Editorial.

Georgetown Spirit.

In an age of progress and advancement, Georgetown cannot afford to stand still. This is particularly true in regard to her athletics. Athletics as an advertising medium for any college or university is indisputable. What do we find in the college world about us? Within the last decade there has been a tremendous athletic development in all branches of sport, especially in schools some years ago ranked as minor factors. A few years ago Washington and Jefferson was unknown, Penn State was a doubtful quantity, Pittsburgh was an in-and OUTER, and Williams was
almost unheard of. But a change—in fact, a revolution—has come about! The old order of things is dead! Today Washington and Jefferson, now on Georgetown's schedule for the first time, has one of the strongest football teams in the country; Penn State threw a surprise into Harvard; Pittsburgh rules the Middle West; while Williams has kept up her record of the last few years by battling the Princeton Tiger to a standstill. It is the beginning of the end, for in a few years the "Big Five" will be no more.

Amid all this change, where is Georgetown? Georgetown is not standing still, but in her progress she advances too slowly. She must speed up and accelerate, or be smothered in the rush, and forever forgotten. For the present, she is represented by practically a new team. Eight veterans from the South Atlantic Championship eleven of last year graduated with last year's class, so the present season must necessarily be one of building and preparation for the years to come. But we have a task before us. The one great, potent factor in college athletics is—SPIRIT. The school which has no spirit does not live. The undergraduates of Georgetown have a noble heritage in the traditions of a century of athletic prowess and of spirit never inferior to any in the country. Will they now sustain it?

We would not be interpreted as writing in whining complaint, but the spirit in Georgetown can be improved. Before Georgetown can take the gigantic strides in athletic development of which she is latently capable, there must be a welding together of the Professional schools with the College. There must be a closer union of feeling, a firmer bond of fellowship, an actual mingling of the men in the various departments, before anything of real importance can be accomplished. At the present time the three hundred men in the academic courses are practically supporting the athletics of Georgetown, financially and otherwise! They are bearing a heavy burden, and fighting all obstacles nobly. Thus far this year they have accomplished wonders, but where have been our professional students in their active support? Of the more than sixteen hundred men in Georgetown University, about thirteen hundred are idle, though the vineyard of the ideals and aspirations of the Alma Mater calls for their immediate attention.

We know from the past what the Law, Medical and Dental departments can do. The erstwhile Virginia game brought out the spirit that was dormant in them once a year. The Virginia game is no more; regretted from sentiment's sake perhaps, certainly not from principle. Now, we want no ONE game a year to take the place of this; we want no single and only outburst of spirit during the year. What we do want and need in the worst way is a steady, reliable support; if spontaneous
in its enthusiasm at times, so much the better, but always backing the projects and ambitions of Georgetown. We now appeal to the Professional schools to take advantage of an opportunity never before offered them to its greatest extent—namely, that if they are given the chance for managerial control, they will give en masse support.

Under the new constitution of the Athletic Association, soon to become effective, the managerships of all branches of sport are thrown open to the Professional departments, if sixty-five per cent of the students in the Freshman classes of each will enroll as members of the Athletic Association. In other words, if sixty-five per cent of each Freshman class in the downtown schools joins the Athletic Association, they can nominate a man for any managership and work for his election, so that after the year of his assistant managership, representation on the Executive Board is assured. Law School, Dental School, Medical School, will you come through?

College spirit, take it however you will, is nine-tenths optimism. Athletic reverses mean disappointment for the moment, yet in a few hours hope again "springs eternal" and blazes the trail for fresh triumphs. Men of Georgetown, if you unite, Georgetown can be powerful. She can force recognition from all sources; she can win; she can triumph, if you will but help. Men of Georgetown, answer the call to arms, enroll in one united army under the flag of Alma Mater and sweep all before you!

Our Thanksgiving.

Emerson once said: "America is another word for Opportunity," and had he penned no other line, his fame, at least as a prophet, would have been undying. In the day in which the great writer lived and flourished, his country's star of destiny was yet in its rising course and the status of the unionized states only beginning to assert itself. But Emerson, with true prophetic vision, saw and cried out with ecstasy at the grand and glorious future of the youthful nation. We think the very name—America—must have inspired him and made him realize the opportunities of the new republic. What those opportunities have been and what they have done, not only for America but for the entire civilized world, deserves our appreciation. They are interwoven with the history of the country, and the heart of every true American throbs with proud and wholesome joy that America is what she is today because those opportunities existed.

America today. Let us repeat over and over again those words. There is something truly inspiring about them, something of the inspiration
that we believe inspired Emerson. They suggested a world of thought to him over fifty years ago, when the rack and tear of a civil war was near at hand. What do they mean for us in 1914, when we have attained the goal for which we have striven for more than a century? What do they mean for us with all the world darkened by the shadow of the most fearful cataclysm that has ever engulfed humanity? What do they mean when we reflect that Europe’s boasted civilization has reversed itself until it presents on cold and bloody battlefields the savagery and ignominy of an embroiled continent? What do they mean when we awake to the realization that we are the only leading world power which is not sacrificing human lives in the most inexcusable war ever waged? Ah, there is one great thought which comes home to us immediately—thank God, we have used the opportunities He has given us as a nation to better advantage than to make them the tools of national enmity and prejudice and the instruments of death-bearing destruction!

When we pause for a moment and consider our position with regard to the European war, the thought must present itself that the American people should make this Thanksgiving Day the most fervent in the history of the country. We are today, with all the parties of European trade and industry in a state of chaotic idleness, the real benefactors of the world.

The wheels of our mills and factories are humming the song of prosperity and supplying the stranded nations of the older continent with the products of American labor and enterprise. They are furnishing the people of Europe with clothing to keep them warm and food to give them strength during a winter that presages economic disaster for the war-ridden countries. Our wheat crop this year has yielded the greatest measure in the annals of the nation. Cotton is plentiful, and the other staples have more than met the expectations of even the most sanguine. Our merchant marine has built up over night, as it were, Congress having appropriated $25,000,000 at the outbreak of hostilities for the purchase of foreign vessels with which to carry on our enormous commerce over the seas. Europe is literally begging for American products, for she realizes that without them her people will starve and her soldiers cannot survive. No nation has a better realization of this vital fact than England, the mistress of the waters. Not a month ago she averted the imminent danger of a cotton crisis in the South by announcing that cotton shipped in American vessels, whether to belligerent or neutral European powers, would not be considered contraband of war.

These considerations should give us an insight into the true importance of the place our country occupies at the present time. "America
today" is a phrase that should thrill the very soul of every one of us and
cause the life-blood of a peaceful, prosperous people to rush with
patriotic vigor through our veins. The heritage which has come down to
us from our gallant forefathers in the fight for independence, which was
preserved untrammeled at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, is fostered
today not on the bloody field of battle, but in the peace and prosperity
of a Christian nation. Our Thanksgiving should be a fervent prayer to
the bountiful goodness of a kind Providence, and every heart should
burst forth with a ringing "Te Deum Laudamus!"

An Important Issue in Mexico.

So much has been said and written about Mexico recently that the
people of this country have grown apathetic to all sorts of reports ema­
nating from the disturbed nation to the south of us. The European war
has also contributed to the obscurcation of Mexican affairs, and for a
while, at least, Mexico seemed to have been forgotten. Our fleet is in
Vera Cruz harbor, whence it went to avenge the insult to the flag last
April, and some five thousand American troops are camped in the city.
The general feeling is that everything is all right as long as the United
States keeps its forces in Mexican waters and on Mexican soil. It may
be that the government at Washington is considerably relieved by such a
state of affairs, but the fact remains that there exists in Mexico today a
situation that demands the attention of every respectable Catholic voter
in this republic.

At the present time there are approximately five hundred Catholic
priests and sisters huddled in Vera Cruz under the protection of Ameri­
can soldiers. The newspapers of this country have told us that these
same priests and sisters were subjected to the most outrageous insults
and heinous crimes throughout Mexico before ultimately finding refuge
in Vera Cruz. Priests were beaten, robbed and tormented, their vest­
ments torn from their backs while they stood at the altar offering the
Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and holy and sacred things made the subject
of the worst blasphemies describable. Nuns were repeatedly thrown to
the mercy of foul, unscrupulous soldiers of the Villa-Carranza army.
Their innocence was violated and horrors too unspeakable to even men­
tion were committed. All this has come about, too, through the agency
of the followers of the Constitutional government which the United
States for some reason or other has continually favored in its effort to
rid Mexico of Huerta and the like.

Now the big issue is—what assurance of safety and protection from
the hands of barbarous ingrates will our Catholic brethren have when
the Washington government sees fit to remove the American forces from Vera Cruz? Up to the present no assurances have been given, and the indications are that none will be given. The fact that the stranded refugees are not American citizens precludes the American government from extending financial aid, it is said. Appropriations for stranded refugees, it is stated, are to be used solely for American citizens.

We take a different aspect of the situation. We argue that the Washington government, by putting such men as Villa and Carranza in power over the Mexican people through the elimination of Huerta, and certain concessions with regard to the lifting of the embargo on arms to the Constitutionalist cause, is held under moral obligations to extend immediate relief to all refugees in Vera Cruz, whether they be Catholics or Protestants.

Are we wrong in thinking that the United States is morally bound to transfer our Catholic brethren in Mexico out of the danger zone to a place of safety?
A Song of the Rifle Ball.

ST. JOHN GARWOOD, '17.

With a whiz and a whir,
From the white cloud-blur
And the choke of the battery flame,
O'er a trench-scarred plain,
Where the schrapnel's rain
Splotches death in the bloody game,—
I'm whistling my song
And I'm whirling along
Toward the goal of a nation's fame.

My red errand unmeant,
Poor, dumb creature, I'm sent
To martyr the loyal brave.
Though my heart is of lead,
It has wept, aye, and bled
For the souls that to slaughter I gave.
So I'm moaning my song,
And I'm droning along,
To my doom—in a soldier's grave.

"Cease thy song!" fools have cried,
While their soldiers have died
On the sea and the mount and the plain.
Nay, incessant, I'm hurled
Down the track of the world,—
A curse on the Children of Cain!
And forever I'll urge
My pitiless dirge
'Till the earth drops down 'mid the slain!
ELL, if this fellow gets away with ten thousand dollars on us, there's liable to be a change in our local attorney." The voice of the general manager of the R. T. & L. Railroad quivered with anger as he addressed these words to John Ransom, a young country lawyer, who was the local attorney for his road.

"Well, sir, I'll do the best I can; but I must confess that at present things look rather bad for us, as our only witness, the engineer, says he didn't see anything but a dark shadow before his engine; and these two negroes will undoubtedly swear that it was all the engineer's fault," answered Ransom.

"For your own best interests I'd advise you not to let them win the case," replied the general manager a second before he slammed the street door behind him.

The case alluded to was this: Old Uncle Essex Smith, accompanied by his son Joe, was on his way to one of the colored church meetings which are so common in the South during the late summer. On their way they had to go over a rather steep hill at the top of which were the tracks of the R. T. & L. Railroad. It was a well-known fact throughout the surrounding country that No. 6, a freight train, was due to pass this point about 8.30 P. M., and, although the hill was rather thickly wooded, the sparks from the engine could be readily seen by one from the hill and the rumble of the train could easily be heard in the distance. In addition to this, the engineer was required to blow his whistle before reaching the crossing.

On this particular summer evening Uncle Essex had been struck by the train, had broken an arm and leg, his horse being killed. Joe, however, had escaped unscathed.

Ransom leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to reflection. He had been out of college but two years, and for the first year he had met with little success, but at the end of that year the lawyer who had represented the R. T. & L. in that section had accepted a better position in a nearby city, leaving vacant the position of local attorney. Ransom had tried for the position and, much to his gratification, had received it. For more than a year he had gone along without having a case of any importance in which he could show his worth. At last an important
case had come, but the evidence seemed so overwhelmingly against him that he could see no possible chance of success. Added to this, the general manager of the road had virtually told him that should he lose his case his position would be in danger. Aside from the ambition common to young men who want to succeed in life, there was another cause for John Ransom's anxiety over his position, and this cause seemed to him to surpass all others. In this little town lived a certain young lady whose charms were known far and wide throughout the surrounding country; and he knew that until he had made a success of his chosen profession there would be no use of allowing his ambitions to turn in her direction.

With these forces working upon him, there is little wonder that he studied this case as he had never studied one before. Finally he straightened up, a sudden fire shone in his eyes, and, striking his clenched fist upon the desk, he shouted: "I've got it; I think I see a way out of the difficulty. There is a law which gives the defense the power to bar one witness from the courtroom while another is testifying. I'll take advantage of this, and perhaps I may be able to trap these two negroes."

* * * *

"The next case before the court," shouted the clerk, "is that of Smith vs. the R. T. & L. Railroad, in which the plaintiff alleges that he was injured to the extent of ten thousand dollars when struck on the night of August 28, 1914, by Train No. 6 of the aforesaid railroad."

At the announcement of the clerk the crowded courtroom became all aquiver. It was easily seen that this was the one case that everyone had been awaiting. In addition to the fact that it had aroused great interest, it was "Co'te Day," a fact which in itself would have assured a large attendance.

The judge rapped for order. "Call the first witness," he said.

"The first witness for the prosecution will be Essex Smith," shouted the clerk, the long-drawn-out manner in which he made the announcement going to show that he realized to some small degree the importance of his position.

"The witness will take his place on the stand and will be sworn in by the clerk," declared the judge.

Uncle Essex removed his quid of "Picnic Twist," took his place on the stand, was sworn in by the clerk and turned toward the court, a look of absolute confidence on his ebony face.

Ransom rose and addressed the judge: "Your Honor, I wish to call your attention to that law which states that one witness may be barred from the courtroom while another is testifying."
"I recall it," said the judge.
"Therefore, I wish the court to instruct the sheriff to remove Joe Smith from the courtroom while his father is on the witness stand."
"The sheriff will remove said witness from the courtroom," ordered the judge.
"Now, sir, proceed with the case."
Ransom turned to Uncle Essex and said: "Your name?"
"Essex Smith, sah, yassah."
"Your age?" was the next question.
"Er-r-r, Ah 'specs 'bout fifty-eight years old, sah, leastwise das what ole Uncle Ned done told me fo' he died, and he oughter know, 'cause he lived next to we all when Ah was born."
"You expect about fifty-eight. Don't you know exactly?"
"Er-r-r, well you see, sah, not 'zactly, sah."
"Well, then, where were you going the night you were struck by the train?"
"We was gwine to meetin', sah."
"Where was the meeting that night, Uncle?"
"At Ehenezer Chapel, sah."
"You say it was very dark that night?"
"Dark? I reckon 'twas dark. 'Twas so black that Ah could hardly see ten feet 'fore me."
"You say you didn't hear No. 6 approaching?"
"No, sah, Ah ain't heard nary a sound till Ah went to cross de tracks, an' den, Lor', man, it makes me groan to think what happened den."
"I thought you could see the sparks from the engine while you were coming up the hill?"
"Well, sah, Ah 'specs you kin sah, but Ah ain't seen no sparks dat night."
"You didn't see any?"
"No, sah, nary a one, sah."
"But didn't you hear the whistle blow?"
"Whistle warn't blowin' dat night, leastwise Ah ain't heard it."
"And just as you went to cross the tracks the engine hit you, did it?"
"Hit me? Ah reckon she did hit me. Lor', man, she done knocked mah horse 'bout a hundred feet, and the next thing Ah'd knowed Ah was home in bed and the doctor he was tellin' everybody that he reckoned Ah'd be alright a'fter while, but dat it was shore a narrer 'scape."
"And you say your horse was killed and you had your arm and leg broken?"
"Yas, sah; Ah done had to stay in de house for mos' two months, sah."
"All right, Essex," said Ransom, "that will do for you."
The old man stepped down from the witness stand with satisfaction written all over his face that he had so successfully stood his ground against the cross-examination of the opposing lawyer.

"Your Honor, I wish that witness to be removed from the courtroom and Joe Smith brought in and placed upon the stand," said Ransom.

"The sheriff will carry out the attorney's instructions," said the judge.

Joe was brought into the courtroom and sworn in. Ransom addressed him: "You're Uncle Essex's son Joe, aren't you?"

"Yas, sah."

"Oh, yes, I see; you're old Aunt Sally Carter's nephew, aren't you?"

"Yas, sah; yas, sah."

"You are the boy who used to work for Mr. Weaver, aren't you?"

"Yas, sah. Ah's de one, sah."

"Yes, I see. You were with your father the night he was struck by the train, weren't you?"

"Yas, sah; Ah was right dere wit' him, sah."

"You were each riding horse-back?"

"Yas, sah."

"Well, on your way up the hill that night the sparks from No. 6 were flying away up in the air, weren't they?"

"Yas, sah; looked like it was mos' rainin' fire, sah."

"When you and your father saw these sparks, what did you do?"

"Ah say: 'Pa, Ah reckon we'll have to wait fo' ole No. 6 to pass, won't we?'"

"And what did he say?"

"He say: 'Yah, he reckoned we would.'"

"And when you heard her rumbling away off there in the distance, what did you do?"

"Ah say: 'Pa, she got a big load tonight, ain't she?' An' den he say he reckoned she mus' have by de way she was puffin' up de grade.'"

At this juncture a ripple of laughter swept through the courtroom, and the young negro, taking it to mean that he had scored a brilliant point, eagerly awaited the next question, a broad smile spreading over his face.

"How many times did the whistle blow?" asked Ransom.

"Let me see; as Ah recollects, three times, sah; yas, sah, one long one and two short ones."

"What did your father say when he heard the whistle?"

"Well, you see, sah, we was on top de hill den, an' you could hear de ole ingin jest comin' down de track, an' she was throwin' her light all aroun', makin' everything near bright as day; an' den Pa he say: 'Joe, do you reckon we can beat her?' An' den Ah say: 'No, Pa, Ah reckon not.' An' den he say: 'Well, you jes' set dere an' watch me.' An', Lor'.
missah, de next Ah knowed de ingin had dont hit Pa, knocked his horse into de ditch, an' Pa he went flying over de ditch an' into a patch of briers dere by the road."

At this a roar of laughter swept over the courtroom, and when order had finally been restored Ransom addressed the judge: "Your Honor, considering the conflicting testimony of the two witnesses for the prosecution, I think I have the right to demand that the case be dismissed."

"The attorney's demand is granted," said the judge. "The case is dismissed from court."

Outside the courthouse the general manager of the R. T. & L. paced slowly back and forth beneath the cooling shade of the oak trees that stood within the court-green. As Ransom came down the courthouse steps he went up to him and, grasping his hand, said: "Young man, I want to congratulate you upon the way you handled that case. I guess, after all, you are good enough for us, and I assure you, at the first opportunity that offers itself, you will be given a better position.

Dreariness.

Leo V. Klauberg, '16.

When the Summer is old and the days grow cold
And the Autumn air is chill;
When the death-knell bold of the leaves is tolled
And the vales are mournfully still,
A loneliness, weary, depressing and sad
Enshrouds the heart of the happiest lad.

When the hare is caught and the logs are sought
For the grate on the hearth in the hall;
When the bird sings nought and the winds have wrought
Their havoc in terrible squall,
A vague sense of sadness then leadens the air
And catches the youth in its mesh of despair.
Thomas Babington Macaulay.

(A Sketch.)

EDWIN G. CASS, '16.

HOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the son of Zachary Macaulay, famous for his advocacy of the abolition of slavery, was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, at the commencement of the nineteenth century. The capacity and cleverness of the father seem to have been unusual. He was so devoted to the cause of liberating the negro slaves that he gave us his life in their behalf. He sacrificed health, fortune and celebrity for labor, disappointment and financial ruin. At his house, in a room paneled with oak from ceiling to floor, Thomas was born on the 25th of October, 1800. In the child the peculiarities which afterwards distinguished the man were plainly discernible—a short, manly figure, utterly destitute of bodily accomplishments, and at times badly dressed; a ceaseless devotion to work, with a propensity to neglect whatever he did not like; a kind and loving disposition too much inclined towards vehemence and overconfidence in conversation. Although his parents were proud of his ability and aptitude in speaking, they never encouraged him to parade his powers, and as a result he was altogether free from pride. After much deliberation, he was sent to a private school kept by a Reverend Mr. Preston, at Little Shelford, in the vicinity of Cambridge. There, although lonesome and unhappy, he read widely and unceasingly. He once said that if all the copies of “Paradise Lost” and “Pilgrim’s Progress” happened to be destroyed, he could reproduce them from memory. When at home he was intensely interested in the political meetings held by his father and the Evangelicals, so it is only natural that at an early age public affairs began to divide his thoughts with literature.

In October, 1818, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. There, amid libraries of books and congenial company, he spent four happy and not unprofitable years. He reveled in the possession of leisure and liberty, in the almost complete command of his time, and in the power of passing at pleasure from the most perfect privacy to the most complaisant company. Among his college companions may be mentioned the two Coleridges, Derwent a son, and Henry Nelson, destined to be the son-in-law of the poet, all of whom, although by nature the most agreeable of associates, were, nevertheless, ever ready to debate with
him on the merits of the works of Wordworth; Hyde Villiers, who but for the intervention of death would have taken a place in a trio of distinguished brothers; and the boyish Praed, who, despite his freshness from Eton, edited articles unique in their literary excellence and variety. But by far the most remarkable character with whom he came in contact at that time was Charles Austin, a man endowed with great vigor and fervor, great depth of knowledge and breadth of humor, and who seemed capable of ruling the world. Macaulay not only applauded and admired him, but was dominated and dazzled by his intellect. The bane of the young student's life was mathematics. He not only disliked the subject, but also showed little inclination to master it. He greatly enjoyed all that was stirring and vivid around him, still it did not hinder him in the race for university honors. He twice gained the chancellor's medal for English verse, and in 1821 established his classical repute by winning a Craven University scholarship. It was with great pleasure and pride that in 1824 he gained in the university his goal—a fellowship. He was delighted at finding himself one of the sixty masters of an ancient and splendid establishment, and proud to reflect that these privileges were the fruit not of favor and inheritance, but of personal assiduity and ability.

It is by his essays that Macaulay won great fame, and it is only fitting that they should now claim our present attention. When but twenty-five years of age his essay on "Milton" appeared in the Edinburgh Review at a time when this periodical was at the height of its political, social and literary power. To be a contributor to its columns was not only to command the most direct channel to the spread of opinions, but was the shortest road to credit and celebrity. It would be unfair to a great writer to take this essay too seriously, when he himself has told us that it contains scarcely a paragraph such as his mature judgment approved. A certain unskilfulness in transition from one topic to another and a disproportionate length in digressions are very noticeable; nevertheless it was given a most warm welcome, and he immediately found himself high on the ladder of renown.

He was called to the bar in 1826, but he did not like the study or practice of law, and ceased to consider it as a profession. In 1828 he was made Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and his financial worries were greatly lightened by the emoluments of the office. Lord Lansdowne, who had been much struck by his writings and who perceived his gifts and genius, proposed that he stand for the vacant seat of Calne in Parliament. Macaulay gladly and gratefully accepted. His maiden speech was delivered with an absence of pretension such as never fails to gain over the good will of the House.
In personal appearance he had of beauty little to boast, but this was to some extent offset by an expression of great power and humor. He dressed badly but not cheaply, and his clothes, though ill put on, were good, and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. His vehemence and impetuousness in discourse were faults such as gave annoyance to those who disliked him, rather than caused anxiety in those who admired him. It was said of him by a close observer that he conversed and did not dictate, and that he was loud but never overbearing. His pleasing disposition, his ready wit, his charm of manner, always attracted and always assured him a welcome in the most desirable drawing-rooms of London.

Zachary Macaulay's whole attention being concentrated on the slavery question, it was only natural that sooner or later the family would feel financial want. The loyal son took up the burden not only willingly but cheerfully. At a time when his Parliamentary fame stood at the highest his resources had fallen so low that he was obliged to sell the gold medals he had won at Cambridge to make ends meet. Notwithstanding this, he was never in debt, nor did he ever publish a line prompted by any lower motive than the inspiration of his political faith or the instinct of his literary genius.

With political distinction, Macaulay now met social success. But success made him not proud, but courteous and agreeable. In 1831 the exclusiveness of birth was passing away and the exclusion of fashion had not set in. All that was needed to have entry among the elite was honorable credentials of talent and celebrity. He bore his honors quietly and enjoyed them with the natural and hearty pleasure of a man who has a taste for society, but whose ambitions lay elsewhere.

In March, 1831, he made the first of his Reform speeches. When he sat down the Speaker sent for him and told him that in all his prolonged experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement. In fact, throughout his political life, the moment Macaulay began to speak was a signal for the rows of benches in the galleries to be lined with eager listeners and the lolling fellow-members to hasten in from the ante-rooms. During the next three years he devoted himself to Parliament, rivaling Stanley in debate and Hume in the regularity of his attendance. He thoroughly enjoyed the ease, freedom and hearty good-fellowship that reigned within the precincts of the national senate. Although he was in this way encumbered with severe public labors, he managed to write thirteen of the Edinburgh Review essays.

Macaulay accepted a seat in the Supreme Council of the Governor General of India in December, 1833, and in June of the following year he landed at Madras. He remained in India just three years and a half,
but this period was by far the most memorable portion of his public career. His knowledge of this land of mystery when he arrived was indeed but superficial. But at this time there was more need of statesmanship directed by general liberal principles than of a practical knowledge of the details of Indian administration. His presence in the Council was of great value; his minutes are still models of good judgment and political sagacity. Among other reforms, he vindicated the liberty of the press; he maintained the equality of Europeans and natives before the law; and as president of the committee of public instruction he inaugurated the system of national education which has since spread over the whole of the Indian peninsula. In spite of this material success, he was not happy there and longed for England. This homesickness, indeed, was made even more poignant by the death of his sister Margaret and the rapid decline of his father.

He sailed in January, 1838, but the voyage was so prolonged that before he could touch land his father had expired. To his only remaining sister, Hannah, he was intensely devoted, and it was with a heavy heart that he consented to her marriage in India. An event which most men accept as a matter of course clouded his life and all but broke his spirit. He had such a regard for home life that he could seldom be tempted to step outside his own immediate circle of friends and relations, and his distaste for the chance society of a London drawing-room increased rather than grew less as years went on. He more than welcomed his sister's return to England, for, though he was very easily bored in general society, he never felt ennui when he was with those he loved. Many people are very fond of children, but he was one who never tired of being with them. It is really impossible to exaggerate the pleasure which Macaulay took in children, or the delight which he gave them. Often he spent entire afternoons with his niece on his knee and the neighboring little ones grouped at his feet, relating fabulous tales that his vivid imagination was only too eager to create. He was beyond all comparison the best of playfellows, unrivaled in the invention of games, and never tired of repeating them.

The contagious excitement of politics was too much for him, and he let himself be nominated for Edinburgh in the summer of 1839. He was elected, and in the autumn was made Secretary-at-War, with a place in the Melbourne cabinet. With the subsequent fall of the ministry, Macaulay, although still retaining his seat for Edinburgh, used his leisure hours for essay work. In quick succession he wrote "Clive," "Hastings," "Frederick the Great," "Addison" and "Chatham," which, besides meeting with great success, signalized the conclusion of his work for the Review.
Not without some misgivings, he put forth in 1841 a volume of poems, "The Lays of Ancient Rome," but fresh and vigorous language at once carried the volume into popularity, and it had an enormous sale. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents; but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious erudition, the same richness of illustration which distinguish the essays; and they are embellished with a profusion of imagery and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

On a change of government in 1846, Macaulay, at the request of Lord John Russel, again entered a Cabinet, this time as Paymaster General of the Army. Despite a bitter contest and in the face of increasing unpopularity, he was successful in holding his seat in Scotland, only to be eventually defeated in the general election that followed soon after.

He had labored at intervals for many years before the first two volumes of his "History of England" appeared in 1848. They were not received with unqualified praise by the critics, yet they were greeted with unparalleled enthusiasm by the multitude of readers. Nothing like the picturesque scenes of the history had been known since the days of "The Waverly Novels." Of "Marmion" 2,000 copies were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's History 3,000 copies were disposed of in three days. Of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" 2,250 copies were sold in the course of the first year; but the publishers disposed of 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year about seventy sets a week were secured by the reading public. Prince Albert, who came from a country where the professorial office is held in honor, surprised the successful historian with an offer of the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge. Macaulay respectfully declined to exchange the freedom of his library and the pleasure of living in London for the task of lecturing to undergraduates in a provincial city.

The citizens of Edinburgh, repenting their former injustice, elected him again in 1852. This was a source of gratification both to himself and his many friends. About this time he contributed the lives of Atterbury, Goldsmith, Johnson, Bunyan and the younger Pitt to the Encyclopaedia Brittanica. These in some respect, especially in the vigor of narration and clarity of style, excel even the best of his essays, and prove that his literary power and skill had suffered little or no abatement. In 1856 he resigned his seat in Parliament and turned his whole attention to literature. Shortly after, the third and fourth vol-
umes of his history put in their appearance, and were featured by the tremendous sale of 25,000 copies.

He was made Baron Macaulay of Rothley in 1857. From this time on he scarcely ever went into society, but made a few intimate friends welcome at his home, and, cheered by the close kindred upon whom he had spent so much affection, worked on as steadily as his dwindling strength would permit. He almost finished his fifth volume, but gradually became so weak that the least shock might prove fatal. Finally, on the 28th of December, 1859, he died, and was buried in the Poet’s Corner in Westminster Abbey.

His extraordinary memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources; his wonderful power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, combined with a clear and animated style, enabled him to produce historical scenes with a grouping, a finish and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His description of the Puritan in the “Essay on Milton,” and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the “Essay on the Popes”; his picture of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and glory of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the “Essay on Sir James Mackintosh,” are but a few of many of his word paintings which cannot be excelled. He had an acute appreciation of the good things of life, and desired fortune as the means of obtaining them; but there was nothing pecuniary or selfish in his nature. The purity of his morals were not linked, as it not infrequently happens, with an inclination to cant or parade of religious phrases. Macaulay the historian no less than Macaulay the politician was always on the side of justice, fairness for the weak against the strong, the oppressed against the oppressor.

**Evening.**

*The day is lingering,*  
*Drowsily fingering*  
*The sunset bars;*  
*O'er the mountain trees eerily*  
*The bent moon wearily*  
*Creeps, drawn by the stars.*  
*Oh! would that I, like yon impassive sun,*  
*God's labor done,*  
*Could drop to rest,*  
*Happy and blest,*  
*Unfettered and alone.*

—Ernest Blau, '17.
ALLANTLY, with a courage marvelous, struggled Saxon's Two Hundred against that solid Northern phalanx. In the lurid glow of the dying sun for twenty long minutes they held together, as only men defending their homes could have done, and then, with the streaming shells plowing bloody channels through their ranks, with bullets pouring upon them in leaden floods, with the yellow, choking, sulphur smoke parting friend from friend, the little cluster of men tottered, crumbled, and dispersed like chaff before the gale. And then followed deeds of heroism unrec- corded in a nation's history—not the heroism of risking one's life as a soldier's duty; not the heroism of defying death for patriotism or glory or self-defense, but the heroism of love, which turns men back to face again the death showers, while comrades flee, in order to find some wounded friend and stagger with him to safety.

In vain the mighty will of Saxon strove to unite his scattering band. He had collected these men from his native hills. They were his own. They had tested with him the glory of victory and sometimes the gloom of defeat—but never such a defeat, such a slaughter as this.

"Close, in boys! Close in! Close in!" he cried, and wherever that trumpet voice was heard above the din the stragglers would pause; the retreating, panting mountaineers would turn again, only to be swept away by the foe. For they loved this man, their leader, with the loyal love of dumb creatures for their master.

Dimly through the battle haze he could be seen, urging, imploring the few dozen men about him to hold fast. A torrent of blue-coated cavalry surged upon them. Down went the knot of heroes under the mad sweep of hoof and saber. Saxon saw his brother Eddie, a mere boy of seventeen, being beaten back in furious combat with a horseman, and leaped forward to his aid. The pending sword stroke missed the lad, but found another mark, and John Saxon collapsed in a heap, the blue sea of cavalry and infantry swept past unhindered, and night closed down on an undisputed Union field.

The silence of death had settled over the scene. In the dim and smoky twilight a black, formless figure could be seen moving along a narrow road that skirted the battle-field. It was a man carrying the body of another. For two miles he struggled on, stumbling over rocks and ruts, but never pausing for rest until he stood before the door of a
great farm house. Here the burdened man stopped and knocked. The
door was opened by a fair-haired girl bearing a lantern, whose rays fell
upon the two men and revealed a soldier in blue bending beneath the
weight of one in gray.

“Bob! Are you hurt?” cried the girl.

“Just a scratch. But I've got my brother here; he's almost dead.”

The man entered and laid his burden carefully on a couch in the
front room. He was a young fellow of about twenty-five, and his fea-
tures bore a resemblance to those of the wounded man on the couch.
No one could have failed to recognize the latter. In spite of its encrust-
ment of blood and grime, that was the strong, handsome face of John
Saxon, of the Confederate Two Hundred.

“Oh, where are you hurt? Tell me, Bob!” The girl's face was white
with anxiety.

“Now, now! It's nothing, I tell you! Just a scratch on the knee.
It'll be all right in a day or so. Quick! Get me something to stop
Jack's bleeding. God! He wouldn’t have lived a day in one of those
hospital tents, so I brought him here. He's got about one chance in a
hundred.”

Quickly and deftly the couple washed and bandaged the gash in the
captain's head. The girl did not cringe at the sight of blood. She was
accustomed to the horrors of hospital work. If John's chances for life
under her care were but one in a hundred, then his chances elsewhere
were very slim indeed.

On account of his injured knee Robert Saxon was forced to hide a
few days indoors, nor was his impatience to return to action so great
that he did not enjoy this short stay with the girl. She was a staunch
Yankee, pretty and frail, and he had loved her—yes, that same old, old
trite word must be used, because there is no synonym—since first they
had been thrown together by the war some six months before. And
those first few days John Saxon swayed over the black abyss, death, but
his splendid constitution and the excellent care given him were suffi-
cient to outbalance his wound, and he fell back on the side of life. On
the third day he opened his eyes and recognized those about him.

A little history here would not be amiss. There were three Saxon
brothers—John, Eddie and Robert. Two of them, John and Eddie, had
been born south of the Mason and Dixon line, while Robert was a North-
erner by birth. The three had been reared by a military father in the
strict path of duty. Hence, when the Civil War broke out, John and
Eddie answered the call of their native state and Robert followed the
flag of the Union. John Saxon, with Eddie, had gathered about him a
band of some two hundred volunteers from the hills of Kentucky, who
had so aided the South that John was given a commission and his fol-
lowers came to be known as “Saxon’s Two Hundred.” The lucky meeting of the two opposing brothers, Robert and John, after the rout of the Two Hundred, had undoubtedly saved John’s life.

Three weeks, a month, passed by, and John Saxon, cured, but weak from confinement, was chafing to take again the leadership of his men. But the young nurse positively forbade his departure for another week. She abhorred the rebels as she abhorred traitors, but her promise to bring her lover’s brother back to entire health was far stronger than any feeling of disloyalty to the Stars and Stripes. From the time when first she had pitied him, lying there suffering and so helpless before her, she could not help liking this fine-looking young Southerner in his battle-stained gray uniform. And John Saxon, in turn, fell early under the spell of her quiet voice and soft features, until, despite the opposition of his will, he found he loved her very much. And one day, when the girl mentioned Bob’s name, the captain felt a pang of jealousy shoot through him; a drop of the acid hate burned in his heart for an instant, and then, overcome with shame and remorse, he shut himself in his room for hours. In three more days the call of the war demon was too loud, and Captain Saxon, wrenching himself from the leash of idle pleasure, bade good-bye to the good people to whom he owed so much. When he offered to pay them handsomely for their priceless kindness they would not hear of it. And as he was slowly riding away, the girl sprang to his horse’s head and cried:

“Will you promise me one thing, John?”

“Anything in the world,” he said eagerly, drawing rein.

“Then promise not to harm Bob in battle.”

“Harm Bob! How could I?”

“And if you meet him, you will protect him?”

“Surely! I promise!”

He rode away with a sigh and a dim discontent in his heart.

When John Saxon took command of his men they occupied a strategic position of much importance and a great deal depended on the holding of it. Therefore a man of great experience and judgment, a colonel, had been sent as superior officer to command Captain Saxon and his men.

It was a soft summer night; the kind of a night when no breeze stirs to make the star lamps flicker, and the world hangs breathless as in a dream. Saxon sat in the doorway of his tent, vacantly watching the moon as it swam among the stars. His thoughts were far away from war. The pungent odor of roses, drifting on the gentle air, brought back a great garden and a gentle face; he heard a young girl’s soft voice and felt the touch of her hand, and dreamed that the ebbless sea of time had swept him back to the receding shore of the past. Then a
dark vision of his brother loomed before him, and the envy dagger sank yet deeper into John's soul.

And then the reverie was broken off abruptly. Suddenly from the stillness behind Saxon came a sharp sound; a thud like the impact of a foot with something wooden—then silence. The captain whirled around and strained his eyes into the dark depths of his tent.

“Who's there?”

A tree-toad called and a cricket chirped in his marshy hollow. The dim mouth of the tent answered nothing.

“Who is in there? Speak, or I'll fire!” Saxon drew his gun.

“You get out of that doorway in two seconds, Jack, or, by Heaven, I'll blow your brains out!” came a voice grim and terrible from the cavernous concealment.

Saxon recoiled in horror. That voice! Bob! What brought him here, in that tent, in the enemy's camp? He was a spy!

John stumbled around the side of the tent and leaned against a tree. His brain was afire. He stared blankly at the silent tent and tried to think. But his swimming mind refused to act before a black form began to wriggle from under the rear canvas wall. In that flashing instant, which checked reason and judgment, Saxon was left like a wild animal with nothing but instinct to guide him. The impulse of habit—the habit of rigid duty—determined his course. With a start and an oath he dropped his revolver and, seizing his sword, sprang toward the tent. The fugitive was already on his feet. He had no time to flee, but turned at bay to face his brother with a naked saber.

And then followed a struggle that the Arch Fiend must have rejoiced to witness. They clashed in the tranquil moonlight, these two brothers, with the fury of demons, lunging, hacking, parrying, lightning-like, each murder-mad and grim. Blood soon mingled with their flying sweat. The panting became gasps.

“Surrender! Don't fight! It's no use!” barked the captain.

“Stand back! You'll not take me! I'm desperate, I tell you! Stand back!” hoarsely whispered the other.

“Throw down that saber! I'll be better for both of us!”

The dark blood trickled in rivulets down the Northerner's white face and his breath came in sobs. A flood of pity and shame rushed over Captain Saxon and he lowered his point.

“Oh, God! I cannot——”

With a rush Bob was on him again. John tried savagely to reach his brother with sweeping sledge-hammer strokes. The blood lust returned and his strength redoubled. He felt Bob weakening. The fighting became madder and more spasmodic. The spy reeled beneath the onslaught, staggered back, stumbled over the tent ropes and plunged to the ground. His head struck a stake and he lay very still.
John Saxon gazed motionless upon his brother’s quiet form. A great hush had descended over the world. The stars still poured across the sky; the night wind still whispered to the drenched grass; all was so serene and calm that the battle seemed but a hideous dream. The perfume of roses hung heavily on the air. In the darkness Saxon saw a fair head and heard a low voice begging, “And if you meet him, you will protect him?”

He groaned, and stepped to where his brother lay. The unconscious man still panted from exhaustion and his heart beat like a hammer. John, himself exhausted, lifted Bob and carried him into his tent. He laid him down tenderly, wiped away the disfiguring blood and dirt, bound up the wounds, and then sat down to collect his thoughts.

The indecision in his mind was maddening. Clearly it was his duty to his country to deliver up the brother as a spy. Yet all laws of nature cried out to save Bob’s life. To condemn and execute his own brother, because of the barbarous laws of war, were a crime, an abomination, from which he turned in horror. He owed Bob his existence at that very moment. Should he pay the debt by freeing him or should he obey the law and kill this brother, his saviour? Should he break his promise to that distant girl who had nursed him to life, Should he repay her priceless, tender care by breaking her heart? No, he could not. It was a sin against the most sacred of human ties. It tore at the very depths of the human heart. His duty lay where nature’s love lay, where his conscience pointed. And his conscience pointed toward letting Bob live; letting him return—ah, but did it? Duty! That short, stern word! To execute an assigned labor unswervingly; to obey the iron law which he had sworn to obey and which his country expected him to obey! Duty was not of the feelings. It was untouched by sentiment; unapproachable; a thing of granite. And love was mere sentiment; mere feeling; mere weakness. Was it not selfishness, was it not treachery, to wish to repay the debt of his own wretched life; to wish to save himself the pain of seeing his brother and the girl suffer, at the expense of his country? Even though the spy were freed without having obtained written plans of the fortification, he would have gathered enough information to endanger the stronghold.

“Jack!” a voice whispered weakly, and the captain spun around to where his brother lay.

“Jack,” said the injured man, “I wish, before you shoot me——” Captain Saxon shuddered. “I want you to promise to take a message to Jessie. Tell her how this happened. Tell her——”

“Oh, Bob, can’t you leave this cruel cause? Can’t you end this wretched struggle against your kind and follow our flag?”

The answer came as John expected it to come, as John inwardly wished it would come.
"No. You know I cannot."

"Then," said the captain slowly, "then, if I free you, will you promise not to give them information about this place?"

"I cannot promise that. I was sent here to get the information. The Union needs it, and shall have it if I get back alive."

"Well, by Heavens, Bob, whatever happens, you must not die. I may be a traitor, but I cannot be an ingrate and a murderer! God judge which is the more damned! Get up! See if you can walk! You must get out of here quick!"

Bob struggled to his feet. His head swam and he reeled dizzily.

"I'll have to go with you. You cannot walk straight," said the captain tersely. He laid aside his rattling scabbard, took the Northerner by the arm and together they stepped out into the open. They passed a sentry on his rounds, who saluted and marched on. Around on all sides a ghostly sea of tents stretched far out into the night. For several minutes they glided through dim white aisles, with the tramp of the sentinels on all sides, when suddenly, without warning, Bob's knees gave way and he collapsed limply in the other's grasp.

"What's the matter, Bob? Brace up! For God's sake, don't fail here!" gasped the captain in alarm.

"I can't go on; leave me here."

"Then I'll carry you," said John simply. He lifted the other on his back and plodded doggedly on. The danger was now increased a thousand-fold. They neared a cross aisle. The tramp of a guard could be heard approaching and Saxon glided down a narrow passageway with his burden.

"Halt! Who goes there?" The question thundered out on the still air like a trumpet before the day of doom. The captain stopped short, with the cold sweat starting from his brow. He stood rigid, as though expecting a bolt from behind, and then slowly and painfully turned to face the voice. Not ten paces distant, standing in the wan moonlight before an overturned camp-stool in front of his tent, with face strained forward, demanding, questioning, stood the terrible figure of the colonel.

"What are you doing? Come here!"

Saxon saw that escape, for the present, was hopeless. He had invented a story in case of capture and he strode up to his superior officer boldly.

"I guess you can stand up for a few minutes now, Bob." He set the other down and held him from falling. Then he saluted.

"Why, Captain Saxon!" exclaimed the colonel, in surprise.

"Colonel Philips, this is my brother. He has risked his life to get to this place to join our forces here. He had a scuffle with a Yank and
crawled into my tent half unconscious. I was just carrying him to the hospital."

The moonlight fell full on the brother's face.

"Ah!" exclaimed the colonel. "An old acquaintance, Corporal Saxon. I see—a deserter from the Yanks, eh?"

Bob turned red. "I am no deserter," he said.

"He has not joined either side until this day," put in the captain hastily.

Colonel Philips frowned.

"Captain, there's something funny about this. This man is Robert W. Saxon, of the Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A. I have had dealings with him twice already as a spy and each time he has escaped. I know him as well as my own brother. Either he has deceived you or you have reasons for deceiving me. I shall be forced to place him under arrest for tonight. Tomorrow we will investigate this more closely."

It was useless to protest. Two guards were called, who conducted the Northerner away to confinement, and John Saxon returned to his tent with a heart full of bitter despair.

Next day the brothers were summoned before a court-martial. Robert Saxon's case was hopeless from the start. He was a noted spy. He would neither swear his loyalty to the South nor deny the Union. He was sentenced to be shot at sunrise on the morrow. And the evidence that had convicted Bob grappled and drew into its toils his brother John, until every loop-hole of escape was darkened by a grinning death's head.

The jurors, men who had followed Saxon on the field, who had seen him fighting while others fled, could not believe him guilty of treason. Yet, by the unwilling evidence of the sentinels, he was a traitor. The jury consulted for many hours and then reached a decision.

A sepulchral stillness hung in the heated air of the crowded tent as the half-muffled word, "Guilty!" sounded from the judge's lips. Then, amid the hush, the colonel rose slowly from his seat and solemnly spoke:

"Captain John Saxon, you have been tried and found guilty of treason. You have been found guilty of aiding and abetting a hostile spy, and, according to the laws of war, I, as your superior officer, am forced by duty to pronounce upon you the death sentence. You will have until tomorrow morning at six o'clock to prepare for death."

They led him off, and the swarming multitude of his men fell away before him with uncovered heads as he advanced to the death keep.

It was morning. Night's footsteps in the west were nearly washed out by the tide of sunlight that was creeping across the earth. The dew hung in pearls upon the bending grass where yet the misty sun-
light had not reached to kiss away the tears that night had shed. Faintly, far, far away, a cock crew, and the rippling laughter of the bird-flutes poured from dusky trees. All nature laughed for the mere joy of laughing.

In the fading gloom a black mass of men stood outlined against the sunrise glow. A strange, awed silence spread like a pall above the mob. They stood bare-headed and expectant, some straining to see, some turning their heads away from the spectacle that had brought them there. And some—yes, some of those strong men were sobbing.

A hundred feet away stood two motionless men, blindfolded, one bound to a sapling, the other unfettered. They were Robert and John Saxon.

Facing them, some distance off, were lined up ten soldiers with muskets. Five muskets contained blank cartridges, the remainder, Death. These men, the executioners, had been chosen by lot, and among them stood the remaining Saxon brother. Why had fate, which had been so cruel to this family, snatched this boy from the midst of the Two Hundred and placed him with loaded gun among his brothers' slayers?

Eddie shrank from the duty before him. His nervous finger brushed the trigger. He shivered.

"Take aim!" Sharp and sudden came the command. Ten muskets rose to position; ten steel-eyed barrels sought the forehead of the spy. He was to go first. A million remembrances of childhood flashed over Eddie as his eye gazed across the sights into his brother's face.

"I can't hit him," he whispered.

"Fire!" A roar, and Robert Saxon sagged against his bonds, with four bullets in his brain.

Ten more loaded guns were handed the executioners, five containing blank cartridges, as before.

"Aim!" Raggedly the muskets were raised and directed against the captain. Not a man of that ten but owed his life or some dearer debt to John Saxon.

"Fire!" The musketry crashed forth, but through the smoke the figure of Saxon stood unscathed. Each man had depended on his neighbor to kill his saviour.

And what was passing in Eddie's mind as he saw his brother still stand living after the leaden rain? A sea of shame, of duty unfulfilled, overwhelmed him. His earlier years of discipline and duty had wound themselves in bands of iron about his heart. He resolved to aim true next time. He would not be his brother's slayer; the others would kill John, any way, this time. He would fire a fraction of a second later
than the others, so that his bullet would not reach John first. Then, too, the cartridge in his gun might be blank.

Ten more guns were given them, with the command to aim more carefully.

"Aim!" Again the rifles rose. The youth leveled his gun until the glistening barrel pointed like death's thin finger at a scar between John's eyes. That scar! The gun shifted with a tremor. That was the scar that John had received when he had saved Eddie's life. Then, in that brief second, duty called again with pitiless command and he had not time to think.

"Fire!" The roar of the guns burst forth again and Captain Saxon plunged to the ground. The men went forward to the corpses to bear them away. Eddie turned John gently over, looked at his face, and then sank pale and sobbing to his knees.

There was no wound save a single bullet hole between the dead man's eyes.

The Songs of War.

Hear the songs that the soldiers sing  
By the camp fire blazing bright;  
They are singing of love, and of God above,  
And of daring in the fight,  
Of the quickening feel of the foeman's steel,  
And the thrill of the trial of might.

Where are the songs that the women sing  
By the candle's flickering light?  
No ringingg cheers, but only tears  
As they sorrow through the night;  
They sing no songs, but they bear their wrongs  
All silently in the fight.

Little they reck what the soldiers sing  
In the van of the far flung fight,  
But they grieve for their own in the starving town  
And weep for their heroes' plight;  
And woe for the morrow's return of sorrows;  
And oh! for the dawn of right!

—W. J. Hughes, Jr., '17.
The Defenselessness of the United States.

Rufus S. Lusk, '17.

INCE the greater part of Europe has been plunged into the most terrible of wars, it is only natural that we, who are so fortunate as to dwell in peaceful America, should consider what we might do if our country ever became involved in any great war. Any thinking man must have asked himself: “Could we defend our nation?” At first he might be doubtful, but then he would recall that we defeated England a couple of times, so why worry about the future? But considering the matter calmly, the question yet remains: Could we defend America? No, we could not, and it is the purpose of this short article to show the utter defenselessness and openness to attack of the United States.

Americans oftentimes think, that because we are so widely separated from Europe and because we have no hostile frontiers, we are immune from attack. The ocean has always been looked upon as a barrier to foreign invasion. During the Revolution and the War of 1812 it was a barrier, a serious hindrance to the operations of Great Britain. But what it once was does not concern us now. The question then is: Is it a barrier today? Far from being an obstacle to any nation making war upon us, it is a most excellent highway, an easy and quick means of bringing troops to our shores. By reason of swift steamers, the ocean has become an aid, not an obstacle, to the operations of an enemy. Upon it they can transport troops quicker than on land.

Still, some patriot may object to this by saying: “Well, I'll grant that the ocean is perhaps an excellent highway, but you have forgotten that all of our coast cities are well fortified and no troops could land at any of them.” That is true. But why should an enemy attempt to land soldiers at a harbor, when we have miles and miles of good beaches upon which troops, stores, horses and artillery can be landed without the least difficulty?

So far I have shown that troops can easily reach our shores, unless our navy stops them. Some think that our navy is invincible. There can be no doubt that our country possesses a finely trained and well equipped fleet, but that does not prove that it cannot be defeated. Because it always has been victorious does not means it always will be. England and Germany both have larger fleets than our own, and they are manned by capable men. It is not only an even chance that they
could defeat our sea forces, but very probable. Suppose that the navy is defeated, what then?

The answer is obvious. The United States would be invaded, and invaded at many points simultaneously. General Von Endelseim, of the German General Staff, in his book, "Operations on the Sea," estimates that within four weeks after war is declared Germany could have large forces all along our coast. As soon as these soldiers were landed, it would be a simple matter of a few weeks to capture every great Eastern city. If the Germans could capture Liege in a few days, Namur in less than a week, and in eleven days take Antwerp, one of the strongest fortified cities of Europe, how long would it take a well-trained, good-size army to capture any of our cities? New York could be taken from the land side in a few days. It would be the same with our other coast cities, and then the enemy would have harbors at which supplies could be easily landed.

It is true that we have an army which should stem the tide of invasion. But, to say that the little army we possess could stop anything bigger than a Moro raid is like saying that a baby carriage could stop a steam roller. Let us consider this "great little army" of ours. It is as efficient and as well officered as that of any nation. But it is necessary for an army, in these days, to be of enormous size in order to win battles. To win victories it takes men; not a few thousand, or a few hundred thousand, but millions—millions of trained men. The war in Europe proves this point conclusively. And how many are in our army? About 76,000. Of this number over 40,000 are stationed in the Philippines, Hawaii, Panama and in the coast defenses. That leaves 36,000 men, less than two divisions, that we could mobilize against a foe. It is better not to dwell upon what an army of the size that now fights would do to that little force.

Then, too, there is the militia, those valiant men who are "invincible in peace and invisible in war." There are upwards of 125,000 men in our organized National Guard. With the exception of a few crack commands like the Seventh Regiment of New York, these men are poor soldiers, and without months of training would amount to little in war. It is hard to expect a man who is a clerk in the daytime and a soldier for about one night a week to become any kind of a fighting man. It is true that in the Mexican War the militia fought well against the rather poorly trained troops of Santa Ana. Despite this fact, it is almost axiomatic that men who are not disciplined well, cannot fight well, and it takes anywhere from six to eighteen months' constant drilling to inculcate into raw recruits this discipline. A lack of this very thing was shown by our soldiers in the War of 1812. At the battle of
Bladensburg our militia force of 5,500 men courageously defended their position until eight men were killed and twenty wounded, and, being unable to endure this slaughter, they hastily retired and left Washington to the British. That is a fair sample of what we can expect of our militia.

From the foregoing, it is quite evident that the United States is totally unprepared for war; that she would be completely whipped before she began to fight. Volunteers would be of no use, as it takes months of drilling to make a man a soldier. We should be completely disarmed, our principal cities in the hands of the enemy before we fully realized the war had begun. Then we should be forced to pay a big indemnity and be humiliated before the world.

I do not wish to insinuate that we are not patriotic, but simply to show that we are asleep as to our real condition. Patriotism of itself does not win wars; volunteering does not make a man a soldier any more than entering a medical school makes him a doctor, and cheers won't make a man shoot straight. And this last quality is rather helpful in battle.

But is there any danger of war? At any time wars are likely to occur. During the last fifteen years there has been somewhere in the world practically a continuous war. Carnegie, while he makes steel for guns and armor, may talk about peace, but Patrick Henry once said, "There is no peace." All history proves that the slightest incidents, as in the present war, have brought on wars, or rather have been the excuse for them. And the fact that we do not desire a war does not mean that every nation intends to be so considerate as to respect our wishes in the matter and refrain from warring upon us.

It is high time that our country aroused itself from its lethargy and awoke to its real condition of military unpreparedness. We need a much larger standing army and a few hundred thousand trained men in reserve. It is not militarism that we want, but simply military preparedness. If we have this, instead of almost being frightened out of our wits when there is the slightest rumor of war, we shall always possess that comforting confidence which comes from knowing that we are fully capable of defending our country.
Gone to Hastings.

Leo V. Klauberg, '16.

RS. KENSINGTON was impatient; a terrible restlessness overcame her; a firm belief that something terrible had befallen Mr. Nicholson, her nephew, grew stronger within her. She had attended a government social function, and on this occasion, for it was an important one, she bedecked herself in her precious jewels, in the main consisting of a necklace made in India and studded with three glittering moonstones. Due to the value of these stones, she had not once failed to have them stored in her jeweler's strong-room when they were idle, and subsequently was accustomed to entrust her nephew with the priceless gems, who, in turn, would take them to the jeweler's and almost invariably return immediately.

It was five minutes past three in the morning, and he had not put in an appearance. Having left at a quarter after two and being fifty minutes away worried Mrs. Kensington to no little degree. It ordinarily happened that he would be gone and back in a half hour. Indeed, to Mrs. Kensington fifty minutes did seem a far longer time. Another weary hour passed, for she was discernibly growing uneasy as the time wore on. Finally, however, she concluded that her anxious waiting would aid the cause in no wise, so she soon gave way to "Morpheus the Mighty" and knew nothing more about her necklace until the early part of the following morning.

During the night word was received from St. Vincent's Hospital that her nephew was there and would return to his aunt in the morning, and the maid had thought it better to wait till then to inform Mrs. Kensington. At eight o'clock the next morning, Mr. Nicholson, her admired nephew, with the aid of two doctors, hobbled in, pretty much himself, except for a slightly battered general appearance. Conscious as he was, he evidently labored under a severe delirious tension and insisted in weak tones that Mrs. Kensington be summoned to his bedside.

Shortly Mrs. Kensington, excited and unnerved over the proceedings, rushed into her nephew's bed-chamber. Pitifully she cried, "Clarence! My dear Clarence! What happened to you? Where have you been? Oh! do tell me quick!"

While Mrs. Kensington in an incredible frenzy wrung her hands and dried from her pale cheeks a torrent of tears, Clarence began:
"You see," he feebly ejaculated, "last night, when you sent me with those jewels to Behr's, I carried no weapon of defense; anybody who chose could have waylaid me. As I turned the corner at Forty-fourth street and Madison avenue I thought I saw a short man sneak behind a brownstone stoop to my left, and naturally I looked, as I walked on, at that spot to see if I was right, in the meantime swinging out toward the curb and the gutter. That's the last I remember, for a dull and deadening pain shot through my head and fairly down to my feet. When I again gained consciousness I was in the hospital; yes, I have been 'held up'—and have lost the valuable trinkets. I—"

"Lost them, Clarence!" interrupted Mrs. Kensington, and sobbed and sighed in scarcely audible tones as she threw her head in her snow-white hands. "What will I do—what will I do?"

"Don't worry," encouraged Clarence; "we'll find the man who has the jewels. You see, as I recall now, a large tree stood to my right on the very edge of the sidewalk. When I turned my gaze to the brownstone stoop, the co-worker of the thug who was behind that stoop must have then done his work. But, unfortunately, I haven't the remotest idea what he looks like, for, as I say, I was attacked from behind."

"Well, Clarence," concluded Mrs. Kensington after she had been somewhat eased, "it's unfortunate for you, but more so for me, inasmuch as besides the sorrow which I now feel over your mishap, I have lost my most valuable jewelry, my Indian moonstone necklace. Mark my word," she assured him, "this will not drop here, for from my own private resources I will appropriate anything to be used in the search for my valuables, and furthermore will start that search today."

That very afternoon Detectives Sam Spaulding and George Halsey scoured the pawnshop district within a radius of two miles. When it came six o'clock no less than twenty-two of them had been visited, but with no success.

The following day Spaulding and Halsey met in consultation with Mrs. Kensington and Clarence. The two former, with Clarence, left the dwelling about three in the afternoon, and in a short stroll through the park to Columbus Circle and back to the "L" station at Fifty-third street and Eighth avenue laid their plans. At the suggestion of Clarence, the place where he had been accosted was to be visited on the morrow, and then and there to see if the faintest clue could be reached as to who the real bandit was. With that, transactions were discontinued for a time, while Spaulding and Halsey boarded an uptown train, and Clarence, turning on his heel, started home again.

He reached his home at five o'clock and immediately retired to the living room in the rear, where he proceeded to scan the pages of the
noon edition of the New York Journal. To his astonishment, on the very face page, these glaring words started him:

"JEWELS OF MRS. KENSINGTON STOLEN;
NEPHEW WAYLAID ON MADISON AVENUE."

Then, as he hurried through the detailed account, he wondered how the paper had ever known of the accident, but then recalled that when he regained consciousness at the hospital he had told the reporter all about it.

Through the long hallway he saw a small boy hastily climb the front steps, toss something in the vestibule and then run away. On opening the door, Clarence saw that the something which the boy had tossed in was a note addressed to Mrs. Kensington. This he delivered to his aunt. She nervously tore it open and read: "Mrs. Kensington—If you persist in searching for the man who stole your jewels, we, a party of three, will at some time take the life of your nephew. If you let things drop where they are we will do the same and will not disturb you." There was no signature.

Confused and speechless, she securely placed the note in her handbag. Not knowing what to say to her nephew (for she was intent on recovering the gems), she was silent for a moment, when she told him: "Clarence, how could they ever take your life? Why, that's absurd. I'm going to search for those jewels until I get them. If I do get them, be perfectly assured that no harm will come to you. I'll see to that."

The following morning, after a drawn-out discussion on the "why" and the "wherefore" of the dramatic hold-up, the two detectives, Spaulding and Halsey, hurried from the home, accompanied by Clarence. Their destination was Forty-fourth street and Madison avenue, for here, they thought, they might hit upon a clue.

But no—nothing but a large oak tree on the curb and a brown-stone house immediately around the corner, exactly as had been outlined by Clarence. All three started for home, the plain-clothes-men as in a trance, but Clarence seemed not at all discouraged and soon began devising more plans, and suggested that the jeweler be approached on the matter, for but three people knew that the precious gems were stored by the jeweler when not used—the jeweler himself, Clarence, his aunt, and possibly the maid. "Indeed," thought Spaulding, "this is quite a bright prospect," and as he turned to the nephew he inquired: "You say that only the jeweler, your aunt, yourself and possibly the maid were 'in on this' thing of the jewels being stored?"

"Precisely," returned Clarence. "You see," he continued, "maybe
Behr conspired with a band of crooks and promised them their share if they’d get the valuables."

“Well, now that’s mighty plausible,” broke in Halsey. “Let’s get to work on that as soon as we can—and why can’t that be now?” he continued.

“There’s no reason why it can’t,” joined in the other two.

“However,” advised Clarence, “we had better consult Mrs. Kensington before we do anything on this particular matter.”

Over their new project all were light-hearted, ambitious and determined, and as they tramped their way back to 27 West Fifty-fifth street they saw nothing but wonderful discoveries before them.

On reaching the house, Mrs. Kensington in person admitted them, and informed them that the maid had suddenly left, because, as she said, her mother was seriously ill in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Kensington explained that the maid had shown her a telegram from her brother, who lived in Cleveland. “In spite of this fact,” she went on, “I felt positive that the maid was deceiving me, and to satisfy my suspicion I searched her trunk and two hand-bags, and couldn’t find a thing. So then I thought that what the maid had told me possibly was true and what a terrible thing I’d be doing if I kept her, perhaps an innocent girl, from returning to her sick mother, so I let her go.”

“You let her go!” exclaimed Spaulding. “Have you her address?”

“Yes; she gave me one in New York and one in Cleveland.”

“Mrs. Kensington’s good-naturedness,” thought Halsey, “has lost for us what I’d be willing to wag was the thief.”

“I’ll bet she has those jewels and has given a fake address,” he muttered in utter disgust.

They determined, finally, to take their next steps the following morning. That night Clarence did not retire till the rest of the family had done so, but bright and fresh the next day, when he had breakfasted, he set out for Fifty-ninth street and Park Plaza, where he was met by his side-partners, Spaulding and Halsey. A long talk followed as to whether the jeweler should be next interviewed or whether it should be the inquiring for certain of the maid’s whereabouts. It was the wish of Clarence to see the jeweler, while Spaulding and Halsey were determined to fathom the maid’s actions, for, as they expressed it, “if she was given time enough she could get all the way to Europe and back.” So, arriving at no definite arrangements, Clarence started for the jeweler’s, informing Spaulding and Halsey that after he had met the jeweler he would possibly visit his cousin in Hastings and that for his aunt not to expect him home for a day or more. The two detectives returned to Mrs. Kensington’s home to obtain the addresses.
Mrs. Kensington again greeted them at the door, and nervously, too, but one could tell from her actions that she had made a happy discovery. When all were seated, she began: "This morning, upon returning to my room about eleven thirty, I found on my dresser my necklace."

"Your moonstone necklace!" burst out Spaulding.

"On your dresser!" exclaimed Halsey in extreme wonderment.

"Yes, I found it; the same old jewels which I hardly ever expected to see again; and, what's more, I have also come across some pretty good evidence as to who the crook was."

"How's that?" queried the detectives anxiously.

"Well, Mary McManus, the maid, has been gone a day, and it will at first seem improbable that she left them on my dresser (for you will say I would have noticed them before this), but in the bottom drawer of a bureau in her room I found the plush-lined box in which the necklace was always kept—in her room."

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Spaulding. "I knew it was she. She forgot in scheming her escape to destroy the box, but," he sneered, "it told on her, and that little tell-tale of a discovery will 'send her up' or I miss my guess." They then adjourned till the next day, when they would inquire about the maid.

That night Clarence did visit his cousin in Hastings. About nine thirty of the following morning Spaulding and Halsey appeared. While there, a Western Union messenger delivered a telegram to Mrs. Kensington. She uneasily tore it open, for it came from Hastings. It read:

Mrs. R. A. Kensington,
27 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City:
Nephew Clarence in dangerous condition; met with accident.

Thomas.

It was another cousin of hers, Thomas C. Nicholson, who sent the telegram, the man whom Clarence had visited. In an hour a second telegram was received, which read:

Mrs. R. A. Kensington,
27 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City:
Clarence died 10.15 A. M. Will phone at 11 A. M.

Thomas.

Amidst an occasional deep sigh, she answered the phone at the appointed hour, and here was informed that at the coroner's inquest, which had taken place at 10.30, a statement of "suicide" was the final. This was based on the testimony of three eye-witnesses who saw Clar-
ence leap in front of the "Twentieth Century Limited" a mile south of Hastings. He had been injured fatally, lying unconscious to death. A diary in his pocket was (when Mrs. Kensington was phoning) being delivered to her. At twelve o'clock noon the diary arrived. Mrs. Kensington retired to her own boudoir and there read:

**Tuesday, November 14th.**

Carried out the plans as to necklace. Managed to get the jewels when returning them to the jeweler. Dirtied my clothes as much as possible and then told the ambulance doctor I had been held up. Was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital and there had a chat with the "Journal" reporters. I put the jewels in my heel, which I had hollowed out by the shoemaker, and closed it up again with the piece of leather which had been cut out. Told aunt that the jewels had been stolen. She felt sorry for me, and said that she would get the jewels back.

**Wednesday, November 15th.**

Seeing that my aunt is determined to recover them, I aimed to discourage her, so after a "great' talk with Spaulding and Halsey, the two detectives, I called a small boy on the street over to me and had him write a threatening note. This I enclosed in an envelope, and when he addressed it to my aunt, had him bring it to the house in Fifty-fifth street. Was in parlor when it arrived. What I had told reporters was published today. I thought this note would unnerve her, but it did not. She told me I would be all right and that she would get the jewels at any cost. Now I don't know what to do. It seems my aunt is fighting hard for the jewels, so I must mislead the detectives; then maybe they'll give it up.

**Thursday, November 16th.**

Met Spaulding and Halsey. Told them to go to Forty-fourth street and Madison avenue, where I knew they would find out nothing. Told them that nobody but my aunt, the jeweler, myself and possibly the maid knew about the jewels being stored, so I told them to see the jeweler; then he might be suspected. When we reached home we found out that the maid had left, saying her mother was very sick. She knew of this through a telegram which she had shown to my aunt. This came in at the right time, for the detectives think it's the maid. Tonight I didn't go to bed till everyone else had, because I wouldn't take that shoe off until everyone was sleeping; they might notice the heel, but while I am on my feet they haven't a chance.

**Friday, November 17th.**

The detectives think that the maid had the telegram sent herself. I
haven't got a chance now, because the maid is innocent. So about eleven o'clock this morning I left the necklace on the aunt's dresser, and to make them think the maid stole it, put the box in her bureau drawer. Then, on my advice of the day before—namely, to see jeweler—I left the detectives, saying that I might visit Tommy, my cousin, in Hastings, where I am now. Sooner or later this thing will come out, so the only thing I say, being disgraced now, is that I hope my relatives will forgive and won't accuse the innocent maid.

Thus terminated the life of Clarence Weatherby Nicholson, a thief and a schemester, a modern kleptomaniac.

The Child's Star.

Oh, the stars of the nights that have passed away,
Will you beam again in the sky?
Or fresh each night with twinkles bright,
Are you new stars shining high?

When the fall of the rain hides your light away,
Where do you vanish, and why?
Do angels weep that away you creep,
To wink at them not to cry?

And lo! when the raining has ceased, and again
You shine out, dear stars, so nigh,
You look so glad that I know none are sad
Up aloft in your home in the sky.

—Ali Baba, '15.
In the halcyon days of yore, so cleverly depicted by Sir Walter Scott, when the greenwood tree was a favorite trysting place for those sentimentally inclined, and the "The Dansante" and tango tea were as yet only prefigured by the stately quadrille; while the mailed fist, lance and broadsword were the mediums of arbitration, there existed in these merry times, both in England and France, bodies of mechanics who banded themselves into factions and were classified under the title of guild. Father Time, it is true, has long since relegated that age and people to their appointed place, yet it cannot be denied that history repeats itself, so our surprise should not be so great if we found in the midst of our own charmed and favored college circle a guild no less skillful or enterprising than the ones of old.

Within the breast of the traveler who has visited the cathedrals of France and England, and has paused before the beauty and grandeur of these edifices, constructed by the enterprisers and industry of the very townspeople themselves, what admiration must rise, what emotions must stir his heart as he thinks of their self-sacrifice and great devotion towards their Maker. Who is there that is not struck with admiration for the devoted people of Chartres on hearing the history of the construction of their beautiful cathedral? Who is there that, once hearing the story of the "butter tower" of that cathedral, can forget it? How the men, women and children, having been told that there was not enough money left to complete one of the towers, pledged themselves to a person to abstain from the use of butter until there was enough money saved through this deprivation to pay for the completion of the tower. That, indeed, was true charity.

Although those days are long since passed and gone, and competition to see which city might have the most beautiful cathedral has ceased to stir men's hearts, a like charity and devotion may be found even in these modern times of "fox-trotting" and volplaning. Though you may look skeptical and smile, it is nevertheless true, and if you but have patience to peruse this column a little further I shall demonstrate it to you.

It was not very long ago that, situated on a certain hilltop, there was—no, not a cathedral—but a fine, spacious field. Now, this field was not an ordinary field such as one connects with his childish days, and apple
trees and sun-bonnets, etc., but a smooth, grassy field surrounded by
tiers and tiers of wooden benches, and time after time many people
would come and occupy these benches (much to certain busy people's
delight) and cheer and shout—yes, and sometimes even sing—as twenty-
two husky youths upon the field would push, plunge and run as if their
lives depended upon it. Now, to make this scene perfect, there was
but one thing lacking. The crowd was large, the noise frightful, and
the contest hair-raising. What was missing? There was no incom-
plete tower, but an eagle-eyed gentleman wearing a cap and gown dis-
cove red the trouble, and shortly there was much bustle and stir, till
the word spread around that the Seniors were painting the bleachers!
Wherein lies your analogy, say you, and I answer here.
Were we not inspired with strong sentiments when we heard of the
self-sacrifice of the townspeople of Chartres? Are we, then, not moved
when we consider the work of our fellow-collegians, attired in com-
fortable but inelegant raiment, diligently plying their brushes as with
a magic stroke they transform the ugly to the beautiful, the unsightly
to the pleasing? Then also as masonry was costly in the Middle Ages, so
also is paint now a costly product. To abstain from that table luxury,
but, many will deny is a hardship, but what say they to absenting
themselves from Keith's and the delightful associations of "F" street?
Who knows how many sighs have been uttered on account of the non-
appearance of one keen-eyed painter whose close-cropped cranium was
well known in the front row seats of more than one amusement palace?
Who has not noticed the new automobile which has stood neglected
while its proud owner deftly swings his brush? Truly enough, the age
of devotion is not passed, nor were the men of old more proud of their
church and town than are the men of today of their college and Alma
Mater.

Turkey Cock and Turkey Hen.

"Those gourmand men, my dear," he said,
"Greed for your noble rooster.
Alas! poor, puny bird, for you—
Who'll gobble like I use'ter?"

"Better be hen than cock," said she;
"There now's the end of boasting.
It's only such fine birds as you
That have to take a roasting."

—G. E. H., Jr., '17.
The customary bitter fight has begun for the election of officers of the Senior Class, and a lively campaign is being waged in behalf of each of the candidates. There are seven candidates for the position of President, those aspiring to that office being Charles H. Gibson, of Maryland; William J. Bushwaller, of New York; John Connolly, of Iowa; James C. Tormey, of New York; Henry W. Driscoll, of Nebraska; John H. Madden, of New York, and William C. Murphy, of the District of Columbia. The ballot adopted by the students is the elimination plan, by which the candidate securing the lowest number of votes is dropped, until only two candidates for the position remain, when the final ballot is to be cast.

Candidates for the other offices are:

For Vice-President—John A. Huff, of Mississippi; William J. Levy, of Pennsylvania; Alec E. Eisenhauer, of Pennsylvania, and Joseph H. Corcoran, of Massachusetts.

For Second Vice-President—Phillip D. Elkins and Frederick D. Geisler of the District, and Ralph H. Andrus, of Utah.

For Secretary—David Estopinal, of Louisiana; John J. Honan, of Massachusetts, and Henry M. Fowler, of Washington.

For Treasurer—Joseph R. Gibson, Andrew W. Bennett, William A. Leasher and William C. McWade, of the District, and James L. Goggins, of Connecticut.
In addition to the above, there are numerous candidates for the offices of Historian, Sergeant-at-Arms, Editor-in-Chief of the Doomsday Book, and Business Manager of the Doomsday Book.

A full report of the results of the election will be given in the December issue of the JOURNAL.

**Freshman Class.**

Donald D. Long, of Oregon, was elected by the Freshman Class to act as its temporary chairman, pending the nominations and elections, to be held, respectively, on November 4th and 18th. John Harvey Sherman, Sealer of Weights and Measures and Superintendent of Markets of the District of Columbia, was elected as Temporary Secretary.

Candidates for offices in this class are, as usual, very numerous; but it is reported that the present Chairman and Secretary are being strongly backed by the members for the presidency and secretaryship of the class, respectively.

The zealous members of the Freshman Class held a banquet at the Continental Hotel on Wednesday evening, October 28th, the primary purpose being to become better acquainted with each other and to promote good-fellowship. Hon. John E. Laskey, Professor of Criminal Law, was the honor guest. Professor Laskey made his first public address since his appointment by President Wilson as District Attorney for the District of Columbia. Other members of the faculty present also addressed the Freshmen. These included Secretary Hugh J. Fegan, Professor James S. Easby-Smith, and Professor C. Clinton James.

**Junior Class.**

The members of this class have not yet held a meeting for the election of officers, but President O'Toole has announced that within a week or ten days the class will assemble to choose its officers for this year.

Frank Weiser, Edmund Jones and John Kelly have been mentioned as candidates for the presidency, but whether or not the selection will be confined to these three men is not certain.

**Forum Debating Society.**

Ralph H. Andrus, of Utah, was elected president of the Forum Debating Society; Joseph R. Gibson, of Kentucky, was chosen vice-president, and John J. Honan, of Massachusetts, secretary and treasurer.

The newly elected officers at once began the work of organizing the society for the present year. Applications for membership have been
received from students in all of the classes of the Law School, and will be acted upon at the next meeting of the Society.

A vote of thanks was adopted at the last meeting of the Society to former President Mountjoy, of Indiana, for his excellent work of last year in presiding.

Topics for regular weekly debates will be selected and debating teams will be named shortly.

The Forum made an enviable record during the last school year, its membership including some of the most accomplished speakers in the Law Department. President Walrus is well qualified for the position which he now holds.

**Junior Debating Society.**

At the first meeting of the Junior Debating Society, held October 10th, officers were elected for the term of 1914-1915. The only office for which more than one man was nominated was that of president. John Mahlum, of Varsity Football Squad, was victorious over Francis B. Condon, for the presidency, by an extremely narrow margin. The other officers elected were: Robert E. J. Whalen, vice-president; Francis B. Condon, secretary; Francis T. Shea, treasurer; Maurice Lyons, sergeant-at-arms.

The initiative and referendum was debated by a majority of the members present at the meeting held on October 23d.

For the meeting on October 30th a most appropriate and interesting topic was chosen, and was participated in freely by those present. The subject was general: “Should the Citizens of the District of Columbia Have a Vote?” The men from the States, with the exception of one, lined up against the District men, the former commending the present status of citizenship given the residents of the District, and the latter, with genuine enthusiasm, argued that “Taxation without representation is tyranny.” Arguments were presented in behalf of each side of the question which were forceful and to the point and in some cases with delivery that would do credit to a thoroughly prepared debate.

Prominent among those debating against suffrage in the District were Mr. Rossiter, Mr. Woodrow, and Mr. Brady. Those who strenuously supported the franchising of the District citizens were Mr. Healy, Mr. Helford, and Mr. Feldman. The members loudly applauded the speakers who voiced their views.

This Society gives promise of having a most successful year. The membership, up to Friday evening, October 30th, had exceeded sixty members, its largest membership in many years. President Mahlum has personally solicited the students of the Freshman and Junior classes
to become members, and has formulated plans for the conduct of meetings which will promote regular attendance. The name of Francis B. Condon could not be overlooked when examining into the reasons for the already great success of this Society. This popular young man has labored untiringly in the interest of the Society, he has kept detailed minutes of all meetings, is the official custodian of the membership list, is collector of dues, and does many other things for the good of debating which are too numerous to mention.

Excellent work is expected of the Junior Society under the capable leadership of its newly elected officers.

Notes.

The Senior Debating Society has not yet held its first meeting for the selection of officers and organization for the present school year. However, a meeting is scheduled to take place in the early part of November.

Delta Chi Fraternity gave a Hallowe'en dance at its house on Columbia road on Saturday evening, October 31st.

In all the classes of the Law School a letter from Dean Hamilton was read, in which the sale, purchase, or use of digests was severely criticized and condemned. The letter further stated that the continuance of such practice on the parts of students would be considered at the time of the awarding of degrees.

A meeting of the Law Class of 1912 was held at the Law School on Friday evening, October 30th. Thomas W. Sullivan presided. The purpose was to arrange a permanent organization of the class and to arrange for an entertainment to be held on November 19th. A committee was appointed to arrange for the entertainment, consisting of H. J. Gerrity (chairman), L. J. Korn, John McLachlen, T. J. Brown, and M. J. McNamee. The class will attend the Washington and Jefferson game on Georgetown Field in a body.

The Post-Graduate Class, the Morris Law Club, the Carroll Law Club, and the Edward D. White Law Club have not yet organized for the present school year. A report of their future activities will be given in the next issue of the Journal.

Medical Notes.

L. BRISON NORRIS, MED. '17.

The smokers given during the past month by the school fraternities were marked successes. The members had spared themselves no effort to provide an enjoyable entertainment, and surely did so. The Phi Chi had as guest of honor Dr. George Tully Vaughan. Dr. Vaughan gave an
interesting account of his trip with the army to Vera Cruz and spoke at some length of conditions in Mexico, especially as regards the profession.

On October 17th the Phi Beta Pi Fraternity held its first smoker of the year. Of the members of the faculty, Drs. Kober and Neuman were present. Dr. Kober emphasized the advantages offered the medical student by Georgetown, and in a very striking way compared various European institutions with our own. Georgetown did not seem to suffer by the comparison. Europe can claim great men only because the men were great, though perhaps unknown, before they entered on their post-graduate work. The credit due the man is too often given the school. Dr. Neuman spoke interestingly of his trip abroad and of the impressions received.

The latter part of the past month the members of Phi Beta Pi had the pleasure of entertaining five students from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore. Their visit was much enjoyed.

The regular meeting of the Virginia Surgical Society took place the three days beginning October 27th. Dr. Vaughan delivered an address and gave a clinic before that body.

The new laboratory of rontgenology at the hospital is about completed. This latest gift of Dr. Kober will be of great value to the institution and will make possible the most thorough investigation of the efficiency of X-ray treatment. Moreover, the students will receive such practical instruction as was impossible in the old laboratory.

During the last week of October re-examinations were given in most branches. So far as ascertained, the results were satisfactory.

The Sodality held its initial meeting of the year on Sunday, October 18th. Though a great many were absent, still the result was gratifying, and there will be more than a hundred of us next time.

Dental School.

K. M. Knudsen, '15.

Almost a month has passed since the opening of school. Everyone in the Dental Department settled down immediately to work, with the result that we are now busy burning the midnight oil.

The Dental Department of Georgetown University, since its establishment, has shown a steady increase in the size of its classes and its facilities for the study of dentistry, while its age and recognized high standard gives to its diploma a dignity that ranks second to none.

It is very gratifying indeed to all concerned to note the increased number of students in this year’s Freshman Class.
This same group of young men really expected to be hazed, but instead of this, and much to their surprise and pleasure, they were royally entertained on October 10th, as were also the Classes of 1915 and 1916, at a "smoker" given by the Delta Sigma Delta Fraternity, and on October 17th at a "smoker" given by the Psi Omega Fraternity. At the Psi Omega "smoker" addresses were made by the following: Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, Dean; Dr. Bruce Taylor, Dr. G. J. Sibley, Dr. H. C. Hopkins, Dr. H. C. Bradley, and members of the various classes.

Musical and vocal selections were rendered by the orchestra, "Griff," and "Dick the Bungaleer." Owing to the absence of one of the members, the "Laboratory Quartet" were unable to carry out their part of the program.

The following members of the Senior Class were elected officers for 1914-1915: President, M. F. Hinds; vice-president, O. "Aconite" Groves; secretary, H. D. Adams; treasurer, Lee Roberson; sergeant-at-arms, G. Guerra; editor, R. Vining.

In conclusion, will say a few words with regard to the Journal. The Journal acts as an exchange and keeps all in touch with Georgetown University as a whole. It is the earnest endeavor of Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, Dean of the Dental Department, and Father Tondorf, S.J., Professor of Physiology and Physics, to make the section allotted for news of the Dental Department one of the largest and best in the Journal, so if you hear of anything of interest, it is up to you to see that it gets in the Journal.
The formal and official opening of all departments occurred on Sunday, October 11th, when the Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by the president of the University, Reverend Alphonsus J. Donlon. Reverend John Gipprich was the deacon and Mr. Francis L. Fenwick the sub-deacon. The sermon was delivered by Reverend Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., Professor of Philosophy. The choir of St. Aloysius' Church sang at the mass.

After mass about sixty members of the different faculties lunched at the college. Among those present were: Mr. George E. Hamilton, Dean of the Law School; Dr. George M. Kober, Dean of the Medical School; Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, Dean of the Dental School; Mr. Justice Covington, the newly appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; Mr. John Laskey, who was recently appointed District Attorney of the District of Columbia, and Dr. Tully Vaughan, who had spent the last six months in the hospitals of Vera Cruz. Dr. Vaughan related many interesting events of his sojourn there.

A New Course.

SPECIAL COURSES FOR LAW STUDENTS.

COURSE 1—Oratory.

(a) Elocution. Exercises in vocal culture, breathing, position and
gesture; pronunciation and emphasis; quality and force of voice, with their application to choice passages from the orators.

(b) Speech writing. Lectures on oratorical style. Rhetorical analysis-argumentation.

(c) Application of principles. Preparation of briefs for orations. Questions of the day debated in class. Individual criticism.

Course 2—Formal Logic.

How to reason correctly—the proposition—the syllogism. Argumentative fallacies.

Fees.

A charge of five dollars will be made for each course.

Hours—The hours that will suit the convenience of the majority of the applicants will be selected.

Place—Course 1, Gaston Hall; Course 2, Freshman (A) classroom.

N. B.—Law students who are college graduates may enter the Graduate School for courses in English, oratory, sociology and psychology. Lecture hours, 10 to 12 A. M., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. For further information regarding the Graduate School, apply at the office of the secretary of the Law School.

Committees.

The following committee was appointed by the Executive Board to take complete charge of all dances connected with the various athletic events of the year: Chairman, Linus A. Kelly, 1915; vice-chairman, George A. Horkan, 1915; Wm. Harrington and Gerald Curry, 1916; James Rea and James Harahan, 1917; James McNulty and Albert Geiger, 1918, and Edward Mehl, Preparatory School.

The first dance of the year will be held in Ryan Gymnasium on Saturday night, November 7th, 1914, this being the night following the football game with North Carolina A. and M.

College Spirit.

An example of real spirit was lately shown at Georgetown College. It could also well be called a spirit of self-sacrifice, a virtue seldom found. The Athletic Association, encumbered by debts, not incurred by any fault of its own, was not able financially to send the football team to Pittsburgh. A mass-meeting was called by the president of the Athletic Association, and affairs were explained to the student body of the College Department alone. From a crowd of students numbering one hundred and fifty (the meeting was called hurriedly), more than $600
was raised in exactly forty minutes. This, indeed, might be called “college spirit.”

Another fact that might be called up under this heading is the fact that the stands surrounding Georgetown Field were badly in need of painting at the beginning of the football season. The manager of football, a senior, remarked this at a class meeting, and the class voted unanimously not only to pay for the painting of the bleachers, but to do the work themselves. Anyone who is under the delusion that this was a pleasant diversion can have his thoughts on the subject set straight by anyone who toiled over the job for any length of time. At the time that this article appears the job will have been completed.

Meeting of the Board of Regents.

The Board of Regents held its first meeting of the year on Sunday, October 18th, 1914. Among those at the meeting were Rev. Father Donlon, Mr. George E. Hamilton, Dr. Kohr, Judge Tracey, Judge McLaughlin, Mr. John Agar, and Dr. Bowles. Mr. Frank X. Anglin represented the Georgetown Council.

Public Elocution.

The following students spoke at the first public elocution held in conjunction with the reading of the marks: Junior Class, D. G. Gardner, Edward Mee, James Hishen, Louis Joyce; Sophomore Class, Rufus Lusk, John Darby, Jerome Sullivan, John Garwood; Freshman Class, James Shannon, Charles O’Donnell, Robert O’Lone, Carroll McGuire, Ernest Robischon, Eugene Gorman, and Henry Keresy. The two prize-winners were James Hishen and Henry Keresy.

Marks.

The first prize in Junior Class was won by Edward Sweeney. Honorable mention to Francis Sullivan. Testimonials were awarded to Edward Roach, Greth Gardner, Jean Mannion, and Paul Sweeney.

Physics—Paul Sweeney, James Shortell, Francis Sullivan.

The first prize in Sophomore was awarded to John Darby; honorable mention, William Burlee. Testimonials to Norton Lawler and John Garwood.


Mechanics—William Burlee.

Freshman A—First prize, William Barry; honorably mentioned, Robert Mooney.

English Composition—Robert Mooney and Matthew Burke.
Freshman B—First prize, Gaius Gannon; honorably mentioned, Raymond Osborne.


Freshman French—James Caldwell.

Freshman German—Mounterville Ewing.

The League of the Sacred Heart.

The following are some of the activities that the League has carried on so far this year. Promoters were informally organized three days after school opened, and by September 25th they were carrying an active canvass to introduce the League to newcomers and to certify the membership of some who were in doubt about their registration in other League centres.

The League at Georgetown has always been a real apostolate of the layman. An important phase of its influence is seen in the Communion propaganda as organized by classes. The rank and file of the classmen have no basis of comparison, and do not stop to consider results, but promoters who are tabulating results and in a sense keeping score know that all the classes are co-operating with the Communion Propaganda in a way that is very gratifying.

The following have been chosen as promoters for the current school year, and have held one formal meeting in the college department and one in the preparatory:

Senior—Linus Kelly, John O'Day; Junior, Gerald Curry, William Barron, James Hishen; Sophomore, Edward Callahan, John Darby, George Hamilton; Freshman, Gaius Gannon, Carrol McGuire, Henry Kersey.

Philademic Notes.

The principal business of the meeting of October 6th was the voting in of new members. As a result of the voting of this meeting and the following, the society is now running with an almost full membership. The first debate was held on the evening of October 13th. The subject was “Resolved, That it would be advisable to apply minimum wage legislation in the field of the sweated industries of the United States.” The affirmative side of the question was ably upheld by Mr. Wright and Mr. O'Day, the negative by Mr. Lusk and Mr. Cullinan. The result was a victory for the affirmative side, and the individual speaker’s honors were awarded to Mr. O'Day.

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The subject for debate the evening of October 20th was, "Resolved: That the authority of the Federal Government be paramount to that of the states in the conservation of natural resources." Mr. Mee and Mr. Barrett represented the affirmative. The negative side of the question was represented by Mr. Karl and Mr. Anderson. The laurels of the evening were awarded to the affirmative. Mr. Barrett received the individual honors.

Judging from the two exhibitions of debating we have had, we are due for a banner year in speaking.

The Edward Douglas White Debating Society.

The third regular meeting of the Edward Douglas White Debating Society was held on Friday, October 9, 1914, at 7.30 P. M. The debate of the evening read: "Resolved, that after the present war, total disarmament would insure universal peace." The affirmative was represented by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Lawler, while Mr. Barrett and Mr. Vlymen upheld the negative. The negative won, both on the merits of the debaters and on the merits of the question, Mr. Vlymen being declared the best speaker of the evening.

Owing to the resignations of Mr. Hishen and Mr. Garwood, the offices of president and vice-president were left vacant. Mr. Gardiner was then elected president; Mr. Vlymen, vice-president, and Mr. Burlee, secretary.

The fourth regular meeting of the society was held on Friday, October 16th. The debate of the evening read as follows: "Resolved, that the action of England in drawing Japan into the present war is directly opposed to the first principles of western civilization." Mr. Riordan and Mr. Cavanagh upheld the affirmative, while Mr. Hughes and Mr. Velasco opposed them on the negative. The negative won, both on the merits of the debate and on the merits of the question, while Mr. Velasco was heralded as the Demosthenes of the evening.

Gaston Debating Society Notes.

On October 12th the first regular meeting of the Gaston Debating Society was held. The debate, "Resolved, that Germany was justified in marching through Belgium," was won by the negative speakers, Messrs. Cass and Rea. Mr. Rea won the individual honors of the evening. If the first debate can be taken as any criterion, the Gaston will surely experience a most successful year. Mr. Callahan was elected treasurer to succeed Mr. Klauber, who has been admitted into the Philodemic. At a later meeting Mr. Devlin was elected vice-president to succeed Mr. Barron, who resigned. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Rea, Pre-
dergast and Gannon, was appointed by the president to assist the chancellor in choosing subjects for debate. The vacancies caused by the promotion of some of our members to the Philodemic have been, for the most part, filled.

The debate on Friday, October 23, was as follows: "Resolved, that the annexation of Mexico by the United States would be for the best interests of both countries." The affirmative was represented by Mr. Hayes and Mr. Greenwell, while Mr. O'Lone and Mr. Crowley upheld the negative. The negative won, both on the merits of the debaters and on the merits of the question. Mr. Greenwell was proclaimed the orator of the evening.

The society bids fair to enjoy one of the most successful years of its history. The members are all taking great interest in the various duties assigned to them, and the debates thus far have been unusually interesting and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Annual Retreat.

The annual retreat of the school year was held from October 27th to 31st. Father Thomas J. Gasson gave the retreat this year, and his instructions were listened to by the largest and most attentive audience the writer has ever seen at Georgetown. The student body entered into the spirit of the retreat heartily and showed their thorough appreciation of Father Gasson's efforts.

The First Library.

For 1914-15 the officers of the students' library are: Mr. Francis L. Fenwick, S.J., librarian; Edwin G. Cass, '16, assistant; Jas. D. Hishen, '16; W. J. Burlee, Jr., '17; Marshall Lancaster, '18; Daniel F. Mahoney, Prep. Under the stewardship of this capable board, the faculty and students expect a large increase in the number of books taken out, read, and (incidentally) returned on time.

The Glee Club.

Under the able direction of Mr. W. S. Logue, S.J., a strong enrollment of known vocal artists bids fair to establish a reputation for the Georgetown University Glee Club during the coming year. Among those who have handed in their names are: Ed O'Boyle, '15; Ed Barrett, '15; W. K. Hutton, '15; George Roe, '15; Hugh Golden, '15; Gardiner Duffy, '16; Loughran Daly, '16; Tom Gurry, '16; Harry Kelley, '16; Jas. Hishen, '16; Edw. Mee, '16; Gerald Curry, '16; J. Sullivan, '17; Norton Lawler, '17; "Jim" Harahan, '17; Curtin, '18; Mooney, '18; McNulty, '18; Cashin, '18; Nagle, '18; Gorman, '18; Lavoisier Giannotti, '18, and several others.
The Opening of Sociability Hall.

Sunday evening, November 1st, 1914, following the Feast of All Saints’ Day, the large room in the basement of Healy Building was formally thrown open to the students and was christened Sociability Hall. This room was completely renovated during the summer months, and when plans are completed will make a room which will undoubtedly be popular with the students. It is planned to make this a general reading and recreation room.

Following the custom inaugurated last spring on North Hall porch, and repeated this fall, an impromptu vaudeville performance was given following the feast. Father Emmett kindly called off Study Hall for all of the students, and the entertainment lasted well into the evening. Remembering the difficulty in finding talent willing to offer their services in the open-air performance, the men were better prepared for this performance, as was evident by the numerous acts which called for rather extensive, not expensive, costumes. Time did not drag, as everyone was only too willing to show how talented or how funny he could be when called upon.

Among those who contributed to the gayety of the evening were such well-known thespians and comedians as Pat Conwell, Charles O’Donnell, G. Horkan, L. Von Kamp, Annette Cullinan, and J. Shugrue; also Messrs. Connely and McGrath, Lancaster and Burke, and a clever boxing exhibition by Mr. Hutton and Mr. Golden, both members of this club. Mr. Charles Cox, Dr. Griffith and Rufus Lusk also entertained.

Senior Notes.

William K. Hutton.

The last year! What brilliant and sparkling panegyrics have been written upon that theme of themes, Senior Year in Georgetown. It is rather discouraging to even try to equal past articles, so (editorially speaking) we shall only mention a few brief notes which command attention.

The first is, the class meetings so far this year. In past years our meeting was very sociable, but as a rule too much time was consumed for the execution (execution is the right word) of any business that might arise. This is not the case this year. And the reason is no one has been found who is either brave enough or crazy enough to even argue with the dictates of our new president, Edmund O’Boyle.
To show his authority he said the bleachers should be painted, and lo and behold, it came to pass after some time that they were painted. And for some time to come there will be nothing like it unless some aspiring class tries to paint the Healy Building. The most amusing part of the job—in fact, the only amusing feature from our standpoint—was the way in which some of the promising Rembrandts attired themselves. If some of the friends of the Duke of Piedmont Land could have seen him wielding a paint brush, there is no doubt but that his large calling list would have been sadly depleted. We have neither time nor space to write up each and every painter nor to publish to the world some of the alibis, which could have passed in a murder trial. The job is finished, so enough said.

When the Interclass Tennis League started, back in the hazy mist of the past, the following men were chosen to lead the class on to further triumphs: Edmund O'Boyle, Richard Hamilton, Edmund Barrett, George Roe and Kennedy Hutton. The team started out with a brilliant victory over our old rivals, the present Junior Class. But since then there have been delays, and also defeats, until now we have just a fighting chance to win the handsome trophy given by the management. That is, of course, if the snow holds off long enough.

The class returned this year to find a great change in class professors. Father Conway's health has made it necessary for him to give up the subject of metaphysics and to take evidences alone. His place has been taken by Father Hugh McNulty, whose untiring efforts have won the appreciation of the entire class.

The class ranks were depleted by the departure to other fields of Marlyn J. Brown, of Clover Club fame. The class also suffered in athletic lines when Emmitt Morrison left to take up his studies at Northwestern University. Morrison was the receiving end of our million-dollar battery last spring, and was also a basketball player of no mean ability. It is needless to say that he is missed, for, in addition to his athletic ability, he was untiring in his efforts to help out 1915. A newcomer has joined our ranks in the person of Jeremiah McCarthy, who hails from Holy Cross. He showed his ability by his exceptional attendance at the painting squad and by his maiden speech in the Philodemic Debating Society.

Junior Notes.

EDWIN G. CASS, '16.

Safely entrenched as upper classmen, old 1916 begins the new year with many missing faces. No longer will John McCarthy, so aptly styled the "Costello of Baseball," come through with a much-needed "bingle
in the pinch,” for the “pride of Vienna, Virginia,” has become a business man of the National Capital. No longer will Peter “Mage” McNulty be a member of Georgetown’s Flying Four or serve in the capacity of “clean-up” hitter on the championship class team, for he has renounced the Gray and Blue for the Old Maroon of Fordham. No longer will Billy Martin, star at baseball, football and basketball, bring joy to our hearts by some of his inimitable performances on the varsity, for he is now a member of the World’s Champion Boston Braves. To these three “G” men of ours we bid a sincere and reluctant farewell. To the first named we send our heartiest good wishes in his new line of endeavor; to the second we are content to await hearing of new laurels gained as a student, athlete and prince of good fellows, while the third we hope will gain fame and honor as a big leaguer.

Besides losing the three above mentioned, Joe Leary, the invincible hurler of our class team, has entered the seminary in Baltimore. John Thacher Morris, of debating fame, has become a student in Rensselaer Poly of Troy, New York, while Julian Hartridge, comedian extraordinary, is by now a full-fledged son of Old Eli at Yale. Jim Amy and Bill Carroll have entered business, and Harry Grove, of terpsichorean fame, is a student of Wisconsin University. To these we send our sincerest hopes for success, realizing fully their irreparable loss to us.

Amidst unprecedented harmony, the following class officers were elected at a recent meeting: President, Bernard Moore, Syracuse, N. Y.; vice-president, Louis Joyce, Lawrence, Mass.; secretary, Greth Gardner, Washington, D. C.; treasurer, St. Clair Hertel, New York City; last, but by no means least, Harry Kelly as beadle.

At the Navy game the class was more than pleased with the new cheer leader, Jed Curry, who led us like a veteran. We also take this opportunity to congratulate “Norm” Landreau, who has been playing brilliantly all season on the Varsity.

After much persuasion, Harry Kelly responded to the urgent call of his Alma Mater and has rejoined the football squad. Needless to say, he has already made his presence felt, scoring the first touchdown of the year and being in a great measure responsible for our victory over West Virginia Wesleyan.

Sophomore Notes.

W. St. John Garwood.

Well, boys, the old grind has begun again—or, rather, it began some time ago—and, sad to say, we are not all back to face it. On looking around, the Editor notes the absence of many familiar characters, who,
for some reason or other, have failed to return and complete their courses. There's Adkins Bowden, who, it is said, is now on the lookout for any "easy marks" to buy up California real estate; there's John Leslie Kilcoyne, who has changed his winter quarters to Pennsylvania; there's the honorable Diggs Morgan, who has entered Harvard in hopes of getting into a tennis match with P. Norris Williams. The same school has also been blessed with the person of Mr. "Stuny" Heinz, whose very muscular form will ever be remembered. Frank T. Ward has likewise grieved his friends by withdrawing his mechanical genius to Columbia University, where he will doubtless grow to rival the great Edison. Though personally we sincerely regret the departure of these, the Moroney brothers, and others, still the best expression of our sorrow will be found in our hearty wish for their success hereafter in whatever paths they have chosen.

On September 30, ex-President Lusk called the first meeting for the election of class officers. On the first ballot Mr. Garwood was chosen for president, but resigned, Mr. Breslin being elected in his stead. With the election of Mr. Cabana to the office of vice-president, the meeting adjourned until the following Tuesday, when Thomas C. Mee assumed the position of secretary and Mr. Hamilton that of treasurer for the second time. In consideration of his past excellent services as president, Mr. Lusk was unanimously elected beadle, and showed his appreciation by appropriate remarks.

Realizing the approach of the Freshman-Sophomore game, which by the time this is printed will be over, the class appointed Mr. Harahan manager, so that he might be thus induced to devote his sylphlike form to the good advantage of the team. Mr. Supple, last year's star half-back, after modest protest, accepted the position of captain.

Under this brilliant outlay of officials, with the addition of Mr. James Rea, our new cheer leader, the class has hopes for a most prosperous year.

**Freshman Notes.**

J. McSherry Alvey, '18.

The opening of the school brought together a large Freshman Class, its members hailing from the various States of the Union, and it promises to give a good account of itself before the four years are up. The first thing accomplished by the class that attracted interest was the forming of a football team. Manager Kersey has arranged a schedule which should prove a good attraction:

October 7th, Technical at Georgetown; October 17th, G. U. Preps at
Georgetown; October 24th, Loyola College at Georgetown; October 31st, Technical at Georgetown; November 4th, Gallaudet at Kendall Green; November 11th, Washington College at Chestertown (pending); November 14th, Sophomores at Georgetown; November 18th, Tome School at Port Deposit (pending).

A large crowd has turned out in an attempt to make the team, and the prospects for a representative organization are bright.

After the first flash of the football team died out, there came the class elections. After several unsuccessful attempts to put men into the waiting chairs, the class finally got together and elected the following: Niel Nash, president; George Brown, secretary; Henry Keresey, treasurer.

Sad to say, the first two games of the schedule were lost. On October 24th, however, the team came through and defeated Loyola College, 25 to 0. In this game the line plunging of “Cap” Robischon and “Fatz” Giannotti was remarkable, and this quality, combined with the skillful end runs of “Gene” Finnegan, presented a powerful combination. Then another game was lost to “Tech,” and on November 4th the team went down to defeat before the Gallaudet Reserves, 26 to 6.

On November 4th the class tennis team defeated the racquet-wielders of Western High, 3 to 1. The work of Miller and Brown stands forth prominently and is very commendable.

You can count on the Freshmen being in everything. Did you see those black-face comedians in the big show the other night? Lancaster and Burke were their names, and they’re from Chattanooga and “Fote” Smith. Then, too, Mr. Royer was there with his fiddle!
Peter A. Karl, '15.

To make the Alumni Notes a page of interest to the alumni, every Georgetown graduate must send to the editor every item with Georgetown interest that he occasions to run across. This necessarily means a bit of sacrifice and a loss of time that spells money. But Georgetown spirit ought to be stronger than any of these considerations. It does often happen, though, that an alumnus may think that the item is too trivial and not worth the while. Such men would think different if they could ever peruse some of the letters we receive from grads all over the country begging for news of their classmates so as to save them from absolute isolation from the generous souls with whom they chummed and studied for three or four years, as the case might be. So, you men of Georgetown who know of any news that touches the fair name of Georgetown, let us have it. If this is done, then we will be able to gather under one cover the deeds of those who are bringing honor to the name of Georgetown. In passing, the Editor would like to remark the generous spirit of Herbert F. Wright, A.B. '11, an instructor in Catholic University, who has materially strengthened this department by sending clippings and interesting notes of Georgetown men. Mr. Wright was Alumni Editor in 1911, and he no doubt knows from experience the hardships of the one who undertakes to man this column for a full scholastic year.

'52. Prof. Jules Choppin, the oldest Louisiana graduate of Georgetown College and one of the most distinguished linguists Louisiana ever produced, died recently at his home in New Orleans.
71. Mr. Anthony Hirst, a prominent Philadelphia lawyer, lately wrote a stirring letter to the Philadelphia Record refuting certain remarks made by Rev. W. L. Rutherford at a meeting of the Ministerial Association. This Lutheran minister said that the parochial schools lost sight of the secular in the emphasis on the religious. Mr. Hirst denied this, and furthermore proved in a masterly argumentative effort the fallacy of the Rev. Rutherford's contention.

78. At the late convention of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, which was held in Washington during October, the Hon. Charles A. DeCourcy, Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, was elected one of the five vice-presidents.

82. James L. Morris is the first attorney to formally go on record as refusing an appointment as master in a divorce case. Mr. Morris is a well-known attorney in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The letter, which he sent to Judge O'Boyle, of that city, manifests spirit which is worthy of Georgetown.

"My Dear Judge: Thanking you for the thoughtful consideration that moved you to name me as master in the divorce proceedings of Lewis vs. Lewis, I must ask you to revoke the appointment. In my twenty-five years of practice I have made it a rule not to take any part in divorce proceedings, because of the stand of the Mother Church and my own conviction of their iniquities. Thanking you again, I am, yours very sincerely,

James L. Morris."

84. Justice Ashley M. Gould, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and John W. Yerkes, Professor of Corporation and Railroad Law at the Law School, were selected by the faculty of the Law Department of Georgetown University as delegates to represent Georgetown at the meetings of the section of legal education at the convention of the American Bar Association, which was recently held at the New Willard in this city.

Dr. D. Percy Hickling was elected secretary and treasurer of the District Society of Medical Jurisprudence at its second annual meeting.

92. Hon Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, at a recent banquet of the American Bar Association, shattered a tradition of the distinguished body over which he presides by delivering an after-dinner speech in public in response to a toast, "The Supreme Court of the United States."
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'98. Charles McLaughlin, ex-'98, is the author of that tremendously successful melodrama that opened in Washington a short time ago, "The Birds of Prey," now running in New York as "Kick In." The play was, however, written under the nom de plume of Willard Mack, and hence few people recognized this highly successful playwright as the Charles McLaughlin who was captain of the bicycle team at Georgetown in 1897, and who, in company with John Barrymore, his classmate, were wont to take part in amateur productions in Washington.

'00. Chas. L. Donohue has been elected judge of the Probate Court, Cumberland county, Portland, Me.

'03. E. J. Geringer is a member of the law firm of Geringer & Storken, in Chicago.

Dr. Mihram M. Dolmage may be considered a true war prophet. Returning to Washington from Constantinople a week or so before the first hostile action of Turkey against Russia and the Allies, Dr. Dolmage told the conditions that have lately obtained in the Turkish Empire and pointed out the course to which such conditions would lead.

'04. An announcement of the marriage of Hall Stoner Lusk, A.B. '04, L.L.B. '07, to Miss Sara Catherine Emmons, by Rev. Father George Thompson, at the Church of Madeline, September 30, in Portland, Oregon, has just been received. Mr. Lusk is now a very prominent lawyer in Portland, Oregon, and was editor of the Journal in 1903-1904. The period in which he wrote for and edited the Journal is known in the annals of Georgetown as the golden age, and it was due in great part to Mr. Lusk's untiring efforts that the Journal was recognized as the peer of any college magazine in the country.

'06. Rudolph H. Yeatman has been appointed instructor in criminal law and negotiable instruments at the Georgetown University Law School. Mr. Yeatman succeeds John E. Laskey, who has taken the faculty chair vacated by Justice Wright as lecturer in criminal law. Mr. Laskey has just been appointed by the President to the office of District Attorney of the District of Columbia.

Charles Patrick McArdle, ex-'06, was recently married to Miss Mary Katherine Murray, in St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y.

'08. Michael M. Doyle, judge of the Municipal Court, and Miss Anna Cecelia Clark were married, October 20, in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C. It was Mr. Doyle's class that had the prize costume at the 125th anniversary.

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F. C. Pendleton, special agent of the United States Department of Justice, was married to Miss Leah Adams, in New Orleans, October 2.

Royal T. McKenna recently married Miss Helen Hendrick, in Washington, D. C.

‘10. Dr. James J. Walsh contributes to the present issue of the Catholic World an article entitled “The Warfare of Theology and Science—Twenty Years After.”

Leo A. Rover has been chosen Grand Knight of Washington Council, No. 224, Knights of Columbus. Mr. Rover is a director in the North Capitol Savings Bank, president of the Columbus Country Club and president of the Central Citizens’ Association of Washington.

‘11. Herbert F. Wright has published an exquisite translation of Heine’s “Du Bist Wie Eine Blume”:

Thou art just like a flower,
So full of grace and pure;
I look on thee, and sadness
Doth then my heart immure.

My hands, to me it seemeth,
I on thy head should place,
Praying that God may keep thee
So pure and full of grace.

‘12. W. K. Lawler has entered the law firm of Guilfoile & Lawler, in Waterbury, Conn. The senior member of that firm is Mr. Jos C. Guilfoile, who is of the law class of ‘11.

‘14. Albert McGinn writes from Dunlap, Iowa, that four Georgetown men took the Iowa State bar examination and that all four passed. He is undoubtedly one of the four, but it appears that he is too modest to mention the fact.

Charles McLaughlin is studying law at Yale, and is incidentally rooming with John Moriarity, A.B. ’13.

Harold Waters is engaged to Miss Eleanor Clarke, of Howard county, Maryland.

Ed. V. Heiskill is doing some preparatory work in the science of horticulture in view of the fact that he intends to enter that very ancient and most honorable occupation of farming.

Bernard Rabaut is achieving great success out in Detroit, where he has been entrusted with the noble work of watching errant youth. In fewer words, he is a truant officer.
Superlatives have their use and proper place, but personally we conceive of them as among the most irksome words in the vocabulary. He whom all things please is sorely lacking in taste, yet the poor unfortunate who can speak of nothing that pleases him save in the most glowing of terms is more to be pitied. For him there is no demarcation. All that is good he speaks of as best, so that, before a familiar audience, what he speaks of as best leaves but the impression of being good. The result? His words bring little tribute to that of which he speaks. While, then, we are desirous of bringing due praise to him who deserves praise, we are always reluctant to throw ourselves into effusive outbursts, which are too frequently mere outlets for overstrained emotions and have seldom any real connection with solid sober appreciation.

Yet we are not going behind ourselves when we say that the University of Virginia Magazine for October is beyond a doubt the most literary and meriting number among our exchanges, and we safely add, among college periodicals throughout the country. The poetry, though fair, is below the standard of the book. The make-up of the magazine might be a little more artistic, and certainly an inside page could be more tastefully spared for the index. But the stories and other prose articles are lacking neither in substance, execution nor style. The best of all these “Who Fooled Phil Aylet?” is a romantic short story that reflects great credit on both the historical knowledge and ability of its author.

The St. Mary’s Dial is a book well filled with interesting reading matter. The essays show deep study, together with a vast knowledge of the question in hand. The poems are good, particularly that “To a Violet,” which discloses a close student of nature. The stories average above mediocre, and last year’s class poem brings the whole work up to a high standard.

The college book is an affair in which all the students who have even the promise of literary ability should take part. Too much is left to the
efforts of the "Board." It is an organ of the institution and not of the Board, and if left entirely to the latter will not make the progress nor the impression that it is intended to and should make. The Clark College Monthly shows evidence of such neglect. It is impossible that such an institution is so lacking in talent as this issue would make it appear. Aside from a short story, "The Cup That Slipped," and the "Critics" column, the book is deplorably lacking in what we might call "class." The author of "When Nature Toys With Men" should learn that every bright thought has its own value, but few of them make good stories without the proper amount of ingenuous development. There is some literary building to be done at Clark. Let us hope that they will get together and do it.

From the Tarheel State comes a book that is worthy of appreciation. There seems to be everywhere this month such a dearth of good poetry. The Davidson College Magazine forms no exception. Still, this book in every other department lifts us above the ordinary plane. It contains but one story, which, however, makes up in length for the lack of others. Its essays are good, and "The Claim of the Present" grasps a vital fact and exposes it in so clear and appealing a style that we are forced to take to heart the truths it recalls. Deserving of particular attention is the editorial on "Pep." It would do other editors no harm to clip this and post it on their college bulletin boards. A true appreciation of this word as outlined by the Davidson editor would do much towards raising the standard of domestic and interscholastic spirit in our colleges.

Our first real taste of poetry is brought to us from Spokane in a number especially dedicated to the First Bishop of Spokane. The Gonzagaesians have done themselves credit in this book. Several of its poems are no longer than two four-line stanzas, yet they carry with them those unmistakable, yet indefinable, earmarks of "beauty pictured in rhythm." "The Natural Law," a philosophical essay, is an article that aside from its literary merits means something. It goes straight down to the roots of facts, and, taking what is common knowledge, builds up an unimpeachable thesis, irrefutable and convincing. Let us hope that the First Bishop is as highly pleased in the future numbers of the Gonzaga as he must have been with this tribute to himself.

Oh, but wait a minute, Maiden of Athens, ere we part. We would converse with thee a moment on that which is of vast importance. Would that we had known aforehand the advent of the Vassar Miscellany and we should have toned down our other compliments in order that we might by contrast do justice to this worthy visitor. For "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," and there is no getting around it. Outside of voting, we scarce believe there is a
pursuit in which the ladies of the country do not—or, at least, cannot—excel the men. But, of course, everyone knows the Miscellany has been among the leaders for a long while. There is feeling and thought in their poetry, but the latter might be developed to a further point. There is knowledge, insight and character in their prose. In this respect we might mention “The Big Things.” The style of this article also appealed to us. It is inclined to be “choppy,” but is well adapted.

The Fordham Monthly looks much more pretentious in its new clothes. The new cover design improves the appearance of the book a hundred-fold, and the placing of the index inside does away with the pamphlet likeness. Now, turn to the contents and make them measure up to the cover.

We were quite pleased to find among our mail several new books bearing the script “Please exchange,” and from a glance we assure them that we shall be pleased to do so. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of The Nassau Literary Magazine, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Solantian, The Collegian, The Red and White, The Purple, The St. Vincent College Journal, The University of Ottawa Review, The Trinity University Review, The Mills College Magazine, The Buff and Blue, The Redwood, The Exponent, The Holy Cross Purple, The Fordham Monthly, and many others.
“Everybody loves a lover, and just so everybody loves a winner.”
Strange, isn’t it, this fickle fancy of the fans? Have you ever noticed how the crowd stands by the winning team and showers its players and leader with applause—how, just so long as you are a winner, they are always there with the glad hand to welcome you? But generally what a different story is rehearsed when you are playing the role of the loser. Somehow, then, the old times are forgotten, the applause grows dim and the glad hand is weak. It is the same old story the world round. Today you are a hero and tomorrow you make room for a new “king.”
We do not always feel like “crowing” over ourselves, but right here in Georgetown we have a student body which by their whole-hearted support have proved the exception to the above rule. This year we haven’t had what might be called a winning football team as yet, but this fact hasn’t dismayed the student body a bit. Their support has been spontaneous as well as generous, and their hearty co-operation with athletics in general has been a revelation and one we feel justified in publicly commending.

The Football Team.
Already five weeks of the present football campaign has been spent, during which time our team has met four worthy and powerful combatants in Fordham University, Navy, Washington and Lee, and the
Albert Exendine
Football Coach
University of Pittsburgh. Georgetown has emerged from these battles with a rather inauspicious yet nevertheless noteworthy record. To date we have suffered defeat three times, tied one game, and in all four Georgetown has failed to register a score. Quite a record, isn't it? But we are not prone to hide it, and far be it from us to try to establish any alibi; on the contrary, we feel justly satisfied in this—that none of the teams that snatched victory from us did so without having known that they were through a hard game and were extended to their limit in order to win.

A resume of the games played to date bears out this fact. On Saturday, September 28th, we played Fordham University to a scoreless tie. The following week saw the strong Navy team win from us only after the toughest kind of a tussle. Score: Navy, 13; Georgetown, 0. On October 10th we were to have met the Virginia Medical College team, but for some reason as yet unexplained that aggregation failed to put in an appearance, notice coming on the eve of the game that they had cancelled. October 17th our boys journeyed to Richmond, Va., to meet the veteran Washington and Lee team. Statistics show that in this game Georgetown carried the ball nearly twice the distance that the "Generals" did, and, further, that we had the ball within striking distance of our opponent's goal line on no less than a half dozen occasions. Still, the score indicated another 13 to 0 defeat for the Blue and Gray. There is no doubt that fumbling cost this game to Georgetown.

October 24th found the Varsity in Pittsburgh, lined up on Forbes Field against the powerful University of Pittsburgh eleven. Almost continuously the play was in our rival's territory, yet at the psychological moment, when it seemed that nothing could prevent us from scoring, some fumble or mistake marred the chances. All of Pittsburgh's scores resulted from Georgetown's errors. Score: Pittsburgh, 21; Georgetown, 0.

Winning games by taking advantage of the other fellow's mistakes is just as deserving of credit in football as in any other branch of activity. Nor do we wish in any way to detract from the laurels of our conquerors. It is all a part of the game, and to the victor belongs the spoils. However, we feel, in justice to the excellent work which our team has displayed, that our adherents should know that the team that is representing Georgetown this season is one of the pluckiest elevens that has ever donned the moleskinds for the Blue and Gray. Let it not be forgotten that seven members of this year's Varsity are playing college football for the first time. That their work has been of such excellent calibre argues well for the future.
Captain Murray.

Introducing Captain Fred. Murray, of the 1914 Football Team.

"Freddie" is a member of the senior academic class, and for the past three years has held down the position of left halfback on the Varsity. Early in his Freshman year, because of his ever stick-at-it and courageous spirit both in class work and in athletics, Murray became known as "Plugger," a "handle" which was attached to him by his friends and teammates. Fred has always lived up to that nickname, but this year especially he has manifestly asserted his rightful claim to that title. His all-around work this season has been the particular feature of the team. Never has Murray played such splendid football as he has exhibited this year. "Plugger" is the only veteran in Georgetown's backfield, and all through the season he has been her most consistent ground gainer. Always a powerful man on the defense, Fred has developed this year into the most dependable, as well as most dangerous, man of the secondary defense. His breaking up of forward passes and hard tackling has saved Georgetown on several occasions. Murray is a natural leader and is not only popular with his charges, but with the whole student body as well, all of whom are eager for his success.

The Return of Veterans.

The return of Petritz and Kelly, both members of last year's Varsity, to the football fold was heartily welcomed by the coaches, players and students. Although neither was in the best of condition, due to the short workout they were able to obtain, nevertheless both showed to advantage in the Pittsburgh game. Kelly never went better in the backfield than he did on Forbes Field last week, while to say that Petritz displayed his old-time form is sufficient. Time and again on Saturday he broke through the opponent's line and smeared plays before they were even under way. The advent of these men has materially strengthened the work of the team.

Soph.-Fresh. Meet and Football Game.

On Saturday, November 14th, there will be staged a dual meet between the Sophomore and the Freshman classes. This is the day when Greek meets Greek, for, following the meet, the annual football match between these two classes will be played.

Manager Gurry, of the track team, is contemplating taking the cross country team to Lexington, Virginia, to enter it in the South Atlantic intercollegiate hill and dale run, which is to be held on November 14.
Glad Tidings.

Just as we are about to go to press, we are happy to announce here the glad tidings of our first football victory of the season. The ice has been broken and the string of defeats has been shattered in a most pleasing manner, for our victim was none other than West Virginia Wesleyan team. Last season, it will be recalled, this team upset all calculations, and incidentally upset the Blue and Gray to the tune of 16 to 6. On past performances they looked fit to repeat again this year, but the whirlwind kind of football that Georgetown displayed today completely baffled the team from West Virginia, and ere the smoke had cleared away our boys had rolled up the comfortable score of 27 points to 0.

The Washington and Lee Game at Richmond.

(From the Washington Herald, October 18th, 1914.)

Washington and Lee's football team from down Lexington way hit old Georgetown a terrific wallop today, winning a hard fought and interesting game by 13 to 0, scoring a touchdown in the first quarter when the ball was picked up after a fumble, and adding another in the final period when Young slipped around his own left end for a 70-yard run.

Georgetown had been warned to watch Young and Miles. "Stop these men and you have Washington and Lee licked," they were told.

In the first ten minutes of play and for the same length of time during the second period the Hilltoppers ran all around Young and Miles, but in the second half Mr. Young ran all around and through the Hilltoppers. There you have the story of the game in a nutshell.

Today's 13 to 0 defeat looks a whole lot worse on paper than the game appeared to the big crowd of spectators. Certain features of Georgetown's work auger well for future battles this season.

In the first half the Hilltoppers outplayed their Lexington opponents, gaining twice as much ground and putting up a better defense. Two costly fumbles did the trick. From the opening kick-off Georgetown hurled its backs through the Washington and Lee line for big gains. Gormley and Ward opened within the shadow of Washington and Lee's goal posts. Two more plunges and a touchdown would have been scored in less than five minutes of play, but Golden fumbled, Simms fell on the ball, and Young punted out of danger.

No sooner had Georgetown regained the leather than another mad dash down the field was started. Yard after yard was gained. Suddenly the whole complexion of the scene was changed.

On the famous Indian's double pass, Freddy Murray attempted to skip Washington and Lee's right end. Big Miles brushed aside the man
who was supposed to put him out of the play. Gallagher hit Murray with such force that the ball popped out of his hands, and Sweetland, who happened to be right on the job, picked up the oval and ran 35 yards for a touchdown. Young kicked an easy goal.

One touchdown did not have any appreciable effect upon Georgetown, for the Blue and Gray jersied warriors started again to tear things up. Murray, Noark, and Golden were hurled through the Lexington line, and in less time than it takes to tell it the ball was on Washington and Lee's 25-yard mark. Once more a fumble occurred and Young punted out of danger. The first half closed with the ball in Georgetown's possession on its own 48-yard line.

Coach Exendine substituted a number of fresh backs shortly after the second half opened and the Hilltoppers struggled vainly to come back, but the breaks were against them, and, flushed with success in the opening period, the Lexington collegians started to do a little ripping up on their own account. Play was confined entirely to Georgetown's territory during the third period, Young, Buehring and Donohue being mostly instrumental in carrying the ball.

There was no scoring in the third period, but the fourth quarter was only a few minutes old when Washington and Lee scored its second touchdown. Expecting a punt as the ball was on Washington and Lee's 31-yard line, Georgetown's right end was pulled in, and Young, behind beautiful interference, ran 70 yards for a touchdown. The goal was missed.

In desperation the Hilltoppers attempted to score by means of forward passes. A dozen or more were attempted, but only one of them worked, and that for but a short gain.

Washington and Lee also tried the long fling on numerous occasions, but Georgetown had a good defense for this play and the ball was invariably batted out of danger.

It would hardly be fair to criticise too harshly the play of the Georgetown team, as they have shown fine improvement since the writer last saw them in action, against the Navy.

Gormley and Ward, Georgetown's tackles, were in almost every play. Mahlum and Barron also played sterling football. Crowe and McKenna, at center, were the weakest men in the rush line, except possibly the ends.

Georgetown's backs were slow at starting on more than one occasion, and Golden lost his team many yards when he caught a punt on his own 3-yard line attempting to advance the ball when all he had to do was to drop behind the line for a touchback and have play start on the 20-yard mark.
Dr. John Hegarty, coach of the North Carolina A. & M. team, was an interested spectator at the game. He came to Richmond to get a line on both Georgetown and Washington and Lee, as games are scheduled with these teams for the Carolina Aggies. The line-up and summary:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown Position</th>
<th>Washington and Lee</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cusack ................</td>
<td>Simms</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ward ..................</td>
<td>Schultz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mahlum ................</td>
<td>Searry</td>
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<td>Crowe ..................</td>
<td>Pierotti</td>
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<td>Barron ..................</td>
<td>Dingwall</td>
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<td>Gormley ...............</td>
<td>Miles</td>
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<td>Campbell ...............</td>
<td>Harrison</td>
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<td>Calnan ...............</td>
<td>Donahue</td>
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<tr>
<td>Golden ..................</td>
<td>Young</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murray ...............</td>
<td>Gallagher</td>
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<tr>
<td>Noark ...............</td>
<td>Sweetland</td>
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The Pittsburgh Game at Pittsburgh.

(From the Pittsburgh Dispatch, October 25, 1914.)

Once more do we joyfully chronicle the gladsome tidings of a victory for the University of Pittsburgh football team, and once more are we forced to discount the naturally resultant satisfaction which should go with the success. The gridiron warriors flying the colors of the local institution met the Georgetown University eleven from Washington, D. C., and administered a decisive defeat, if one may judge from the score, the final tally being 21 to 0.

The final outcome was not brought about through the superiority of Duff’s gladiators. To give credit where credit is due would be to congratulate Georgetown in having exhibited its superiority over a team which we were led to believe ranked with the leaders in college ranks. Pitt was up until yesterday admittedly weak on the defense; that is, the line failed to come up to its expected form. We were led to believe during the week that great improvement would be shown in the game staged yesterday. But we were all too quickly disillusioned. If the fray yesterday can be taken as a criterion, Pitt proved itself wanting in almost every department. In defense and offense, open play and straight football there was displayed a lack of ability and familiarity with various phases.

Pitt got the breaks, and Dame Fortune was at all times on her side.
A fumble, a blocked kick and an intercepted forward pass gave Pitt three touchdowns and victory.

Shortly after the start of the game the locals registered the first score. Weiser kicked off to Miller on the 5-yard line and he returned to the 32-yard mark. DeHart at left tore off seven yards, and then Collins fumbled and Hastings recovered for the first down. Pitt drew a 15-yard penalty and DeHart gained 15 around right end. Hastings punted 38 yards to Weiser, who ran out of bounds on his own 38-yard line. After Kelly had failed at the line and Murray tore off five at right tackle, Hastings recovered a fumble and with a free field before him ran 45 yards for a touchdown. Hastings kicked goal. Score: Pitt, 7; Georgetown, 0.

This was all the scoring during the first half. Just before the close of the third quarter Carlson penetrated the inner Georgetown line and blocked Weiser's punt in midfield, Morrow recovering for Pitt. Heil then found a big opening at left tackle and by a beautiful run, the only real feature of Pitt's play, eluded his tackles and covered 50 yards for the second touchdown. Fry kicked goal. Score: Pitt, 14; Georgetown, 0.

An intercepted forward pass led to the final touchdown. Ward opened the closing period by catching a forward pass on Pitt's 48-yard line. After two attempts to gain through the line failed, Fry punted to Weiser, who returned 12 yards. The Pitt defense held, and Weiser punted to Heil, who returned 25 to Georgetown's 37-yard line. Two forward passes failed, and Hastings dropped back to the 45-yard line and attempted a drop kick. His judgment of direction was perfect, but the ball fell short of going over the bar. The visitors here attempted a forward pass, which fell directly into Miller's waiting hands, and he ran 43 yards for a touchdown. Fry kicked goal. Score: Pitt, 21; Georgetown, 0.

For the first time this season Pitt had the opportunity to exhibit its defense against the new style football, and in this respect we must report utter failure. During the first period Georgetown repeatedly attempted to advance the ball by means of the forward pass when within striking distance of the locals' goal line, and that they were not successful was not at all the fault of the Pitt men. Two beautiful passes, each of which looked good for a touchdown, went to waste on account of the player on the receiving end being unable to hold on to the ball.

In the second period there was little open play attempted, but in the third and fourth periods two-thirds of the forward passes were successful. In signaling the toss, six men would get away from the Pitt defense
and spread out fan shape behind the Pitt backfield, and the quarterback, Weiser, who was on the propelling end of practically each toss, found at least three of his men uncovered.

The ball during the greater portion of the game was in Pitt's territory. Just when things looked darkest for the Blue and Gold, it seemed as if Dame Fortune waved her magic wand, and a fumble or something equally as damaging would occur. The defense was poor. First one side of the line would weaken, and then the other, not to any too great extent, but sufficient to make the defects apparent.

Carlson. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left End .................................. Cusack
Thornhill. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left Tackle .................... . ...... Ward
Smith. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left Guard ......................... Mahlum
Peck. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Center .................................. Petritz
Soppitt. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Right Guard .................. ... .... Barron
Hockensmith . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Right Tackle .................... . ..... Gormerly
Herron. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Right End .......................... Pauxtis
DeHart. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Quarterback ......................... Weiser
Hastings . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left Halfback .......................... Kelly
Miller ...... . ................. Right Halfback .... . .... ... ........... Murray
Collins ........................... Fullback ......................... McKenna


The West Virginia Wesleyan Game.

(From Washington Herald, November 1st, 1914.)

West Virginia Wesleyan's football team played a return engagement at Georgetown yesterday, and left town last night a sadder and wiser eleven. The score was 27 to 0 in favor of the Hilltoppers.

Virginia Wesleyan last season paid the West-end collegians a visit and upset a whole lot of dope by grabbing the long end of the score and forward passing Georgetown out of the league.

Expecting to repeat handily, the West Virginia lads yesterday encountered a football eleven ready and willing to receive them, a team blessed with rich material but unable up to Saturday to score through hard luck, loose play and weakness in the backfield.

The result was as surprising as it was well earned. Georgetown played the Virginians off their feet, scoring a touchdown in eight minutes of play when a fumbled ball was recovered by Kelly, who dashed over the
line after a run of 15 yards. Three more touchdowns came during the last half of the contest.

Losing in turn to Navy, Washington and Lee and Pittsburgh, failing to even score on any of these teams, put every member of the Georgetown eleven in a fighting mood. They vented their spite on West Virginia Wesleyan yesterday, and the slogan is now, “Get the Carolina Aggies next week.”

Three of Georgetown's touchdowns were in one sense a bit fluky, for they were gained through the medium of West Virginia's fumbles, but recovering the ball on fumbles is just as much a part of the game as anything else, and a chart showing the amount of ground gained would convince the most skeptical that the victory was as well deserved as it was earned.

During the first two periods West Virginia made but four first downs against Georgetown. In the two remaining chapters they failed once to gain their distance.

One injury marred the battle. Left Guard Mahlum had to retire in the final quarter, suffering from a broken thumb. He will probably be out of the line-up during the remainder of the season.

There was plenty of smash in Georgetown's attack. Weisser, Kelly, Landreau, and Noark found little difficulty gaining through the visitor's line or around the ends.

During the final period Coach Exendine used many substitutes, and the fresh backs were also able to gain ground consistently.

It would be hard to pick any individual Georgetown star. The Blue and Gray rush line was the same veritable stone wall it has proven all season. The ends, Pauxtis and Cusack, and also the substitutes, gave the best account of themselves thus far this season. Petritz, at center, was in every play, and his accurate passing was a noteworthy feature.

Capt. Freddy Murray watched the game from the side lines. He was ready to go in if necessary, but he was not needed, and the little chap will be on edge for the game next Saturday against Hegarty's Carolina Aggies.

West Virginia, coached by Frank Mount Pleasant and Garlow, former stars of the Carlisle Indians, was far from a weak aggregation. In the line they were just about as heavy as Georgetown, and Right Tackle Kellison spilled more than one well-aimed attack, but, man for man, the visiting forwards were outplayed by Georgetown.

The open style of attack, a prominent feature of the Virginians' offense last year, was not in evidence yesterday. The forward pass worked a couple of times, but when it was attempted at critical stages there was "nobody home."
The Hilltoppers resorted mostly to old-fashioned football, but when the long fling was employed it worked like a charm. Fumbling, which has marred the work of the local team in previous games this season, was not in evidence yesterday.

Coach Mount Pleasant, of the Wesleyans, stated after the game that he would have to take off his hat to his old team-mate Exendine. "Georgetown outplayed us. That's all," he added.

Barron kicked off to Quarterback Stansbury, of the West Virginia Wesleyan team, to open up festivities. Stansbury brought the oval back to the center of the field before being brought down. Two end runs netted the Buckhannon boys a loss of three yards, so they resorted to the forward pass, but the long fling was incomplete when Morrison failed to get his hands on the ball. Kellison then kicked the ball 30 yards to Landreau, who was downed in his tracks.

Noark and Kelly went through the line for 7 yards, and Landreau, on an end run, made it first down for the Hilltoppers. The West Virginia boys held on the next series of plays and forced Weisser to kick, the Blue and Gray lad getting off a good drive for a distance of 45 yards. Cusack was on top of Stansbury by the time he caught the ball and no gain resulted.

On a fake kick formation, W. Shumaker made several yards, and two line plunges netted the Buckhannon boys first down. Line plunging was resorted to by the Wesleyan backs, but with no gain, and Kellison kicked to Weisser, who carried the ball back 10 yards.

Georgetown at this point was penalized 15 yards for holding, making it 25 yards to go for a first down. Several line plunges were tried with but little or no gain, so Weisser kicked, the ball going over Stansbury's head, and when he recovered the ball Pauxtis hit him amidships so hard that he dropped it. Kelly recovered the oval and crossed the line for the first touchdown on the home field. Weisser kicked an easy goal.

Georgetown, 7; West Virginia Wesleyan, 0.

Stansbury kicked off to Landreau, who carried the ball back twenty yards, being dropped by Kellison. Georgetown was held for downs and the West Virginia lads uncorked a forward pass on the first line-up, Stansbury to Morrison. This put the ball on Georgetown's 2-yard line, and it looked as though Georgetown would be scored upon.

Here the Hilltoppers put up a stubborn defense and held the Wesleyan boys for downs. Weisser at once kicked the bill 35 yards to Stansbury. The Georgetown forwards downed him in his tracks.

Two forward passes were tried, but failed, also a line plunge; Georgetown was putting up the best defensive game they have shown this season. The ball was on the 55-yard line and Kellison dropped back
for a field goal. The pass was perfect, but the kick fell short by 20 yards. Noark, recovering the ball, brought it back 10 yards before thrown by Heavner.

The first quarter ended with Georgetown in possession of the ball on their own 30-yard line.

Line plunges, the back field of the Georgetown eleven alternating with the ball, gave them first down. The Blue and Gray team was penalized 15 yards for holding.

Weisser dropped back and kicked a long spiral down the field to Stansbury, who ran it back 10 yards. Line plunges by the Buckhannon team failed to gain any ground, so Kellison kicked to Landreau, but Petritz spilled the beans when he upset Landreau, and Weisser got the ball and brought it back 8 yards. Had Petritz not bumped into Landreau, the Georgetown team would have gained 20 yards on the play.

Line plunges by Kelly and Landreau netted first down, and these two lads repeated on the next two plays. A couple of end runs were attempted, as was a forward pass, but to no advantage. Another forward pass was tried, Weisser to Kelly, and the Georgetown team benefited by a gain of 30 yards. Here the Wesleyan team held Georgetown for downs, a couple of line plunges, and a forward pass having been tried.

On a fake kick formation, Stansbury got around Georgetown’s right end for a run of 60 yards, and it looked as though he was going for a touchdown, but Kelly brought him to earth on Georgetown’s 15-yard line. A forward pass was tried and netted the West Virginia boys first down with the ball on the 2-yard line.

Four downs and only 2 yards to go, things looked gloomy for Georgetown, but the line held like a stone wall and the ball went to the Hilltoppers on downs. Weisser at once kicked out of danger, sending the ball 50 yards to Stansbury, who fumbled, and Campbell recovered the oval in midfield. Time was called for the end of the first half at this point, with Georgetown in possession of the ball in midfield.

Heavner opened the second half by kicking the ball out of bounds; once again he tried to kick off, but the ball again went out of bounds, and it was Georgetown’s ball on their own 40-yard line. West Virginia was penalized on the first play for off side.

Kelly made it first down on an end run and line plunge. A double pass was worked here, Noark carrying the ball, but he fumbled, and Pauxtis, following behind the runner, picked the ball up and was brought to earth only after carrying the ball to the visitor’s 10-yard line. A forward pass was attempted here after a few line plunges had been tried to no avail, the ball going over the goal line and to the Wesleyan team for a first down on their own 20-yard line.
Line plunges by the Buckhannon backfield failed to gain, so Heavner kicked to Weisser, who was downed in his tracks. On the next play, a line plunge by the Georgetown team, Mahlum, who had been putting up a great game in left guard for the Blue and Gray, broke his thumb, making it necessary for him to retire from the game.

Kelly and Landreau made it first down with two line plunges. West Virginia put up a good defense and forced Weisser to kick, Stansbury receiving the ball and bringing the oval back 10 yards. Kellison at once kicked and Weisser fumbled, the ball being recovered by Jacobs.

A forward pass was attempted, and as Stansbury was about to hurl the ball it slipped out of his hands and Barron grabbed it, running 30 yards for a touchdown. Weisser kicked an easy goal. Score: Georgetown, 14; West Virginia Wesleyan, 0.

This ended the third quarter, after Golden had made 20 yards around end and line plunges brought the ball up to West Virginia's 30-yard line.

The first play in the final period was an attempted forward pass by the Georgetown team, which resulted in them losing the ball, it going over the line, the ball being put in play by the Wesleyan team on their own 20-yard line.

Heavner resorted to the kicking game, getting off a good one, but the ball went out of bounds at midfield. Line plunges netted the Georgetown players first down, but they were held on the next series of play for downs, the ball going over to the Buckhannon lads.

Here one of the weirdest plays cropped out that has been witnessed on a football field. Stansbury attempted a forward pass to Morrison, who barely touched the ball; it struck a Georgetown player, bouncing back toward Stansbury after hitting several men and not touching the ground. Campbell, on the dead run, received the ball while it was in mid-air, and continued over the line for a touchdown, Noark kicking goal. Score: Georgetown, 21; West Virginia Wesleyan, 0.

Calman received the kick-off from Stansbury, carrying the ball ten yards toward goal. Two first downs were made on line plunges, and Golden added another on an end run. A forward pass, Noark to Foley, for 30 yards, gave Georgetown another touchdown. Noark missed the goal, making the score, Georgetown, 27; West Virginia Wesleyan, 0.

Stansbury kicked off to Foley, who carried the ball fifteen yards before being tackled. End runs and line plunges netted Georgetown a first down, and the same tactics resulted in another first down. A forward pass put the ball on Wesleyan's 2-yard line, Calnan to Corcoran.

Here time was called for the end of the game with Georgetown in possession of the ball on Wesleyan's 2-yard line. Line-up and summary:

Time of periods—15 minutes.

 Elections.

October 27th the Athletic Council appointed Edward Stebbins and James Tormey, respectively, to lead the Track and Baseball teams. Both men are very popular, and their elections were welcomeiy received.

"Eddie" Stebbins is undoubtedly one of the best quarter-milers in the South, and has been the anchor man on the relay team for the past two years, while "Genial Jim" Tormey, it will be recalled, put up a remarkably fine game at first base on last year's Varsity and was the hardest hitting man on the team.

 Interclass Track Meet.

Our Freshmen came into their own on October 28th and carried off the honors in the first interclass games of the season, held on Varsity Field. In seven events the "Freshies" figured prominently.

The performances of Hugh Golden and McLoughlin were easily the features of the meet. Attired in his football togs, Hugh succeeded in topping the seventy-yard timbers in the remarkably fast time of eight seconds flat. Young McLoughlin's work in the mile event was particularly commendatory. Judging from this showing, we expect to hear more from him in the larger meets during the winter. Captain Eddie Stebbins won the 440 in handy fashion from his field. Here are the results:

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