty. That was better than nothing, so we sent all the ladies and a few of the men to stay there, while the rest of us slept in almost any place we could find—that wasn't easy, either, in the darkness.

"That reception didn't exactly give me a favorable impression of the town, but when morning came it was still worse. Mud! I never saw so much mud in all my life. The street was paved with it, the eight or ten houses (all that weren't whitewashed) were daubed with it, even the boots of the people were polished with it. The whole population seemed to be about sixty—tall, rawboned, sallow-faced people, wearing their thin, streaky hair down over their ears, and loving rot-gut whisky. There didn't seem to be much room for even these. Half the houses were stores and saloons. The 'private residences' were jammed with dirty kids that always cried 'paw' and 'ma' and played with old flea-bitten hounds and razor-back hogs. Our menagerie was beaten to a frazzle.

"Personally, I didn't care much about showing in such a God-forsaken spot, but the manager said that the business hadn't been paying much lately, so it had to be done.

"About eleven that morning I noticed
that there were nearly three times as many people in the town as there were before. The newcomers weren't 'swamp owls' either, but the hardest looking crowd of cow-punchers that ever roped a steer. Some of them stood around and seemed to take an awful lot of interest in our preparations. The rest passed their spare moments mostly in getting drunk, tearing around on their ponies, shooting pistols and doing all sorts of tricks with their lariats. Things looked pretty stormy to me, but the manager said they were 'just playful,' so I let it go at that. Afterward I wished I hadn't.

"At half past two the show started. The tent was pretty well filled with a crowd of respectable looking country people. Where they came from I never could tell; but just the same, they were there—from every corner of the prairies and swamps, it seemed to me. Everything was going fine, when, like a wind out of a cloud, riding right over the door-men, cutting down and smashing whatever had the bad luck to get in their way, that whole raft of cow-punchers tore into the ring. Round and round they rode, yelling like a bunch of Comanche Indians. When they had dragged the clowns around the ring by a rope and emptied their six-shooters about four times at the top of the tent (sometimes lower), they stopped as suddenly as they began and lined up in a row before the reserved seats. It sure was an impressive beginning.

"The first event was a troupe of trained dogs and monkeys owned by a man named Morris. They were all seated on their benches and perches, just ready to begin, when some fool started those guns going again. They wanted to test their markmanship on live game. Crack! a pistol would bark, and a baboon would double up and fall squalling from his perch: or a two-hundred-dollar dog would yelp and tumble off his stool. There wouldn't have been any troupe left if Morris hadn't grabbed them all by the tails and dragged them away. The bare-back riders didn't fare any better. They started without interference, but just when they were on the point of diving through a hoop or turning a flip at full speed, those demons would lasso them and jerk them right off their horses head first to the ground, just like they throw steers in 'Buffalo Bill,' only about twice as hard. It's a wonder they all weren't killed when they struck. Once a 'Yahoo' missed the rider, so he took out his six-shooter and plugged the horse instead. Those performers that were still conscious crawled away in a hurry, believe me. One old man was doing a trapeze act away up near the top of the tent. They didn't exactly have the heart to kill him, so they tried to see how near they could come without hitting him. The poor old fellow must have been deaf, or else he was too scared to quit, for when he finished there was a perfect circle of bullet holes in the tent right above him. I was behind the tent trying to encourage the lady performers. They were almost hysterical. You couldn't blame them, either, when without any warning lead mines would rip through the canvas and smash mirrors and boxes beside them! It's a wonder we weren't all shot. Speaking of the Mexican Revolution—that was mild compared with this.
"After they had killed about two thousand dollars worth of imported dogs, monkeys and horses, ruined nearly all the ropes and canvas, and raised Cain generally, with a whoop they yelled good-bye, fired another volley and galloped out the main entrance. The show was over for the day.

"By the time we had recovered enough to patch up a few holes, we saw those 'Yahoos' tanking up for another wild time. There was an almost unanimous vote to pack up and leave as soon as it got dark, but the manager was a Southern man himself, and swore that even if it cost him his job he'd stay there and hold a night performance, and that if those roughnecks came back he'd give them a reception they would never forget.

"Well, he got together all the canvas-men, ushers, supers, stake drivers and the whole crowd of hangers-on that travels with a circus and armed them with every kind of weapon from a tent-beam to a pistol. If you've been to many circuses, you can sorter imagine what they really looked like. Then he lined them up behind the parade entrance and showed them the signal. That was enough. I could already see black clouds of coffins and bandages between the sun and Keechi.

"As we expected, just after the show started, in they tore, repeating their afternoon performance, only on a wilder, bigger scale. But this time they didn't get more than started, when out went every light, and in pitch dark the manager stepped into the ring. As soon as there was quiet he said: 'I want peace and quiet for this show, but as it seems we will have to use force to get it, I advise all women and children to get out while they have the chance.' And you know, boys, they almost tore the tent down in the rush. The cow-punchers were standing close together somewhere in the darkness, when that crowd of circus boys piled out from behind the entrance and struck them like the cyclone struck Omaha. The noise was awful—you ears rang with the terrible din of crashes and thuds mixed with howls and curses, and your nostrils were burnt by a choking cloud of gunpowder smoke. It was far from pleasant. Here and there by the light of a pistol flash, you could see some cow-puncher crumple up under the weight of a tent pole and be dragged from his horse, or maybe a circus man drop his club and roll over with a bullet in him. Only once I stuck my head out from the dressing room. So many cowbars and bullets came its way that I jerked it back in a panic.

"The poor ladies were in a pitiful condition, too scared to move. Some way or other, I don't know how, we piled all our stuff and theirs into boxes and 'beat it' in record time, dragging them behind. We left the others there to kill each other—from all I could judge they were doing it in fine style. They say that when the fight was finally over three cow-punchers were dead and about fifteen on each side in nearly the same condition. Thirty of us crowded into one wagon, asked a pale-looking citizen the road to Nackatosh, and then flew. The mud splattered like rain, and there was rain, too. About one mile out the wagon stuck and down we had to get, knee-deep in that East Texas swamp glue and push. For fifteen minutes we sweated..."
there without budging it an inch then some one on the top seat yelled, 'Here comes those cowboys, just a'tearin'.' Whew! that wagon just fairly jumped out of the bog and never slowed up till we hit Nackatosh, twenty miles away.”

The “Prof.” ceased and, in recollection of that hasty exit, pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his spacious brow. “I don’t know,” he said, “who that was that yelled, nor if he saw anything, but I assure you I didn’t care to wait and find out. About a week after we had reorganized and continued on our scheduled trip; we again passed through Keechi, this time in stage coaches, with the windows down and no stops made. If they had ever looked into those coaches we would surely have been lynched.

“Well, I guess I’d better be going; promised my wife I’d be home early today. Boys, your shoulders are beginning to look droopy; you know I have gym. class every Monday and Thursday regular.”

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**Tempora Mutantur.**

*I danced a minuet with Mandy*
*In that mystic time of Long Ago,*
*When every sighing swain and gallant dandy*
*Took pains at art of dancing to be handy.*
*I danced a minuet with Mandy*
*In a tempo that was dignified and slow,*
*I danced a minuet with Mandy*
*In that mystic time of Long Ago.*

*No more a minuet for Mandy,*
*Thus Times and Tempos come and go,*
*She trips some whirls and dips with Tom or Andy,*
*And calls this frantic prance (forsooth!) “the candy,”*
*No more. A minuet for Mandy?*
*The modern Mandy murmurs “Much too slow.”*
*No more a minuet for Mandy,*
*Thus Times and Tempos come and go.*

—E. McT. D.
A Defense of Red-Blooded Fiction.

RENTON HILL, '17.

"A month or twain to live on honeycomb
Is pleasant; but one tires of scented
time,
Cold sweet recurrence of accepted
rhyme."

—Swinburne.

The red-blooded school of fiction is again coming into its own. Today, no magazine is complete unless it contain at least one story of this type. Metaphorically speaking, red corpuscles run riot in the pages of the staidest periodicals and every other picture of the hero, to carry conviction, should have beads of sweat dropping from his athletic (if there is such a thing) brow.

Of course, this is nothing new. Ever since those glorious, though unesthetic, days when the cave-man first smote his spouse with the thigh-bone of a mastodon, preparatory to his department for that comfortable hole in the cliff where other red-blooded males were wont to congregate and listen to the tribal lays and lies, the tale of primitive passion and elemental emotions has never wanted an audience. But up to a decade or two ago the nineteenth century saw, in this country at least, a sad dearth of this sort of story. Our literature was puritanic; the tales, anaemic and colorless; the Muse, a pale, sickly lady who was content to subsist on mild tea and unsweetened cakes.

There are people, and their number is legion, who, as they would say, just can't bear these raw, crude novels with their terrible characters; they cannot understand why people want to read such awful truck; to them it is "perfectly sickening." The hallmark of a work of art is, to these individuals, that it deal with the cultured, the refined things of earth. They would do away with those manifestations of human nature which are not hidden beneath the superficial veneer of our civilization. They label those books which truthfully depict life in the ditches of the world as "vulgar" and "crude," forgetful of the fact that nine-tenths of humanity eat peas with their knives, are addicted to the double negative, beat their wives, and could not speak in low, gentle tones if they wanted to. They want their literature made to order; nay more, they want their outlook on life to be as they would have it. That a book should dare to intrude on their drawing-room aspect of life is a crime they can never forgive.

Then there are those who sneer at the red-blooded tale; who out of a spirit of affected (conscious or unconscious) esotericism elevate the artistic nose and smile superciliously at those ignorant
ones who profess a fondness for the unadulterated stuff of life. "It's life," they say, if the work happens to be of the realistic school, "It's life, but it isn't art." Who is to judge of that? Art is a big word and of an infinite elasticity. One would not put the roaring adventures of Burns' characters, Scott's formless tales of half-savage Highlanders, Fielding's lusty "Tom Jones" outside the artistic pale. And even if it isn't art, who cares? Most of us are satisfied if the book has a smack of reality, wafts us to more exciting climes, and makes us forget for the moment the present drabness of existence which our own imagination is unable to glorify. "We should gloat over a book," says Stevenson, "be wrapt clean out of ourselves—." And further on he exclaims, "Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish." And Andrew Lang, in the same strain, writes: "Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold-chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-born beaker by Mr. Haggard from Kakuana-land—the Baron of Brandwardine's Bear, or 'the cup of hercules' of Theophile Gautier, or merely a common cafe wineglass of M. Fortune Du Bois-Gobey's or M. Xavier de Montepin's. If only the nepenthe be foaming there—the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness—the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or, to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams."

These two great Scotchmen were artists to their finger-tips, they possessed the finest technique and a splendid knowledge of their craft, yet they were 'eager to testify to their zest and enjoyment in the tale of swift adventure and proud romance.

And why should'n't they? Does the red-blooded story hold such a degraded position in the literature of the centuries; is it a pariah, a thing to be shunned by everyone with pretensions to education or intellectuality? Let us trace out its genealogy and sketch ever so lightly its relationship to the other forms and types of imaginative creations. It is a grandson to the picturesque tales of the story-tellers of the middle ages and brother to the swashbuckling dramas of Dumas and Company; it possesses a strain of the hearty novels of Merrie England. It claims a close relationship to naturalism, realism and those other "isms" which proclaim stridently that they alone truthfully reflect nature. Yet if we catalogue it as a brawny and worldly off-spring of romanticism we should come closer to the bull'-eye. There have been many examples of the sternest realism in this school of red-blooded fiction—in fact many of its present-day exponents are evincing a striking inclination in that direction—but the bulk of the work still tends toward the romantic persuasion.

The red-blooded school, then, is of all climes and of all literary creeds. It is not as some would have it a parasite on literature—a sycophant to the innate love of drama in the heart of man; it is merely the verbal representation of a particular, somewhat elemental, phase of life, or what is better, of nature. One would not care to trade the memory of Frank Norris' "McTeague" for many
memories of daintier and less refined characters; nor are there many novels of Henry James that could recompense us for the loss of "The Call of the Wild." And as for Walt Whitman, who would give us his magnificent camaraderie and his superb singing of the physical man—the strong, clear note, the enthusiastic personality? He is no prim-mouthed esthete perhaps; no ascetic, shunning the more robust things of earth; in his own words:

"No dainty dolce affectuoso I;
Bearded, sun-burnt, gray-necked, for-bidding, I have arrived
To be wrestled with as I pass, for the solid prizes of the universe."

It is men and books like these that render unto nature the things that are nature's; which, after all, is one of the immutable laws of life.

But more than anything else we should rejoice over the renaissance of the red-blooded narrative as an anodyne to the mystic-maze subtleties, the pseudo-psychological "studies," that have flooded the markets of recent years. It is good to set the spirits on a vacation occasionally, to let them wallow in something that isn't complex, intricate, or brain-fagging. After all, it is the bold unsoftened colors that catch the eye; and a man has to be pretty much over-cultured who does not prefer the crudity of a blue august sky to the mellow blending of harmonized tints in a dish of old china.

Christmas-Tide.

Again the Christmas-tide is here,
And with it joy and gladsome cheer.
And in the midst of feast and song
Should not our thoughts ere long
Turn to the Babe in Bethlehem born
For us on this all-blessed morn?

—St. Clair Hertel, '16.
I was early evening, and I sat alone on a bench in the garden of the Tuileries, alone, and furthermore, without even an acquaintance in all Paris, a city that has long been reported the gayest in the world. Truly an unenviable fate this, brought about by accident rather than design. The firm that condescended to pay me what they called a salary, needed someone to represent them in a deal across the water, and the drawing of lots for the selection of an unfortunate was held on a day when my good luck was on a vacation. It was the season when the tide of tourists is at its lowest ebb, so there remained not even the remote chance of running across a fellow citizen with whom to drown one’s sorrows. The city by the winding river is no doubt the gayest of the gay, but of what use is that when you’ve no one to enjoy it with, speak the language but poorly, and are unacquainted with the location of the palaces of pleasure? So perforce I sat as stated, and day-dreamed about the times of long ago. History, though never a favorite subject because of a memory that was slow to acquire and sure to forget, rolled before me as if repeating a cycle. There in the midst of the palaces of the Tuileries, what a wealth of memories could be aroused. Back first to the days of the little Corsican when France was a power, and her flag floated in strength; the days of the Louis, and the grandeur of the ancient courts with all their medieval splendor and magnificence; and again, to the days of horror, when the streets were washed more frequently by blood than by rain; the memorable days of dainty and petite, though frivolous, Marie Antoinette, when the court lived in luxury at Versailles. My thoughts then strayed to the days of Joan of Arc, the unappreciated heroine, whose equestrienne statue now gallantly graces the Rue de Rivoli.

What a desecration then, I thought, of such hallowed ground by the presence of these usurpers. There along the river bank, majestically rearing its top to the very heavens, stood that comparatively modern structure, the Eiffel Tower, a mass of metal, surmounted by flashing searchlights, just beginning to sweep across the city. Below it lay the Trocadero, brilliantly lighted by modern electrics. Steamers, unknown in the glorious days, plied busily up and down the winning Seine. Nearer than this was that quaint old character “Sparrow Jack,” gathering up his paraphernalia of photographs and postals. With the departure of his pets, the birds of the air, his audience likewise had dispersed, and another day’s work was done. Taxi-cabs, like frightened pullets, darted to and fro in the traffic, bearing their bejewelled burdens to the cafes and theatres.
A voice beside me, speaking in English, aroused me from my mournful reverie. "Want to buy a New York paper, Mister? All the latest news from the big city." The speaker was a young fellow, his costume typical of the Parisian street arab. "How do you know I'm an American?" I asked, "and where did you learn the language so well?" "Hully gee, Mister!" was the reply, "Anybody can spot youse guys over here just by your kickers. They don't make them kind this side of the big drink. It's easy if one keeps his lamps trimmed. How do I know your lingo? Well, I just hangs around the door of a hotel, where lots of youse Old Glory ginks puts up when they strike this burg, and get an ear full now and then. By and by, I'm able to sling a bit of it myself. Most of them I've spied with, slips me a two-bit piece just for the novelty of hearing their own stuff in a strange land," he added naively. I drew forth a franc and said, "Well, I'll be easy like the rest of them, and there's another where that came from if you'll hand out some more of that lingo as you call it. But look here son, that story of having picked up the language by listening to tourists doesn't pass muster with me at all. It's too thin. Come, now. Own up and tell me that you were born somewhere within the city limits of New York or I miss a sure guess." He looked me over carefully and hesitatingly as if afraid, and then evidently deciding in my favor, he answered, "Well, I guess you're next, all right. Say, you ain't a bull or a fly tec on a pleasure trip are you?" Reassuring him by stating that I had no connection with the police force, he resumed, "Boss, you catches me flat-footed at that, and I suppose I ought to pass over a line mixed with this frog-eaters' language if I expect to get by with the josh. But you see, it's this way. Money's scarce at times, and me fertile brain has to give out a catchy stall to get the ginks from home on the fly and keep them interested. That short time Berlitz stuff opens their blinkers right off the bat, and then's when I gets in my fancy line with the trimmings as fast as I can shoot it across. That usually means some extra chink, and every little bit goes a long ways with me. Sure boss, you're right. I was a kid from the East Side, and the leader of my gang at that. That was just about the time the lid blew off that police stew over there where the grand old rag still flies. Just happened that I was wise to a little of the inside dope through some doings I don't need to mention. Well, somebody that wasn't getting all the graft that was coming to him squealed, and the whole show tumbled like a ton of brick. Somehow the clouds blew my way, and while the investigation was on, some of them woodenhead flatties got the idea into their conks that I'd made the noise like a pig. My partner tips me off to the deal they're fixing. Shy of cash at the time, I knew I couldn't hire no mouth-piece with brains enough to keep me out of stir once them bulls has it all framed up, and even if I did go free, the chances are some of them would bill me some night, and claim it was self-defense and resisting arrest. What chance has a guy against them odds, I asks you, Mister?"
“Very little, if any,” I admitted. “Well,” he continued, “I packs me extensive wardrobe, consisting of the clothes on my back, kisses my gun-moll farewell and sleeps in the soft coal as a stowaway on a big liner. Here I am, and thanks to you boss, in fair sight of an evening meal. Some day when I win a million out at Longchamps, you’ll see me and my doll breeze into Maxim’s and have the waiters opening the fizzy juice in time with the tune of ‘Here comes my daddy now.’”

He brought forth the ragged stump of a cold cigarette and proceeded to light it with all the grace and gusto worthy of a choice Havana. “How do you like it, now that you’re over here?” I asked. “Oh, say boss,” he replied, “Don’t make me homesick. If I could get back to little old New York, I’d start at once even if I had to hurdle every wave between here and Sandy Hook. But it’s better here than going back to be sent up the river as soon as I landed. The only thing I can hand them in this town is the rubber-tired taxi bandits. They sure can drive their chug chariots to perfection, but I don’t know whether they pull down any more graft than our own boys do. Outside of that, the place is a fizzle. Why, the gangs think they’re real tough, and they don’t even compare with the six-year-olds over on the East Side. Now and then I has to plug one of these Apache kids in the spieler, just to show him he’s got a lot to learn. They’re mean guys, though, and don’t think no more of putting a knife between your slats than a sawbones does of operating on a rich gink for a swollen pocketbook. But what gets me, boss, is some of the funny things that happen. Just shows that some people travels so little, and is so narrow-minded they have condensed brains.” “Tell me about it,” I interjected hastily, as he showed signs of ceasing. “Well, part of it you can blame on these ‘Parlayvooz,’ and some, even on our own mutts. When I struck this burg, owing to my sudden departure from home, I had very little coin. I runs across a joint that was carrying chewing gum as a novelty. The guy tells me it’s a strange thing here and don’t seem to take much, ’cause people wasn’t wise to it. So I agrees to sell it for him on a fifty-fifty deal. I breezes into a cafe with the ‘stenographer’s delight,’ and makes signs to a French damsel that I has something to peddle, and don’t care who comes across with the cash. She looks it over, and I makes high signs what the dope is for, and she finally takes a package. I hangs around to see what she’s going to do with it. Believe me, or not, but she removes the wrapping, puts two sticks of the gum between pieces of bread and goes to it like a regular sandwich. I left for fear the proprietor would have me pinched for laughing myself to death on his premises. There’s another place along the Rue de Something that makes a boast of serving American soda water, the only place in Europe. Some dame from our country was looking for that joint, and by mistake gets into a cafe not far from it. I hears her order a vanilla ice cream soda, and she has a hard time making the waiter understand, but he finally lets on that he’s next. He comes back in a
few minutes with some imitation ice cream, a pony of brandy, and a soda siphon. Believe me, that garçon got the bawling out of his young life, only he couldn't understand what she was handing him. I thought that was the limit, but it didn't have a thing on what happened along the railroad out towards Vichy. Some American was doing the Weston out that way, and he spots a gink with an overload of absinthe lying across the track. A fast train was coming about a hundred yards away. The fellow jumps the fence down the bank, and drags the souse to one side just as the train breezes past. Thinking there might be some French Carnegie he hadn't heard of, who might slip him a bit on the deal, he sends in an account of the doings to the main guy of the road. He waits quite a while, and finally a cop comes around to his hangout with a big document all plastered with seals and ribbons. He thinks sure he's got a bid to join the Legion of Honor, and starts figuring how his statue will look in the hall of fame. But he can't understand the printed dope on the inside of the paper. A friend what knows, spills him an ear full and says as how it's an official billydoo from the chief of police, notifying him that he's fined ten bones for trespassing on the property of the road. Believe me, boss, they do some things mighty queer over this way. I'd like to get out and go back to where they know what's what, but I'd rather be here alive, than back there under six feet of dirt. Well, so long, boss, I've got to sell my papers and get that million that's coming to me some of these days. Here's good luck to you, and give my regards to Broadway. Thanks for the extra franc, old man,” he called as he slipped away and darted quickly through the traffic.

A few moments later I desired to know the time, and discovered that my watch was missing. Further search revealed that a well-filled pocketbook had evidently accompanied it. Certain jocular friends have often asked me whether I really thought the boy was American born. They add facetiously that these Parisian gamins are noted for their linguistic abilities, and are exceedingly clever at picking out easy marks. The whole story would never have come to light if I had not been forced to cable home for funds to purchase my return passage.
Socialism: Impracticable Yet Dangerous.

CALVIN B. GARWOOD, '15.

By far the greatest danger that is menacing the world today is the steady advance of what is known as Socialism. Modern scientific Socialism, which started with the writings of Karl Marx, has been steadily growing, year by year, and at the present day its followers number far up into the millions. In Germany, the Socialists, under the name of Social Democracy, constitute a powerful political party which exercises a far reaching influence in the affairs of the nation. In our own country they are not nearly as powerful as in Germany, but as it is, their party now numbers several millions and every four years nominates a candidate for the presidency.

It is hard to understand how men of strong intellect, who are well versed in the subject of history, can be led astray by the doctrines of the Socialist reformer. In the chronicle of the past there are recorded the failures of many movements which rested on the same principles as modern Socialism. The French Revolution, founded on the socialistic principles of Rousseau, and pointed out by Marx as a form for Socialists to follow, died out after a horrible orgy of anarchy, murder and bloodshed, the like of which history has never recorded. The spirit of the revolution still lived on in France until the bloody days of the Commune, which finally convinced the French people that the doctrine of the absolute equality of all men is nothing but an idle dream.

When order began to appear from this chaos, the leaders of the revolution found it very expedient, having stolen the property of the Church and the nobility, to declare that private property was necessary and lawful, and quietly forgetting the boasted equality of all men, they began to build up an aristocracy of genius and wealth. As might have been foretold, from even a slight knowledge of human nature, Socialistic principles had to give way to the selfishness and private interests of the leaders. Turning to more recent times, we find in the Dublin Review for July, 1909, an article by W. H. Mallock, on the Socialistic experiments of the past century, in which he shows that while many of them were begun under conditions almost Socialistically ideal, every one of them was sooner or later a complete failure.

The favorite doctrine of the Socialists, that is, that labor is the cause of all value, is altogether impracticable. The deep thinker, who has a knowledge of all economic affairs, knows that the above theory is in reality foolish. For it is not the amount of labor put into an article that determines the value of the aforesaid article, but the value is determined by the article's utility and by the desire that men have for it. If the Socialist theory were to hold, all objects would have the same value on which the same amount of work had been expended. The result would be far reaching. Things which formerly were very cheap would
greatly increase in value. If it took the same time to mine a ton of diamonds and a ton of coal, the coal, whose present value is far inferior to that of the diamonds, would equal the diamonds in value.

The assignment of different kinds of labor by the state is another dream of Socialism. The state is not able to be master of the mind and body of every individual. If the above doctrine were true, then the state would crush effectually any attempts at individual enterprise. And it would crush the individual as thoroughly as any tyrant, ancient or modern, ever imagined doing, in his wildest flight of fancy. But the Socialist state must fail as the other forms of tyranny have failed. For try as it might the state has never been able to crush out individualism. Somewhere among the down-trodden masses of the people there has always been some indomitable spirit who, amid general degradation, refused to be crushed to earth. And when the tyrant felt himself most secure, he has suddenly felt himself confronted by that one mind which his oppression failed to enslave. The one dauntless soul accomplished his overthrow. And so it has been throughout all history. The testimony of the past has proven conclusively that individual enterprise, one of the most precious gifts of God to man, has never been crushed out of existence. And it never will be crushed as long as the race of men exists upon the earth.

That private industry is conducive to progress is seen at once by a glance at the record of the past century-and-a-half. Recall the invention of steamboats, railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless, the phonograph, the aeroplane and so on. Almost every day brings more improvements, for everyone is bound by his own interests to make himself useful to his neighbor, and if possible, to outdo him. He who offers the best and most useful commodities at the lowest price, takes the lead in the race of competition. What would become of this progress in a Socialistic state?

Socialism is not only impracticable, as history has repeatedly shown, and as we have tried to show through some of its principles, but it is also extremely dangerous. First of all, Socialism is founded on class hatred, which has been a source of trouble to governments ever since the earliest times. A political system founded upon the evil passions of man rests on a false and insecure foundation, and is bound to fall to the ground before it has gotten a good start. It teaches men to hate one another. When one class of men has overthrown another by means of hatred, that same hatred will react and cause the overthrow of the victor. By stirring up discontent among the working classes, Socialism arouses their anger against the Capitalistic class, and causes them to become dissatisfied with their lot. Dissatisfaction turns into jealousy toward those who are better provided with material goods. Jealousy turns to hatred, and the ultimate result of hatred is the violence and disorder attending a strike, which causes suffering to all parties, including the state, the capitalist, and most of all
to the laboring men who have gone on strike at the suggestion of some so-called reformer who never knew anything about labor in the first place, and who receives a fat salary for stirring up strife between man and man. While the families of the poor strikers are in poverty and want, and their children cry for bread, the scoundrel who is at the bottom of it all is reclining in his comfortable home and living off the fat of the land, unwilling to relieve the suffering of which he is the author. This only goes to show the shallow hypocrisy of many of the Socialist workers.

Another danger of Socialism, a danger which few men seem to realize, is the fact that it is atheistical. The Socialists would not only be, as Pope Leo XIII characterizes them, “a band of men bound together to uproot the foundations of society,” but they would also seek to overthrow God Almighty and banish him from our midst. It strikes at the roots of the Christian religion. The average Socialist denies that his political creed tends toward atheism. When confronted with the assertion that the most prominent Socialists are atheists, he will reply that Socialism is not atheistical because of the atheism of some of its members. But since the foundations of Socialism rest mainly upon the writings of those atheistical members, we can reach but one possible conclusion, and that is, that Socialism is atheistical.

Why do Socialists deny that Socialism is atheistical? In the first place there are many men voting the Socialist ticket who do not know what Socialism really is, who regard it as a panacea for all labor troubles. On the other hand, the leaders of Socialism realized at last in 1891, that their political growth was retarded by direct attack on religion, and since that time their conventions have always passed resolutions declaring that “Religion is a private matter.” What other political party ever felt compelled to pass a similar resolution?

Marx and Engels founded the Socialist movement as it exists today, and it is founded upon their atheistical doctrines, the most important of which is the “materialistic conception of history.” This denies the existence of God, and regards religion as an illusion which cannot stand before the supposed supreme inductions of science. It is this which, Marx declares, makes Socialism scientific. A quotation from each of these authors will show what they, the acknowledged founders of modern Socialism, thought about religion. Engels says in the introduction to his book “Scientific Socialism:” “This book defends historical materialism. Nowadays, in our evolutionary conception of the universe, there is absolutely no room for either a Creator or a Ruler.” Marx writes in his book “Secret Society in Switzerland:” “The idea of God is the keystone of perverted civilization. The true root of civilization, the true root of liberty, of equality, of culture, is atheism!” Socialism seeks to eliminate God by promising to the poor and unfortunate an earthly paradise instead of the paradise of the hereafter. In this way men will be made to live and die like contented brutes, with nothing to look forward to after death. If a creed is founded upon such princi-
ples as those we have enumerated, that creed can be nothing but atheistical, in spite of all arguments to the contrary.

We have seen from history that movements akin to Socialism have from time to time arisen to disturb mankind. Some failed from the very start. Others have enjoyed a short lived prosperity, but in the end failed utterly and dropped back into oblivion. A Socialistic common-wealth has failed when put to the test, and will always fail, but men will continue to dream of such an ideal state as the Socialists promise, as long as the demon of jealousy remains in the human heart. The danger lies in the fact that man is governed by his passions more than by his reason, and when his passions are aroused he will stop at nothing. Last, but most to be feared, is the atheistical trend of Socialism. It seeks to eliminate all religious sentiment from the acts of man. By so doing, it would deprive us of all incentive to good moral lives, by taking away from us that most beautiful and consoling doctrine of religion, the hope of a more glorious life beyond the grave.

The Christmas Bells.

The clanging of the Christmas bell
Awakes the sleeping Earth,
Proclaiming with its brazen tongue
The tidings of Christ's birth.

Within our hearts the echoes roll;
We hear the Angels sing,
As when the shepherds long ago
Welcomed their cradled King.

—George E. Hamilton, Jr., '17.
In the past two issues of the Georgetown College Journal, there appeared an article by Mr. Henry T. Healy: "The Present Status of the Drama in America." This interesting contribution shows great thought and care, but is a little too hard on the manager. We think the article lays altogether too much blame for the present condition of the drama at the manager's door. We contend that the real cause of and remedy for this condition lay practically with the public alone.

Mr. Healy states that the manager sees in the judgment of what the people want and consequently produces plays that are not wanted, and that are failures. His contention seems to be that if the manager produced what the public wanted, all plays, or at least most plays would be of the higher type and would be successes.

With Channing Pollock, we say, "A manager is not a clairvoyant." Dealing with a public that changes with every breath of wind, how can the manager exactly determine what it wants, and what it will patronize? Certainly it is to the manager's profit to produce what the public wants! And what possible good can come to the manager from producing what the public does not want?

The manager can only approximately tell what will strike the public's fancy. He must use his judgment in selecting a play, and then make the test to find out if the public wants it—the only test being the production of the play. To be exact, the manager must do three things: he must look back to precedent; keep the trend of the times well in mind; and then trust to his judgment.

Mr. Healy mentions the fact that some managers pass over plays that other managers produce successfully. Of course this happens at times. We do not say that the manager never makes a mistake. He is only human. However, to prove his assertion, Mr. Healy gives as examples "Every Woman" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," both of which plays succeeded for the sole reason that they were novelties, and appealed to a public that is always craving for something out of the ordinary. The managers producing these plays took great risk. The fact that "Kindling" failed in New York and was highly successful in Chicago, only goes to prove that the manager cannot possibly tell what the public does want. The Drama Leagues of both cities recommended "Kindling."

The public gave and is giving its unqualified support to Soothern and Marlowe, William Faversham and Lewis
Waller! Granted—but the companies in the United States who are presenting Shakespeare decently, can be counted on one's fingers. Moreover, Shakespeare represents perfection in stagecraft. The public is fully aware of this, and when it goes to see Shakespeare, it takes no chances of seeing a bad or indifferent play. Therefore, when assured of seeing a good production of Shakespeare, the public takes advantage of the opportunity. Furthermore, Sothern and Marlowe and the few other good Shakespeare companies have an open field; they have practically no competition. Supposing one-half or one-third of the capable companies in the country were limiting themselves to Shakespeare, would the public give them all the same enthusiastic support that it now gives Sothern and Marlowe?

At the risk of digressing, let us mention the encouragingly large number of Shakespearean productions of this season: Sothern and Marlowe are presenting seven of Shakespeare's plays; Margaret Anglin, four; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, three; William Faversham, three; John E. Kellerd and Robert Mantell several each; John Drew put on one, and three repertoire companies from England are promised us.

Granted for the moment that the public is not getting what it wants, nevertheless it supports many of the inferior, and degraded plays that it is getting, and thereby does not use its power to demand that a better class of plays be produced. We do not presume to say that the public fails entirely to support good plays; but we do say that it does not support all good plays.

The notable instance this season has been the complete failure of Charles Frohman's elaborate production of "Much Ado About Nothing," with John Drew, probably America's most popular actor, and certainly one of her most skilful, as Benedic. It is true, the acting in this play was criticised. But it was at least moderately well acted; it was beautifully produced; and it was headed by a star, who many times in his career has saved from failure contemporary plays that were worth absolutely nothing. Is not this a slap in the face for any manager? Is not this enough to discourage a manager from producing the classics, and to drive him to produce the lower class of plays which are crowding houses?

We will not dwell on the notable failure of the New Theatre which was mentioned by Mr. Healy. But to quote Mr. Healy: "Most people associate classics and intellectual plays with something tiresome and uninteresting." Mr. Healy states this as a general principle, and applies it in the case of the New Theatre saying: "Many persons who would have enjoyed the repertoire given by the New Theatre, carefully avoided going there, as they did not wish to be bored by some dull classic." This is practically an assertion that the public cannot recognize a good play when it is produced. The New Theatre gave the public splendid productions of high-class plays, which the public refused to accept. The public had better sit up and take notice and find out that the classics are neither tiresome nor uninteresting.

It is all very well to say: "Give the
people what they want, but educate them
to want the best.” This is a wild theory
and cannot be called a remedy. It sounds
very well, but it would not work out sat-
isfactorily. In many instances a good
play, well-acted and well-produced, has
gone down to failure for lack of sup-
port. The public was not in a mood to
be educated; and no manager can force
education upon an unwilling public. Fur-
thermore it is an impossibility for the
manager to educate the public. No one
can educate the public, but the public
itself. Managers are not in business for
the sole purpose of hastening the millen-
rium, and they cannot afford to risk their
fortunes educating the public. “For who
has a right to demand that theatrical
managers be philanthropists?”

While true, that in may cases the pub-
lic has supported what was high in the
drama, in just as many cases it has failed
to give the proper support. However,
this is secondary. Our main contention
is not that the public does not support
good plays, but that it does support and
encourage what is low in the drama.

Take for instance the recent epidemic
of sex problem plays, which have swamp-
ed New York and which have absolutely
no excuse for existence. The public has
flocked in swarms to see these plays, in
spite of—and undoubtedly in some case
because of—the fact that they have been
condemned by competent critics and au-
thorities. Witness the crowds in New
York that flock to the Princess Theatre
where the plays produced are openly in-
decent and frankly immoral. But we
are not considering only plays which are
indecent in tone. There are plenty of
other plays which, while not immoral,
nevertheless belong to the low class of
drama. Let us quote George C. Tyler,
who states in the current issue of the
Theatre Magazine:

“To paraphrase: The drama’s themes,
the drama’s patrons give. With the pub-
lic taste reflected in the fact that almost
every magazine is featuring detective
yarns, the crime-serials are running daily
in every other evening paper, is it to be
wondered at that murder, sudden death
theft and blackmail dominate the stage
of today? The public thirsts for blood,
and gets it.”

If the public does not want this con-
dition, it does not need to have it, for the
“public can raise or lower the standard.”
Let the public demand the better plays,
and it will get them. If the public re-
fuses to accept a bad play and does not
give it support it must fail. Therefore,
we reiterate that the cause and remedy
lay with the public. If the public would
accept no bad play conditions in the the-
atre would immediately change for the
better; the playwrights would put forth
their best efforts; gradually the plane of
the drama would be elevated; and in
time we would build up a national drama.
The first meeting of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was held on Sunday morning, November the twenty-third. By nine o'clock, fully a hundred students, not to mention some late graduates of the medical and dental schools had gathered in Dahlgren Chapel. Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. I. Devitt, S. J., during which hymns were sung by the assembled students. Rev. Francis A. Tondorf, S. J., the Moderator, distributed Communion.

After the Mass, Father Tondorf, in a few, well chosen words addressed the Sodality. He congratulated the gentlemen present on their hearty response, and encouraged them in the good work they had so readily undertaken. Certainly a Sodality should be the one characteristic of a Medical school, Catholic in fact as in name. The Reverend speaker emphasized the dignity of the Medical profession, declaring its dignity second only to that of the priesthood. The Sodality, as an outward manifestation of faith in the Supernatural, is to be a grand protest against the naturalism and rank atheism unfortunately so prevalent these days.

The class officers are to act as the officers of the Sodality for the present year. These gentlemen are the following: Mr. Edward P. Hand, '14, of Holyoke, Mass., Prefect; Mr. F. R. Sanderson, '15, of Washington, D. C., First Assistant, and Mr. Joseph P. Madigan, A. B., '16, of Washington, D. C., Second Assistant. We congratulate the students of both Medical and Dental Schools as well as the graduates who helped in swelling the
numbers. Needless to say, a Society so well begun is bound to grow in numbers and in wholesome usefulness.

Last month a list of Washington surgeons honored with the degree of fellow of the American College of Surgeons, was made public. As announced by Surgeon-General Charles F. Stokes, the list embraced names dear to every Georgetown man. We deem it a privilege to congratulate these gentlemen on the occasion, in the name of the school they have served so long and well. Among the founders of the American College, we are pleased to note the following: Dr. Joseph Taber Johnson, emeritus professor of abdominal surgery; Dr. Ernest P. Magruder, emeritus professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics; Dr. Isaac S. Stone, professor of abdominal surgery; Dr. George Tully Vaughn, professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery; and Dr. William H. Wilmer, professor of Ophthalmology. The following were admitted to fellowship by reason of their professional eminence: Drs. Henry D. Fry and Louis S. Greene.

On November the twelfth, Dr. Adolf Schmidt, the distinguished director of the Medical University at Halle, Germany, arrived in the city as the guest of Dr. William Gervy Morgan, professor of gastro-enterology in the medical school. Dr. Morgan accompanied the learned visitor to the White House, where he was received by President Wilson. In the evening, Dr. Morgan entertained at dinner. Among the guests were Drs. Schmidt, Goet, William A. White, Prentiss Wilson and William C. Woodward.

Mass meetings were held in the Auditorium of the Law School several nights before the Carlisle and Virginia games. The men manifested the true Georgetown spirit, and the day of the big games found them marching to the Hilltop to cheer the gridiron heroes on to victory. Prof. D. W. O’Donoghue acted as chairman of the meeting held prior to the Virginia game. Our loyal friend “Cy” Cummings delivered his annual speech, in which he said that even though our opponents out-weighed us; even though they were picked to win by all the pink sheets, Georgetown is not defeated until the last whistle blows. The result of the games confirmed his words.

The Honorable David I. Walsh, Governor-elect of Massachusetts, addressed the student body on his recent visit to the National Capital. Mr. Walsh is one of those rare speakers, who holds your attention by means of subject-matter and delivery, and not through mere courtesy. We should like to hear from him once more in the near future.

Under the auspices of the Carroll Club, Mr. Wm. J. Kavanaugh, of the third year class, delivered a short lecture on speech-making. He treated his subject from the standpoint of the lawyer, and showed himself a past master of oratory.
College Notes.

Award of Honors.

JUNIOR CLASS.
Bernard Schlesinger, James Shea, John O'Day.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS.
William Burlee, Edward Callahan, St. John Garwood, Thomas Mee, John Darby.

ENGLISH.

PHYSICS.

MECHANICS.
Randolph McCalla, Paul Sweeney.

TRIGONOMETRY.

CHEMISTRY.

FRENCH.
Thomas Mee, William Hughes.

GERMAN.
Ernest Blau, Irving Newcomb, Bernard Dietz.
Roll of Honor.

Bernard Schlesinger......... All Subjects.
James Shea.................. " "
Paul Sweeney................ " "
Ernest Blau.................. 3 "
Grafton Brown............... 3 "
Edward Roach................ 3 "
James Baxter................. 2 "
James Becker................ 2 "
William Burlee.............. 2 "
Edward Callahan............. 2 "
Gresh Gardner.............. 2 "
Thomas Gurry............... 2 "

William Hughes.............. 2 "
Randolph McCalla.......... 2 "
Albert Marland.............. 2 "
Thomas Mee.................. 2 "

Elocution Contest.


The prize was awarded to Edmund Barrett, '15.

Georgianopolitopics.

The Star—Departed.

Costello has gone! Thanksgiving Day, the redoubtable little captain led his team to victory for the last time. Georgetown won from Holy Cross, and it was largely through his efforts. The "Twinkling Toe," now famous for four years, suffered no deterioration from the widespread press notice it had been accorded, but in a critical moment, shot the leather oval over the bar for the first score of the game. Moreover, it was the deciding point, since it turned the tide of fortune in our favor.

It was a great game for Costello, a fitting climax to his athletic career. When he comes back in future years, as he maintains he invariably will, to see the Virginia game, may he ever see some other player or captain, fighting as skilfully, as pluckily, as gamely, as we have seen him during the last four years!

Jack Conroy—Debutante.

At last—society has been recognized. John Francis Conroy, the Baron Munchausen of New Jersey, stepping lightly down from the inside cover of the Saturday Evening Post, as the duly authorized representative of Hart, Shaffner and Marx, is now taking in all the 'te Dancons and is tango-teaing all over town. As a matter of fact, anyone caring to make a date with Jack, must sign him up several weeks ahead of time, or otherwise there's absolutely nothing doing.

However, Jack does stand pretty strong in this afternoon league, and is said to be able to balance a whole tea set just like one of the girls down to Childs.' In the realms of Terpsichore, he is also a shining light, but inasmuch as he was always a good student, we'll condone his seeming frivolity with the expectation of seeing him settle down as soon as he sows his wi'd oats.
The Return of McNulty.

"Wild Bill" McNulty is out of the hospital again! The nurses’ loss is our gain, just as his departure was their gain and our loss, for William ever nestled close to a fond feeling in our hearts, endearing himself by his quiet manner and modest demeanor. Seriously, however, Mac was badly banged up in the Indian game, but ever since, he has certainly overdone it, playing the hero until he almost actually forced his best friends into sympathizing with him. At the same time, remember, fellow students, that he was injured in trying to get out of the way of that Indian, and consequently, deserves the respect due to common sense. The fact that he failed, doesn’t interfere with his merit.

The Man Who Delivered.

In a brief retrospect over the past football season, in all justice, we should not overlook the New York messenger boy, who attended to all the trying managerial duties with a faithfulness almost worthy of a better cause, were one possible. We refer to Ed. Barrett, the tow-headed Swede, despite the twang of old Erin about his name. With the pertinacity of the proverbial bull dog, Edmund Early labored in the gathering darkness of the Hilltop every afternoon, caring for his tired charges just like the mother and child is some elevating rhapsody of Irving Berlin. However, the ancient Greeks used to crown their heroes with laurel wreaths, and suffice it to say that in our gratitude and appreciation of Ed, we will follow their example, except that we won’t use the laurel wreath.

The Aftermath.

A Virginia game wouldn’t be a Virginia game, unless the old grads, crowded back, and standing in groups on the green grass under the shade trees of the campus, told the stories of the deeds of the past, when they fought for Alma Mater. The grass was green then; 'tis greener now, for Georgetown’s victories never lacked a minstrel to sing them, or an embalmer to stow them away.

Some of the old boys gathered in the refectory the Sunday evening after the eventful battle, and enjoyed, according to their own version, a typical college past. Among those who favored us with addresses were Tom Smith, ’12, ex-president of the yard, and John Crosby, ’12, ex-manager of baseball.

Senior Notes.

Socrates Renatus.

Philosophy! A fickle dame, I wot,
We think to know thee, when we know thee not.
Thyself, thou’rt fair enough as studies go
It is thy history that chafes us so.

The one matter of transcendent importance during the past month was the large assortment of tests that we faced. Never in the history of our college career has doom showed itself more certain and more impending than it has in the avalanche of examinations which loom up before us each successive week. Our congratulations we extend to the
fortunate, and our condolences to the victims. Cheer up! for the mid-years are yet to come, at which time we shall be led forth to the semi-annual sacrifice.

The Seniors have been favored, and will soon be honored. The muses of dancing and comedy have been most propitious, and art is about to receive one of her usual contributions from the heroes and heroines pro tem of the class. If you want to know what we are referring to, look over the cast of the “Maid of Marchfeld,” or go to the Columbia theatre December 12th.

If the acumen of the holiday committee is to be taken as a criterion of senior ability, how can the faculty see fit to graduate a senior in June? But we do not wish to knock, because every knock is a boost. Possibly we might be led to enter upon a discussion of the merits of our holiday committee. We have merely come to bury the committee, and not to praise it. We are well aware that the evil they did will live after them; but where is the good to be interred with their bones? The members of the frustrated embassy might fittingly greet us with: “Seniores, Morituri vos Salutant,” if they would but admit defeat. But we would far prefer if they would quote from Robert Emmet, “We have but one request to ask at our departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write our epitaphs, for as no man knows our motives, no man can now vindicate them.”

On the one hand we are still wondering what evil genius botched the well ordered proceedings of our committee; but on the other, we hope that despite the costly tutelage of experience they will learn. To be more exact and truthful, we certainly did enjoy the much delayed holidays, and we are certainly thankful for what our committee did for us. In the way of advice, we might suggest a little more co-operation on the part of the class, and a little more united effort would help matters along. It might be just as well if our President would use a little iron handed diplomacy in the class meetings, to determine what is desired on the part of the Seniors, and then what can be obtained by the committee. Success for Christmas!

“Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Fair women’s regard for the festive male.”

We must say that we were very much charmed and delighted on November 24th. We were at the Trinity Tea. Never in our experience have we so thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We also had the pleasure of witnessing some polished exponents of Terpsichorean art at the Immaculate Seminary, and here too, was exquisite enjoyment. 1914 extends its thanks.

(In compliance with our usual custom:)

The conservation of energy
Is beaten to a frazzle.
The brilliance of his lassitude
Does our poor eye lids dazzle.
He works not much, but when he works,
O may we see that day!
The very stars their place shall quit,
And wandering, lose their way.
And who is this whose qualities
Cause us this verse to make?
It can be none of all you know
Save Carbondale’s great Jake.
We came, we saw, and we—that is at least some of us conquered. As was the case in times gone by, it was a battlefield, and this battle came off in the Hirst Library a short time ago. Most of the class marched in with a smile and a prayer, but each one managed to show that several weeks hard labor had driven some amount of philosophical knowledge through his marble-topped cranium. There was always a moment of fear when the “enemy” personified by Father Tondorf, started to try and extract knowledge from one of our members. After asking a few of his special friends to clear up one or two simple difficulties, he withdrew from the Specimen, and there seemed to be a look of relief on the faces of some who were, perhaps, worried just a little bit over what would happen if he happened to ask them anything.

While on the subjects of struggles, whether mental or physical, it would be well perhaps to mention the reason why the great football game between the Seniors and the Juniors was never played. In looking over the two younger classes, the committee which was to have arranged this titanic struggle could not find two officials whom they thought could equal the excellent and impartial work of the two officials who officiated during the Freshman-Sophomore game. So it was decided to settle the question of supremacy by arbitration. They arbitrate every night over in North Hall, and so far the honors have been about even. The final result will be announced at the final reading of the marks.

The class has a large representation in the “Maid of Marchfeld,” and all of the boys should be on hand at the first public appearance to give their friends the glad hand. For beauty and terpsichorean gracefulness, we have several of our members in the chorus without whom the production would probably go on the rocks. For where could be found the equal of Connie McGrath, Abie Phillips, Scoop Lamorelle and Shad Roe? There is no doubt about the fact that they will receive a great deal of masculine attention in the many cities that they will visit on their trip through the North. On the business end of the production we are represented by Linus Kelly, he of diplomatic fame. So by all means keep open the date of Friday afternoon, December the twelfth, and be at the Columbia theatre, and bring all of your friends with you.

Jack Conroy is preparing for his debut into the social life of East Orange, by giving a series of teas and dances to his intimate friends. All those who have attended these functions claim that they have had a great time, and that Jack will make a great hit, as he has acquitted himself nobly during his preparations.

The class wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate “Plugger” Murray and John Petritz for their work on the Varsity during the past season.
Sophomore Notes.

EDWIN G. CASS.

In the recent glorious victory over Virginia, one member of our class in particular distinguished himself, Thomas F. Gurry, the first president of 1916, appearing in his initial big game, made good with a vengeance. Captain "Hey" Carter of the Old Dominion eleven, put in a mighty busy day as a result of his clash with the Blue and Gray youngster.

"Peppery" Jim Becker, the Mississippi orator, was the hero of the last public elocution. Despite the handicap of "poor under pinning," Jim managed to "hurl all his friends into the breach" without serious injury to the assemblage.

We humbly suggest to President Wilson that he send Jim McNally as special envoy to Mexico. We warrant that "Jim's" genial "line" would force Huerta to resign in self-defense.

Paul Sweeney recently astounded some of his admirers by positively declaring, "that tennis and photography" were his only athletic pastimes.

Freshman Notes.

W. ST. J. GARWOOD, '17.

The class extends its heartiest congratulations to the gentlemen who painted the score of the Virginia game. The location of that memento was selected with infinitely more taste than that of its predecessors, insomuch as it may be seen without crawling under the North stands.

Class perseverance in the matter of attaining athletic laurels was finally rewarded when the impromptu yet speedy half-mile quartette composed of "Stump" Heinz, Garwood, Devlin and Dan McCarthy, won from the "Sophs" in a walk. When the whistle blew, the latter did not appear, so the former walked around the track and were straightway declared winners by "Prof." Joyce. As there seems to be some track talent in the class, coach Mulligan is arranging for a regular Freshman squad, which, if it can be settled, will probably race the Virginia Freshmen at the big meet in March. Come out, fellows, and make it a big success!

In debating circles, the boys are likewise making themselves known. Abroad, in the Gaston-Loyola debate, 1917 will be represented by Tom Mee and Ed. Callahan, the latter acting as alternate. While at home, in the White-Gaston contest, Tom Moroney and Dan McCarthy will uphold class honors.

Not to be outdone by any other highbrow, John Graceful Nixon, the Georgia cracker, is now in training to box Senor Don Romance de Dionisio Velasco, when that popular "Caballero" returns from his extended vacation.
Alumni Notes.

New York Alumni Meeting.

On Friday, November 13, the annual meeting of the Society of the New York Alumni of Georgetown University took place at the Hotel Astor at 8.30 P. M., at which the officers and directors of that Society were elected. J. Lynch Pendergast was chosen president; John G. Agar, Walter F. Albertsen, Robert J. Collier, Joseph Healey and Andrew J. Shipman, vice-presidents; James A. McClenny, treasurer, and James S. McDonough, secretary.

Members of the board of directors, term to expire in 1916, were William Allen, Martin Conboy, James E. Duross, Walter N. Kernan, John J. Kirby and George McNeir.

Conde M. Nast was elected a member of the board of directors, term to expire in 1914, to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Walter F. Albertsen as vice-president.

Notices have just been issued of the banquet of the National Alumni Association, which will be held at the New Willard Hotel, Washington, on Saturday evening, January 17, 1914. As this, the Founder’s Day Banquet, commemorates the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Georgetown, the occasion will be one of unusual moment and importance. The speakers of the affair will be Rev. A. J. Brosnan, S. J., Professor of Elocution in the School of Arts and Sciences, and Hon. William E. Borah. Mr. Conrad Reid, of the Law and College Faculty, is chairman of the Banquet Committee and he has arranged to have an informal smoker and songs after the dinner. It is hoped that all the Alumni who are able will attend.

'53. We regret to record the death of George T. May, ex-'53, which occurred in October. Mr. May, who knew Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun, was for many years chief clerk of the office of the Comptroller of the Currency. He had suffered from heart disease for more than a year, but his health permitted him
to continue his duties at the Treasury Department until a few days before his death. Mr. May entered the government service in 1875, during the term of John J. Knox as Comptroller of the Currency, and helped in the organization of the bureau. About fifteen years ago he was promoted to the position of chief clerk in the Comptroller’s office and he held that place until a year ago, when, his health having failed him, he asked to be demoted. During the earlier part of his life Mr. May was interested in the banking business and was largely instrumental in organizing the National Bank of Virginia in Richmond.

Mr. May’s wife died four years ago. He is survived by four children—a daughter and three sons. The Journal extends its deepest sympathy to his bereaved family.

’90. When Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, was new in his position he said one day that the greatest task before him was to find “fifty-thousand-dollar men for five-thousand-dollar jobs as chiefs of bureaus.” Since then in Thomas Ewing, Jr., LL. B. ’90, the new Commissioner of Patents, he has found one. Mr. Ewing is one of the richest men in the government service. A successful New York lawyer, he has amassed a great fortune and accepting a government position meant a great financial loss to him.

But he is content. For years a leader of the patent-law bar of the United States, he is whole-heartedly devoted to his profession. Now he has reached a stage of life where the future has no financial terrors for him, and he has a desire to serve in a position where his learning and his training can be, as he sees it, of the greatest public value. Hence, in midsummer, he gave up his promised vacation at his beautiful summer home at Sorrento, on the coast of Maine, abandoned further all thought of that shooting trip upon which he had half promised to take his eldest son, Thomas 4th, this autumn, and came down to sweltering Washington to go to work.

A little matter of 28,709 applications for patents was awaiting him and on August 19 he had signed the first of them. Oddly in keeping with the prevailing weather at that time, it was for a “muffled roasting furnace.”

Mr. Ewing is what the undergraduate would term a “shark” on patent and patent law. All his adult life has been devoted to these subjects. Last year, when Congress was considering the Oldfield bill, amending materially certain important provisions of the existing patent statutes, Mr. Ewing was summoned before the committee to give his views and advice.

Perhaps it is an exaggeration to say that he has devoted all his life to one thing, for he has other and wide interests aside from his profession. One is municipal government, and the betterment of conditions of life in cities and towns. He is not a professional reformer, but an earnest student of social problems, who is willing to do more than academically consider them. For example, in his home town of Yonkers, N. Y., he has been active in municipal affairs ever since he took up his residence there. Twice, in 1897 and again
in 1899, he was Democratic candidate for Mayor of that city. For six years, from 1897 to 1903, he was a member of the Yonkers school board, and from 1905 to 1907 he served on the police board. Since then he has been president of the Yonkers Tuberculosis Hospital Commission.

Another keen interest Mr. Ewing has aside from his profession is literature. Look in Poet Lore and you will find numerous metrical translations of the Horatian odes by "Thomas Ewing, Jr.", this same master of the dryest of all subjects—to the laymen—and one most opposed to poetical fancy, patent law. Eleven years ago, he went still farther in letters and wrote a tragedy called "Jonathan." For some years he has been president of the corporation which publishes Current Literature. So he isn't a man of one idea by any means.

Students of affairs in Washington know that when a new high public official takes office he is subjected at once to a trying-out process. All sorts of influences are brought to bear on him, social, political and congressional, to mould his action in this or that manner. A new official is fair game ever. If he is amenable to influence in a minor matter the successful influencer tries a more important one next time. Now, Mr. Ewing has been about Washington a bit himself. Furthermore, he has a natural taste for accepting his own judgment in preference to that of some one else. So when the numerous highly respectable gentlemen who wanted various things done their particular way embarked on their trying-out process, they met with no success. They bumped up against a man as polite as a Japanese diplomat, but equally as "set in his way." They received perfectly charming treatment and conversation, but no material results. They haven't been around since. Lots of other people have, however. They find him accessible when their errand is business—an intense listener and one of quick decision. He can say "no" just as quickly as he can say "yes," perhaps a bit quicker.

Patent Office visitors are, by the way, in a class by themselves. It has been said that enough cranks to turn the entire machinery of the government visit the Patent Office daily, and yet no man can say off hand which one of these may not be the mechanical genius of the age. The illiterate, with what they think are brilliant new ideas in mechanics; the poor, seeking help to expedite a patent before their funds give out; the crack-brained, with demands, entreaties and tales of oppression—these daily come and go. Patiently, kindly the commissioner deals with those who might really be helped by a talk with him. Three days a week he sits in a quasi-judicial capacity, hearing appeals from decisions of the board of examiners-in-chief, while the rest of his time is given to the administrative duties of his position. His judgments on appeals are speedily rendered. Often, immediately on the adjournment of a hearing, he calls a stenographer and dictates his findings in clear, terse English, covering every point so that rarely is it necessary for him to make a revision.

Commissioner Ewing came to the
Patent Office as one returning to an old home. He and his ancestry have been intimately associated with the office. His grandfather, the late Thomas Ewing, was the first Secretary of the Interior, appointed by President Zachary Taylor on the creation of the department in 1849, and the Patent Office was one of the first bureaus named in the act to be placed under that department. The Journal wishes Mr. Ewing all success in his well-deserved position.

'96. Word has been received that W. C. Kennedy has changed his place of residence from Waterbury, Conn., to Newton, in the same State.

'01. Tim Moran, A. B. '01, brother of J. Linus Moran, of Pittsburg, is a very successful eye specialist in that city.

'04. Clarence E. Fitzpatrick, A.B. '04, has recently returned from a protracted visit to South America.

'06. John Camille Landry, A.B. '06, joined the benedicts on November 5 in Edmondton, Alberta. As yet the particulars of the happy event have not been received, but we will try to have them for our next issue.

'06. Joseph H. Lawler, A.B. '06, according to our correspondent, never even has time to write to his most intimate friends, especially during the mazes of the fall campaign. In the New York Herald "Dope" was mentioned as the most prominent candidate for Mayor of the city of Hartford, the article saying that "The Democratic sentiment was crystalizing in him, since he was a man of performance and preference." "Dope" was the man who conceived the changes that were made in the charter of the city of Hartford, and it was through his efforts that the charter was brought before the people of the city for them to pass upon.

'06. Charles Magee, ex '06, is State Senator for Pittsburg in the Pennsylvania Legislature and is following along the footsteps of his brother and his illustrious uncle, Christopher Magee.

'08. Frank E. Burke, A.B. '08, has advanced himself considerably, having lately been admitted as a member of the Boston Stock Exchange.

'08. Ellesworth F. J. Reilly, A.B. '08, is in Billings, Mont., and is the proprietor of a successful hog ranch. He was one of the first men who ever brought a shipment of hogs direct to the Chicago market to sell. He has just recovered from an attack of nervous prostration but expects to get on his feet again by taking a trip East this fall.

'08. Tommy Cantwell, A.B. '08, formerly star pitcher on the Varsity, was playing ball with the Terre Haute, Ind., team last summer.

'08. Ed Leahy, LL.B. '08, is practicing law in Providence, R. I., and is with the firm of Higgins and Fitzgerald. He is also Probate Judge for the nearby town of Bristol.


'09. George Hebron, ex-'09, is in the City of Mexico representing the American Smelting and Mining Company.

'09. F. Percy Fitzpatrick, A.B. '09, is practicing medicine in Youngstown, Ohio.

'T0. Rev. Peter Dolan, ex-'10, who of-
ficiated at the christening of Linus Moran’s son, is at present stationed in Waterbury, Conn. but has not been heard from since his recent return from Austria.

'12. Frank H. Burke, A.B. '12, has acquired new dignity. He has lately been appointed instructor in Latin and Greek in Pittsfield (Mass.) High School, a position which those who remember him will realize he can most ably fill. In addition to these classes he also lectures on Irish History. The JOURNAL wishes its esteemed former Editor every possible success.

'11. Samuel O. Hargus, LL.B. '11, assistant to Senator Francis M. Wilson, has been made First Assistant District Attorney for the Western district of Missouri. Mr. Hargus was formerly secretary to Senator Stone, of Missouri, and was a member of the Taft Chapter of the Phi Alpha Delta.

11. George D. Bragaw, M.D. '11, was married to Miss Margaret L. Butler during the past month. Joseph J. McCarthy, A.B. '07, M.D. '11 was best man. Wm. J. Stanton, M.D. '11, was chief usher. The bridal air will go immediately to Mexico where Dr. Bragaw will be physician to one of the big mining companies.

'13. E. Manning Gaynor and Dave Waldron, both of the A.B. '13 class, together with Jake Cassidy, A.B. '12, have taken apartments in Cambridge and are attending Harvard Law School.

'13. George Repetti, A.B. '13, is living with Jimmy Madigan, A.B. '13, in Boston. "Co" is studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology while Jim is at Boston University.

'13. Tom Harrington has chosen a very enjoyable place to while away the winter. He has repaired to the sunny shores of Costa Rica, presumably to occupy a lucrative position with the United Fruit Company, but we strongly suspect an ulterior motive, such as avoiding the cold Boston climate for instance.

'13. James P. Needham, A.B. '13, who has political aspiration which he furthered even when at College by being president of his class, and who by this time must control at least one ward, is taking up a very hard proposition as a side issue. In fact he is at present a concrete contractor in Nashville, Tenn. We assure Mr. Needham, that the JOURNAL will always lend her powerful vote-swinging columns toward the furtherance of any campaigns which he may at the present or in the future contemplate. The JOURNAL will never be found lacking in the support of her reliable Home News Editor of last year.
The Clark College Monthly, a new and most welcome addition to our list of exchanges, contains in its November issue a review of the play, "Bought and Paid For." The author criticizes this superheated drama for its untrueness to life, its distortion of the inevitable into the improbable, and its slavish obedience to the desires of the "romance-saturated, sentimentality-loving Cerebus in front of the foot-lights"; yet he fails to see the harmfulness of the bestial climax of the second act—indeed he seems to take a certain pleasure in describing this nauseous scene. At a guess, he is not a reader of William Winter, for if such were the case, he would recognize the important fact that though the moral of a scene may be good, the evil suggestion it ingratiates into the mind of the beholder, or the picture it photographs on his imagination, may a thousand times counteract the good of the verbal lesson.

"After the Mail Box," a short story, is one of the treats of the month. It is written in the moving-picture style of narratives—the various bits of action are flashed on the screen as in the tabloid drama. This manner of presentation gives the tale originality and vividness, and in this instance does not detract the attention of the reader from that which is of primary importance, the story. Often this sort of structure is used merely to save the indolent writer the labor of constructing the ever-troublesome transitions; here, however, the plot itself requires that the scenes shift without connecting paragraphs—a la the "Movies."

A few years ago a young Canadian Scotchman, Robert W. Service, published a thin volume of poetry entitled "The Spell of the Yukon," which immediately attained a tremendous popularity throughout Canada, and in time throughout this country. Up to the present this one book has sold to the tune of one hundred and fifty thousand copies, a phenomenal sale for these days "when people don't read poetry." His verse, which for the most part is frankly imitative of Kipling, is characterized by a vividness almost impossible of belief; and it is this, perhaps, that leads people into mistaking his stuff for true poetry. In Canada, every school-boy can quote verse after verse of Service; even the babes in the cradles, one could easily believe, lisp his lurid and melodramatic
lines. For this reason we are glad to see in *The Trinity University Review* a broad parody of one of the “Canadian Kipling’s” poems. The burlesque end thusly:

“The lights still burn in Yukon, and the snow is still the snow
For snow must ever be but snow, though men depart and go
And only leave behind them silent snow and ice and woe.”

A short essay on Agnes Laut, the Canadian writer who is well known in the “States” from her “special” articles in the better class of magazines, is exceptionally well done. We miss our old and familiar friend, Exuberance of Youth; but his presence is wearisome at times, especially in literary work, so we will not lament his absence.

An interesting article in *The Mountaineer*, entitled “A Literary Center in America,” is well written, but contains some curious bits of information which, if *The Mountaineer* were the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mr. Stanton were Brander Matthews, would be, we are afraid, scathingly rebuked by the omniscient Bookman. We quote one passage: “Robert W. Chambers, Gouverneur Morris, Jack London and their coterie have abused talent of high degree by pandering to the vitiated taste of the element that buy their books, and deserve no more than passing condemnation in the recital of the names of those who might be said to attract to New York the fame of being the literary center of America.” The general statement is true; but why put Jack London among such a crew?

Surely “The Call of the Wild” is deserving of better company than “The Common Law” or the “Penalty.” Many other of London’s stories are literature in the full sense of the word. It is unfair to judge him by a few miserable tales that have served mostly to keep the pot boiling. Besides, is Jack London a New Yorker or affiliated in any way with that city? A little research will show that he is of the West, Western. In another place, the author, after enumerating a list of the truly great writers of the South, passes on to the Quaker City and says: “Philadelphia has a strong claim for the title, having George Randolph Chester and a host of good novelists.” Ye Gods! to compare Sidney Lanier, George Cable, Father A. J. Ryan with the creator of Rufus J. Wallingford and “Blackie” Daw! Again, he puts forward Bret Hart, Joaquin Miller, and Helen Hunt Jackson as those upon whom California bases her claim to be the literary center of this continent. All well and good; but has he never heard of Frank Norris, who is probably the greatest writer the West has yet produced? Finally, in the interests of literature, what are the presumptions of the State of Oregon for this somewhat mythical title?

The *University Magazine of North Carolina* is a trifle too self-centered to be engrossing reading for one unacquainted with the college. The bulk of its material is drawn from purely local sources, at least in the October issue. One clever skit on the genus, College Student, has an epigramatic freshness that is pleasing to jejune spirits.
various sketches are commendable; but one cannot but hope they are merely stepping-stones to full-fledged essays and stories.

We confess to a liking for essays that are out of the rut; by which we do not mean that they are to be freakish in style or wild in matter. "The Legitimacy of Society Verse," in the Notre Dame Scholastic, is written in an easy flowing style, and treats "vers de société" in a readable manner. Ample justice is done to Austin Dobson, but why no mention of his confrere, Andrew Lang? The latter was little behind Dobson, if memory serves, in introducing the Lighter French metrical forms into England.

"Boscobel," a poem, has the place of honor in The Campion for November. The simple verses have a melody and charm that raises them above the ordinary. The lines are reminiscent, for no tangible reason, of the famous "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse."

Another poem that caught our eye, this time in The Gonzaga, was a translation of one of the odes of Horace. Anyone who has essayed this sort of work can appreciate the difficulties with which the author of "To My Lyre" had to contend when he undertook to render the song of the jovial bard of Rome into English. He has succeeded admirably; there is, curiously enough, a faint Irish undertone that but adds to the charm of the lyric. There is an excellent article on vivisection in the same number.

The main reason for the lack of good short stories in college publications is that the writers know little or nothing about the technique of narrative. By this we do not mean that the stories must have the climateric structure that Poe first brought into use, or the unexpected "kick at the end" that contributed to the popularity of O. Henry; but that the embryonic creator of short stories must possess a knowledge of the first principles of fiction writing. For example, how often is dialogue misused, or worse, not used at all. Some knights of the pen seem to stick in a few scraps of conversation, because they have seen it done in other stories. They do not realize that conversation has definite uses; that it is one of the most powerful methods of depicting character, enlivening the narrative, and advancing the action.

"Three Ghosts and a Widow," in The Fleur De Lis, of Saint Louis University, is a good example of what can be done by dialogue. Almost the entire action of the story is carried on by this means. The author cannot be too highly complimented for this piece of work.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is another new arrival at our desk. After our first cursory reading, we jotted on the cover, "Good Stuff," and laid it aside until the time arrived to peruse it with a more critical eye. Our first judgment was substantiated at this second examination; and now in place of the expressive, but un-Matthew-Arnoldesque phrase, "Good Stuff," we are forced to a more specific and formal criticism. The Monthly, then, has an excellent makeup; the contributions are given the best possible settings; there are no blank spaces at the foot of the pages to offend the fastidious optic, and the "fillers" really fill. There is also good propor-
tion; no undue emphasis is laid upon any particular form of composition, and no department is developed to the detriment of another. The work as a whole is of workmanlike quality and evinces careful editing. The exchange department calls for special notice; and, for that matter, special commendation. Instead of reviewing each magazine by itself, it classifies the stories, essays, editorials, and poems under their respective headings. This affords an opportunity for comparative criticism not otherwise obtainable.

We are really perplexed to know what comment to make on an article recently appearing in The Davidson College Magazine. The article mentioned is entitled "President Wilson should be impeached." It could be taken in two ways, either as a poor exhibition of ill-timed, badly-written wit, or else as an illogical, unworthy and undignified assault upon the President, unsupported by reason or fact. Hence we do not know whether to criticize the writer of it for his wretched humor, or to condemn him for his lurid mendacities and puerile logic. The article had only one redeeming feature, a fine though ill-chosen and badly mixed display of words. Outside of that, it was an unsightly patch in an otherwise good publication, and a terrible waste of printer's ink. The space that it occupied could have been more advantageously used for advertisement purposes.

On the afternoon of November 8, the West Virginia Wesleyan aggregation, their courage screwed up to the sticking point, succeeded after a well-played game, in leaving Washington happy over their victory over Georgetown. They deserve a great deal of credit. They knew the rules and art of football thoroughly. To all appearances, the team had been well drilled and primed for this game. Her formations were novel, to say nothing of being effective. It required but a few minutes for the Blue-and-Gray warriors to learn that they had no mere practice game on their hands.

The Georgetown team undoubtedly held themselves in check for various reasons. The Virginia game, our greatest game, was one week off. What would it profit Georgetown to expend all her energy to defeat Wesleyan, and thus make the odds against her in the Virginia even greater? We do not, however, attempt to take any credit from the Wesleyan men for their victory. Their entire team played well. With George-
town at her best, the West Virginians would have taxed her ability. Neale, Morrison and Stansbury were the stars for Wesleyan. Fury, the veteran halfback, who has once more joined the squad, was beyond a doubt the brilliant worker of the game. Murray, Costello and Foley played their usual steady game. Jim Dunn, another last year's man, has again graced the field with his presence. In this game, owing to the short time he had been playing, Dunn did not star as is his custom. He did play an excellent game on the defensive, nevertheless. The presence of Dunn and Fury in the lineup, has somewhat frightened the Charlottesville supporters. This should show what others think of them.

The one remarkable feature of the game was the wonderful accuracy with which the Wesleyan team managed the forward pass. Give credit where credit is due. The visitors worked the forward pass seven times out of a possible two. Both touchdowns scored by Neale were made from forward passes.

On the whole, we must congratulate the West Virginians. They won a hard-fought and well-earned victory.

**The Virginia Game.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LINEUP</th>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>VIRGINIA</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Donnelly</td>
<td>L.E.</td>
<td>White</td>
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<tr>
<td>Moriarty</td>
<td>L.T.</td>
<td>Malder</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curry</td>
<td>L.G.</td>
<td>Carter</td>
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<td>Kelly</td>
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<td>Jett</td>
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<td>Barrow</td>
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<td>Petritz</td>
<td>R.T.</td>
<td>Woolfolk</td>
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<td>Bergin</td>
<td>R.E.</td>
<td>Gillette</td>
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<td>Costello</td>
<td>Q.B.</td>
<td>Gooch</td>
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<td>Fury</td>
<td>L.H.</td>
<td>Randolph</td>
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<td>Murray</td>
<td>R.H.</td>
<td>Landes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dunn</td>
<td>F.B.</td>
<td>Ray</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


The "old boys" point with pride to a Georgetown-Virginia game in which the victory was one of spirit and fight over confidence and physical strength. In those days, the game was divided into halves. At the end of the first half, the score stood—Virginia 16, Georgetown 0. Fighting against such odds, and supported by an enthusiastic, cheering section, the "never-say-die" spirit of Georgetown asserted itself. The Blue and Gray warriors succeeded in massing 17 points in the last half, while Virginia was held scoreless. Thus it was that old Georgetown conquered—17-16.

We, who are honored by being students in Georgetown this year, point with pride to the equally glorious victory of Georgetown over Virginia, in which the victory, here too, was one of spirit and fight over confidence and vastly superior strength. Our line and backfield were both greatly outweighed. However, this is how it happened. In the second quarter, Virginia scored on a forward pass. Carter kicked the goal. Much to the discouragement of the Virginia players and supporters, the spirit of the Blue and Gray eleven was not broken—nor even bent. Coming right back at Virginia with a vengeance, the Georgetown team scored a touchdown on two recovered kicks by Donnelly, and excellent plunging and end running by Fury and Murray. Murray scored. Through
some accident Costello, in kicking out, kicked over the receivers head, thus losing a chance for the extra point. This mistake is excusable, when we stop to consider the wonderful headwork Harry displayed throughout the rest of the game. In fact, his headwork was greatly responsible for the result of the game. Had he kicked, as many in the grandstand had hoped he would, the ball would probably have gone wild, on account of its being so soggy and heavy, and also because of the soft field.

The two points that decided the game came in the last quarter. Ray, of Virginia, was standing behind his own goal line. He attempted to punt out. Cusack and Heiskell plunged through their opponents, and dropped Ray in his track. This gave Georgetown two more points, and the game was won. Thirty seconds later, and the game was over.

Some say Georgetown was lucky to win. Georgetown won, not through luck but because each and every man on that team was determined to win, and followed the ball constantly. Our victory is due directly to the alert, watchful attitude of our team.

Indeed, it was a glorious victory for Georgetown; one to be remembered and pointed to by every Georgetown student and grad.; one that should be written down in letters of gold in the history of Georgetown.

The field was heavy, the clouds dark, and a continuous rain fell upon the field. The stands were filled with wet, shivering enthusiasts; everything connived against us, but that spirit of Georgetown remained unchanged.

It is almost impossible to pick out anyone man and call him the star. It was a victory of the Georgetown team, not an individual victory. To give justice where justice is due, however, we must all take off our hats to one, Tom Gurry, who played at guard against Carter, the giant guard and captain of Virginia. Before the game, Carter weighed about 225 lbs., while Gurry tipped the beam at exactly 161 lbs. Despite the odds, Gurry handled Carter as though Carter were his own weight. Costello, Fury, Dunn, Murray, Gurry, Donnelly, Moriarty, Heiskell and Cusack were the most spectacular players. It is the consensus of opinion, though, that the victory was a victory of the team, the whole team supported admirably by the spectators.

Holy Cross Game.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>Holy Cross</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cusack</td>
<td>L.E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Moriarty</td>
<td>L.T.</td>
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<td>Barrow</td>
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<td>Bergin</td>
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<td>Costello</td>
<td>Q.B.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fury</td>
<td>L.H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murray</td>
<td>R.H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doherty</td>
<td>F.B.</td>
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</table>


In a keenly contested and well-played game, Georgetown defeated her old rival from Worcester here on Thanksgiving.
Day, by the score of 16 to 7. Despite the threatening rain, which began to fall during the first half, quite a large holiday crowd was present and enjoyed the sport immensely. The visitors started with a rush, and for the first quarter it was a case of "Hold 'em, Georgetown!" for the home rooters. By consistent line plunging and snappy end runs, Holy Cross had the ball in dangerous quarters within a few minutes after kick-off. On their own one-yard line, however, Georgetown so strenuously contested the matter, that after two ineffectual rushes, Holy Cross fumbled and the ball was ours. Right here the team that had played Harvard, Princeton and Yale, and which should be competent to judge where a back fielder ought to play for a punt, had their football sense rudely shocked by the toe of the redoubtable Harry. Standing ten yards behind his own goal line, Costello got rid of a sixty-five yard spiral that went sailing over the heads of the expectant Holy Cross men, and bounded and rolled far into their own territory.

The plan of campaign became clearer from this time on. Holy Cross would rush the ball back until forced to punt, or would lose the ball on downs, and then Costello would send them back hunting for it where the shadow of their own goal posts should have been. This style of play continued until near the end of the first half, when Georgetown, by a series of rushes and several exchanges of punts, had possession of the ball in the visitors' territory, and Costello dropped a goal from the thirty-five yard line.

Georgetown opened up the second half as their opponents had the first. With Doherty's terrific line smashing, the like of which we have rarely seen here, by dazzling criss-crosses, sometimes with Costello carrying the ball or being used as a blind, when Murray or Fury would squirm unexpectedly through the wrong side of the line, and by the fake-kick formation around the end or for a forward pass, Georgetown swept the visitors back to their own five-yard line. Here, a penalty deprived us of an easy score. But on the next play, with the ball on the twenty-yard line, Landreau, who had been substituted for Murray, who was injured, took the ball on a double pass over the line for the first touchdown. Costello missed an easy goal. Holy Cross received the kick-off, but could not advance the ball. It seemed that Georgetown had diagnosed their style of play, and almost invariably a forward, noticeably Moriarty would break through and demolish a well aimed attack almost before the interference had reached a dangerous state of maturity.

In the third quarter, Georgetown scored again, when they had carried the ball to the three-yard line, and Foley shoved it over. Costello kicked the goal, making the score 16 to 0. Georgetown had many substitutes in by this time, and this fact may account, in part, for the brilliant attack which Holy Cross suddenly uncovered, and which forced the ball down to our own goal, where Mullin broke through the line for their only touchdown. This ended the scoring.

The game was remarkable in many respects. Three gridiron heroes made their last appearance—Costello, Fury and Mor-
arty. Much has been said in praise of each, but too much cannot be said. Costello's punting in this game, surpassed perhaps, his previous performances. The writer observed Moriarty make the tackle five times in succession. Fury's game was not as spectacular as he is capable of performing, but it was consistent. The entire team showed a form that would have defeated any team in this section, and would have been a match for any in the country. The team which Georgetown defeated was not the team that met Harvard and Princeton, but it was the team that held Yale to one touch-down.

Holy Cross played a hard, clean, sportsmanlike game, and accepted defeat gracefully. There was little rough work throughout. Georgetown suffered most from penalties, but these were due to illegal blocking and holding.
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