HIPS are but boards,” says Shylock in the “Merchant of Venice,” but Shylock, miserly in all things, was certainly of a wooden opinion in this. Ships are more than timbers and pitch and sails. Human thought, human labor, human love have driven the nails and caulked the seams, and when the tallest mast dips below the horizon, a myriad of feelings, woes and emotions have gone with it. The traveler’s hopes and fears, the explorer’s daring venture, the sailor’s loyal affection, the love and anguish of his
kin at home, imbue the oaken ribs of every ship with a spirit, a personality, a significance of history.

Proudly steams the ocean greyhound and steadily sails the weathered coaster, and we sigh as they disappear, and wonder "Whither bound"? Is it for some languid bay of the West Indies or for some rocky harbor of Patagonia that yonder dark tramp-steamer, trailing voluminous black smoke behind her, buffets her way in the teeth of the rising gale? Does some sunlit port among the purple hills of Spain attract this pleasure yacht, or the cool shades of some forest-clad Norwegian fiord? "Whither away, what haven"? is the thought that dominates us that we pursue the last vestige of the disappearing ship with a "lover's look."

From this then can we not draw a parable beautiful and suggestive? In our thoughtful moods, can we not look out upon the ocean of human life and the men and women voyaging upon it, see them in motion, each one with a course to run, a fortune to experience, and again wonder "Whither bound"? Socrates taught "Know thyself," and if we truly know ourselves, we must of necessity know our end—that we may direct our course for that last port, for, if we cannot determine our haven, we cannot steer for it, and we only drift aimlessly on. Therefore, we must know our end, that, like the prudent skipper, we may reef our sails in steering for it.

Henry Van Dyke once wrote that there are only four great practical ends for which men and women can work in this world—"Pleasure, Wealth, Fame and Usefulness," and, if this be true, we should consider well before we make one of them our chief object in life. In choosing this end, we must be careful that the actions we perform to gain that end are the deeds that will mould for us—Character—for character has been called "eternal destiny."

The first end, Pleasure, makes us lose sight of virtue altogether, according to the stoic philosopher Seneca, who writes that pleasure-seekers are either "tortured by its absence, or choked by its excesses, being wretched if deserted by it, and yet more wretched if overwhelmed by it"; they are like those who are caught in the shoals of the Syrtes, and at one time are stranded on dry ground and at another tossed on furious billows. Next we come to Wealth, and that we may avoid all the foolish railing against it, which takes for granted, now that it is an unsubstantial and illusory good, and now no good at all, but evil, we might well follow the blunt advice of Dr. Samuel Johnson and "clear our minds of cant." But whether or not we look on it with the eye of the calculating economist who claims that a gallon of water in a mountain lake is not wealth as such, but that same gallon in the city reservoir is wealth, we must all admit that it is not lasting. You never see a stock called Happiness
quoted on the exchange, and hence there are some things that man cannot do with wealth; for instance, he cannot carry it with him when he dies. There is no money exchange between this world and the eternal, for did not death strip Dives in the twinkling of an eye, and though his property fell no whit in value, at death was he not a pauper like us all?

Then comes Fame, fickle and transient, and yet so alluring as to lead men on! What is more base than to have a fine reputation and a mean character? It is to live a lie and die a sham, and yet fame exposes us to it, for what is fame but the expression of the thoughts others have of us? When death has dropped the curtain, we will hear no more applause, and though we fondly dream that we shall continue on the stage of memory, our names will soon die, save in the hearts of those who loved us. Truly, then, there is but one end worth striving for, and that is to be useful one to the other; to try to do service to the world; to increase the happiness, the welfare, the virtue of mankind. In pursuit of this only can we realize that "Life is divine when duty is a joy," and when we have made our toil seem to add something profitable to humanity; when we have made two blades of grass grow where one grew before; when we have imbued one good, wholesome idea in a mind that was bare and fallow, then, and then only, will we have rightly determined our course, "Whither bound?" Then character, which is the compass of life, shall have been for us spiritual and not carnal, and will have led us, like the ship at the horizon's brink, to "climb the crystal wall of the skies."

**A Message of Love.**

Death and destruction still reign supreme in Europe and cover the continent with the wreckage of despair. Six months have gone, and the roar of cannon still marks the terrible toll of human life.

But this is a lull in the storm. Like the voice of a true Father whose heart is heavy with grief at the spectacle of thousands of his children flung upon the field of bloodshed, His Holiness, Benedict XV, speaks to the warring nations—delivers a message of love. His noble solicitude for the poor soldiers in both armies, wounded and unfit for further struggle, found expression in a brief note addressed to all belligerent powers, pleading for the interchange of non-combatant prisoners.

At first the nations showed a willing disposition to comply, but there now exists some uncertainty, for the reason that both sides fear the exchange might involve the revealing of important strategic plans. But this matters not. The Holy Father has done his duty, the appeal has gone forth—it remains for "civilized" Europe to give evidence that the spark of Christian charity has not been fully extinguished from the continent.
What a wonderful tribute to the Pope as the True Mouthpiece of all that was noblest and highest in the life of Him whom he represents in a world so steeped in woe this little message brings! Strife may continue, Europe may plunge itself deeper and deeper in a whirlpool of gruesome slaughter, but the sweet, inspiring love of the grandest of earthly sovereigns will evince itself in every effort to alleviate his suffering children, so wantonly sacrificed to satisfy the demands of "modern" civilization.

American Neutrality.

We commemorate this month the birthday of the immortal Washington, and coming, as it does this year, at a time when half the world is darkened by the cloud of war, we are reminded of those words uttered by the Father of His Country in his first inaugural address: "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it."

It has often been noted how singularly the words of great men in a nation's history adapt themselves to times and conditions long years after their deeds have been recorded. The United States today presents a peculiar position before the world. She stands, the only one of the leading powers, an absolutely neutral country. We use the word "absolutely" advisedly, for we realize that, apart from our official proclamations and repeated evidences of neutrality as a nation, there are many disturbing elements at large seeking to involve us in the European conflict. America is too great a nation, however, to be thrown without grave and sufficient cause into a struggle that would entail the sacrifice of countless American lives and the expenditure of millions of American dollars.

On the other hand, a very serious issue has arisen over the free and untrammeled right of the United States as a neutral power to carry on foreign commerce with neutral countries without interference from belligerents. Our government, since the outbreak of the war, has recognized the right of the warring nations to declare certain goods contraband of war. When the State Department sent a formal note to Great Britain, however, protesting against the stoppage and seizure of American merchantmen by British ships, that protest was against the abuse of this right and merely the first step taken by this country toward the preservation of American neutrality. Lately, Germany declared that all the waters around Great Britain and Ireland, including the English Channel, would constitute a "war zone" after February 18. What the outcome of this declaration with respect to American neutrality will be cannot be presaged. If it involves the endangering of American com-
merce with non-combatant countries, then America must see to it that her rights as a neutral are kept inviolate.

We cherish the opinion that serious trouble will be averted, for the reason that the European belligerents can ill afford to offend the dignity of the nation that is practically supporting them with food and munitions of war. Yet there is another aspect to the situation far more important to the American people and of greater consequence to the nation as a world power. The great Washington warned us over a century ago against entangling foreign alliances. The foreign policy of the nation has ever been consistent in adhering to those words, and results have justified the wisdom of the patriotic American who spoke them. It is a worthy commentary on American diplomacy to say that those who conducted our foreign affairs in our earlier history did not bind the country to any such agreement with a foreign power as that by which Japan felt bound to fight with England in the present war. Yet there is a possibility today that the United States may be constrained to rise above anything that concerns foreign alliances, and protect that which is most sacred to any nation—the honor of its people.

If, unfortunately, events should so shape themselves as to lead to the destruction of an American vessel carrying non-contraband goods to a neutral country, and the loss of American lives in waters that border on The Netherlands, for instance, then this country must not hesitate to use whatever means are necessary to preserve its inviolable rights as a neutral country.

**Concentration.**

To be able to forego the pleasures and pastimes of the moment and attend to the more important work at hand is to be able to apply one’s self. And without application we are destined to be hopelessly marooned on an island of ignorance, where we can only hope to rush madly up and down the wasted strand, signaling frantically at the ships of success that pass unheeding onward. But in this century of social strife, where wits and ability far outweigh the chances of fortune, a much higher quality than mere application is the faculty of concentrating our efforts and attention on the subject at hand and pursuing it so intimately that in time we become its master.

The power of concentration includes application, but exceeds it, extends over and beyond it. It is that faculty by which we grasp the subject at hand, putting all things else in their proper places, so that we are free to follow our theme through its most intricate passes and to its ultimate depths. The fruit of this abstraction must of its nature
be our mastery of the subject; leaving us fit for the combat which the
world holds forth to us. The world demands fit men; men who can
think as well as act, men who are either masters of their branch or
capable of mastering one. Our own intelligence demands more perfect
knowledge of us; not that it must be limitless, but that it must be self-
sustaining as far as it goes. Such knowledge only concentration can
afford, and with this faculty there is little danger of our being outstripped
in the courses of life.

An Infant in Church.

O, little, wide-eyed, restless bit of clay,
Staring in wonder at the airy heights
Of raftered pinnacle and the softened lights,
And gilded grandeur, mystic niches gray,

Why dost thou wonder, soul, who art today
Part of a greater Temple? Lo, the roll
And echoing rumble of the organ’s soul
Tremble and die. A prayer is on its way
Crying for light that men may better see,
Pleading for grace, for strength to battle Sin;
And as the sacred words mount up on high,
The heedless babe gropes at a tiny fly,
Gurgling in glee. So have our own lives been
Clutching at flies, while God speaks solemnly.

Ernest E. Blau, ’17.
On February 7, in the year 1812, a very prosaic event occurred: a child was born. He was born in Lambert, near Portsea, England, in humble environments, at a time when an era of hypocrisy and of foible among the rich and of oppression and injustice among the poor was upon the land. Being born in humble environments, Hypocrisy duped the child; Foible sported with him; Oppression maltreated him; Injustice trampled upon him. But in the course of twenty-five years the child rose superior to his surroundings. The English-speaking world shuddered at his scathing censure of persecution and cruelty; abusive institutions trembled on their very foundations at his bitter denunciations; popular prejudice welcomed a new and vivacious force in literature. And then Hypocrisy hung her head in shame and Foible became serious, Oppression lapsed into Toleration and Injustice into a covenant of Equity. The child who had been born in humble environments found himself mirrored in the public eye.

This child, England’s most cherished humorist and novelist, was Charles Dickens, the second of eight children to bless the union of John Dickens and Elizabeth Barrow. Previous to his eleventh year, the boy’s life presents few details of moment, save that his education was almost totally limited to the instructions in fundamental knowledge he received from his mother. But in 1823, when duty called the father to London, Charles’ life became enveloped in a film of darkness beyond which no hope shone. Of the degradation and misery he suffered during this time he could never afterwards trust himself to speak.

Through an inherent carelessness and improvidence, John Dickens became involved in debt. He neither had the ability nor the spirit to carry him over the crisis. Lodged in the Marshalsea by angry debtors, he beguiled precious moments with a wondrous indifference to the cruel hand that was turning wife and children into the street and contented himself with the vain subterfuge of waiting until something turned up.

Distress, however, made Charles, not a craven, but plucky and self-reliant. While the good mother, recognizing the ruin that was inevitable, followed the guilty father to the Marshalsea with her family, Charles obtained work as a drudge in a blacking warehouse. For a poor pittance, more dead than alive, his little fingers worn by the incessant pasting of labels, and his spindle legs ready to collapse under the weight of an ill-fed body, Charles eked out a miserable existence. But out of the depth of his piteous debasement he planned a noble revenge.
Fortunately, John Dickens soon received his release from the Marshalsea. He left public service on a pension and eventually became employed as reporter on “The Morning Chronicle.”

In his thirteenth year Charles was entered in Wellington House Academy. One would be justified in imagining that the dark stage of disgrace and humiliation through which he had just passed would have tainted his character and darkened his disposition. But, with a temperament that beamed with good cheer and lent itself readily to innocent fun, even to mimicry of his teachers, yet withal such a temperament as blended with its boyish pleasures a quiet and zealous application to the acquisition of knowledge, Charles soon found himself beloved of all his classmates.

About 1826 Dickens became a clerk for an attorney. Being now in vigorous health, he used every opportunity to improve his mind. The reading-room in the British Museum became his favorite resort and the study of shorthand his predominant passion. His name among the foremost reporters of “The True Sun” amply manifests that his untiring labors to attain success went not unrewarded. Rapid, permanent recognition of his remarkable ability by the managers of “The Morning Chronicle,” to which paper he had transferred himself in 1835, brought him commissions to conventions throughout the country. In this way he secured a wide experience of people and an extensive knowledge of adventure. Much of his later success may be attributed to his work as reporter, and Dickens himself based his fame upon his employment in this capacity.

From reporting Dickens turned to original work. “The Sketches” were his first attempt at imaginative writing. They appeared in “The Old Monthly Magazine” in December, 1835, but were continued in “The Evening Chronicle.” These papers, although begun in December, were not signed “Boz” until the following August. They characterized Dickens not only as an author of exceptional originality, but also as a man with a world of experience and an inexhaustible stock of humor in his disposition. They were evidently not the result of mere study, their paramount commendation being their notable spontaneity. Later “The Sketches” appeared in book form, published by Macrone, Dickens receiving a paltry £150 for the copyright. The illustrations, so pertinent to the exaggeration of the characters, were drawn by the memorable Cruikshank. Yes, truly memorable, for I doubt whether any artist past or present has excelled this adept in the art of caricature.

On April 2, 1836, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth. About this time also he wrote occasionally for the stage, “Is She His Wife, or Something Singular,” and “The Strange Gentleman,” comic burlettas, being produced in St. James’ Theatre.
From the appearance of “The Sketches” we may date Dickens’ claim to literary prominence. The first number of the incomparable “Pickwick Club,” illustrated by the suicidal Seymour, marks the crisis in his career. He received but £15 15s. for each monthly part. Among the applicants for the position of illustrator upon the death of Seymour was Thackeray. Dickens, however, ignored Thackeray’s ability and chose Halbot K. Brown, who signed himself “Phiz.”

The publication of the “Pickwick Papers” assured Dickens’ popularity and upheld his reputation. The Pickwick Club, with its unique founder, Samuel Pickwick, and his humorous servant, Sam Weller, son of Tony, with its picturesque Nathaniel Winkle and its adventurous Alfred Jingle; with its amorous, fat and short Tracy Tupman, and its Mrs. Bardell, widow, who sues Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise,—the Pickwick Club was an altogether novel conception and took the people of London by storm.

When Dickens was twenty-seven years old he edited “Bentley’s Miscellany.” In this magazine “Oliver Twist” appeared in 1839. It fearlessly unmasks the outrages of the poorhouse system and anathematizes the training of boys to crime. It is an impassioned recital of emotions aroused by personal experiences rather than a graphic delineation of those experiences.

“Nicholas Nickleby,” considered his master effort by many admirers, was begun before the completion of “Oliver Twist.” Wackford Squeers, the representative, brutal schoolmaster of the class of schools which are the special objects of Dickens’ most merciless criticism, is an unforgettable contribution to literature.

The serial publication of “Master Humphry’s Clock” began about this time, but the title and subject-matter of these papers were soon absorbed in “The Old Curiosity Shop” and “Barnaby Rudge.” In “The Old Curiosity Shop” Dickens has sketched that wonderful and soul-stirring pen picture, Little Nell, a precocious and phenomenally good child, who becomes the victim of the vicious and ill-tempered dwarf, Quilp. “Barnaby Rudge” creates a pertinent occasion for a wonderful pictorial description of the Gordian Riots, a description of such rare skill that it were difficult to find another more vivid, more potent, more absorbing.

Upon his first visit to America, Dickens’ reception was enthusiastic. But the author’s poor reciprocation of the warm hospitality bestowed upon him by Americans, if not savoring of ingratitude, bears a striking resemblance to that sublime virtue. “American Notes,” published in 1844, following his return to England, characterizes him as a ruthless satirist of American institutions and customs. The portrayal of existing weaknesses in character delineation is neither exact nor genuine; it is
overfaithful and untrustworthy. It has been said (with little foundation, we hope) that Dickens never failed to act as a gentleman in real life. He proved himself an ingrate in fiction.

A justifiable disapproval arose upon the appearance of "American Notes." "Martin Chuzzlewit" completed the injustice and gave rise to a storm of obloquy. The story, based as it is upon the suffering of unmerited pain, inculcates individual imperfections which are far from being inclusive, and supinely disregards innate virtues which are commonly admitted. Much credit is due the broadmindedness of Americans who made a second visit possible for a man who had given so Pecksniffian a demonstration of littleness.

There is an emotional power in the Christmas stories which surprises the attention and grips the interest from the start. Strikingly characteristic in manner and delicately fanciful in treatment, these dreamy, pleasant, charming little stories are told with a perfection of art that displays no artificiality nor affectation, but genuine feeling and a tender charm. Possibly they owe their popularity to the witchery of the season around which their plots are woven; for men tread on enchanted ground and feel at peace with the world when the yule-log burns on the cheerful hearth. It is then, in the winter's eve, that such books as the Christmas stories of Charles Dickens entice men to an hour's quiet perusal and transport them in a rapture of appreciation of the author's genius.

"The Christmas Carol" (1843) is representative of the Christmas stories. Equally quaint and admirable are "The Chimes" (1844), "The Cricket on the Hearth" (1845), "The Battle of Life" (1846), and "The Haunted House" (1847).

Following Dickens' return from Italy, we have "Pictures from Italy" (1846); "Dombey and Son" (1848), and "David Copperfield" (1849), which last seems to be nothing less than a thinly veiled autobiography. "Dombey and Son" treats of England's commercial life. Captain Cuttle, a simple nautical person, and Miss Cordelia Blimber, a prim preceptorial person, figure prominently in these pages and under the touch of Dickens' magic pen are transfigured into creatures lovable indeed.

The establishment of another magazine, "Household Words," of which Dickens was editor and W. H. Wills assistant, was the medium for the publication of "A Child's History of England" (1852), "Bleak House" and "Hard Times" (1854), and "Little Dorrit" (1857). "A Child's History of England" treads on ground with which the author had but a passing acquaintance. As a purely descriptive work it is excellent; as an historical survey it is contemptible. Dickens could not prevent his prejudice from mutilating fair play in matters pertaining to national and religious principles.
Dickens decries the hardships of the manufacturing population in "Hard Times" and the Fabian policy of the Courts of Chancery in "Bleak House." To readers of "Bleak House," neither can Ada Clare, the ward of Jarndyce, nor can the proud and pitiable Lady Dedlock, with the concomitant impressions these characters create, have faded past recollection. Little Dorrit herself, in the book of that name, has ever charmed us by her undying fidelity.

However much Dickens' literary labors occupied his time, they did not call all his energy into play. From 1847 to 1852 he took an active part in theatricals throughout England, improving every available opportunity to employ himself as actor, playwright and stage manager. And in 1855 he even pushed himself into politics.

When Dickens was forty-four years old he sold his home in London and bought Gadshill House, near Rochester. Even in the early days of his youth this place had been an inspiration for his envy and ambition. His first visitor was Hans Christian Andersen, whose "Fairy Tales," with their humor, invention and simplicity, have delighted the children of every modern language.

Dickens' public readings, begun in 1858, fully merited the popular enthusiasm which they aroused. The author's separation from his wife in this year is too sad an incident to invite lengthy comment. The companion who had sorrowed with him in the early trials of his literary career was not to rejoice with him in the golden years of his crowning success. Dora Spenlow's childish admiration while patiently holding Copperfield's pens, wearied David, and then he wrote: "Many happy years * * * Unbroken friendships * * * and cheerful recollections."

"A Tale of Two Cities" seems to be the most logically developed of Dickens' stories; like all others, it could have been improved by curtailing extraneous matter. The self-sacrifice of Sydney Carton is ennobling beyond words.

"Great Expectations" (1861) and "Our Mutual Friend" (1864) appeared in "All Year Round," a magazine which had superseded "Household Words" in 1859. Had Dickens not introduced the character of Joe Gargery into "Great Expectations" he would have labored in vain to present a readable book to the public. Beyond this character, the book tenders no noteworthy considerations. "Our Mutual Friend" has for its theme the idea that prosperity only expands natural goodness and intensifies natural meanness.

In the autumn of 1867 Dickens again set sail for America. Financially profitable, his public readings proved detrimental to his health, which had been on the decline for some years past. Upon his return to Eng-
land in May, 1868, the severity of ailments precluded the continuation of
the readings. He had finished "The Uncommercial Traveller" and had
set to work on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a story which has little
claim to praise beyond what we have attributed to other works, when, on
June 8, 1870, he took a sudden stroke and died June 9, 1870. His remains
were appropriately interred in Westminster Abbey, June 14, 1870.

After the death of Dickens there arose an ill-intentioned controversy
as to the probable duration of his works. His fame, the critics averred,
rested upon the interest of characters and the force of incidents long
since passed away. The stage-coach and the stage-coach driver were no
more. Fleet prison had been abolished and possible insolvents could
now laugh with derision and impudence in the very face of the Mar­
shalsea. Sarah Gamp had ceased to administer soothing palliatives to
her patients and to call upon the non-existent Mrs. Harris to authen­
ticate her fabrications and fancies. Proposals of marriage might, but it is
dubious whether they would, continue to preserve the eccentric form of
"Barkis is willin." Then, through the almost interminable list of
Dickens' character creations and curious incidents, the critics passed,
pausing every now and then to put their finger on and pass unfavorable
sentence upon a character or incident which could not step beyond their
standard of appreciation, and which was, in view thereof, destined to a
sad and premature oblivion.

But there was really no question of the life of these characters and
incidents even when the controversy of which I have spoken was at its
height. The critics of Dickens' days were either too superficial and
biased to recognize and commend the intrinsic merits of the works or
they were too near-sighted and injudicious to perceive that home-charac­
ters such as Dickens' were not likely to die in England, though, per­
haps, not destined to immortality. It is more than a hundred years since
the master mind of Dickens conceived and his master hand executed
the "Pickwick Papers," yet England's appreciation knows no bounds;
America's admiration is lively and earnest, and, though the fascination
of the books depends in a high degree upon a certain idiomatic expres­
sion and a peculiar humor, their popularity in France and Germany con­
tinues undiminished.

The touch of exaggeration with which Dickens portrays the English
middle and lower classes has given rise to much adverse criticism. We
deem it, nevertheless, a happy defect, excusing it on the plea that it is
this same caricaturing which makes the impression of Dickens' charac­
ters permanent by assigning them grotesque physical peculiarities and
monstrous mental eccentricities not easily forgotten. Were this Dickens'
intention when he drew his vivid pen pictures, surely it is excusable and
laudable: in every-day life a man who possesses but one limb or who evidences feathery lightness of mind in action or speech is more apt to live in the memory than one endowed with unimpaired physical and mental faculties.

But why go on probing into the very vitals of stories and vivisecting the organisms of volumes whose marked excellencies far eclipse their imperfections? If we searchingly analyze the works of any renowned master we shall be certain to thresh out some blemishes. In criticising Charles Dickens let us stop short here. We have desired to be true critics,—to praise and to blame with discernment and circumspection and not to be gullied by popular notions. That we have endeavored to be liberal and just is evident; that our judgment may have been wanting in faithful appreciation we leave to the humanity of our readers.

_Sursum Corda._

*When friendship's bonds are torn apart*
*And hearts close bound are wrecked in strife,*
*Ours then to know the sharpest smart*
*That men make moan for in this life.*
*Grief weighs us down and prone we fall*
*Within death's sad surrounding wall.*

*But do not moan and grieve your plight,*
*Show forth your strength and conquer woe*
*And strive and strive beyond your might*
*To make life brighter here below.*
*Then fight your fight in Heaven's name,*
*And live love's humble life of fame.*

H. D. Kersey, '18.
Six Months of War.

EDWIN G. CASS, '16.

IX months have passed since the first threatening clouds gathered on the horizon of Europe. A half year has run its race, and still the armies of Germany and the Allies are locked in mortal conflict, eagerly watching for an opening to crush each other and suck to the dregs the life blood of the conquered. These, indeed, have been days of joy for the god of war, who, steeped in the slaughter and carnage, ruthlessly demands and receives millions of lives as his toll. He refuses to be satisfied, diabolically sneers at Peace and hungrily munches his huge chops in anticipation of the victims still to come.

Irrespective of the final outcome, even the most rabid partisan of the Allies must acknowledge that the fruits of the first six months belong to Germany. The forces of the Kaiser have accomplished during this period what the great Napoleon did a century ago; they have defied Europe, held in check their enemies and gained notable victories on alien soil.

In early August, when at last the distant mutterings of years broke out into the thunder-storm of the present, German armies overran Belgium and entered France, winning tremendous battles at Charleroi, Mons and Cambrai. In September, when the Allies halted the sensational onrush of the invaders at the very gates of Paris, the Germans gave a renewed proof of their resourcefulness by strengthening their position across Northern France, a position let it here be said that they still hold to this very day. And in spite of such achievements in the west, this marvelous military organization checked the flood-like onslaught of the Russians in the east, at the now famous battle of Tannenberg.

The dawn of October witnessed greater triumphs for the German eagle. Antwerp, considered by experts as a modern fortress, tumbled like a deck of cards when the deadly 42 centimetres finally found the range. The small but courageous Belgian army were driven out of all but a tiny corner of the kingdom, and not only was the British advance towards Ghent forced to retreat, but in the east the Germans even took the offensive and reached the very outskirts of Warsaw. Although November saw a retreat from the latter city, nevertheless the Kaiser concentrated fresh troops along the Yser and beat back every attempt of the British and French and failed only by the narrowest of margins to reach the coveted Channel ports of Calais and Dunkirk.
When the last month of the dying year reluctantly began, the German guns were belching iron messages of victory and their trumpets sounding even shriller notes of triumph, for the vast hordes of Russians had received another check in the hard-fought battle of Lodz. And now, with the birth of 1915, we find Germany in possession of a quarter of Poland, practically all of Belgium and 8,000 square miles of Northern France. Save only for the Russian conquest of over 30,000 square miles of Austrian territory—which, by the way, more than offsets her losses in Poland—the Allies have made little gain. France, save for a slight advance in Alsace, has had for her share only loss. On the shoulders of the republic have fallen the giant blows of the German mailed fist. Today Germany holds more French territory than she took in 1871 and today France has new “lost provinces” to redeem, and after six months of savage strife she has made little real progress in regaining them.

However, in spite of all the successes that we have recorded, Germany has suffered too, and especially abroad. In Asia her great port was forced to bow to the power of Anglo-Japanese armies, while her island holdings in the Pacific have been suddenly torn from her grasp as by an unseen hand. No longer does her flag fly on the sea. The history of her one fleet, brave and audacious as it was, came to a sudden and dramatic ending with that memorable encounter off the Falkland Islands. But the fate of these colonies still hangs in the balance, the scales to be tipped one way or the other as the battle is lost or won in Flanders, Belgium, Champagne or Poland.

It is not until we weigh German necessity with German achievement that it becomes apparent what France, England and Russia have so far accomplished. Germany risked everything on a sudden attack of France, a thorough subjugation of that country and in turn the defeat of Russia. With the stage then cleared, she joyfully anticipated a conflict with England. But it remained for France, at the Marne, to save herself and Europe. The 8,000 square miles of her territory that Germany holds is not an asp that will sting her to death, but merely an incentive for her to recall her glorious military traditions and to spur her into action to recover her lost ground.

With the failure to crush France, Germany had to hurry to the rescue of stricken Austria. Everywhere German resources have proved adequate to hold what she has conquered, but nowhere in France since the middle of September has she made substantial progress. The campaign has fallen to a siege and the great German offensive has always been halted since the now famous Von Kluck recrossed the Aisne and since the first goose-stepping regiment of the Kaiser marched triumphantly through the streets of Antwerp and Ostend.
Meantime Austria seems to have lost both strength and confidence. Twice little Servia, the prime cause of all the trouble, has completely routed huge Austrian armies and utterly undermined Austrian ascendancy in the Balkans. As a result Germany stands almost alone, for her so-called ally is now a liability. Ranged against her are three powerful nations, who are yet to reach the maximum of their efficiency, and who are yet to call into play their vast resources and practically limitless reserves, nations who are determined to crush at any cost, for once and forever, the militarism of the Kaiser and his autocratic war lords.

Millions have lost their lives, but still there are no signs of peace. Millions will be rushed into the breach, and the awful machinery of war, oiled by the blood of fresh victims, will roll on in its insatiable thirst for gore. If there is any country that desires peace, save possibly Austria, we have no proof of it. All the nations engaged are filling up the ranks and preparing to continue the struggle to the bitter end. Napoleon, with far rosier prospects of success than Germany has at present, failed to conquer Europe, but with a nation no more united or determined than Germany he kept up the fight for a decade. He failed because against him was pitted the national spirit of several countries. Today we see practically the same drama unraveling as a half century ago. Far off in the distance, like the first black cloud of the approaching storm, the smoke of another Waterloo can be faintly seen, the end of another dream of world power.
Richard Mansfield.

CHARLES G. REYNOLDS, '16.

Among the artists who have essayed to portray the different and difficult roles of Shakespeare is Richard Mansfield. Unhesitatingly, we admit that he is not first and foremost in his chosen profession, for there are those two celebrities—the far-famed Edwin Booth and Henry Irving—who are undoubtedly the greatest of them all. But never was there a man who started off in more straitened circumstances, who, in the midst of adversity, worked on so doggedly, who had more courage or ambition, until at last his unflagging zeal and indomitable spirit rewarded him with the wreath of success.

Richard Mansfield was born at Berlin, Germany, in 1854, in the course of his parents' travels about the country. His father, Maurice Mansfield, was an Englishman of culture and refinement and possessed rare skill as a violinist. About his mother little is known, except that she was a dramatic singer of considerable ability. At the age of five his father died, and shortly afterwards Richard and his mother journeyed to Jena, Germany, where they resided for some years. His mother was stern and harsh to him, often treating him with unnecessary severity, so when he came of age Richard was much happier when living alone. As a boy he attended a private preparatory school in England, but he never entered college.

In 1873 Mansfield and his mother came to America and established a residence in Boston. It was his mother's wish that he should become a painter, so Richard diligently applied himself to this study, but he soon perceived that painting was not his vocation. Meanwhile he had joined the "Buskin Club," a small dramatic society in Boston. In 1876, at a benefit performance of the "Buskin Club," Richard Mansfield appeared in the role of "Beau Farintosh" in that delightful comedy, "School." Richard made a distinct impression upon his audience and the few critics who were in attendance, and thus rose Richard Mansfield's star of success, which was destined never to wane.

In the following year he returned to London, having grown weary of the many restraints placed upon him by his eccentric mother. Then began the struggle for his very existence. In London he was absolutely unknown; producers laughed at him when he applied for a position in some good company. He finally received employment in some insig-
significant playhouse, "doing a vaudeville turn." So he struggled along, earning just enough to keep body and soul together, but as each weary month passed by his persistency grew stronger and stronger; he simply would not be denied.

It is needless to narrate at length his struggles with himself, with his employers and with poverty. Suffice it to say that, when in 1883 he won recognition, popularity and fame in a single night in the role of "Chevirot" at the Union Square Theatre, he was but receiving his just deserts—well-earned merit after years of rebuffs, contempt, and what is worst of all to any man who is attempting to gain recognition, cold silence. Mansfield was now known, playwrights sought him for their title roles, the name of Richard Mansfield attracted countless thousands to the theatres to see this artist of the stage.

Let us now consider Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" as portrayed by Richard Mansfield. "Richard the Third" possessed all the traits of a veritable monster; his appearance was really uncanny—a humped back, a lame leg, always scowling, with an ugly lower lip protruding. Mansfield's ideal of "Richard the Third" was much the same as the other great actors from the time of David Garrick down to Edwin Booth. However, he differed in this, that he made the murderous monarch faithful in his devotion to evil. Mansfield's "make-up" for "Richard the Third" was not all that could be desired. He failed to give that careful attention to minor details in his costume and appearance which in later years he so assiduously studied. At times the action of the play was greatly delayed, while Mansfield lingered unnecessarily long on certain effective points, apparently brooding over his emotions. This in no way fits the active, impetuous and fiery character of "Richard." However, in parts Mansfield expressed a wonderful force, a clever and original interpretation, to say nothing of a wealth of passionate feeling. As "Richard the Third" Mansfield gained a mighty and lasting triumph. Certainly no other actor had ever more perfectly blended his physical and intellectual powers.

Mansfield then undertook the role of "Shylock," probably the most difficult and exacting of all Shakespearean characters. "Shylock," as we know, was a rich Jew, ignoble and crafty, typical of hatred and revenge. There has long been a theory that Shylock was a man of religion, the very personification of the Hebrew faith. But this opinion is grossly erroneous, as we cannot help gather from the words of the Jew when he explicitely states that he hates "Antonio," and later on, when he vows vengeance, "cursed be my tribe if I forgive him." Mansfield was not altogether consistent in his treatment of "Shylock." He portrays him as a clever usurer, bloody and savage; yet he strives to show that
the Jew had a tender and almost loving affection for his daughter—and later this same daughter, an entirely credible person, testifies that “our house is hell.” Nevertheless, Mansfield, for the most part, interpreted “Shylock” as did the other great actors, often employing a caustic irony and bitter sarcasm that was precisely in the right vein. His “make-up” was particularly good. He presented “Shylock” as an emaciated-looking person, with wild and distorted features when in a frenzy; his face was almost completely covered with a dirty, grayish beard; his raiment was soiled and hung loosely. Mansfield probably never rose to greater heights than in his treatment of “Shylock” in the last stages of the court-room scene, a withered, beaten, deserted and pathetic old man, utterly crushed in body and spirit—a magnificent acting part.

Shakespeare’s great tragedy of “Julius Caesar” was presented by Mansfield, he himself acting the role of Brutus, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, in 1902. Mansfield’s presentation so thrilled the imagination, so satisfied the intellect and so touched the heart that it met with an instantaneous success. The celebrated actor wrought his best effects as Brutus in the garden scene, the moment after the assassination of Caesar, the ghost scene and the death scene. In those most imaginative passages, particularly in the presence of the ghost, Mansfield, as the miserable and haunted Brutus, fairly outdid himself and created a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon the audiences which packed the theatres. His interpretation as to the appearance of Brutus was probably the best ever rendered. In the garden scene we see him, his face worn and pale, his eyes sunken and hollow. In the garden scene his voice is peculiarly tremulous and distressful; in the Senate scene it becomes extremely stern and solemn, as if with a terrible resolution. His countenance, immediately after the assassination, became that of an insane man. Mansfield was undoubtedly at his best as “Brutus.” He aimed not to declaim, but to impersonate, and in so doing he gives us a wonderfully vivid picture of the true “Brutus”—silent, patient and at times miserable, while within his breast rage the storms of spiritual conflict.

In 1908 Richard Mansfield passed from this life. Thus ended the career of Mansfield, devoted worker, staunch supporter and a veritable pillar of the stage. In his own sphere he toiled and toiled, but not in vain, for surely mankind, culture, and even civilization, have been benefited by the life of Richard Mansfield.
"A Midnight Fantasy."


It was the last night before the Greek exams. The very atmosphere was charged with nervousness and a remote sense of impending doom. Ye gods, but that man was merciless! Three hundred lines to cover before morning, not including those one had neglected to prepare previously.

The Freshman, with a sigh of utter despair, rose, blinked dazedly at his lamp, wearily kicked a small volume of Plato into a corner, and took out his watch.

"Two o'clock! Not another line, by Zeus. A breath of air before I drop!"

He staggered to the window and leaned there, elbows on the sill. A puff of cool, moist air against his face revived his drowsy mind, while the darkness seemed to soothe his smarting eyelids. He gazed out across the little quadrangle, with its square plots of grass, where he was wont to meet his friend, the college dog, or to stroke the backs of the poor felines who since a certain very intellectually active member of the faculty had turned his renowned energy toward the science of vivisection and biology, were glad enough if they escaped death and torture, much more so, if shown a little kindness. Seeing nothing of interest in the quadrangle, his eye was wandering down the little road toward the laboratory wherein the poor animals aforesaid perished, to be raised in a moment to the stars, when it was suddenly attracted by a peculiar streak of light issuing from one of the rear windows.

"Say," he half ejaculated, "what's that? Is it possible that some misguided boob is trying to rob the laboratory? If he had any sense, he'd go to a regular butcher shop and get some good meat.

His first impulse was to wake some one of his sleeping neighbors, but the thought of the welcome he would receive in pursuing such a course checked him, so he tried to think who or what it might be.

"I wonder if the old wizard himself is down there. Nope, he'd never have pulled down the curtains. But, wait! It could—by George, it might be old Galen! He told me he had a lot of back work to make up in biology.

Turning, he tiptoed out of the room and some distance down the hall, where, opening a door, he switched on the light. Facing the wall beside him stood a table, on which lay an open book entitled "Intrigues of the
Late Chinese Empire," the fly leaf bearing the signature "Carter Galen, ’14," while beside it was a memorandum open at the date, marked "Lab., Operations 23 and 24." The iron bed in the corner had not been slept in, though a hat and coat hung from the post.

"It must be," murmured the Freshman. "I bet he's all dolled up in his white coat, too. Reckon he just blew in about an hour or two ago. I believe I'll go down and keep him company. I'm just beginning to wake up, anyway."

A moment later and he was back in his room, had drawn from behind the as-usually-cold radiator a long, touch rope, one end of which was attached to the pipe, had turned out the light and clambered to the ground, some ten yards below.

As he walked softly down the little road, drinking in deep draughts of the moist air, he wondered that more night prowlers than himself were not out to enjoy it, as they had been in the days of yore.

"I guess he's about killed 'em all. By George, it's a crime for a real man to shut himself up like that and dig and dig at science till he hasn't got hardly a regular human emotion left. He probably cooped up a couple of live ones for Carter to murder tonight." Another thought struck him. "Gee, it would be great if the dogs and cats and rabbits could just turn the tables on such people as that for a while and dissect 'em alive to see their insides work. I bet I know at least two whose hearts they couldn't find."

Still laughing to himself over the idea, he strode up to the front door of the "Butcher Shop" and knocked. Not a sound showed that anyone had heard him. After listening carefully for a few seconds, he tried again, louder, but this time he was greeted with merely a subdued metal rasp, as if instruments were being washed in a tin pan.

"Is he deaf, I wonder?" thought the visitor. "I'll holler at him through the keyhole. If he don't hear that, he can——" He had already bent down to the keyhole, which was large, drawing in a deep breath, when suddenly he straightened up and recoiled, gasping.

"Holy Moses," he choked, "who turned over the ether bottle?"

Just then, however, there issued forth from behind the door a low, confused and fearfully peculiar sound that caused his lungs at once to forget their overpowering draught of ether, his mouth and eyes to open wide and his muscles to stiffen like those of a bird dog when he encounters a rattlesnake instead of the quail which he is trailing. It began like a low growl, angrily distinct, then, as if spreading from one mouth to another, became a deep, muffled confusion of growls and whines, sounding at times like the tones of a human voice. Frightened, the Freshman turned and looked back toward the buildings, but they
showed no signs of life. Evidently the sound could not be heard beyond a few yards. A sudden, vague, unearthly fear took possession of his soul, together with the idea that it would be much better to go back to his room and to bed than to remain and disturb Carter Galen at his work,—and probably get sick from the ether. But he was a boy who believed that true courage consisted in the power of the will and brain to force the body to act in spite of emotion. He checked himself with an effort, and, wrenching the knob, put his whole weight against the door. Instead of resisting, as he had expected, it burst open with a blaze of light, and he pitched head-foremost into the room, striking his head against the iron leg of an operating table.

Dizzy and half stunned from the blow, he dragged himself slowly to his feet. His eyes, accustomed to the darkness, blinked blindly in the bright glare. Another nauseating whiff of ether assailed his nostrils. Something throbbed wildly in his brain. He had a vision of blurred fantastic shapes in white caps rushing toward him, felt himself lifted by many stiff, hairy arms, and collapsed in a dead faint.

When he awoke he was reclining in a large chair, while someone leaning over him kept sponging his forehead with a cool liquid thatavored strongly of the “Varsity” rubbing-room. He began to wonder how he got there.

“Say, Jim,” he mumbled to the trainer, “how in the——” He never finished, for at that moment his eyes opened and he saw above him,—not Jim, nor any other mortal, but a huge mastiff dog, clothed in immaculate hospital dress, with a sponge strapped to one of his paws. Without further ado, the Freshman gathered together all his powers for one mighty yell, but in so doing he half straightened up, and, with a sickly gasp, it died within him. On each side of the room, in rows of seats ranging from the ceiling to the floor, were packed dogs, dogs, seventy or eighty dogs and cats of various sizes and breeds, the smaller ones sitting at the top, the larger at the bottom, all as decorous as a body of judges. They were just about the same as ordinary dogs, he noticed, save that their eyes were all larger, more steady and glowing with a red light. At the far end, upon an improvised throne of two chairs on top of boxes which were covered by a large red rug of rich texture, sat a great and shaggy St. Bernard dog, wearing a stately crown fixed by a red ribbon that was tied in a bow beneath his jaw. On his right, no less regal in aspect, though smaller in size, her neck encircled by a delicate ringlet of gold, lay a magnificent brown Persian cat, while around the foot of the throne crouched a guard of bulldogs and wolf hounds, whose wild, blood-shot eyes rolled menacingly at every angle. In the center, just beneath the glare of two electric lamps, was fixed a modern oper-
ating table with countless details of straps, instruments, cloths and blood catchers. Nearer the end toward the door stood a small vivisection table with iron legs, against which, the Freshman thought, he had probably bumped his head, while on each side of it was another table, covered with records and files, and presided over by an elderly looking setter dog in a black coat. About the large table beneath the lights were grouped several long-nosed dogs, all dressed alike in surgical costume, with three or four white cats as internes bearing bottles and wicked-looking instruments.

The glances directed toward him and the buzz of excitement that arose immediately on his return to consciousness showed that he was the center of interest, even if not a welcome addition to the assembly. After a moment's agonizing pause, in which he stared open-mouthed, endeavoring, unnoticed, to kick one foot against the other to make sure he was not asleep or dead, the great St. Bernard on the throne elevated his shaggy head and in a dignified tone thus addressed him:

“Do not be afraid, young man. For, though you have, by chance or providence, stumbled upon a ceremony which, I already perceive, is startling to you, and which will be, I fear, rather painful before it is completed, rest assured that no harm will come to you. My council and I have long applauded your kind conduct toward our brethren here on earth.”

“But—but,” stammered the Freshman, reassured into using his vocal chords, “but what’s the idea of all this?”

“By consent of the Powers Above,” continued the King, “we have been privileged upon this one night of the century to exchange places with those by whom we believe our brethren to have been unfairly treated. We realize, of course, that, being of an inferior race, they must be sacrificed at times for the advancement of a superior one, but——” Here, suddenly losing control of the violent passion which his own words had awakened, he burst forth: “When one poor cur has no less than sixty-six scars on a space three inches square and a perfectly respectable cat has to go mewing about this college in disgrace, without one intestine in his whole body—but, hold! I forget myself. Surgeon, let us proceed at once.”

One of the dogs by the operating table, who seemed by his dress and manner to be a kind of master of ceremonies, arose, and, bowing to the company, said:

“It gives me great pleasure to open the evening’s entertainment with our first subject, known scientifically as ‘species Gulielmus Cullinanus’ of the genus ‘capitis nudi’ or ‘tobacco chew multum.’” He tapped a bell, whereupon there issued from somewhere below a muffled pande-
monium of growls, falling furniture, scraping footsteps and whole-hearted imprecations, which grew nearer and nearer until there appeared in the entrance between the throne and the seats two enormous black cats escorting a slim, bald-headed gentleman, the violence of whose struggles was attested by a bright red spot that glowed on each cheek.

"See, your majesties," continued the chief surgeon, when the procession had at last halted beside the table, "in spite of his evil habits, he is in excellent condition. Sir Secretary, please to read the charges again."

One of the dogs at the small tables thereupon assumed a pair of glasses and a document, but before he could begin, the Freshman, who, since the entrance of the first subject, had shown signs of violent agitation, leaped to his feet with a howl of protest. Immediately, however, he was pulled roughly back and fiercely cautioned to be silent.

"But, your honor—your majesty," he expostulated.

"Be silent," growled the King. "It was not our fault that you came here, but yours. So far we have treated you as a friend; another outbreak and the method will be changed. Proceed. It grows late."

"The main charge," read the secretary, "is the wholesale robbery of high-grade cats from respectable homes by the prisoner and an accomplice in an auto owned and operated by the latter, the real instigator of the crime being the last subject for tonight."

"Guilty," echoed the assembly.

"Lift him up," commanded the surgeon. While the Freshman gazed in horror and utter helplessness from his seat, another struggle ensued, terminating in the subject's being lashed to the table, where, seeing further efforts to be fruitless, he ceased and weakly called for a last chew of tobacco. An interne responded by tying a wet towel over his face, and the operation began.

How long it continued the Freshman did not know, for an hysterical fit of sobbing and shivering mercifully prevented his seeing much. When at last he had recovered enough self-control to look up he beheld the ill-fated cat-robber, now unconscious and covered with a sheet, being carried away on a stretcher, while the surgeons were bathing their hands and rearranging the instruments. After a pause of several minutes, during which, from the drift of conversation around the table, he gathered that the experiment just attempted, whatever it was, would probably result in the death of the patient, the bell again rang.

Contrary to what had happened before, no commotion heralded the arrival of the second subject. He was a young man of medium height, and walked with a slight stoop or roll to one side. Though rather serious, his rather dissipated, sharp-featured, incisive countenance wore
a look of good-natured curiosity and alertness, which might have changed somewhat had he beheld the Freshman, now frozen stiff in a stare of horrified amazement.

"My God," he was gasping, "no wonder Carter couldn't answer the door."

"Our second subject," began the chief surgeon, "is known as——"

"Concedo in toto," calmly interrupted the subject, with a wave of his hand, "but that's not the question. Logically speaking——"

"Silence!" roared the King, in anger. "How dare you interpose your voice in these proceedings?"

"If your majesty believes me out of order, I assure you that I was merely going to ask for a reading of the charges. I do not care to be described while present."

"One more word and you die. Surgeon, continue."

But the fearless subject would not be downed, and again interrupted:

"From the general appearance of things, my death seems to be a foregone conclusion. At least have the courtesy to slay me in accordance with my own idea of parliamentary procedure. According to ethics——"

Here he was rudely shut off by two of the King's guard, who, at a gesture from his majesty, rushed forward and seized him, binding him to the table. At a word from the Queen, who was growing rather weary of the proceedings, the operation was begun without further preamble.

Once more, while the Freshman watched helplessly from his chair, was the preceding spectacle enacted. For what seemed to him hours, the surgeons bent, cut and pried, talking to each other all the time in a passionless monotone that contrasted horribly with the groans of torture that were constantly emitted from under the towel, while a sickening odor of blood and antiseptics permeated the atmosphere. Finally the groans ceased, the chief surgeon straightened up, a sigh of relaxation escaped the whole assembly, and Carter Galen was carried below.

But soon a greater spell of excitement took possession of all those present. The animals, who up to this time had remained in perfect order and quiet on their seats, now whined and twisted about nervously. The table was hurriedly cleared off; more cotton, towels, buckets and instruments were brought. It was evident that the final subject of the evening, which had purposely been left last, was to be the one of greatest interest. The chief surgeon consulted a moment with the King and Queen, then, seemingly to signify by a nod that all was ready, stepped back to the table and rang the bell. Footsteps sounded on the stair; a sharp hiss of breath could be heard from every throat; necks and bodies were stretched to the uttermost; a sullen snarl of rage arose; the Freshman, his face a livid green, leaped from his chair with a scream,—and a
gaunt, black-clothed figure stalked into the room. His face was dark, thin and marked with nervous lines about the mouth, those upon his forehead being concealed by dark wisps of hair which streamed forth from beneath a close-fitting black skull cap. His black professional trousers were spotted with dust and his long, nervous hands with chains, while two great baboons followed close behind him as a guard.

When the commotion had subsided, his fierce eye swept the whole company in an irresistible glance of perfect contempt.

"For the last time," he said, with a fierce sort of smile, "I command you, as inferior beings, without reason or right, to release me. Do you imagine that you are tampering with some scatter-brained college boy? Do you not know who I am?—I, at whose very look, a thousand students tremble!—whose name adorns the pages of every great scientific journal! Am I to stand this indignity? Release me, you—dogs!"

"True! true!" cried the Freshman. "Your majesty, he is——" A blow on the head cut him off. Another growl arose from the seats; the King in rage bared his teeth, but the Queen, in a silvery voice and a smile of fiercest sarcasm, thus taunted him:

"Think, most learned sir. Use your versatile mind, which you have long fed with the sacrifice of every human impulse and emotion. Bring now to bear that knowledge, gleaned from the page of ancient books and verified by the very hearts of scores of our unhappy brethren. Think, so that you may escape; for tonight I charge you with the instigation of wholesale robbery of cats and dogs, with allowing puerile experimentation to be enacted under your authority, and with yourself permanently abstracting from the vitals of our brethren organs which by every law of nature are their own, and without which they may exist, but in a state far worse than death."

"Guilty," echoed the assembly.

Here the Freshman, with a trickle of blood running down his face, again leaped to his feet, screaming: "No! no! Do not injure him! You do not know who he is! He is——"

"Hush!" commanded the professor, then, turning to the throne: "Upon whose testimony am I convicted? Of course, I have no regard for your charges, but merely to prove that they are based on foolish sentiment, call for the verdict of the boy who sits in the corner."

"Very well," agreed the King, "let the verdict rest with him, and, according to what he says, you shall be freed or punished."

"No!" cried the Freshman; "no, I cannot!"

"Enough," broke in the King. "We command you, by your honor, by your religion, by the truth itself, to tell us from your knowledge, is he guilty or not?"
The one addressed stood ghastly and silent, his jaws locked.
“Speak or you die with him!”
A sudden giddiness overtook the Freshman at these words; a bell clanged loudly in his brain; cold sweat broke out over his forehead; lights, faces, everything reeled in one confusing mass before his eyes; his dry lips moved. Throwing up his hands to heaven, he cried, “Guilty,” and fell to the floor.

Out of a vague and dense darkness it seemed that he was being lifted and carried out to where something cool fanned his face. Thence he felt himself mounting higher and higher, thought he was laid upon something soft, heard a door bang, sank far away into silence—and woke up with the sun in his face, a sadder and wiser man.

Coming Night.

Doth my little one cry for a hand to hold
When dusk blots the world away;
When the wind sweeps the west with his tresses of gold,
Dragging the wonders of day from sight,
Fleeing the sullying arms of night,
Doth my little one want the day?
But when years are flown will his heart still cry,
As the streamers of day are furled;
Or long for the night with her mystic eyes,
To lull him away from the world?

Ernest E. Blau, '17.
Have we ever stopped to consider seriously what life in the war trenches is? Probably, from stray pieces of current literature, we are wont to reflect for a mere moment on the numerous hardships of the common "private" now at the front. But it is doubtful if anyone of us is in a position to realize, and fully, too, the detailed discomforts and terrible ordeals which the patriotic soldier has to bear.

On the battlefield of France, as well as throughout a great part of the entire countries which the present war has disturbed, it is the rule of the military staff to re-line the trenches with fresh fighters every six days. And in the intervening time those who had lived their way through shot and shell for that period are able to secure the desired rest in nearby villages and towns.

The ordinary trench or dug-out greatly resembles a catacomb. The height allows a man to stand but only in a stooped manner; the width, if he chooses to lie down, forces him to draw his legs up in a cramped position. When not actually fighting the surly soldiers huddle up against one another, their legs wrapped in blankets and mufflers about their heads. On the ground, covered with straw which they have gathered at night from ruined villages close by, are slung about various kinds of military equipment—smoky rifles, cartridge belts punched full of holes and other war implements. The roof is built of logs thrown across the deep excavation, on top of which is carefully laid sod, these later being covered with loose earth. If the roof has to be made out of branches the rain trickles through, drop by drop, until life in these veritable graves is made more miserable than ever.

Every morning at three o'clock a squad of men leaves the trenches to procure the day's provisions, and in the evening, shortly after sundown, another body sets out. The bread, sardines, coffee and occasional chocolate distributed to each man amounts to little; yet it is his affair to see that it lasts till the next visit is made to the army kitchen, some distance away. These trips are often very difficult, owing to the change in position which a certain detachment may make during the progress of advance. In single file, a squad of powder-covered men will make their way to the kitchen, either stumbling through a swampy field or groping in a dense forest, and on return it is the duty of each to
carry a half dozen canteens or more beside his own required burden.

But the poor common soldier has little or nothing to say; he must dig a hole in the damp ground and there bury himself, even lying with his face against the cold earth, so that he is entirely shut off from the enemy's view. When under the steady hail of bullets and bombs from opposing batteries he must slink back still farther in his filthy furrow, shooting through small holes in the walls of the trench, while he constantly hears the bullets whistle over his head which gradually mow down his comrades, only wondering and perhaps expecting, that the next one will kill him.

Then, with bleak skies, the winter morning dawns and frost covers the ground; his feet are numb and lifeless, and when he turns to quench his thirst from the canteen he finds that its contents are frozen. He passes a weary day, until the winter night closes in; then he may have to answer to sentry duty; if not, he is prohibited to light even a candle, so that the only alternative which he is made to take is to cuddle up in the blanket which was given him and, in a cramped position on the dirty straw, sleep the best way he can.

And yet this has been the story, day in and day out: this life of inconceivable suffering has disgraced humanity for many months. Let us trust, when we think of these brave, willing and patriotic soldiers, that the present remorseful calamity waged on a seething sea of blood will soon meet its death, and that all the world will behold the early dawn of peace.
"Mathematics and the Moon."

"When the broad Potomac shimmers
   And the ripples dance a tune
In the silver-sprinkled limelight
   Of the moon—the April moon—
Why, oh, why, my learned brother,
   Must a fellow's spirit roam
From Aeneas to his sweetheart,
   From the classroom to his home?

Tell me why, e'er yearning spirits
   In that home have found a rest,
Still another distant longing
   Throbs in every fellow's breast,
Throbs for dreamy isles that are not,
   Snowy mountains, purple main,—
When that cursed golden circle
   Beams upon his native plain?"

Spoke the youth, and thus made answer,
   One in years and knowledge old:
"'Tis no fault of 'Alta Luna';
   Love it is not, so I'm told.
From mechanics shalt thou learn it,
   Law of Newton, number three,—
'Tis attraction by reaction
   Of our earthly gravitee."

Wilmer St. J. Garwood, '17.
MONG the scores who have acted Shakespeare during the course of the last sixty years there is one name which is blazoned in fiery letters of immortality, whose inimitable performances will long leave their indelible marks upon the memories of those fortunate enough to have seen him, and whose histrionic accomplishments will ever be inseparably linked with the great masters of the drama. I refer to Henry Irving, the most absorbingly-interesting Shylock and fearfully-impressive Macbeth that ever played upon the heartstrings of an audience. Never before or since has the theatrical world been thrilled by such a thoroughly consistent interpretation of the cruel, but grasping, Jew, or stirred by such a magnificent impersonation of the weak, but ambitious, Macbeth.

Before beginning an appreciation of Henry Irving as Shylock let us give a short sketch of the play. The Merchant of Venice is not only the most widely known of Shakespeare's comedies but also the most popular. And this popularity can be attributed to the bewitching charm of its style and the fluency and simplicity of its language, sometimes fired by the heat of poetic thought and sometimes inflamed by the glow of lofty eloquence. Its more convincing power lies, however, in the happiness of the outcome and the harmony of the various and contrasted characters.

It can be reasonably doubted whether in the whole wide field of poetic drama there is any woman who can rival Portia in the acuteness of her intellect and in her charm of feminine fascination. Where has the immortal bard been more eloquent than in this play? Where has he been more successful in tearing off the mask of deceit and baring the human passions in all their nakedness? Portia is a perfect type of love, Shylock a perfect type of hate, Antonio an ideal representation of melancholy, Launcelot the personification of buffoonery and Gratiano an image of glee. Opinion is divided as to when the comedy was first presented, but it is more than likely that its inaugural appearance occurred at Newington Butts, in Surrey, August, 1594. If such should be the case, this play has charmed and delights thousands and thousands of theatre-goers for more than 300 years.

The character of Shylock has been interpreted differently by several actors of prominence. The elder Booth took an imaginative and exalted view of the part and made him a representative Hebrew. This phase of a rather complex question makes its appeal especially to fan-
ciful and sympathetic students who are apt to read into the text of Shakespeare, meanings that are not warranted. They assert that the Jew has been an ardent lover and a good husband; that he is devout, friendly with other Israelites, and a good father. Irrespective of the truth of these statements, they are unquestionably irrelevant, because that wonderful speech beginning,

\[
\text{Hath not a Jew eyes?}
\]
\[
\text{Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? etc.}
\]

states implicitly Shylock’s motive. It is not vengeance, but, on the other hand, it is revenge and hate, inspired by wrong.

Henry Irving had studied the subject, with the minutest attention to every detail of the part. He regarded Shylock as a “bloody-minded monster,” but at the same time tempered his opinion with sufficient commercial perspicacity to realize that in order to succeed one must win some sympathy from his audience. In his presentation, Shylock did not completely overshadow the other characters, but a happy medium was maintained, with the result that Portia became more conspicuous. She enchanted the audience as a portrait of love fulfilled without impairing the overwhelming force and power of Shylock.

When Irving first acted the part he portrayed the Jew as a venerable patriarch, the sad, secluded widower and the fond, but stern, father. He pictured him as a man originally humane but the fire of whose vengeance was kindled into an unquenchable flame by relentless Christian persecution. His dress was the embodiment of neatness, his demeanor the emblem of formality. But with the passing of time and the advent of experience a decided change took place in his impersonation. Irving’s characterization had now matured into the relentless and implacable Hebrew, gloating over the prospect of his “bond” and hungry to wreak vengeance upon the unfortunate Antonio.

In the trial scene Irving reached the apex of expressive detail and tragic effect. He discarded all passion and clothed himself as a cold, calculating, but righteous, minister of the law. But as the sudden flash of lightning illuminates the surrounding landscape, so in like manner was Shylock disclosed in all his guilt. The feigned cloak of justice for his “bond” is torn aside and murder is exposed in its most heinous and revolting colors. As the distant thunder merely presages the coming of the storm, so did Irving’s dramatic skill at this period only act as a forerunner of the triumph still to come. For it is not until the decision is rendered and the Jew’s schemes thwarted that Irving reaches the height of his consummate ability. When the Jew leaves the court he moves with the greatest difficulty, as if a fierce combat was raging within his
breast, in which his indomitable will was being slowly strangled by a deadly disease.

From the Merchant of Venice we pass somewhat abruptly to that impressive tragedy, Macbeth. The keynote of its success seems to lie in gaining sympathy with a man who receives into his house a friend and patron, steals stealthily to his bedside in the dead of night and plunges a knife into his heart while he sleeps. To inspire compassion for such a one requires no mean amount of ability, and as a result, of all Shakespeare's characters, this one is the most difficult of adequate presentation. Macbeth should really be represented as a person who is in himself really noble but who is compelled to crime by preternatural forces to which he seems incapable of resisting.

For a dramatic delineation of the Scottish chieftain and a superb portrayal of unbounded ambition, coupled with scrupulous attention to every detail of scenery and costume, Henry Irving's interpretation stands foremost in the rank of theatrical achievements. It was first given in 1888 and met with instantaneous success on both sides of the broad Atlantic. Irving regarded Macbeth "as a poet with his brain and a villain with his heart." And in this connection it might not be out of place to add that it is sometimes fortunate that the performances of actors do not exemplify their theories. However, Irving's theory did not influence either the spirit or the effect of his performance.

When he first acted Macbeth he introduced the visible ghost of Banquo, but finally he abolished this innovation and left the spectre to the only too willing imagination of the audience. He always closed the combat scene by standing a little behind the Queen on an elevated platform, with his arm resting in her grasp. Then, as if driven by an unconquerable compulsion, he deliberately turned till his glare rested on the empty stool. His eyes would then dilate with terror, and by contracting the facial muscles his long mustache seemed to fairly bristle with fear. On such a scene as this the curtain would slowly descend, only to rise again quickly in a series of encores to such masterful acting. Macbeth was presented on the occasion of the revival in 1888 one hundred and fifty-one times, a run of unprecedented length and unparalleled success.

Irving was a man of vast imagination and acute sensibility. He could and sometimes did hate; he was even guilty of revenge when injured, but these defects were far outweighed by an unusually loving disposition and a tender heart. He knew human nature through and through, and his charity for its infirmities were practically unbounded. Possessed of a princely nature, nobility of purpose and breadth of vision, he set before him and lived up to the highest ideals. His marvelous faculty of impersonation, his thoroughness of execution and his complete mastery of the various details of dramatic technique are unequalled not only in out time but unequalled in any period or in any land.
“Doggone Justice.”

In the dog house, down the hill,
Lie some critters, pale and still;
Hear them moan?
Their dumb canine story
Tells a tale that’s gory—
That’s a groan.

Have these youngsters any right
To rob a doggie of its bite—
Do you say?
Won’t they do the same to you,
With one clumsy sabred thrust
On a day?

Enter Thales, the physician,
On his philosophic mission—
“Get to work!”
An abdominal partition
Opens up to inquisition
With a dirk.

“Say, friend, get some cotton!
My! Your technique is so rotten,
You won’t do!
Wash your hands and go;
As a doctor, you’re a show
You’re through!”

“Yes, you might think I am queer,
But you just wait till next year,
Then you’ll see.
Say, friend, think you, you can get in
To Medico’ with that shallow grin?”
Quoth he.

If you come a moment late,
Beware lest the earth doth quake—
“Seismic” way.
That is quite a common scene
In that little house of green—
’Cross the way.

Medical Notes.

L. BRISON NORRIS.

The usual midwinter examinations were held the latter part of the past month. All the branches were included. The little information available indicates that the results were gratifying.

On the evening of Saturday, January 23, the Alumni Society met in the H street building. Drs. Vaughan, Wilson and Lowe read interesting papers. The discussion which followed was lively and enthusiastically entered into. The meeting was fairly well attended.

America, under date of January 23, contained a well-considered article by Dr. Kober on "Child Labor and Legislation." The treatment of the question goes back to the time when steam and the various advances in the arts first made the employment of the young a really good business proposition. Up to the present legislation has made some few feeble attempts to correct the wrong, but still the diseases manifestly attributable to the practice continue to exact a heavy toll. A fair agreement must be made with the factory child. Dr. Kober would welcome another solution, but realizes that legislation seems the one means left, since capital "unrestrained by conscience" insists on engaging children at a fraction of a man's wage.

We read with pleasure an able article by Dr. J. F. Moran, formerly Professor of Obstetrics. The paper is a reprint of the President's address to the Washington Obstetrical and Gynecological Society, and was published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Numerous
statistics are quoted as evidence that in spite of the advances made in preventative medicine, mortality and morbidity in obstetrical practice have been but little diminished, and that little diminution is due more to bacteriological research than to any other cause. This tribute to bacteriology is not exaggerated praise of the laboratory worker. Still, we should remember that bacteriology and pathology are related to all the branches treating of the abnormal, so that every discovery in bacteriology is, in a measure, a discovery in all the pathological branches. It is a fact that the abnormal is encountered much more often than the normal in obstetrical practice. Certainly greater things are to be expected and hoped for; and, on the negative side, less of ignorance and indifference in the laity and greater carefulness in the profession would make for a marked decrease in mortality.

We are in receipt of a booklet by Dr. J. M. Penichet, '09, oculist for the National Hospital for the Insane, Habana. The work is dedicated to Dr. William H. Wilmer, and is called "Cuatro Sencillas Conferencias para Enfermeras." The book is limited to disease of the eye, ear, nose, throat and skin, and, besides treatment, includes the anatomy and physiology of the various organs. The facts are briefly told. It is safe to say that the conferences will be found very helpful to the nurses to whom they are addressed.

The middle of the past month Dr. Henry D. Fry addressed a large audience on "The Critical Periods of a Woman's Life." The occasion was the regular meeting of the "Keep Well Society."

The Washington Times of January 23 printed an account of Dr. Philip Newton's marriage to Princess Schahofskaya, at Petrograd. Dr. Newton was assistant professor of anatomy until the past September, when he sailed with the Red Cross volunteers. It seems the Princess had volunteered to nurse in the hospital. The happy event of January 22 was the result. Dr. Newton and his bride, we are told, plan to establish a Red Cross unit at Warsaw.

A speech of Hon. John D. Works, of California, delivered in the Senate on January 5 and 6, provided interesting reading. The title is "The Public Health Service." It is an unwarranted attack on the medical profession and a plea for the incorporation into the service of the other "means of healing"; and so the speech resolves itself into an ardent plea for the recognition of Christian Science. The article is an eloquent expression of prejudice and a veritable distortion of facts. We believe Senator Works to be sincere, and so his error is the more deplorable. We feel that a little thought would cause a slight modification of these views; at least a few incongruities would become manifest. The gentleman's views are respected; we take exception to the way in which he arrives at his conclusions, and plainly his reasoning is not convincing.
On January 12 Dr. Ralph S. L. Walsh, '63, died at his home in Jerusalem, Harford county, Md. In 1875 Dr. Walsh was appointed clinical professor of disease of the throat and ear, which position he ably filled until removing to his last residence. Dr. John T. Digges, '69, passed away on January 15 at his home in La Plata, Md. On the morning of January 28, at his home in Brookland, D. C., Dr. J. Henry Brooks, '65, died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. To the bereaved families we extend our sympathy.

We were grieved to hear of the sudden death of Dr. Kober's brother, which occurred on January 27. We sympathize with Dr. Kober in his loss.

The hospital benefit given at the Columbia Theatre on the second of this month was a great success. The play, "Jack's Romance," with Mr. Fiske O'Hara, was enjoyed by a splendid audience.

The meeting of the Sodality for January was postponed one week, and hence was not held till the 24th. The attendance did not come up to the usual mark, doubtless owing to some misunderstanding about the day. Only about ninety were present. The third Sunday of February will see an increase.

Law Notes.

E. Eugene Darr.

Post-Graduate Class.

Henry Sherman Boutell, who was recently appointed by the Faculty of Georgetown Law School to fill the chair of Constitutional Law made vacant by the resignation of Chief Justice Shepard, of the District Court of Appeals, delivered his first lecture to the students of the Post-Graduate Class on Monday evening, February 1. Professor Boutell was introduced to the class by the retiring lecturer, Chief Justice Shepard. The continued applause which greeted the newly appointed professor upon his introduction to the class must have convinced him of the esteem in which he is held at Georgetown. The chair of Constitutional Law has been filled at various times during the history of the Law School by men of exceptional ability, who have been selected from important executive and judicial offices.

To further the interest in this subject, Hon. Hompton Y. Denham has donated a fund to the Law School to be used in the purchase of textbooks on the subject of Constitutional Law, which are to be placed in the Law School Library, at the disposal of the students taking the course.
Junior Class Dance.

Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall have accepted the invitation of the Junior Class to attend the Junior Prom to be held at Rauscher's on Thursday evening, February 11. A number of other prominent patrons and patronesses have likewise indicated their intention to attend this affair, including Senator and Mrs. Walsh, Senator and Mrs. Robinson, Chief Justice and Mrs. James H. Covington, Professor and Mrs. Charles A. Douglas, Professor and Mrs. Frank A. Hogan, and Colonel and Mrs. John Temple Graves.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the dance have completed their arrangements. The members of the committee are: John D. Hird, chairman; Franklin Barr, William E. Boyle, Kenneth F. Brooks, Roger E. Brooks, Eugene Darr, Edward F. Davis, Jr., William J. Davis, Jr., Charles R. Hardy, Earl B. Healy, Edmund L. Jones, Paul J. Jullien, Curtis W. Keegan, Daniel J. Kelly, James L. Kelly, Robert J. Lodge, Daniel V. Mahoney, Daniel C. Ryan, Lester H. Steinem, John F. Wieser, F. W. McM. Woodrow, and Ricardo D. Zappone. Meyer Davis' popular orchestra will execute the musical program.

Junior Debating Society.

At the first debate held by this society after the holidays the following question was informally discussed: "Resolved, That the Federal Government Should Own and Operate the Telephone and Telegraph Systems." Messrs. Healy, Rossiter, Brady, Helford, Condon, Raftis, Whalen and Bachrach participated in the open discussion of this subject. All of the speakers brought out interesting points on the above topic and were accorded generous applause by their auditors.

The next regular debate was upon the following resolution: "Resolved, That the United States Should Operate a Merchant Marine." This question was likewise thrown open to the house, and there resulted a most interesting and instructive discussion. Mr. Mahlum, the president of the society, spoke eloquently, and the applause which greeted his remarks clearly indicated that he had made an impression upon his audience with his forceful, well-worded argument. Messrs. Whalen, Healy, Dervin, Woodrow, Rossiter, Elliott and Raftis joined in the debate, all proving themselves to be more or less well grounded in the high points on this question. The debaters could not but display their interest in the ship purchase bill which is at present pending before Congress. Though the ship purchase bill before Congress was not the exact point in dispute, the references made to it were many; and as a result the
argument resolved itself into a discussion, pro and con, of this highly important question of such great current interest.

The second preliminary debate was held on Friday, January 22 for the purpose of choosing a team to debate against the Senior Society in one of the semi-final prize debates to be held shortly. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That an Amendment to the Federal Constitution Should Be Adopted Vesting Congress with the Power to Enact a Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law." The competition for places on this team was extremely keen, twelve men volunteering to try for places. George Helford, of Rhode Island, and Bernard S. Brady, of Ohio, were chosen by the judges to represent the society. There were three or four debaters other than those selected who must have made it difficult for the judges to reach a decision, but the two men who were chosen were deserving of the honor, as their arguments were masterfully presented. Among the others who spoke were Messrs. Conon, Raftis, Whalen, Healy, Bachrach, Feldman, Mahlum, Rault and Dervin.

The membership in the society reached such large proportions that it was found inexpedient to continue formal debates; that is, the selection of teams for the weekly meetings. This course, in view of the peculiar circumstances in which the society is placed, is considered most advisable, as a greater number of the members can avail themselves of the opportunity to improve their talents as speakers.

At the last regular meeting of the society John M. Dervin was elected sergeant-at-arms to take the place of Maurice E. Lyons, who resigned on account of the pressure of business duties.

Carroll Law Club.

House Bill No. 2, which, in substance, provided for the enfranchisement of the male population of Porto Rico, was introduced at the first meeting of the society and referred to the Committee on Judiciary. At the last regular meeting the committee read a favorable report upon the bill. During the course of the discussion which followed this report a number of amendments were introduced and defeated, whereupon this bill, the second to be presented in this model House of Representatives, was passed as reported by the committee.

The debate upon the bill was participated in freely by the members present, but the arguments of Messrs. Whalen, Turley and Rossiter possessed the greatest force. These three men stood practically alone as supporters of the bill, and when the vote was reached upon the merits of the arguments the sentiments of the club was found to be in their favor.

Herbert V. Betts, of Arkansas, was appointed by Speaker Honan as journal clerk of the House.
House Bill No. 3 was presented at the last meeting and referred to Chairman Rossiter's committee. This bill provides for Philippine independence. At the next session of the club the committee will report upon the bill and debate will be in order.

Notes.

The members of the Senior Class of the Law School are planning to attend the Alumni smoker to be given on February 16. A number of the students attending the Law School who have also received their degrees at the College have signified their intentions to be present.

Maurice Lyons, a member of the Second Year Class, will render several selections on the 'cello for the entertainment of the Alumni at the smoker.

The Freshman dance is pronounced by all to have been a great artistic success. The efforts of the committee in charge, whose membership includes Hugh Carter and Jack Connelly, was highly appreciated by the class.

Since the last issue of the Journal the Senior Debating Society has held no regular debates. President Padden has posted an announcement that regular meetings will be resumed immediately. John Connolly, chairman of the Committee on Debates, reports the selection of fourteen subjects for debate, which should certainly keep the society busy for some weeks to come.

James B. Wallis, editor-in-chief of Ye Doomesday Book, of the Law School, has at this writing collected the major part of the material to be used in this publication. Nearly every evening finds him seated at a desk in the Law Journal room busily engaged in preparing material for the publishers.

Frank Wieser, of the Second Year Class, is assisting Manager Gurry, of the track team, in the organization of a Law School relay team, which will match its speed with relay teams from the Medical, College and Dental departments of the University in the Georgetown track meet to be held on February 27. There is considerable track material at the Law School, and the development of a relay team in this department of the University should bring out considerable timber for the varsity. The students of the Law School wish success to the team which represents the Law Department.
Dental Notes.

K. M. Knudsen.

Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, Dean, has returned from Ann Arbor, Mich., where he attended a convention of the American Institute of Dental Teachers.

The American Institute of Dental Teachers is an organization composed of members of the faculties of fifty of the leading dental colleges of the United States and Canada, and is represented at its meetings by a faculty member from each of these colleges. The purpose of this organization is to consider and recommend teaching methods for adoption by the different dental colleges.

The National Association of Dental Faculties also held a meeting at Ann Arbor. The members of this association are members of the faculties of the above colleges, and this body has the legislative and executive power to act upon and bring into effect all matters brought to their consideration pertaining to the entrance requirements, requirements of subjects in the curriculum, matters of tuition and requirements for graduation.

The American Council of Dental Education also met at Ann Arbor. This body is composed of five delegates from the college faculties, five delegates from the Association of Dental Examiners and five delegates from the National Dental Association, the latter five delegates having no connection with any of the colleges or State boards. It is the duty of this body to make tours of inspection of all the dental colleges and make whatever recommendations are necessary to bring them up to the required standard.

Each of the above three organizations passed a resolution recommending that the present three-year dental course be extended to four years in all the colleges of the United States and Canada, commencing 1917 and 1918. It was then placed before and unanimously adopted by the National Association of Dental Faculties, this body being the only one of the three that has the power to adopt and bring this into effect.

Dr. Bowles acted as Chairman of the Executive Board of the American Institute of Dental Teachers, and at this meeting was elected Vice-President of the American Institute of Dental Teachers.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Dr. Bowles, and we feel sure that his election to this responsible position will be the means of raising Georgetown's already high standard among the leading dental colleges of the United States and the esteem it is held in by the dental profession in general.
Class elections were held by the classes of 1916 and 1917, with the following members elected to office:

Class of 1916—Mr. R. B. Snapp, president; Mr. I. E. Biggs, vice-president; Mr. I. G. Kohlmeier, secretary and treasurer; Mr. K. B. Alsobrook, sergeant-at-arms.

Class of 1917—Mr. J. E. Guiney, president; Mr. E. Donovan, vice-president; Mr. A. Marsh, secretary; Mr. F. E. Finley, treasurer; Mr. M. K. Holohan, sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. George Connolley and Mr. A. B. Graesle were appointed to represent the Senior Class in regard to the Senior Prom.
The Editorial Board of the JOURNAL wishes to announce that John J. O'Day and Edwin G. Cass have been placed on the staff as contributing editors. These gentlemen have won their places by consistently having articles which were of great value to the JOURNAL. The editors cannot do all the work themselves, and it is largely through the work of the supporting student body that the JOURNAL is to keep its high position among college publications.

Another recent appointment is that of staff artist. This place is held by Frank Lamorelle, who by his skill with the pen has been able to add greatly to the appearance of the JOURNAL.

The Junior Dance.

As soon as the cares of the Mid-Years were over the Junior Class decided to give a dance in Ryan Gym. It was indeed a fitting time for a dance, and it seems to reflect somewhat on the student body that there were not so very many present. In the beginning of the year the students seemed to want dances in the gym, and it was only after many difficul-
ties that the Dance Committee was able to arrange that dances could be held there. They did this, and outside of that have shown untiring zeal in trying to make these affairs a success. So think about this, and when the next dance comes around be sure and support the committee and help them make it a great success.

Reception to the Sodality.

The annual solemn reception of candidates into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception was held in Dahlgren Chapel on Tuesday, February 2, 1915. Rev. Fr. Thomas I. Gasson preached the sermon to the candidates. The following College men were received:

John T. Byrnes, '16
Paul V. Deene, '16
James H. Shortell, '16
Dennis J. Velasco, '17
William R. Barry, '18
George Bliss, '18
Frederick J. Bueche, '18
Matthew J. Burke, '18
James R. Caldwell, '18
Edward J. Cashin, '18
John M. Cunningham, '18
William F. Curtin, '18
Theodore W. Delany, '18
Matthew S. Donnelly, '18
Gaius G. Gannon, '18
Albert A. Geiger, '18
Joseph M. Gill, '18
Eugene J. Gorman, '18
John P. Greenwell, '18
Francis D. Harrington, '18
John E. Keenan, '18
Peter T. Levins, '18
Edward J. McGovern, '18
Stephen McLaughlin, '18
Francis T. Maher, '18
John T. Maloney, '18
Outerbridge Montgomery, '18
Neil E. Nash, '18
Joseph F. Nagle, '18
Francis M. Noonan, '18
Charles C. O'Donnell, '18
Ernest P. Robinson, '18
Charles E. Rozer, '18
James C. Shannon, '18
Walter Tracey, '18
William J. Whalen, '18

The Sophomore Banquet.

The Sophomores held forth at the Powhatan on the evening of Wednesday, February 3. As guests of the class, Father Fallon, Father Gipprich, Mr. Logue and Mr. Dore were present, and pronounced the affair to be a great success. In the position of toastmaster St. John Garwood presided, while the class president, Mr. Breslin; the cheer leader, Mr. Rea, and Messrs. McCarthy, Mee, Lusk and other celebrities, by their witty remarks pleasantly prolonged the evening.

Philademia Notes.

At the first meeting of the second term the following officers were elected: President, John J. O'Day; vice-president, Linus A. Kelly; recording secretary, B. K. Shlesinger; corresponding secretary, William J. Cullinan; treasurer, William K. Hutton; censor, Hugh Golden.

Plans were discussed for the annual bedate with the Fulton Debating Society of Boston, which will be held this year at Georgetown.

The annual Merrick debate, the oratorical classic of the year, has been postponed until Sunday evening, March 14, 1915.

Norman Landreau, '16, and George E. Hamilton, Jr., '17, have been admitted to the society.
Inter-Society Debate With Holy Cross.

In response to a challenge for an inter-society debate from the Freshman-Sophomore Debating Society of Holy Cross College, the White and Gaston Societies, in a joint notice to their Sophomore and Freshman members, named February 7 as the date of the preliminaries.

Three members of the College Faculty acted as judges in the trials. As a result of the judges' decision the team will be composed of Thomas C. Mee, '17; John J. Darby, '17, and James W. Rea, '17, with Norton Lawler, '17, as alternate.

The debate will take place in Gaston Hall just before the Easter holidays.

The Edward D. White Society.

On February 5 the Edward D. White Society elected officers for the second term. As a result of the ballot the following officers were installed: President, Greth Gardner, '16; vice-president, Norton Lawler, '17; secretary, William J. Burlee, '17; treasurer, Norman Landreau, '17; censor, Richard Barrett, '17.

The next question to be debated by this society will be: "Resolved, That the Army and Navy Should Be Increased to Keep Pace with the Leading Powers of the World." This debate, which will take place on February 12, will be argued by Messrs. Richard Barrett, '17, and William Hughes, '17, for the affirmative, and Messrs. Mark Miller, '18, and Norman Landreau, '16, for the negative.

The Gaston Debating Society.

The Gaston held its first meeting of the new year on February 8 for the semi-annual election of officers. The following were elected to office: President, Thomas C. Mee, '17; vice-president, James W. Rae, Jr., '17; secretary, William Barry, '18; treasurer, John Cunningham, '18; censor, John T. Byrnes, '16.

The debate for February 15 will be: "Resolved, That the United States should refrain sending munitions of war to the warring nations." Messrs. Eugene Gorman, '18, and Edward McGovern, '18, will uphold the affirmative and Messrs. Eugene Finnegan, '18, and Gaius Gannon, '18, the negative.
The first meeting of the new year was marked by a splendid lecture given by Mr. Schlessinger. His subject, entitled “Digestion,” was at all times interesting to the members. We are lucky in having a man of Mr. Schlessinger’s calibre, who has had such wide experience in public speaking, and who is ready at all times to further the interest of the society. The society expressed its appreciation of Mr. Schlessinger’s work by a rising vote of thanks.

On January 21 the society convened for the purpose of hearing Dr. Madigan on the subject of the “Cerebellum.” Dr. Madigan was not unknown to us before his lecture, as from time to time certain of his written contributions to the Medical Journal have found their way into our midst. Needless to say, the club was delighted to listen to the author of these articles. Dr. Madigan’s lecture was clear, concise and at all times was enjoyed not only by the members of the Biological Club, but also by then numerous medical students who were present. At the close Mr. Roe led the college cheer as a token of appreciation of the speaker.

The meeting of February 4 was signaled by a distinguished visitor. Dr. Morse, formerly of Harvard University, consented to address the club on the subject of “Mendelism and Its Relation to Biology and Medical Sciences.” The extreme fascination of the subject lay in the fact that it has never been touched before by any member or outside lecturer in any of the club’s meetings. The lecture, given in the Hirst Library, was well attended by members of the faculty, nurses from the University hospital and students from the Medical School. The lecturer complained afterwards that he had expected only a body of scientific men, and so could not do justice to his subject. But we of the Biological Club feel that no apology is necessary, because the matter was handled in a highly creditable manner. We would like to take this occasion to thank publicly Dr. Morse for his work in our behalf. We can only hope that in the near future he will once more honor the Georgetown Biological Society with his presence.

On February 11 a new amendment was made to the constitution. The new clause provided that every member should donate a dime toward the coming eating festival, to take place in the spring. So all you members had better start saving right away so as to help Treasurer McCarthy hoard the gold for our coming feast. We do not mean to put it in vulgar terms, but the more you pay, the more you eat. Mr. Harahan, at this meeting, lectured on the subject of “Hypnotism.” The subject itself, on account of its natural fascination, assured the speaker of the good attention of the audience. The short and concise lecture met with the stamp of the society’s approval. As a token of appreciation the speaker was given a vote of thanks.
The first thing to be remarked about the events of the past month is the fact that John Shugrue is again covering himself with glory. Not content with starring on last year's championship baseball team, "Shuggy" is now trying to do the same for the basketball team. He came out late in the year, in fact not until the Inter-Class League had started, and his work had been noticed by Mr. O'Reilly. However, since then he has been putting up a fine game at forward. Congratulations, Johnny, and keep it up, even though your class team misses you greatly.

"Plugger" Murray is now playing for the class team and is making a hit, according to the teams he has played against. Freddy still thinks that he is out on the gridiron, and insists upon picking them off much to the detriment of the chest weights and other apparatus around the Gym.

As the flowers in spring burst forth so has the hair upon our silver-tongued orator's head. Who is he? None other than Wild Bill Cullinan himself. Now that he has his hair with him, he is wearing it a la Vernon Castle, and moreover, is out after that gentleman's reputation. Bill has some steps of his own, and while as yet the public does not appreciate them, they would come flocking to him if they thought that he would take enough time from the pursuit of his favorite herb to teach them.

"Joge" Horkan has been going to dances also, but it takes the Southern Colonel so long to get into his clothes that the evening is nearly over before his many attendants will allow him to appear in public. So he has given up and now runs around the Gym track a few times whenever he gets nervous. This happened just before the Philosophy Oral when his room-mate refused to tell him what Telemachus held on the origin of ideas.

At a recent class meeting it was proposed that a banquet be held in the near future. And now that the examinations are a thing of the past, it certainly is a mighty good idea. The class has held quite a few dances in its history, but is yet to have a banquet, and for that reason alone when the first dinner does come off it is certain to be a successful one.
Captain "Klau" and his men continue to reel off victory after victory in the Class Basketball League, and outside of an earthquake or some other national catastrophe it begins to look as if 1916 will secure another pennant to hang along side of the coveted flag won in baseball last spring. Every member of the quint is playing high-class ball, and to pick the stars in the lineup is practically an impossible task. However, with such an example as the captain sets, it is little wonder that the rest of the team are displaying Varsity form. Captain "Klau" cages them from every angle, and his work has been the sensation of the League. Eddie Roach, John McGuire, Norm Landreau, Jim Shortell and Billy Butler are but a little ways behind their leader, and if they continue their present brilliant work there is little doubt as to who will be the eventual winner of the championship.

Joe Leary, who made his reputation at Georgetown as a student in the winter months and a pitcher extraordinary in the spring, has returned to school. Needless to say, he was given quite a welcome by the rest of the class, who will never forget his work on the mound in that ever-memorable Class Baseball League.

Billy Butler, the new football manager, has announced his schedule—a schedule, by the way, that is one of the best that Georgetown has ever attempted. Congratulations, Billy, and may the team be worthy of it.

Sophomore Notes.

W. ST. JOHN GARWOOD, '17.

After the very literary comment of last month, a few half-hearted condolences were tendered the Class scribe for losing his job, and general sentiment seemed to express great relief thereat; but, lo! Old Faithful has sprung forth again.

Good old banquet! Thy memory will ever linger—for a few days, at least. Could Cicero have made a more neat and eloquent retort than that wherein Ralph Carbo not only vindicated himself of the charge of moral failure at the thought of "female" company but buried his tormentor, F. Murray, in the dust of defeat? Could Roscius of old have sounded a more pathetic note than "Bill" Cusack?—"Boys, I remember well the day. 'Twas six long years ago"—Really, downtown society was certainly edified when those tall headgears came breezing into the lobby of the Powhatan, casually took command of the place, and then strolled down to feast beneath the famous old banner "1917," while that private orchestra nearly played the candles off the table. All would have gone as smoothly as if we had been accustomed to it every night if
Lusk hadn’t cracked that aged chestnut about the American who couldn’t hire a dress suit in all London because the English nobility was attending a banquet. But be that as it may, we all had a delightful time, and the only regret is that the late hour prevented further enjoyment of impromptu speeches. To the speakers of the evening, whose illustrious names will appear on another page, congratulations are indeed in order, while the gratitude of the whole class is due to the committee, by whose generous and enthusiastic work the whole affair was made a perfect success.

The happy spirit attending the foregoing festival was slightly marred by the unhappy tidings that our old gangster friend, “The Sphinx,” had failed to weather the mid-year gales and had been driven to other seas. However, his smiling appearance in class soon after turned grief into joy at his rescue, which he said was accomplished only after a severe struggle.

This favorable omen, plus the adoption of a class mascot in the person of a tabby cat, seemed to signify a change of luck for 1917, but, beyond that one victory over the Seniors, we fear that the basketball team will continue its peculiar record. *O fortis, surgamus! Exeamus! Vincamus!*
Alumni Notes.
Peter A. Karl.

Banquet of the New York Alumni Society.

The Society of the New York Alumni of Georgetown University, with the President, Mr. J. Lynch Prendergast, presiding, held its nineteenth annual dinner at Sherry's on Saturday evening last. There were more than one hundred and twenty-five present, which was the largest attendance at any banquet the Society has ever given.

The speakers were Hon. George W. Wickersham, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, who responded to the toast "Our Founder"; Mr. Thomas Thacher, President of the University Club and President of the Yale Club, responded to "Our Sister Universities"; Hon. W. Bourke Cockran responded to "Our Alumni," and, in the absence of Father Donlon, Father Gasson made a very eloquent address on "Our Alma Mater."

The souvenirs were unique. There were Georgetown pennants with numbers and substituted some of the names of the Universities and Colleges throughout the United States which are under the control of the Society of Jesus.

The souvenirs were unique. They were Georgetown pennants with the coat of arms in the corners of the pennant. The coat of arms was slightly raised.

Under the direction of the Board of Managers of the Alumni, monthly dinners are being held. At the one in December there were more than forty present. The next dinner will be held in March at the Hotel Algonquin.

Georgetown Club of Rochester.

Following the visit of Father Donlon to Rochester, a new Alumni Society has been formed in that city. The first meeting of the Georgetown
University Club of Rochester was held at Hotel Rochester on the night of December 28, 1914. Mr. James P. B. Duffy was elected temporary chairman and Vincent Dailey was selected temporary secretary. Mr. C. J. Hickey submitted a draft of a constitution and by-laws, which was adopted. A nominating committee, consisting of Mr. Frank Murray, Mr. Frank Dailey, Mr. Joseph Galvin and Mr. Roy Higgins, reported the following nominations, that later became the unanimous choice of the assembled Alumni: President, James P. B. Duffy; First Vice-President, Vincent Dailey; Second Vice-President, Ruppert Maloney; Secretary, C. J. Hickey; Treasurer, Edward C. Edelman. The annual elections are to be held on the Monday after Christmas.

'61. Mr. Charles Boudousque, ex-'51, recently wrote a letter to the College asking for information of his class. Mr. Boudousque is president of the Boudousque Printing Company, New Orleans, La.

'62. Mr. Jesse W. Ross, ex-'62, is in the insurance business in New Orleans, La.

'01. Mr. Al. Murphy, ex-'01, recently visited the College.

'04. Mr. Harrrie Brodrick, ex-'04, is engaged in mining in Ouray, Col. Mr. Will Flicking is in the automobile business in Newark, N. J.

'05. Rev. Jose Maria Cuenco was elevated to the priesthood June 11, 1914. On the 28th of December, 1914, he sang his first mass in the Cathedral of Cebu, Philippine Islands. A grand banquet followed the mass, where eulogistic addresses were made by prominent officials and friends. On the next day El Precursor printed a portrait of the newly-ordained priest, garbed in the robe of the Doctor of Philosophy of Georgetown. After graduating from Georgetown, Padre Cuenco returned to his native country, where he taught for a time in the Cebu High School. Later he entered the Seminary of that city, and since his elevation to the priesthood he has been a professor in that same Seminary. Pedre Cuenco is a man of intellectual attainments, having at one time written an English-Biscayan Dictionary. He also translated into English “Ejercicios Practicos," a work composed by his father.

'06. Mr. John Wurtz, ex-'06, recently called at the College.

'08. Mr. Harry Kelly, ex-'08, of Syracuse, New York, was another recent visitor at the College.

'10. The marriage of Dr. Philip Newton to Princess Helene Schahofs-kaya, at Petrograd, was lately announced. Dr. Newton sailed for Servia on the Greek steamer Iona Nina, as a member of one of the ten Red Cross units that were distributed amongst the various belligerent countries of Europe. The bride was a volunteer nurse in the Kiev Hospital operated by the Americans. The ceremony was performed according to the ritual of the Russian Church and was attended by North Winship, the American
Consul at Petrograd, and by Ray Baker, Secretary to American Ambas-
sador Marye. Previous to his going to Europe, Dr. Newton was a member
of the Georgetown Medical Faculty.

'12. The oratory of John Crosby is certainly burning up the New Eng-
land States with its imagery, its cogent reasoning and its wonderful de-
ivery. Only last month we recorded one of his oratorical triumphs and
again this month we have another to relate. At the annual banquet of
the St. Michael's Club of Providence, R. I., at which John Crosby was the
principal speaker, he gave an address that brought forth vociferous
applause for five minutes. His toast, "The Genius of Gael," will long be
remembered by the fortunate members of St. Michael's Club.

'13. Mr. Edward Beatty holds a responsible position in the office of his
father, a big contractor in Brooklyn, New York. Ed declares he likes
the work and since entering his father's office a year ago he has devoted
himself heart and soul to the business in an effort to master the details.

Harry Costello, the ever-glorious Georgetown quarterback, was visiting
at the school recently. He was on his way back to the University of
South Carolina, where he will coach the baseball candidates.

Dr. Richard J. McDonald is situated in Butler, N. J.

'14. Edward McTammany Donnelly, editor of last year's JOURNAL and
writer of the lyrics of that brilliant Georgetown musical achievement,
"The Maid of Marchfeld," was back at the College for a few days. Mc-
Tammany is studying journalism at the University of Columbia in New
York. Though it is only his first year, he has been an editor of the Jester,
a worthy rival of the Harvard Lampoon, for several months.

William Martens has a position with the McCall Pattern Company in
New York. Bill must have a drag with his employers, for not long ago
he was seen at the Astor, taking in a matinee performance of "Hello, Broad-
way."

William J. Connor, James P. Dunne and George S. Ryan have success-
fully passed the Massachusetts Bar examination.

Herman S. Killian, ex-'14, has a responsible position with the Herman
Brandeles Automatic Fire Sprinkler Company, of Utica, N. Y. Herm
gave up his Congressional work some time ago and has since been with
this company.

'15. Dick Connell, a former member of the present graduating class
of the College, is president of the board of editors of the Harvard Lam-
poon. He is also one of the editors of the Crimson. Dick enjoys the
rare distinction of being the only man at Harvard who is an editor of
both these publications.

'16. Richard Dear, a well-known member of the Prep School and a
Freshman with the Class of '16, was recently married to Miss Beatrice
Milstead at St. Margaret's Church, Washington.
Basketball.

The work of the basketball team during the past two weeks has been rather erratic. At times the Blue and Gray has shown excellent team work, and has displayed a form that would mark it a winner in any contest, but on other occasions this particular feature of play has been lamentably lacking, and in consequence only disastrous results have accrued.

Shortly after the holidays the strong quint representing Virginia Military Institute paid us a visit. This team had been heralded as one of the strongest combinations in the South, and confidently expected to register a victory over our boys. Georgetown, however, won in a clean, spirited contest by the score of 25 to 21. During the first half the Blue and Gray put up a stellar exhibition and romped into a lead over V. M. I. by eleven points. In the second half, lack of team work, coupled with a want of accuracy in shooting, came near spelling defeat for us, and it was only in the dying moments of the game, when our fellows took a final brace, that the issue was decided.

On January 26 the team journeyed to Lynchburg, Va., to meet Washington and Lee. In the first half we were clearly outclassed by the latter University, but in the final period the team showed a marked reversal of form, and for a time threatened the “Generals.” The final score was: Washington and Lee, 32; Georgetown, 23.

For some reason or other, our basketball team this year does not seem to be much of a “road team.” That is to say, up to date the team has not achieved a single victory outside of Washington.
Following the trip to Lynchburg, the Varsity journeyed over to Baltimore to meet the Mt. St. Joseph's team. We had defeated this same five on our home court in the initial game of the season. The result of the game in Baltimore was not so favorable. Although the Blue and Gray put up a grand fight to win, their effort fell short, and our team returned on the short end of a 28-to-21 score.

Consistent with past performances on the road, the Varsity lost another game to the Navy, at Annapolis. The less said about this game the better. Georgetown was completely bewildered by the great team work of the Middies. It was the severest drubbing our team has experienced this year, the score being 47 to 6.

Wednesday, February 3, was a memorable day for Georgetown. It was on this day that the long-looked-for meeting between our old rivals, George Washington University, and Georgetown took place. The first meeting since the severance of athletic relationships back in 1907 was brought about through this basketball game. And to the delight of our followers, the result was a well-earned victory for Georgetown University. The game itself was replete with sensational playing, and it was a contest spiritedly and evenly fought from beginning to end. The Blue and Gray put up the best game of basketball they have shown this season—but they had to play in order to win.

Just as we are about to go to press we are happy to report here another victory of importance registered by the basketball team, namely, that over Fordham, who, it will be recalled, defeated us earlier in the season in New York. On our home floor the tables were turned and Georgetown had its opponents outclassed at every stage of the game.

Track.

Head Coach Mr. O'Reilly expects to have the time trials for the relay team some time within the week. The four to represent the Blue and Gray will probably be chosen from the following men: Stebbins, Jones, Weiser, Young, Prescott, Gill, Golden, Keenan and McLaughlin.

Manager Tom Gurry announces that Yale has agreed to run Princeton a two-mile relay at our meet in Convention Hall on February 27. This is a banner card for Gurry to trump for the sport-loving public of Washington. Whenever these two old rivals—Yale and Princeton—meet you can count on a battle royal.

Gardner Duffy, '16, is showing up well these days in practice in the high jump, and if he lives to form should be heard from in the meets of the near future. Aside from the excellent coaching of Mr. O'Reilly, Duffy is under the tutelage of Marshall Low, our own high-jump king.
Another man who bids fair to surprise his competitors is Pat Conwell. Pat has been working out daily with the shot and discus. Of course, the latter event will not be held until the outdoor season commences, but from all accounts Pat's work in the weight events will bear watching.

Fitzgerald and Ward, both members of last season's Varsity, are also working out in the shot-put event.

**Baseball.**

Manager George Roe has placed an order for three new baseball cages, which will be delivered shortly. As soon as the weather shows signs of breaking Mr. O'Reilly is going to have the candidates on Varsity Field.

The battery candidates are working out every day now in Ryan Gymnasium. The men are put through a long drill each afternoon by Mr. O'Reilly, and by the time the first of spring sets in there is no reason why these men should not be in the pink of condition.

**Football.**

"Billie" Butler has just announced his football schedule for next season, and it embraces without doubt the most pretentious list of games for a Hilltop team. The schedule presents a very hard campaign, but it is strictly in keeping with the progressive spirit of the management, and marks another step in the direction of establishing athletic relationship for Georgetown on the gridiron with the leading universities and recognized teams of the country. There are several newcomers on the schedule, notably Princeton, Susquehanna, St. Louis, Colgate and Delaware College.

Georgetown will also meet the Army next season. Three years have elapsed since our last visit to West Point, when, it will be recalled, Georgetown played the Soldiers to a scoreless tie. The annual game with the Navy will be played next fall on October 2. Fordham will be met in New York on Election Day, and on Thanksgiving Day the Blue and Gray will journey to St. Louis to meet for the first time the University of St. Louis.

Colgate is to be the big home attraction, and is booked to play in Washington on November 20. For several years Georgetown and Colgate have been desirous of meeting each other on the gridiron, but in past years there has always been considerable difficulty in selecting a
suitable date. Undoubtedly Colgate will be a very attractive drawing card, and this game next season with Georgetown should furnish the sport-loving public of Washington with its annual football classic.

The schedule:

October 2. — Navy, at Annapolis.
October 9. — Susquehanna, at Georgetown.
October 16. — Delaware College or Western Maryland, at Georgetown.
October 23. — Army, at West Point.
October 30. — Open date.
November 2. — Fordham, at New York.
November 6. — Gallaudet, at Georgetown.
November 20. — Colgate, at Georgetown.
November 26 (Thanksgiving Day). — St. Louis University, at St. Louis.

**Boxing.**

Boxing has become very popular this winter with the students, and recently the services of Joseph Bateman, one-time lightweight champion of Maryland and Virginia, were secured.

On February 17 Instructor Bateman is going to hold a few boxing bouts in Ryan Gym. to exhibit some of the work of his pupils. There are eight bouts carded for the evening between competitors ranging from 130 to 210 pounds in weight.

Bateman has developed some of his men into fair performers and the bouts are expected to prove interesting.

**Basketball Games in Detail.**

*U. P. I., 21; Georgetown, 25.*

Georgetown University basketball team scored a victory over Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Ryan Gymnasium last night, when it downed the Virgininans in a fight-to-the-finish struggle, 25 to 21. At the outset of the game the local quint appeared clearly to outclass the visitors, scoring two field goals in the first few minutes of play and finishing the first half eleven points in the van.

This advantage, however, rapidly decreased after the second half was under way, and the opposition, by the substitution of several players, took on a new lease of life.

The game, although spirited, was not rough, and a comparatively small number of fouls were called, the majority of which were shot by Tormey, for Georgetown, and Cocke, for V. P. I. The playing of these two men, especially Tormey, was of high caliber. Tormey made several stirring shots in the first half when he basketed the ball from a distance...
of 30 feet going at full speed. Kelly, of Georgetown, also made some difficult shots.

No small share of credit for V. P. I.'s showing may be given Frank Englesby, who replaced Logan in the second half. From the moment this player entered the game Georgetown's lead dwindled, partly by the addition of two successive field goals, coming in short order, by Englesby himself, and partly through the combined excellent defensive work of this same player, Moore, and J. Englesby, also substitutes.

G. U. Positions. V. P. I.
Flanagan ................................... L. F. ................................ Logan
Curry ....................................... R. F. ................................ Sanders
Tormey ..................................... Center .................................. Cooke
Donnelly .................................... R. G. ................................ Powell
Kelly (captain) ............................. L. G. ................................ Bruce


In the fastest game of basketball ever witnessed at Mount St. Joseph's Gymnasium, the Josephites triumphed over the Georgetown quint, 28 to 21. From the initial to the final whistle the game abounded in thrills, both teams uncorking spectacular plays.

For the first five minutes neither team seemed able to find a scoring target. On a beautiful pass from Wamsley, Malone registered a field goal, and Tormey quickly followed it up for Georgetown. During no stage of the first half were the clubs separated by more than two points, the Josephites, however, emerging from this chapter two points to the good, the half ending 11 to 9.

The scoring of the second half began with the knock-off. Clark batted the ball to Malone, who turned and caged a goal. Thereafter the Josephites maintained the lead, though the Blue and Gray quint pressed them hard during the frame.

Tormey and Kelly easily carried off the honors for Georgetown. These men played an aggressive and defensive game. Shugrue, who was a late substitute, also gave a brilliant exhibition.

Dutch Hollander, a Georgetown man, officiated the game, and was entirely satisfactory to both teams. Summary:

Wamsley ................................ L. F. ................................ O'Lone
Malone .................................... R. F. ................................ Flanagan
Clark ..................................... Center .................................. Tormey
Mackey .................................... L. G. ................................ Kelly (captain)
Cahill .................................... R. G. ................................ Donnelly

Substitutions—Curry for Flanagan, Shughrue for O'Lone, Valk for Curry. Goals from floor—Malone (6), Wamsley (3), Mackey, Cahill, Tormey (4), Kelly, O'Lone, Curry, Shughrue. Goals from foul—Mackey, Malone (5), Tormey (2), Kelly, Shughrue (2). Referee—Mr. Hollander, of Georgetown.
Washington and Lee, 32; Georgetown, 23.


Washington and Lee defeated Georgetown here tonight in a rather tame basketball game, 32 to 23. W. and L. clearly outplayed Georgetown in the first half, but in the last period the honors slightly favored the Washington team.

The first half ended in favor of the Lexingtonians, 18 to 6, but in the second stage, after Curry displaced Flanagan at left forward, Georgetown showed greater strength, Curry being able to ring three hard goals in quick succession.

Zaiss, Seeley, and Young starred for Washington and Lee. Miles got the jump on Tormey at center, but on the floor, both in the offensive and defensive, Tormey outplayed his big rival. O'Lone and Curry were Georgetown's other stars.

Georgetown did not score from the field until after eleven minutes of play in the first half. Georgetown was badly lacking in team cohesion in the first half, but came back stronger in the last. Summary:

W. and L. Georgetown.
Zaiss ...................................... R. F. .......................... O'Lone
Seeley ..................................................... L. F. ................. Flanagan
Miles (captain) ........................ Center ............................. Tormey
Pierotti ............................................. R. G. ........................ Donnelly
Young ............................................... L. G. ....................... Kelly (captain)


Navy, 47; Georgetown, 6.

Annapolis, Md., January 30, 1915.

Navy was surprised at the poor showing made by the Georgetown basketballers today, the Midshipmen outclassing them and winning, 47 to 6.

All the scoring of the visitors from the court consisted of a goal in each half, thrown by Kelley and Curry, these being supplemented by two goals from the foul line, tossed by Captain Kelley in the first half. Kelley was the only one of the visitors who showed much efficiency, and he played a hard game from start to finish.

Georgetown did not appear to have a satisfactory system for working up to a shot, and lost much energy in tossing the ball around their own basket. Time after time a midshipman intercepted one of Georgetown's passes and passed or dribbled the ball down the field for a successful shot.

Adams and Smith worked together with an almost perfect under-
standing, Smith's dribbling being a feature of the game. Smith also talled on the most spectacular shot of the game, late in the final half.

Georgetown was as weak on the attack as on the defense, and on several occasions a midshipman received the ball just by the basket and with no opposing player near him. Summary:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Academy</th>
<th>Positions</th>
<th>Georgetown</th>
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<tr>
<td>Smith</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>Shughue</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adams</td>
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<td>Tormey</td>
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<td>Chandler</td>
<td>Center</td>
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<td>Wilkes</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
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<td>Oversch.</td>
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Substitutions—Calhoun for Smith, Jenkins for Adams, Clark for Wilkes.
Goals from floor—Adams (8), Smith (6), Oversch (3), Calhoun (2), Jenkins, Kelly, Curry. Goals from fouls—Adams, 2 in 3 chances; Smith, 1 in 5 chances; Kelley, 2 in 5 chances. Referee—Mr. Coliflower, of Georgetown.
Time of halves—20 minutes.

**George Washington, 16; Georgetown, 21.**

Georgetown won because, all in all, its men displayed a better article of basketball. There was little to choose between the contending teams through three-fourths of the fray. But toward the end, in the period when every point looked a mountain to the rival followings, present to the number of close to 500, the Hilltoppers were aggressors.

It had been a fight which every man interested seemed to put everything he had into play. In the early stages, there was a frantic effort on the part of individuals to score the first point. As a result there was a lot of erratic play, random shots growing out of nervous anxiety. Fouls were numerous. After several failures to take advantage of them on free shots, "Shorty" Almon, of George Washington, finally caged one, for the starter. A minute later "Jim" Tormey, who acts in the same capacity for Georgetown, followed suit. From this juncture on it was a nip-and-tuck fight. At the end of the period the teams were on even terms at 10 all.

It was the individual work of John Shugrue, forward on the Hilltop team, who took the floor for the first time this season, that put Georgetown out in the lead in the closing chapter. Shugrue proved well up to the mark in all departments.

As a general rule, Almon, of George Washington, is a wizard on free tosses. Last night he was way off. And this was a decided drawback to his team. Almon caged but eight of a possible twenty-one. Shugrue accomplished something in this line where everyone else failed.

Captain Kelly and Tormey were unable to add points with regularity. The task was handed over to Shugrue in the deciding moment. He caged each of three offered by infringements of the opposing team.

Georgetown's best work was on the defense. This is clearly demonstrated in the fact that George Washington annexed but six points on
field goals, one each for Johnson and Almon in the first and another for Murray in the second period.

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<tr>
<td>Almon.</td>
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<td>Murray.</td>
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<td>Johnson.</td>
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<td>Groesbeck.</td>
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<td>Donnelly</td>
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<td>Shaver (captain).</td>
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Goals from floor—O’Lone (2), Shugrue (3), Tormey (2), Almon, Murray. Goals from foul—Shugrue, 3 out of 3; Kelly, 2 out of 8; Tormey, 0 out of 4; Almon, 6 out of 18; Murray, 2 out of 4.

Referee—Mr. Collifower, of Georgetown. Umpire—Mr. Hughes. Timers—Messrs. Lamber, of Catholic University, and Hutton, of Georgetown. Time of periods—20 minutes each.

**Fordham, 16; Georgetown, 31.**

The Georgetown basketball team easily defeated the Fordham team, of New York, last night in the Ryan Gymnasium in a rough and uninteresting game. Score, 31 to 16. The local quint had it all their own way, scoring 18 points to their opponents’ 8 in the opening stanza and practically duplicating this feat in the second half.

The showing last night of the visiting quint was entirely unexpected, as they defeated the same team in the latter part of last month by a decisive score in New York, though their poor exhibition of this popular sport was really caused by overwork—trying to play four games in but three nights.

The work of the Hilltop five in the line of passing was far above the ordinary, and with a few fine shots on the part of Tormey helped considerably for a local victory. Walsh was again the individual star of the Fordham five, scoring ten of his team’s total.

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<td>Shugrue.</td>
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<td>O’Lone.</td>
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<td>Tormey.</td>
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<td>Donnelly.</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
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<td>Kelly.</td>
<td>R. G.</td>
<td>Peluso.</td>
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Fouls called—Fordham, 10; Georgetown, 3. Referee—Mr. Collifower. Time of periods—20 minutes.
A "Tip" or So For Young Men

We want you to see one unusually "clever" overcoat—it is a short length, soft roll, wide lapel, patch pocket coat in new materials that smack of Scotland's "hie-lands."

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