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

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Who Graced the Banquet of the
New England Club of the Georgetown University
VERY member of Georgetown College was abruptly awakened from the tranquil pursuits of peace during the course of the last week by the receipt of a huge military-looking envelope, stamped with the official seal of the War Department. Enclosed was a stirring appeal to all to join the college men’s training camps to be held this coming summer, as in the two previous years, at Plattsburg, N. Y.
In these tumultuous times especially, when practically the entire civilized world is plunged into a war unprecedented in its loss of life and in the magnitude and extent of its operations, preparedness is a subject that is of momentous importance. It is a topic that vitally concerns the welfare of every citizen of the United States. What would this country do for trained men in the event of war? Where could she obtain competent officers to train the hordes of volunteers that would certainly rush to the aid of Old Glory in the hour of need? Plattsburg is the answer to these questions and the coming holidays the opportunity for all red-blooded American youths to show in a concrete manner their patriotism and love for their native land.

Besides the military training, the camp has still further attractions. What could be more healthful to a student confined to the class-room for nine months than five weeks spent in the open air? Where could one derive more benefits from a vacation than in the performance of physical exercises in the day, to be rewarded by a refreshing sleep under the canvas or in the open air at night?

Last summer the newspapers gave great prominence to the doings at Plattsburg. Columns upon columns of space were devoted to the doings of the sons of Yale, Harvard and Princeton and other large universities, who were lauded for their public spirit in attending these college men’s training camps. Georgetown was represented too, it is true, but by no means in proportion to her size and dignity. This year though is another year, and let us show to all the country that Georgetown leads in patriotism as well as in everything else. Begin the good work at once. Sign the enrollment blanks and thus plant firmly the Blue and Gray at Plattsburg. Georgetown must be well represented.

The Choral Club.

In the last year Georgetown has progressed in leaps and bounds. Plans for the new Prep. school have passed the embryo stage, and by the fall of 1917 the entire Healy Building will beckon to the incoming Freshmen. Scholastically as well as athletically the Blue and Gray has gained fame and prominence throughout the land. But in the midst of this golden age there has been something lacking, and it is indeed with pleasure, that we record the fulfillment of this long-felt want.

Not ten days ago a meeting was held in the Hirst Library at which plans were discussed for the forming of the Georgetown Choral Club. With characteristic enthusiasm the new organization was launched into the waters of college life, where, let us hope, it will take a most prominent place. There is plenty of talent in the school at present, and, as a
capable man will be in charge, success is certain to crown the efforts of the members of this new activity.

The club will be confined at the beginning to members of the college. But as time passes it is hoped to include all the departments and to make it representative of the entire university. The first public appearance will be eagerly awaited and the Journal takes this opportunity to rejoice at the birth of the Choral Club and to wish it a long and successful life.

The Pork Barrel and True Patriotism.

If there is any subject that is sharing the prominence of the war news in our papers and periodicals today, it is the constant mention of the pork barrel. A rather odious term, the more fastidious reader may say, but by far too mild a one to apply to those whose grasping hands are stained by reaching for its contents. For it is a political asp that is slowly eating its way to the vitals of our government and threatening to destroy that safe-guard of the nation—the patriotism of its Congressmen.

How many representatives have a false idea of patriotism! How many, whose creed it is, to obtain patronage for their individual districts at any cost, even at the expense of the nation's welfare! Let us suppose a Congressman from Maine, fairly glowing with pride and self-sufficiency, hurries back to Squash Centre, to tell the admiring natives that he has obtained for them a $3,000,000 breakwater. He knows full well that no breakwater is needed for his town, but it means re-election for himself and prosperity for his constituents, and what more can a politician desire than to obtain this two-fold result.

Let us take another example that unfortunately is only too common. A new postoffice is needed in Hickville, Ala., a town that unblushingly boasts of close unto 6,000 inhabitants. The Representative from that district, a true public-spirited and patriotic man, after much angling and wire pulling obtains $300,000 for a stone edifice that would not be entirely out of place in City Hall Square. Highly elated he returns to Hickville and the gratified and enthusiastic citizens are now booming him for governor.

This is the sin that is crying to heaven for vengeance in American public life today. This misconceived idea of duty in the people's servants is what menaces the security of our representative form of government. By all means let our Congressmen learn the true meaning of patriotism. Speed on the day when they will all learn to subordinate their own town, county, and district to the broader and national issues of the entire United States.

The Editor.
REATHES there a man with soul so dead that to himself hath never said this is my own, my native land.” Lives there a student who hath never said this is my college, my Alma Mater. Pondering on these thoughts one day as I strolled about the grounds of Georgetown it occurred to me that although we all take great pride in our college and its history, many there are who but faintly recall the striking epochs which are the milestones marking the growth and progress of the University. Before me rose the North Building, an imposing edifice of brick, constructed in Colonial style and buttressed with two octagon towers. I had always viewed the old building with great admiration. Its evident age lent it dignity; its chaste lines, so simple, and in its simplicity lay grace and beauty. Now, thought I, had the walls but tongues as well as ears, what tales might not these very walls unfold. The library being the next source of information, I was soon in possession of a volume replete with Georgetown lore, and a little later, comfortably seated on the north porch, I was soon thoroughly immersed in its contents.

The difficulties encountered by the founders of the college, their perseverance, and ultimate success, was all laid bare before me. After years of planning the property was procured, a building erected and in seventeen ninety-one the doors were opened to receive the students.

Suddenly I looked about me and beheld as remarkable a gathering as ever man had around him, for there standing on the old North porch were three gentlemen, so totally different in dress and mien, as to suggest a pageant or costume ball, rather than a college campus on an afternoon in early spring. My astonishment was further increased by observing that I was the particular object of their attention. It was flattering but rather disconcerting, especially as they maintained perfect silence and evinced no inclination to relieve my evident embarrassment and curiosity.

“Well,” said I, finally gaining control of my faculty of speech and addressing the remarkable trio, “allow me to welcome you to North Hall.” The effect was startling.

“Welcome us,” they exclaimed in astonished tones, the while regarding me with quite as much amazement as I had them. “Rather should
we welcome you,” exclaimed one who was dressed in the manner of our revolutionary forefathers, while the others bowed their heads in assent.

I pressed my feverish brow and managed to mutter: “Who are you?” “I am one of the first students to live in this building,” said the one with periwig and knee breeches.

“And I also have dwelt in its charming chambers,” announced another of my strange visitors, whose costume seemed to indicate him as being one of the age when North and South were clinched in bloody embrace.

One glance at the remaining unaccounted member convinced me that he had but shortly left the sheltering walls of Georgetown. His interest in the other two was nearly as great as mine, so I lost no time in turning to my more unusual guests.

“But how? Why?” I commenced to stammer out the questions that were flooding my brain; I was still sadly confused.

“Have you not been studying the history of this building,” interrupted the eldest student. “And have you not read of me, and my two friends, and are you not anxious that the fame and renown of this hall be more widely spread?” I could but nod my head. “Then, sir,” he continued, “we have come to enlighten you and aid you in your worthy task.” So saying, the three seated themselves as if for a lengthy visit.

After acknowledging this encouraging speech I earnestly begged the gentleman to tell me what he knew of the North Hall when its only rival was the South Building.

After a few preliminary coughs he began.

“Know you then, sir, that I arrived at Georgetown from Carolina in the year 1795, and great was my delight to see the beautiful spot where the academy was situated. Father Molyneux was president then, and greatly loved and respected by all the boys. This building was still under construction and many a time do I remember running along the beams, now covered by brick and plaster.” Here he sighed reminiscently and, lest he recall too many of his own activities, I ventured a question.

“Is it true that the ground upon which this building is built was called the ‘Knave’s Disappointment?’”

“True,” said my friend frowning at the interruption. “Many were the rumors that some day more than one disappointment would be occasioned here.” At this juncture I noticed the most recent alumnus present, start and slightly pale.

“I remember,” he continued, “how we all aided in the final completion of the work, and the satisfaction derived from smearing on the paint.”

A vision of our football stand rose before me, but he was still speaking.
“Did you ever hear of the visit that George Washington paid the academy?” he was inquiring. I admitted that I had a faint recollection of some such story but would be delighted to hear about it from an eye witness.

“It was in 1796 when Father Du Bourg was rector. We were all busy at our tasks when the news spread around that Washington had come to pay the Academy a visit. You can imagine our excitement. It was true! For there hitched to the railing of this very porch was the General’s horse; yes, sir, right here.” Here he paused to let the weight of the announcement penetrate; being satisfied with our attention he proceeded. “Of course, we did our best to give him a fitting welcome. Professor Matthews extended the welcome of the faculty while Robert Walsh delivered an address in poetry of his own composition. It was a great day.” So thought I here was the beginning of the custom of presidential visits to the college.

“See those towers,” he went on, “they were built later to sustain the walls, and were also used to confine the unruly and negligent.”

“Jug,” muttered the youngest of my callers.

Somewhat put out by this interruption and noticing the increasing uneasiness of the second gentleman, the narrator ceased, and by a motion indicated that he surrendered the floor.

“Very interesting, indeed,” exclaimed the new speaker, “but in those days Georgetown was but an academy, now when I lived here we were a flourishing college with many traditions. Well do I recall the story of Brother McFadden who, acting in his official capacity of tailor, was never known to patch a garment with a cloth of like color.”

Here I thought it wise to interrupt, noticing a shocked expression on the countenance of the more recent A.B. “Did you have much excitement here during the Civil War?” I inquired.

“Did we? Well, I should say say,” he exclaimed. “What with the boys leaving, many to enlist, and others to look after their homes, there was ever a feeling of worry. Why, this very building was used to quarter the troops and later as a hospital. It was a great treat those days to get to the city.”

“F street,” broke in the irrepressible one, with new interest. After I had restored order the tale proceeded.

“We had great fun with our dramatic society, especially after the war was over and things were normal again.”

“Did you ever hear of the Maid—” As I reached out to forcibly silence the cause of our many interruptions I lost my balance and landed upon the hard floor with great force but little dignity.
My visitors faded as if by magic and I found myself deserted in the fast gathering dusk. Ah, thought I, if I had only heard the story of the youngest, but wishing is but a vain thing at best, so, recovering my book, I hied me to the dining hall.

The Daisy Petals.

Love me, love me not,—
You have whispered love to me,
In the daisy petals
Of my love now we shall see.
Love me, love me not,—
If the last white leaf says yea,
Oh! Like the daisy
Gladly I'll say yea to thee.

Love me, love me not,—
One by one the leaves I tear
From the golden centre
Where they flourished pure and fair.
Love me, love me not,—
Love me not and but a pair
Remains. Ah, cruel flower!
It is nay thy leaves declare.

Love me not, they said.
Shall I thwart my heart's decree
For a daisy petal?
No, my love I give to thee.

N a trail in the Great Forest just west of James Bay a trapper was urging his dogs along with blows and curses and the setting sun's last horizontal rays struck gashes of crimson across his path. One hour more and he would reach Ten Pole factory and then would begin a wild jamboree. Ah! the whiskey. Yellow Dog's eyes glowed at the thought of it and the gold, plenty of gold he would get for the two bales of fur on the sled, plenty of gold to flaunt before the eyes of the other trappers who would have very little, for the season was bad for them—plenty of gold and plenty of whiskey. He redoubled his curses and cruelly whipped the straining huskies and at last through the trees he could see the light of the settlement. Soon he pulled up at the trading station, tumbled off his bales of fur, dragged them through the door and then stood looking at the factor who viewed him with unconcealed dislike.

"Grub stake and gold," said Yellow Dog, but the factor merely grunted as he examined the skins. They were good, yes. Lynx and fox mostly, and plenty of both; they would cover the grub stake and a little money besides. He looked over his tally, quickly computed the value and flung some coins on the table. "Get out," he ordered.

"So? Not so queek Meester," said Yellow Dog. "Per'aps you don't like to see blue fox, so?"

The factor started; a blue fox had not been brought in for years. Just at present the London fur market quoted blue fox at $800, that would mean $200 for Yellow Dog.

"Where's the skin," growled the factor, and Yellow Dog began to fumble in the folds of his parka. At last he pulled it out and placed it on the table, its rich blue-black sheen gleaming in the lamp light. The factor examined it and thought of the money that was to go to waste on this Chippewa. Why couldn't some man have gotten this, but he handed Yellow Dog the money and Yellow Dog smiled an oily smile as he backed out of the door and turned and crossed the little square.

The noise that came from the bunk house that night chased the arctic stillness into the forest and the stars shed their feeble light over the tiny settlement until the aurora came and shut them out. Inside a smoking oil lamp hanging awry from a beam near the ceiling cast a crazy gleam.
over the men sprawled around. Some were shouting drunk and others were shouting because they were not drunk, and of these latter Big Ed Maineau shouted the loudest because his furs were not enough to pay for next winter's grub stake; and after he settled that debt it was doubtful if he would have enough money left to get drunk on. It was indeed a dreary future, and what rankled more was that an Indian, a Chippewa, Yellow Dog, had made a haul and was boasting about it. In the dusk of the far corner he could make out the squatting form of the Indian, the whiskey bottle tilted high on his head. An idea came to him; he would borrow from the Indian; he had plenty of money and could wait for payment. He walked across the room and stood staring down at the Indian whose flushed countenance was slowly raised to return the glare.

"Dog, I want some money," said Maineau.

"Yes? You like maybe drink? Whiskey much good," said Yellow Dog and punctuated it with a nip from the bottle. "Dam' fine, good, lots money, drink maybe all week," and he pulled a fist full of gold coins from a pocket. "Lots money, Yellow Dog's money, Ed Maineau go hell." And he shoved the coins back.

An angry murmur ran around the bunk house, not so much because Yellow Dog refused to give up his money but because he had sworn at a white man and, besides, Yellow Dog was such a cur. Big Ed turned a fiery red and the purple veins swelled in his neck, and then he reached down, swung Yellow Dog out in front of him and held him there.

"Dog," he said, "I'll take what money I need now and unless you say you didn't mean those words, I'll take it all and bust your sneakin' hide." But Yellow Dog's brain must have been too befogged by the alcohol to act because he said again, "Go hell." Ed swung a terrific blow that crumpled the Indian up in a heap and then coolly knelt down and rifled his pockets. The men in the bunk house laughed; they had seen Yellow Dog do this same thing to another Indian and Yellow Dog did not even ask for the money. Big Ed returned from the room in the rear and his pockets bulged with bottles while in his hand he carried a small demijohn. Big Ed would do it right. The hours passed, the singing and carousing kept up and the air was stifling with the smoke from many pipes and the fumes of cheap whiskey. Yellow Dog slowly moved an outstretched arm, sighed and then opened his eyes. Painfully he crawled back into his corner and there he sat glaring at Ed. Maineau who was drinking his whiskey and singing maudlin tunes. Bitter hate flashed from the burning, steady eyes of the Chippewa and Ed Maineau on the other side of the room felt it, but his roving, bleary eyes could not pierce the pall in the corner. One or two of the men were asleep, a few were nodding. Yellow Dog's chance would come. Big Ed's head sunk.
on his chest; a few more of the men were asleep. The Indian jerked his head up, the lamp flamed, fluttered and went out; the chance had come.

The next morning just before the sun had risen Yellow Dog sneaked out of the bunk house and looked stealthily around. No one was stirring as yet but he had no time to spare. He went into the store and soon emerged with arms laden with provisions. Swiftly he packed them on his sled, harnessed his dogs and rushed into the forest, and then the sun sent its first slanting rays over the tree tops and into the little post.

Noon found Yellow Dog miles from the station and still moving. The trail was speckled with sunlight that filtered through the close branches of spruce and fir, and now and then some snow tumbled off a limb and struck the ground with a dull thud, and Yellow Dog would start like a frightened rabbit and urge the dogs to greater speed. The afternoon wore on and the trail grew softer and then at twilight Yellow Dog crossed a stream, and the covering of ice cracked ominously as the sled moved over it. Yellow Dog smiled a twisted sort of smile and shook his head craftily as he looked at the ice and then at his trail on the opposite side. The ice would break during the night and—he shuddered, “L’égout d’Enfer,” “Sewer of Hell.” was a bad stream to cross in spring—and a bad stream to travel beside, but his route led him that way. He cooked his supper, fed his dogs and turned in.

About three hours before dawn he was awakened with a terrific roar in his ears. He smiled, his wicked oily smile again; the ice was gone and pursuit would be delayed—and then the smile vanished. Where did that noise come from? Thud, thud, thud. It was his heart and he rolled over to go to sleep again, but thud, thud, thud, his heart kept on and a sweat broke out on his forehead. He whistled, but it only made his dogs howl and that was worse. He tossed to and fro. Was it really his heart? Didn’t it come from that black patch down by the water’s edge? He reached for his rifle. O! for dawn, and lying thus with his rifle ready, uneasily jerking his head around to watch every shadow, he waited for the first gray light to appear in the east. He made a scanty breakfast and soon had his dogs traveling through the twilight of early morn, along the shore of the river.

At the edge of the Great Forest he made his camp that night and he looked across the snow-covered plain to where Rainbow Hills lifted their spectral crags into the moonlight. He could see the gigantic, black gash into which “L’égout d’Enfer” rushed and roared, finally to disappear in a fierce maelstrom far within its rocky ramparts. Through this gash his trail led to safety within the fastnesses of the mountains. His glance roved from the mountains back along the shore.
of the river, back to the forest, and then Yellow Dog shrieked and crumbled into his fur robes, pulling them over his head, and then he lay still.

The sun was up about an hour when Yellow Dog stirred next morning. First he looked fearfully toward the forest and the river and then he tried to make his breakfast, but his eye was restless and his mouth twitched. The bacon danced off the spit as he held it over the fire to broil it, the tin cup beat a tattoo against his teeth when he tried to drink his tea. He flung it from him, leaped to the dogs, harnessed them with trembling fingers and, with fearful backward glances, he started towards the hills. The going was worse than ever; he must abandon the sled and dogs soon and take what grub he could on his back. When about a half a mile from the mountains he had to do this and, with the ill-adjusted pack galling his shoulders, he plodded on. The walking was difficult. Time and again he slipped and fell but at last crying with insane rage he reached the foot of the trail through the hills, the trail which follows "L'egout d'Enfer," and here dashed with spray and deafened by the din of the waters, he rested.

A long time ago, when the world was young, nature threw up a mass of granite for Aurora of the North to use as a play-ground, and then because the mass blocked the course of a stream she had an earthquake split it in two, but the earthquake, because the rock was hard, could only split it half way and then it sunk a hole and quit. And the mass of granite is Rainbow Hills and the stream is L'egout d'Enfer.

After resting about a half hour Yellow Dog stood up, eased his pack on his shoulders and, with a last backward glance over the plain toward the forest, he started along the trail. First he walked along a narrow ledge a few feet above the roaring water and then as the stream swept around a bend in the chasm the trail led high up over a spur of the mountain. The sun beat down upon him as he toiled upward and the sweat ran down into his eyes; the snow had melted from the rocks here and his way was comparatively safe. Safe along "L'egout d'Enfer." The thunder and rumble of the raging waters grew less and less distinct as he mounted and at last, as he reached the summit of his climb, it was only a drowsy murmur that came to his ears; but that murmur, as he looked down into the mist-filled defile where he must soon go, suddenly assumed a sinister note. His breath caught and he struggled to fill his lungs and then he plunged down. From rock to rock he leaped in a kind of wild ecstasy and at last the mist swallowed him up, the mist which suddenly seemed to numb his brain and dull his senses. He staggered weakly against the rocky wall and wiped the cold sweat from his brow; if he had slipped just a bit farther on the icy path the waters of
"L'égout d'Enfer" would now have him in their angry maw and he shuddered as their angry growl came up to him. He proceeded cautiously, feeling his way, and the awesome rocks seemed to be pressing in on him. Out of the mist ahead loomed a shoulder of the mountain. The path narrowed. He advanced fearfully and then his pack struck a projecting rock and set him balancing on the edge of eternity. He waved his arms violently and then fell in against the face of the cliff. He slipped the pack from his shoulders and pushed it over the ledge. For hours, it seemed, he waited for the sound of it striking the water, and then it came—a dull thud. He almost shrieked aloud. Why should he hear that dull thud above the roar of the water? And then his heart started to give forth a dull thud, a dull thud as it flushed his brain and made the blood sing in his ears. Something was rising out of the mist over the water. Lord! Ed Maineau. Ed Maineau with a smile on his face. Ed Maineau who had drunk his, Yellow Dog's, whiskey. Ed Maineau whose heart pounded with a dull thud when Yellow Dog laid his hand over it while Big Ed was sleeping, whose body resounded with dull thuds when Yellow Dog stabbed viciously in the dark while the bunk-house slept. Ed Maineau! And Yellow Dog cowered and cringed as the form came toward him. His lips are moving! What is he saying? Ah, yes, he will guide Yellow Dog through; he knows the way well; and Yellow Dog leering crazily, follows the specter. Around sharp curves where the walls of rock seem to overhang the stream and threaten the pair with destruction! On and on into the murky blackness until Yellow Dog lost track of time, and thought he had always walked so with Big Ed in front of him and the rocks, which shut out the light of day, ready to fall down and crush him. On and on and then the mist seemed to assume a rosy hue and Yellow Dog liked this; he told Big Ed so, but Big Ed must not have heard for he gave no answer. Around twists and turns, now high above the water and now close to it, and the rosy hue of the mist was becoming more and more pronounced until it was almost blood-red. The rocks too were red and the river once they got close to it, greedily lapped Yellow Dog's moccasin and left a bloodstain on it. Yellow Dog shook, foam flecked the corners of his mouth, his eyes bulged and he tried to seize Big Ed, but Big Ed was always just beyond his reach. He stumbled on around a bend—there was the maelstrom, a whirlpool of blood. He shrieked, he had never known it to be blood; no one had told him it was. He turned to flee but the rift where he had entered had disappeared. He must die here. No! No! He could not die. He was young and he wanted to tell his sins to the man in the black gown, the little father whose advice he had thrust aside so long ago. He wept. He turned to Big Ed for forgiveness but Big Ed had gone,
and then he saw a little red sprite crawl out of the pool and another and another, and then the maelstrom began to go thud, thud, thud, like a gigantic heart. Big Ed had led him here to die and he cursed Big Ed through eternity. He raged impotently and, as the demons crowded forward to push him over the brink, he struggled violently. He must have time—must pray—how the words stick—just a little more time—slipping—O God! falling, falling,—must strike the pool soon,—where is it? Falling, falling, falling!

Night has come down upon the Great Forest and the little foxes bark and the wolves, on the plain at the foot of Rainbow Hills, bay at the moon. One old gray leader peers into the rift where "L'egout d'Enfer" disappears and then bolts panic-stricken into the forest, howling dismally. The wild things fear the rift and yet within its narrow walls Yellow Dog sought safety—sought safety and found death. Back in Ten Pole the men in the bunk-house mourn Ed Maineau and drown their sorrow in whiskey, whiskey which the gold of Yellow Dog has paid for. They curse the name of Yellow Dog and they damn him to the tortures of Hell. But Yellow Dog is far away from their revenging hands and far away from their evil tongues—in L'egout d'Enfer"—the pit of Hell.

**Spring.**

*From the purple hills where the sky bends down
The copper clatter of bells in flight
Betray the flock. 'Round sturdy oaks
The moon-vine climbs to flower at night.
O'er the garden wall the trailing rose,
Pale pink, is blooming. The butterfly
To try his wing flits past and spreads
Soft yellow sails. Without a sigh
The fragrant breeze of Spring walks on
With ripples in the sea of wheat.
Gay tulips nod 'long the garden walks
And trees are arched across the street.*

*Scenes of color; happy laughter;
Come again in dreams thereafter.
A poet's pen will gently fling
Sweet fancy's bloom to the breath of Spring,
To live, to sleep, to flower again.*

—James McSherry Alvey, '18.
EW people at the beginning of the present war realized or imagined that Germany possessed the resources and the power that she has displayed in the past year. Scarcely anyone understood the great degree of efficiency that the spirit of co-operation, which is so manifest in the German nature, had developed in that country. Wonder has been expressed at her ability to hold her own; yes, not merely to hold her own, but even to assume the offensive against all of her enemies. The question has been asked on all sides: “How does Germany do it? How is it that she, at war with practically all of Europe, has been able to prevent any enemy from gaining a foot-hold upon her territory?” To determine the real cause of Germany’s progress in all lines since becoming an Empire, for it was then that her greatness had its true beginning, we shall have to investigate the causes that have produced in Germany the maximum of efficiency at the minimum of cost, the causes that have inspired the patriotism that marks the German character and which have made Germany one of the first nations of the world.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution, Germany, as a nation, was a myth. Consisting of three hundred principalities, sixteen hundred imperial knight-fees, fifty free imperial cities and about fifty imperial villages, governed by no central authority, but controlled by princes through the right of hereditary succession, Germany possessed few of the essential qualities that go to make a great nation.

In forming the Confederation of the Rhine, Napoleon sacrificed unnumbered principalities, reducing the political units of Germany to about thirty-eight. France gave Germany some of the best results of the French Revolution. Feudal tenure of office and land was swept away, the law was simplified, uniformity of weights and measures was established, industry and trade were freed from the restrictions that had so long fettered them. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the territory controlled by the French was brought, at one bound, from the Middle Ages to the Modern Era.

From the fall of Napoleon to 1870 the principle of representative government grew, and Germany began to assume some importance in European politics. The union of the various portions of the kingdom...
was completed during the war with France in 1870-1871. In this union the rights of the smallest states were safe-guarded. Today Prussia holds greater power than any other single state, however, a combination of the other states can out-vote Prussia in the Federal Council, thus making it impossible for any one state to become predominant.

Today the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the German government are embodied in two branches of the Federal Council. This council is composed of the Bundesrath and the Reichstag, corresponding respectively to our Senate and House. The Bundesrath members are appointed by the individual kingdoms as the president of the United States appoints ambassadors; while the Reichstag is elected over the kingdom generally. The Kaiser is the ruling king of Prussia, and while he holds great power in Prussia, has less power over the nation as a whole than our president has over the United States. The Imperial Chancellor is presiding officer of the Bundesrath. He represents German policy, and is in a way a cabinet with its powers unified in one man. One of the greatest advantages of the German system is that when the Reichstag and the Kaiser disagree, he, with the co-operation of the Bundesrat, has power to dissolve the Reichstag, provided another is elected within sixty days and sits within ninety days. Thus the will of the people may easily be learned on any question; for if, in the election of the new Reichstag the people support the old members, the Kaiser learns that his policy is opposed by the people. The advantage over the American system is great, for whereas we are forced to accept the whole of a party platform, some parts of which are frequently objectionable, the German people express their will on each individual question.

The combination of the executive, legislative and judicial departments, while it tends towards concentration of power and despotism, is of advantage since it enables quicker action on any question, and does away with the endless delays experienced in the administration of American justice.

The whole keynote of the German system is efficiency. The office holders are trained in the harsh school of discipline during their service in the army, for every holder of public office is an ex-army man. The German motto, “Alle fur unten, unter fur alle” is indeed upheld and Germany experiences less graft than any nation in the world. The spirit of the German office-holder merely goes to show one of the agents of Germany’s great development. Ready and willing to sacrifice self-interest, he devotes all of his energies for the development of the department over which he has control, and gives his life to the cause of Germany’s national progress and civilization.

The aim of every German, that end towards which he directs all of
his energies and works, that goal for which he is ever striving, is the perfection and establishment of German ideals of civilization, "Kultur," as they call it. This word has so often been mistranslated that the average person of today has come to look upon the German in an entirely different light from that which he deserves. The word can in no way be interpreted to correspond to our "culture," a misquotation which has caused many to look upon the German as an egotist of the highest degree. The German people well realize that civilization depends on government, and that the better their government is, the better will be their civilization and consequent position among the world's great nations. Accordingly in formulating their principles of government they chose those that would be of greatest benefit for all. In consequence Germany is today governed in a way that places the burdens upon those able to bear them, and lends assistance to those who otherwise would find it hard to gain their share of the world's goods.

Nowhere is the state's duty to its citizens better realized. To see that this is true we have but to look at Germany's protection of her citizens and industries. Whereas in America it is a well known fact that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, in Germany there is more equality between the classes. There are few of the overly rich, and no paupers. Germany has had no experience with America's great problem. "the army of the unemployed." This economic condition is brought about to a great extent by the almost perfect system of distribution that obtains in Germany today.

The German government supplies work for the laboring man when he is idle, it assures him care when he is sick, and it insures him of maintenance when he has spent his day as an active worker. Thus the German laborer knows that when he has grown old and is no longer useful, he will be cared for. With this fact in mind is it not reasonable to suppose that while he is able he will strive but the harder for the cause of German progress? Germany protects and encourages her industries by affording them all the aid possible. Well realizing that her ultimate success in gaining recognition as one of the world's great nations depends upon the growth of her commercial interests and home industries, she assists them in every way. She protects them, advertises them abroad, secures trade for them, in fact is as active in the spread of their business as the heads of the industries themselves. Contrary to our method, Germany affords all possible encouragement to invention, both by assisting her inventors materially, and by making it comparatively easy for a man to secure a copyright and a good part of the pecuniary results of his work. Thus the German inventor has some incentive in his work, shown by the fact that more of the Noble Peace prizes have
gone to Germany than any other country, even though this prize is decided by a Swedish board, which naturally would not be prejudiced in favor of the German inventor. Another thing which has greatly assisted German industry is the government operation of many public utilities, e.g., electricity. Government control of this utility has made it possible for the manufacturer to secure electricity at a much lower cost than would otherwise be the case. By securing many things of this kind at a much cheaper rate than is afforded the manufacturer of other countries, the German has been able to compete advantageously with the other nations of the world. Let it be kept in mind that government control and operation of public utilities does not place the government in the position of competitor of private industry, rather it is the leader.

Of equal if not greater importance than the German system of government in fostering German progress is their educational system. Fifty per cent. longer, more thorough and severe than any other public educational system in the world, it affords the German boy and girl a distinct advantage. Education is of obligation throughout the nation, and that the opportunity offered is eagerly grasped is seen from the fact that the percentage of illiteracy in Germany is one-twentieth of one per cent. When we compare this with the 7.7 per cent. of illiterates in the United States, we cannot but see the effectiveness of the German system of Education,—and most Americans have been led to believe that we have an efficient and thorough system in this country.

The goal aimed at in the establishment of the German educational system was to make Germany a great nation. The people realized that in order to accomplish this end they must first develop great citizens, for great citizens make a great nation. Consequently the system laid down was the most thorough and severe possible, and it was so constructed that it aims not merely at the development of the mind, but of the body as well. Every German child is obliged to attend school between the ages of six and fourteen years. In this time the child is instructed in the usual and proper branches, receiving in addition religious instruction as Protestant, Catholic or Jew, as the case may be. The child is also instructed in gymnastics and in the various other forms of recreation, and thus no faculty is developed at the expense of another.

All pupils pursue the same courses to nine years of age. At this time those who are to receive a more extended education branch off from the curriculum of those who are to leave school at fourteen years to become artisans. At fourteen those who are to become artisans leave school and begin work, but they are required to attend classing during certain hours of the day for three more years.

At nine, those who are to receive the higher education pursue a dif-
different course from those who are to be artisans. At fifteen they take an examination and if successful are entitled to serve one year in the army at their own expense, instead of the usual two or three years.

At fifteen there is another differentiation of the curriculum. Those who are to receive a classical education studying different branches from those who are to take a technical or commercial course.

When the student is prepared to enter a university, he may if he prefers, take up a military course, which leads to the higher offices in the army and navy. For these students the German government supplies schools very much on the order of our military and naval academies.

German women are given the same opportunity to secure a thorough education as the men. That they are eager to take advantage of the chance offered them is shown by the fact that in 1911, 4,532 women attended the different German universities.

The number of private schools in Germany is not as large as in the United States, but still there are a great many of them. These schools, which are largely attended by women, are subject to the same regulations that govern the schools operated by the state.

The German educational system is beyond doubt the most efficient public school system in the world, and in it Germany finds one of the greatest sources of her present position. A system that does not educate a few at the expense of the mass of the nation, which is compulsory, free between the ages of six and fourteen years, and of very moderate expense thereafter, it has been one of the greatest factors in gaining for Germany her present position among nations.

If we cared to investigate further we would find that there have been many other causes of Germany's remarkable progress. We would find that the idea of home life which obtains in Germany has done much to bring unity to the nation. We would find that the German woman has, by her invaluable assistance in every progressive measure been instrumental in bringing greatness to the Empire. We would learn that the high plane upon which the German holds marriage, and the disgrace which he attaches to divorce have done much towards developing a world-famous home unity, a unity not possessed in the same degree by any other nation. We would see that the German has not advanced in matters material and commercial at the expense of the artistic, and above all we would see that German progress has not been for Germany alone, but that it has been of invaluable assistance to the whole world.

Germany in the organization of her governmental system has had to employ the principle of national efficiency rather than individualism. With territory but three-fourths the size of the State of Texas, and with
a population two-thirds as great as that of the whole United States, it was absolutely essential that every institution should be developed to the highest possible standard of efficiency. The test as to whether German organization is better than Anglo-individualism is now being made.

**A Pair.**

She's a little maid  
With a curly braid,  
And cheeks like the blossoms of Spring.  
   Her dainty nose,  
   And lips of rose,  
Are enough to stir a king.  
   My savage mien,  
   This little queen,  
Befrightens not at all,  
But she stares at me  
Unblinkingly  
With eyes that never fail.  
What she can see  
In cheerless me,  
I cannot understand,  
   For I'm hard and cold  
   And wooden and old,  
Though of sires the first in this land,  
   And so I'm afraid  
   That this little maid  
Will very soon tire of me,  
   For an Indian stand  
   With cigars in his hand  
For a doll is poor company!

Hurry, the Ruin of Success.

J. Eugene Gallery, '19.

STOP! Look! Listen!” This brief and very familiar admonition is as clear as it is valuable. By its warning finger it has prevented the loss of millions of dollars and the destruction of countless human lives. But there is a crossing where this sign does not appear in such vivid lettering, a crossing where witlessly hosts have been whirled to ruin. It is where hurry crosses the way of reasonable alacrity.

“Stop! Look! Listen!” Caution with a dash of the uncontrollable, fate, spells the history of the world's successes; hurry, disguised as ignorance, human disability, carelessness, mendacious forgetfulness, is the inscription plate on the tomb of the world's failures. Hurry for Phillip of Macedon was years of wily and deliberate preparation; Greece knew no such. Hers was headlong absorption in the fleeing pleasures of each swift-winged day, and indomitable slackness in adverting to the security of her future years. Ruin was her fitting reward. Hurry retards thought, idea germs cannot mobilize; reasonable celerity quickens deliberate discrimination. Release the brake and the car runs faster, but soon it is beyond control and dashes to splinters. “Stop! Look! Listen!”

Hurry is the seed from which shoots up a multitude of embarrassments and complications in our dealings with others. Audacity, temerity, insolence and presumption are the most notable of its fruits. When the tree has grown big and strong, the earth could not cut it down, although it had eternity in which to do it. Before salutations can be sincere, before reprimands can be appropriately and properly bestowed, hurry must be felled. “Stop! Look! Listen!”

“Preparedness” holds a berth on the sound ship of reason—and, like all things truly reasonable, has a limit. Yellow journalism, in its unscrupulous rush for sensation, red-letters this as a means to increase circulation, thus producing a hysteria which may convert a peace-loving people, who acknowledge the authority of law and treaty agreements, into one vast war camp. Thus hurry would command! But time and deliberation reveal the ruinous absurdity of such an extreme, and, in their sweeping majesty, devise a more temperate and more successful course.
The world acclaims the accomplishment of a deed, while the years of painstaking preparation it does not recognize. Laurels wreathed the brow of Washington at Yorktown, but the hard experience under Braddock and the privations of Valley Forge, which made this victory possible, lay mouldering in oblivion. The spectacular achievement of the Monitor in Hampton Roads, in a day, relegated the ancient wooden men-of-war to the waste pile. But no Berecyntia had begged this prodigy from mighty Jupiter! It was the long, careful, painful thought and sacrifice of Ericson that revolutionized with seeming suddenness the means of conducting war on the sea. The marvelous exhibitions of the Wright brothers over the parade grounds at Fort Myer were thrilling and quick. Yet they bespoke months of tedious, persevering study and labor on the hills of North Carolina. There, there was nothing flashing but everything was deliberately and accurately estimated and proved. There every act, every word was a perfect echo of that inestimably precious rule, "Stop! Look! Listen!"

The very length of preparation for an act is in the end responsible for the apparent celerity of its achievement. Hurry has no achievement. It does, but it is too fleeting to achieve, and, without achievement, there can be no success.
AM a doctor and not very brave. That night—that terrible
night—is stamped into my soul. In my dreams I am pur-
sued by the nightmare of horror. I have mad struggles
with terror and start crying from my sleep. As a physician
I am worthless.

It was a Sunday evening in March and a fog hung lowering outside. Can I forget the slightest detail? I had just come in from a visit and was sitting in the darkened library. I am a bachelor. My two servants had left for the night and I was alone. Everything was very still at the time; no sound save an occasional deadened rumble of wheels through the mist. I am nervous, and prolonged silence and darkness make me timid. There is something ominous about loneliness and night that clutches me; a foolish dread of the dark, which pictures terrible beings lurking in the shadow and changes every rattle of window or crack of woodwork into a pistol shot. I lit the light and started whistling.

Then it was that the sound came. It came from upstairs, indefinable and not very loud—a normal man would not have heard it. I stood listening and then tip-toed up the first few steps. This was the moment I had always dreaded and felt would some day come; I feared I should die from the pure terror of being forced to encounter an armed criminal in the dark of my lonely rooms. Something creaked in the darkness above; someone was treading there. Then came the whisper of a voice. I was panic-stricken. The psychology of cowards is a queer thing. I did not run out for the police. With heart pounding like a trip hammer I went softly down into the kitchen and took a carving knife from the table. Then I started up the steps, pausing now and then.

The stairs lead from the lower front door vestibule into the upper hall at right angles. The hall is lined with doors, with a door at each end. I reached the top and peered around. It was black as pitch. Then from out of that darkness came down to me the snarl of a female voice:

“Go away! D—n you! I'll shoot!”

The stunning roar of an explosion followed, with some falling plaster, and I stumbled down the steps into the street crying, "Police!"

I nearly ran into one who was passing, and, with some neighbors, we
pushed into the lower vestibule hallway. One of the civilians had a revolver. The policeman paused at the bottom of the steps and nervously drew his gun. Even as he did so the click of a lock sounded from above. For anyone to mount those stairs in the glare of the library light was madness, and at word from the officer I turned it out. So in the total darkness we huddled together at the foot of the ascent while the policeman—McGregor was his name—started up, and close behind him crept Schmidt, my neighbor. They were swallowed up by the darkness and no one seemed to breathe. Only the hammering of my heart broke that fearful, racking stillness. Five minutes passed. Then with a suddenness that made me jump came the rattle of a doorknob, and McGregor shouted:

“They're in here, I think! Hold the stairs there! Doctor, give me a light in this hall!”

I went up. McGregor had a flashlight. He and Schmidt were before the door of my “office” at the front end of the hall. I switched on the light, went to the head of the stairs, and waited.

“Unlock this in the name of law!” barked McGregor, kicking the oaken panels. “Doctor, send a man ’round front to watch the windows!” I did so.

“Got to break it in, sir! They won’t unlock it. All together! Down with the door!”

More firearms had arrived. The increasing crowd was waxing brave. They had deserted the stairs, which Schmidt was now guarding, and they flung themselves against the door. But it was an oak door built by a former generation, thick and solid, with strips overlapping the door-jam and the sill.

“Get a sledge-hammer! Crowbars!” Some went for them while the rest stood tensely waiting. Then suddenly, above the sound of breathing, from behind the heavy door came a moan that made me shudder. The sounds of death are not new to me.

“Break it in! Down with the door! Down with it!”

Again they hurled themselves against the unyielding wood.

“O, for a hammer! Why don’t they come?”

But in a minute a hammer and an ax had arrived. We made way, and a negro with a sledge-hammer swung upon the door. He shook it with terrific blows. He smashed the jam-strips and battered the hinges until the door began to sag inward. Then McGregor called a halt. He placed men at the bottom of the steps.

“Just in case the strangers are in a hurry,” he explained.

We were to extinguish the hall light, rush against the tottering door and get into the room. I was to switch on the light if it was out. It was
risky business. They went against the door with all their pent-up energy. It swung half-way around on its lock and fell inward with a crash of thunder. The men ducked through the opening and got away from the doorway. There was no light. The room was as black as the grave. In mad fear I waited a moment for shots and then dodged in, felt for the switch, and turned it on. It is a wonder that friend did not kill friend in the tenseness of that blinding illumination. Each was crouching behind a nervous revolver that moved like a finger of Death.

In the center of the room lay huddled a woman. There was blood upon the floor. The one closet door was open, and my desk and the cabinet in which I keep my curios, my jewelry, and certain of my medicines had been ransacked. The contents lay scattered all over the room. We went to the woman and I examined her. She was dead but could have died only five minutes before. It was not suicide. Her neck and arms were blue with the marks of fingers, her face was lacerated, her clothing torn. The look of those wildly staring eyes will never leave me. They had seen a fiend. Death was caused by a blow on the side of the head. The murderer, where was he? How had he gotten away? McGregor went to the fallen door and lifted it. The key lay beneath it upon the floor, where it had dropped when the door was battered in. The door was therefore locked upon the inside. The victim did not lose it for she never regained consciousness with that horrible hole in her head.

McGregor went down and phoned headquarters for a detective. One arrived in half an hour and took charge of matters. His name was Bruce, and a smart fellow he was, yet after thorough examination of the room and of the whole second floor he admitted it was a strange affair. To begin with, both windows in the murder room were closed and locked on the inside, and outside the windows the wooden blinds were shut and bolted. Beside the locked door and windows there was no other exit. Many a terrified and sleepless night would I have spent behind my own barred and bolted door waiting for that mystery to be solved. But it was solved with dreadful suddenness by another tragedy.

Bruce had opened a window and was peering down. My house, which stands alone, is smoothly cemented all around outside, without the vestige of a foothold from the second story to the ground. It has only two stories and these, as I have mentioned, are extra high. Cement paving or an area-way happen to be beneath every window. To jump down would be fatal; to climb down, impossible. Downstairs, the door and windows (with the exception of the front door, which had always been watched) were locked from within as I had left them.

The hasty investigation revealed nothing. It was nearly midnight.
when the detective and the neighbors left. I went next door to wait for the morning, and McGregor was stationed in my house. That night in the dead hours between one and two o'clock, McGregor was murdered.

Martin (my host) and I heard the shot as we lay in bed unable to close our eyes.

“Lord! Another!”

I can imagine no more hideous nightmare than when I struggled to pull on some clothes in the stillness of that ungodly hour while Martin stood clicking his gun and whispering in a strange voice: “Hurry.”

We ran out into the cold, black morning while Horror brooded in the starless sky above. And at that awful moment it seemed there was no Justice and no Peace, and that God Himself had left the blackened earth to itself. We ran into the front door of my home and we both stumbled over the body of McGregor sprawled out in the dim light of the lower hall. His gun lay there too, but the villain had seen him first and had put a hole through the broad chest. Poor, trusty McGregor! He had faced it bravely and had died. A noise from above made me jump. The slayer was there! I vaguely wondered why he had not escaped; why he had come back at all.

Martin shoved McGregor’s revolver into my hands and started on a run up the steps. The upstairs lights were all on dimly. He turned toward the murder room with a cry, and two quick shots roared through the house. I ran up in reckless dread for Martin. He was standing at the top unhurt. Then through the smoke there came a mighty crash of glass.

“He’s out the window! Outside, quick!”

Down the steps we leaped, out the front door to the pavement. Above, a vague figure was scrambling across the gutter to the roof. Instead of jumping he had climbed upward; he had climbed up the wooden shutter to the metalwork above. We caught just a glimpse and he was gone. At our feet lay the chair he had hurled through the pain of glass.

“There’s a rainpipe in back. Watch it. I’ll get help,” said I. Yet I cannot be wholly a coward. I went again into that grim house, with its murdered dead upon each floor and its terrible fugitive lurking upon the roof, and telephoned for the police. Then I went out front to watch.

Hardly had I taken my station in front before Martin shouted from the back and I ran around. There against the gray roof and black sky hung the man, and I caught sounds that seemed like half-articulate pleading from above.

“Don’t kill me! Don’t shoot! I’ll come down!” jabbered the voice. A heavy pistol dropped to the ground. The creature crawled over the gutter cornice, gripped the rainpipe between his knees, and began to slide down. I recoiled from the foot of it but Martin held his position.
Ten feet from the ground the murderer let go his hold and dropped. We jumped at him with all the strength of fear and desperation. It was unnecessary. Down he went as unresisting as a bundle of rags. He could not control his limbs; he dropped to the pavement, and across the sleeping town rang cry upon cry.

"Morphine!" he screamed, "Morphine!" and writhed in the agony that knows but one relief. A glance at his condition was enough. I hurried shivering into the house and got the little black bottle of morphine from my drug case. The wretch saw the stuff and, jumping up, snatched it before I could resist. He swallowed a dose that would have killed ten men.

So this was the monster who had done the frightful deeds: this little, gibbering, shaking fellow-man. I looked at the tiny black bottle, where all the demons in hell are crowded into pellets, and wondered how such things can be. The deadly revolver lay there, too. Terrible allies! With a shudder I picked up the gun, its grip dyed in blood. O, black iron thing! Not a rivet in your iron bowels but was made for murder. A bit of lead, a pinch of powder, and you have a soul? Thrones tremble before your mathematical eye; the peasant becomes the terror of the Czar. I fear your black, ugly mouth. It speaks, and a soul is hurled to ruin and a body to the grave.

There in the silence, under a flickering street lamp, the prisoner told his tale. The shock and horror of it sickened me. He declared with a frightful oath that I was the first to give him morphine. Later I recalled the circumstances; a stranger with an agonizing disease, who, years ago, had come to my office for relief. I had given him a little to deaden the pain before attempting to cure him. The drug, he said, had wrapped itself about him until he had no strength of will, no conscience, no soul. He had become a derelict unfit for labor and had gone down into the squalor of utter poverty that knows not ambition nor self-respect. His wife went with him into the foul mire and struggled to save him by clinging to him. O, the wonder of a woman's faith and love! O, the depth and width and resistlessness of that river, which all the filth on earth cannot check or turn aside! The demon held the drug-fiend in the stronger grip. And, living among such demons, the woman, too, became coarse and squalid. But her love remained unsullied and intense.

Then, one day, the husband could get no more morphine. The law had stopped it; the dens were closed; his supply was gone. The craving seized him with relentless fury and, mad with the appetite, his mind recalled that I had a supply. He rushed out with one deadly insane desire—to get it. His wife divined his thoughts for there was murder in his eyes and a gun in his pocket.
It was sunset time. She followed him through the streets to my house. He tried my lower windows and the two back portals, and entered through my unlatched front door with the woman at his heels. Here the man's story faltered. He could recall only dimly what occurred.

“She thought she found the dope and she tried to lock it in the closet. So I hit her and took it from her,” he explained. It seems that there had followed a ghastly race between the two to locate the narcotic. Then it was that I came home. They heard me shut the front door. He paid no attention to the warning, but his wife took the pistol and stepped out into the hall to listen. They must not arrest him! A minute or two later she spied me coming up with the knife—me who had unwittingly caused this misery and injustice—and she fired.

Meanwhile, the man had not found the morphine. The mad contest began again. In my desk drawer the woman located an empty bottle labeled Morphine, which she thought was full. She rushed to lock it in the closet. The man saw her design and as she threw it in and slammed the door he tore her fingers from the key and snatched it from the keyhole. She leaped into the closet and grabbed the bottle again. Then followed an awful struggling fight between the two. He dropped the key and sprang for her. It ended by the fiend killing her with the butt of the revolver.

He took the empty bottle and fled from the room. Then a superstitious terror seized him. And his crafty senses told him that a locked door would delay pursuers. He locked the door (we heard it downstairs), kept the key, sneaked down the hall to the back end room, and escaped by means of the window and roof, after closing the window behind him. The fury of his disappointment upon finding the bottle empty brought him back to continue the search. He shot McGregor on sight.

And the key found under the fallen door after the room was broken open? That was the closet door key, which the murderer had cast aside.
ROLLING Stone Gathers No Moss.” This is a good adage; often used but more often exemplified. Our fathers quoted it—their fathers before them. It was an apt way to express and lament a stripling’s folly. Concise and trenchant, it served most satisfactorily as an encomium to the wayward career of the fool who interprets life as a circus ring where are displayed the whims of an indulgent will. But wise men didn’t make proverbs solely for the moral they taught, nor for the convenience of the general public in expressing the violation of a moral. They have a psychological value inasmuch as they not infrequently inoculate an uplifting stimulus into the man who realizes that he is fast becoming eligible for its scorning application.

Proverbs have a “punch.” A half dozen words aphoristically placed produce a more efficacious combination than a mint of Webster’s choicest expletives.

“While expletives their feeble aid do join
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.”

In the proverb above we have a vivid application to the lives of men, “Rolling Stones Gather No Moss”—What does it mean and does it apply to you? A rolling stone starts with nothing—accumulates nothing—stops with nothing. It starts on its course—slowly at first, compunctiously ignoring the little impediments that strive to stave off the destructive course it is pursuing; the momentum increases as the proclivity continues; greater obstacles offering a secluded shelter and protection are passed over with impunity; it is now far easier to follow its aimless course than to combat the dictates of inertia; and so it continues until it reaches the valley below, where reckoning awaits it. With a destructive impact it is shattered to atoms, and the stone’s reward is oblivion and its fate is paneled as an object lesson to those similarly inclined in their pursuit of the smooth and easy path of least resistance.

When on your woodland wanderings have you ever chanced upon a big, hoary old stone, perched on the summit of some secluded dell, whose fatherly protectorate seemed to echo the wishes of the Maker
guiding and ruling the denizens of that peaceful cove? For ages it has stood there, the venerable historian of the seasons. A relic of furtherest antiquity it sleeps with the diversified tales of centuries. You would trust it implicitly as all nature does. Vegetation in profusion grows all about it; clinging vines find support on its moss-laden back for their tender shoots; plants strive to scatter their seed near its shielding walls; the woodchuck, the field mouse, and the irritable rattler vie with one another for a nest under its protective bulk. Both man and nature pay deference to this stolid lord of the woods. No tint of the rolling stone in him. To the fastidious he didn't evince a very becoming appearance. His contour was altogether unsymmetrical; his garb, the accumulation of centuries which he acquired by taking things that came his way; while his sylvan features were topped by a bare apex, the toll of the winds that swept over the encircling hills. White, lustrous stones, pleasing to the eye, bounding down over the old veteran, on their way to the poppies below, cast scurrilous remarks on his bald pate, but he reminiscently commented, as he viewed their ignominious fate, that it was far preferable to have a bald head than a ball shape.

So fares the human procrastinator. He is ever changing his habitation, his business, and his ideas. Changing positions is as perfunctory to him as it is to the rolling stone, and it inevitably lands him, with the stone, into the same despicable marsh, hidden by the seductive poppies, at the base of the hill. People say: “I told you so,” and the next day he is forgotten.

For a generous exemplification of this deplorable phase of life let us confine our observations to a class with which we are all familiar—the college “hopefuls”—ourselves. We need find no trouble in discovering specific examples that would delight the most fastidious with their analogy to the rolling stone; for if appearances aren’t too deceiving, many of us shall be right at home trodding the declivious trail that marks its course. How many of us have ever stopped to analyze why we are at college? Have we ever given an hour’s time forecasting our destinies in this world without it instigating an unpleasant chill of uncertainty? Aren’t we awed by the lack of “preparedness” so evident in most of us? It’s time to wake up. Anybody can run a beauty column, or be a chorus man, who possesses a presentable appearance. If our aspirations reach no higher, we are wasting time attending school; brains are not at a premium in these positions—just intelligence enough to do what we are told. If a man has no ambition, is utterly immune from those sensations that set the teeth and square the jaw when he reads or hears of achievements wrought by the power of an individual brain—if he has no faith in himself—no will power—has lost his self-respect—then we
have the analogous companion to the rolling stone with its lamentable fate.

A college, as often has been said, can be the making or ruin of a young man. It is the precarious "go-between" of youth and manhood. If he is the antithesis to the rolling stone, this is primarily due to will power—backbone, to be idiomatic. A young man who can endure a little deprivation in youth is saving for himself much degradation in old age. The fellow who diligently works when he should work, for in earnest, consistent studying lies the nucleus of a college training, is justifying his own time and his parents’ sacrifices. This type of man invariably has ideas of his own—practical ideas which he believes and adheres to; he is capable enough to form logical opinions and to express them; he has developed sufficient farsightedness to perceive the struggle before him and to equip himself accordingly. His creed is "In time of peace prepare for war."

The theme of "preparedness" is strikingly exemplified in the wonderful functions of nature. If the All-Wise Maker endows plant and animal life with the provision to assimilate, during the period of abundance, sufficient nutrition for the period of hibernation, it seems only logical that He intended that man, for whom he provided no means to withstand the rigors of the elements save his intellect, should glean the lesson taught by nature, by the power of that intellect, and so prepare in the period of adolescence that he will be able, when the time comes, not only to provide ample substance for the sustenance of life, but knowing the works of God, to appreciate more fully the blessings He has bestowed upon the world.

Then we have the direct and sad contrast to the above moral—the genesis of our proverb—in our case, the college "hobo." Life's luxury for him is plenty to eat and plenty to sleep with every night out. His case is sad, the consequences more so. He occasionally relieves his conscience by quoting and misinterpreting a wise man's axiom: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for we are young but once." Unfortunate, yes; for were we young twice one experience with old age would suffice to teach us the expediency of preparing for a second siege with the wiles and intrigues of an unsympathetic world.

As for testimonials for the reward of industry—we have many of them. Men who have succeeded have done so because they knew what its attainment implied while in their youth. It meant determination to get the "collateral"—to accumulate the moss—as it were, and not by allowing dilly-dallying trifles to intervene in acquiring the pre-requisite equipment for life's solitary battle. We have many self-made men who have risen solely by their own efforts but usually their success
is confined exclusively to the mass of wealth they have managed to acquire. There is more than one variety of moss on a sagacious stone.

This is a pleasure-seeking era of prosperity. War orders and war tragedies have unexpectedly placed wealth in the hands of men unfamiliar with its possession. Dissipation and prodigality are the counter-signs of the nation. The contagion has spread and inoculated the American youth. The average youth of today is about as learned as a high school girl receiving a diploma for “distinguishing merit” in calisthenics. It is a universal epidemic of “Pa’s rich and Ma doesn’t care” attitude. Its consequence can be naught but ominous. And so these human rolling stones run their fruitless course through life; they may stop intermittently as remorse overtakes them but the inclination is too great, the bait too seductive, and their wills too weak; they quote a line from their store of “piffle” philosophy and away they go—down, down to the waiting heap of other stones that have pursued the same aimless course. Down they go, not stopping at the Valley of Death, but rushing headlong into the abyss of oblivion, their final reward, with names forgotten, their deeds best so; they are but another monument that marks the colossal paradise of rolling stones, and as wise men gaze at the desolate scene they softly murmur:

“To thine own self be true and it follows as the night the day
That thou canst not be false to any man.”

**Dusk.**

_The world is wet with fog. The night comes down—_
_Dull ink into a grayish ocean creeping—_
_Like Sorrow and Despair too vast for weeping_
_Spreading through weary souls. Joys seem to drown_
_With yonder muffled footsteps ere they start;_
_A whistle wails through the gray deepening_
_And, moaning trails away. A loving heart_
_Is leaving. So like murmurs men depart—_
_Murmurs that wake, and vanish in the gray_
_Of memory; while echoes, following,_
_Vibrate, and slowly, dimly die away._

—Ernest E. Blau, ’17.
Medical Notes.

Leo Brison Norris, '17.

The opening night of "Beverly's Balance," February 21, was given for the benefit of the University Hospital. In every sense the affair was a great success. Miss Anglim was at her best and it is safe to say that there was not a dull moment the entire evening. Practically the entire faculty of the Medical School was present, as were also most of the students. We have the Ladies' Board to thank for the singular success of the evening and feel grateful to them for this latest evidence of their unselfish devotedness to Georgetown. Their efforts in behalf of the hospital are meant to be and certainly are of inestimable value to the student body, for the training received in the hospital is of peculiar importance in medical education. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the efficiency of a medical school depends a great part upon the hospital facilities. Hence we feel personally indebted to the Ladies' Board.

Dr. Wilfred Barton's book, "A Manual of Vital Function Testing Methods," has lately appeared. The work bears the dedication, "To Dr. George M. Kober, Dean of the Georgetown Medical School, this little book is dedicated as a modest token of appreciation of his unselfish devotion to our school and hospital." The book is excellent and is a timely contribution to a subject of increasing interest and importance. It is assured a hearty welcome. A very moderate price commends it to all.

The Georgetown Clinical Society held its regular meeting on February 26. Most of the members were present and appreciated the excellent
papers read. Dr. G. T. Vaughan reported a case of aneurism and Dr. R. Devereux one of cardiac arrhythmia. Dr. I. S. Stone read an interesting account of a case of auremia and Dr. J. Moser reported a case of dextrocardia. The papers were thoroughly discussed by those present. The society spares no efforts to make the meetings interesting and is doing a good work in giving the opportunity for an exchange of opinions on important subjects.

At the meeting of the American Medical Association held in Chicago the seventh and eighth of the past month, Dr. William Woodward represented Georgetown. The meeting was an important one. Medical education was discussed from various points of view. Inquiry was made into the number and rating of the medical schools of the country. Other like questions were considered. We are glad to have had Dr. Woodward as the delegate from Georgetown for we feel sure the interests of the school were well taken care of.

One of the late JOURNALS contained excerpts from the transactions of the last meeting of the Washington Obstetrical Society. Among other papers there appeared a case reported by Dr. J. Thomas Kelley. The article is well worth reading, not merely for its intrinsic worth but also as a short lesson in surgical skill and care.

Dr. James Allan, '15, took the last examination given by the District Board. Needless to say, he lived up to the traditions of Georgetown and did himself much credit. Congratulations!

We have just learned that Dr. Rafael Lopez Nussa, '06, has lately been appointed director of the Hospital Tricoche at Ponce, Porto Rico. After graduation Dr. Nussa served as interne in the University Hospital. A year later he returned home to take up practice. His success is attested by the fact that in 1913 he was delegated the official representative of the Porto Rican government to the International Congress of Medicine at London. We heartily congratulate him.

On the evening of February 12 the members of Kappa Chapter of the Phi Chi Fraternity gave an informal entertainment in the way of a smoker and "house warming" at the new chapter house, 1342 13th Street. That the evening could not have been better planned was the verdict of the numerous guests. The faculty was well represented and, with a good number of the city's physicians, lent dignity to the festive board. Professor Devereux gave an excellent talk on "The Medical Student and Preparedness." The Chapter was happy to welcome on the occasion Dr. Joseph P. Corgan who was in the city on leave from his station at St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit. The evening was most enjoyable and was a fitting opening of the new home.

The members of Chi Chapter, Phi Beta Pi Fraternity, are now com-
fortable housed at 2005 Columbia Road. The initial smoker was held at the Chapter house Tuesday evening, February 22. A large number of guests were present, including many of Washington's physicians. Dr. D. Percy Hickling read a scholarly paper on "Freud's Theory." Among those present were Drs. George M. Kober, I. S. Stone, J. Thomas Kelley, Loren B. T. Johnson, William C. Gwynn, J. J. Madigan and Professor J. D. Herd. Before the smoker two men were initiated. Since the last issue of the Journal Professor J. D. Herd was initiated a member of the fraternity.

On the evening of the twenty-second a Washington's birthday dance was given by the Phi Chi Fraternity at the chapter house. The house was suitably decorated for the occasion and a great success was scored. The pleasure of the evening was due in large measure to the capable committee. They are worthy of perpetual appointment! The same fraternity held the first of a series of dances on the twenty-sixth. The innovation promises to be popular and the brief leave taken from the various "ologies" will likely prove of benefit to body and mind alike.

Law Notes.

GEORGE E. EDELIN, '18.

Senior Class.

Work on the "Doomsday Book" is progressing steadily. Practically all copy is now in the hands of the printer. This year, as last, the Senior classes of the four departments are represented on the management and editing of the book.

Juniors.

The attendance at the Junior gathering held at the Raleigh Hotel on February 21 surpassed all expectations, even to such an extent that it was with difficulty the committee was able to entertain the guests. But the excellent work of the committee in its preparations did not surpass the fine manner in which the unusually large number was accommodated. The entire affair was a success from every standpoint and heartily enjoyed.

Freshmen.

Arrangements for the Freshmen gathering are nearing completion. It will be held at the Willard Hotel in the latter part of April. A rather
The second meeting of the second term of the present school year was called to order by President Hyer Tuesday evening, January 25, 1916, at 9:10 P. M.

Those present were Messrs. Ainsley, Atkins, Neal, Hyer, Jordan, Donohue, Robinson, Nash, Long and Mahlem.

Mr. P. C. Whittaker was nominated and duly elected a member of the club to fill the senior vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Wm. E. Linden.

Discussion was had regarding amending the Constitution of the club in connection with the provision for dropping from the roll names of members who do not show a sufficient interest in the club to be present at its meetings.

Mr. L. L. Neal read an article on the subject of the "Habeas Corpus Acts," which he had carefully prepared, and which was very interesting and appreciated by all present.

At the meeting on February 1 a very interesting paper was read by Mr. H. R. Jordan, on "Proximate Cause."

President Julien C. Hyer called to order the fourth meeting of the Edward Douglas White Law Club for the second term of the present school year at nine o'clock, Tuesday evening, February 8, 1916.

Those present were Messrs. Hyer, Ansley, Buck, Van Doran, Scanlon, Ryan, Burnside, Nash, Fowler, Neal, Henretti, Murray, Robinson, Jordan and Fuller.

Upon the motion of Mr. A. R. Scanlon, which was seconded by Mr. Charles B. Nash, the following resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote of those present:

Resolved, That the members of the Edward Douglas White Law Club of Georgetown University for the school year of 1915-16, do hereby extend to their esteemed member and friend, Mr. William E. Linden, their sincere regret that he finds it necessary to resign from the club on account of absence from the United States, and to express the hope that he may be protected while in Spain and the European War Zone, and may experience a prosperous and happy sojourn in the Land of the Don.

Interesting papers on the subject of divorce, which were prepared and read by Mr. Lucian H. Van Doren and Mr. Waldo Burnside, received the attention and were appreciated by those present, following which was a general discussion on the part of the members.
Carroll Law Club.

Owing to the pressure of club business, during the month of February, the Carroll Congress has had opportunity to discuss and act upon only two bills, both of them introduced by Mr. H. R. Young, of Texas. These were as follows: H. R. No. 18. Be it enacted, etc., that $1,000,000 be appropriated for the purpose of establishing a Bureau of Markets for farm products in the Department of Agriculture. H. R. No. 19. Be it enacted, etc., that $1,500,000 be appropriated for investigating and preventing the citrus canker disease.

It was voted, in spite of the vehement protest of Mr. Young, to place both bills upon their passage at the same meeting. H. R. No. 18 was first taken up for discussion, Mr. Young assuming charge of the affirmative, and Mr. Whalen the opposition. Messrs. Young, Raftis and Rossiter spoke in favor of the resolution, while Messrs. Whelan, Dervin, Rout and Honan were energetic in their denunciation of it. An amendment offered by Mr. Kennedy, of Rhode Island, changing the sum to be appropriated from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000, was overwhelmingly defeated. The resolution itself was then defeated by an 11-9 vote.

H. R. No. 19 was then taken from the calendar. Mr. Young led the affirmative, Mr. Dervin the negative. The time being extremely limited, they were the only two speakers on the bill, each consuming about five minutes. The merits of the resolution itself almost wholly escaped comment, both speakers busying themselves with vigorously denouncing the stand taken by the other. The bill being put on its passage was carried by a 9-8 vote.

The club picture was taken during the month of January for insertion in the “Doomsday Book.” Mr. G. W. Kennedy was appointed by Chancellor Condon to write up the accompanying article in the book.

Class of 1913.

Judge Ashley M. Gould, District Attorney John E. Laskey, Mr. D. W. Baker and Mr. Frank J. Hogan have accepted the invitation to attend the smoker to be given by the permanent organization of the Class of 1913. The smoker will be held this month at the University Club. The members of the committee are Messrs. A. Sheehan, Charles E. Le Foe, A. E. Steinem, Jos. J. Cotter, Edwin Tyler, F. S. Swindell, Arnold Barbour, H. D. Jacob and B. J. Laws.

Senior-Junior Debate.

The second prize debate between the Senior Debating Society and the
Junior Debating Society was held in the Law School Auditorium Wednesday evening, March 1. The question was: "Resolved, That the United States should forcibly intervene in Mexico for the protection of life and property."

The Senior Society was represented by Patrick Whitaker, Georgia, '16, and Sefton Darr, District of Columbia, '16, who upheld the affirmative, while Edward F. Barry, Tennessee, '18, and George Helford, Rhode Island, '17, of the Junior Society, spoke on the negative. Edward T. Hogan, Rhode Island, '17, presided.

The debate was lively and exceedingly interesting. The speakers were all very much at ease and exceptionally fluent, and it was evident that the judges would have an exceedingly difficult task in selecting the winners. The judges were Hon. Henry S. Boutell, George E. Sullivan Esq., and William H. White, Esq. As was anticipated the judges were out quite a long time in their endeavor to determine the winners. The decision for the team went to the Junior Society speaking for the negative and the individual prize of twenty-five dollars for the best debator was awarded to George Helford. By winning the individual prize Mr. Helford qualified for the final debate at commencement when a prize of fifty dollars will be awarded.

After the debate, but before rendering the decision, Hon. Henry S. Boutell made a very interesting speech on the value of college debating.

**Dental Notes.**

GEORGE R. ELLIS, '16.

On Thursday, January 20, Dr. Tench, a graduate of the Buffalo Dental College, read a paper at the school on the "Gysi Anatomical Articulator," using "Turbyte Teeth." Dr. Tench is an associate of Dr. Gysi, of Switzerland, the inventor of this system, and Dr. J. Leon Williams, of London and New York, who conceived the "Turbyte Teeth." The lecture was attended by Senior and Junior students and was fully appreciated by all.

Our Dean, Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, attended a three-day session of the American Institute of Dental Teachers held at Minneapolis. The four-year course, to become effective in 1917, was the principal topic under discussion. Dr. Bowles, who was formerly vice-president of this institute, was elected president. We congratulate Dr. Bowles on his appointment.

Dr. Groden, '12, of New York, and Dr. E. H. Tennout, '11, of the U. S. S. (876)
Louisiana, paid us a visit last month and we were all happy to learn of their professional prosperity.

The District of Columbia Dental Society held its clinic at the Dental Infirmary on Saturday, February 19. The Senior students are grateful for the invitation extended them.

The clinics given by our professors were as follows: Dr. Bruce L. Taylor, "Altering Instruments for Pyorrhea and Prophylaxis Work;" Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, "On the New Stewart Replaceable Porcelain Facing and a Method of Keeping X-ray Pictures;" Dr. W. B. Hoofnagle, "Appointments, Examination, Accounts, Records;" Dr. C. A. Hawley, "Orthodontia;" Dr. H. C. Hopkins, "Orthodontia;" Dr. G. Julian Sibley, "Synthetic Filling;" Dr. Jas. T. McClennahan, "Conductive Anesthesia."

The discussion of the clinics was held in the amphitheatre of the college, after which dinner was served at the New Ebbitt.

News has been received that Dr. John E. Ganley, '15, has resigned his position at Forsythe Hospital and has opened up his office in Brockton, Mass. All success, doctor!

We are pleased to hear that Dr. T. J. Daly, '14, U. S. N., has been appointed to the Navy Yard, Seattle, Washington. Prosit!

On February 17 another record night was spent. The Delta Sigs held their annual dance in the Crystal Room of the New Ebbitt. It was largely attended and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The chapter held its meeting on Wednesday, February 23, and the following Seniors were admitted into the mysteries of the fraternity: Messrs. Biron, Bilbrey and Hurley.
On March 2 a new society at Georgetown came into existence. Dr. L. Glushak, of the Medical School, called a meeting at which were present all those collegians who possessed vocal talent and a choral society was formed. The desire for a club of this kind has long been felt but a guiding spirit has been lacking. Dr. Glushak is well known as a vocal artist, and the new society is very fortunate in having him as its director. Loughran Daly, '16, was unanimously elected president. Lendellin Dillon, '17, and James W. Rea, Jr., '17, were chosen secretary and treasurer, respectively. There are about thirty members at present in the society, and we all look forward to their initial appearance.

"That the President of the United States Should be Elected for a Single Term of Six Years" was successfully upheld by the debating team of the
Philodemic Society of Georgetown University against a team from the Adams Society of Johns Hopkins University in an intercollegiate debate at Gaston Hall.

When the decision of the judges was announced by Justice Robert M. Montgomery of the United States Court of Customs Appeals, as chairman, the hall in the university, which was well filled by students, members of the alumni and their guests, rang with cheers for the three Georgetown men who supported the proposition at issue. The members of Johns Hopkins team, however, were also given an opinion.

The members of the Georgetown team, John J. Darby, Jr., '17, of the District of Columbia; Edward J. Callahan, '17, of Maine, and Rufus S. Lusk, '17, of the District of Columbia, each presented forceful arguments in favor of one term of six years for each President.

Thomas J. Tingley, Robert R. Duncan and Reuben Oppenheimer were the members of the Johns Hopkins team.

Much stress was laid by the members of the Georgetown team upon the possibility of a President playing party politics when he is serving a four-year term and thereby seeking re-election. They also pointed out that a President in the last year of his term of office consumes much time in "stump speaking" for a second election, and, therefore, they argued, would not give all his time to the work of his office.

On the other hand the members of the defeated team argued that by the six-year-term plan a President, even if he did not "stump" for himself, would seek to have some other member of his party elected to the office. While admitting the President is a party man, they contended that this country would never be controlled by one man, because members of Congress are elected oftener than a President, and such strength could be placed in Congress as to defeat anything the President might do detrimental to the interests of the country.

Dr. Mitchell Carroll acted as chairman of the debate. The judges, with Justice Montgomery, were Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson, U. S. N.; Justice Charles H. Robb, of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; Justice Walter I. McCoy, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and Justice James F. Smith, of the United States Court of Customs Appeals.

The Georgetown College Mandolin Club contributed selections throughout the evening.
Seismology.

We take pleasure in reprinting a recent note to Father Tondorf, director of our Seismological Observatory, from Dr. Kloz, head Seismologist at the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa, Canada:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
DOMINION ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY,
OTTAWA, CANADA, February 18, 1916.

Dr. F. A. Tondorf, S.J.,
Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

DEAR DR. TONDORF:

I am very glad that you are publishing Seismological notes—the more the better and the sooner available the more useful to seismologists. If our seismograms were always as we want them with the phases shown decently, it would greatly simplify our work of location, but Mother Earth has her own way of doing things and shaking things up. Frequently before she is through with the first shake she does it again for no earthly reason apparently than to confuse us poor decipherers. Were it given to us to teach her—but it would be rather unphilial to teach our Mother—we would teach her to write a clear Spencerian hand, that he who runs may read.

However, you are doing good work to keep us posted on what you and the press hear of earthquakes.

Yours sincerely,
OTTO KLOZ.

Biology Club.

On Thursday evening, February 25, the members of the Biology Club listened to a very fine lecture on the subject of "Patent Medicines." A large gathering attended the lecture, which was delivered by Mr. John P. Gallagher, S.J., a member of the faculty. The lecture was one of the most interesting delivered before the club this year and it is the hope of the club that Mr. Gallagher will again favor the club at some future date.

On Thursday evening, March 2, Mr. George Bergmann read a very fine paper entitled "Exercise and Health." The article was indeed very interesting and will linger long in the memory of the members. Mr. Bergmann showed a very thorough knowledge of his subject.

Chemistry Academy.

On Tuesday, February 15, Mr. Rudolf Cardenal delivered a most scholarly lecture on "The Atmosphere." Not only was the lecture remarkable for the deep knowledge of the scientific principles which the
lecturer showed, but also because of the choice diction with which Mr. Cardenal clothed his remarks.

On Friday, February 25, the members of the Academy to the number of thirty paid a visit of inspection to the plant of the Georgetown Gas Light Company. Mr. Thomas Holden, the superintendent, was present and explained each detail of the manufacture of coal gas. He also invited any members of the Academy, who might be interested in the manufacture, to come over at any time and he would be glad to do all he could for them. The Moderator and members of the Chemistry Academy wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Holden publicly for his hospitality and courtesy to them.

It is the purpose of the Moderator of the Academy to visit many industrial plants so that the members may see the practical applications of chemistry.

Senior Notes.

J. B. McGuire.

March, the herald of spring, is with us again. Once more the crack of the bat is heard on 'Varsity field and visions of green grass and budding trees begin to leap up in our minds.

The coming of the baseball season recalls to mind two justly famous players whom 1916 put on the diamond, namely, "Billie" Martin, the remarkable shortstop of the 1914 nine, and our present captain, John McCarthy. Both these players made their first appearance in college baseball as members of the far-famed 1916 Freshman team. Our record, however, does not stop here, being able to number among our members "Ed" Cass, Harry Kelly, "Fritz" Flanigan and Leo Klauberg, all of whom may be counted upon to make their presence felt during the coming season.

It has been truly said, "It is an ill wind that blows no good," and so with the winds of March, Frank Sullivan returned to our midst after an illness of nearly a month. It is needless to say that we extend to him a hearty welcome and congratulate him on speedy recovery.

To the long list of honors gleaned by 1916 were added still more when "Jed" Curry, Harry Kelly and Leo Klauberg were re-awarded their G. B. B.'s for basketball. These men lent very substantial aid in bringing about a successful season, which success is all the more praiseworthy in so much as the team consisted of nothing but college men; no men from the Dental, Medical or Law Schools being on the squad.
Of course the highest praise is also due "Terry" Byrnes, who made possible the extensive schedule played and whose spirit brought it to a successful close despite many obstacles and setbacks.

With the idea of managers still in our head it might be well for us to offer here our heartiest congratulations to Fred Flanigan, the manager of track, whose meet not only surpassed the highest expectations as an athletic carnival, but which met with absolutely unprecedented financial success due mainly to his efforts and executive ability.

**Junior Notes.**

WILLIAM J. BURLE, JR.,

The writer has been deliberating deeply for many minutes trying to discover in the dim recesses of the month just past activities worthy of note. February has truly been a dull month—no athletic activities, no more social functions conducted by the class of 1917. However, in reviewing the past month one event stands out as notable—the Johns Hopkins debate, in which Georgetown was represented by three members of the class of 1917. Needless to say the class feels quite proud in furnishing the Philodemic with the entire victorious debating team. To Messrs. Darby, Callahan and Lusk nothing but the highest praise is due for their achievement. We congratulate them on their display of college spirit and on their earnestness shown in preparation.

It is worthy of note that of the two last inter-collegiate debates held in Georgetown, the Boston debate of last year and the Johns Hopkins debate just passed, five out of the six men representing Georgetown on these two victorious teams have been members of the class of 1917.

**Sophomore Notes.**

HENRY D. KERESEY.

The month of February, nineteen hundred and sixteen, received particular mention from the class of nineteen hundred and eighteen. "Tis true it was a short month but its memories will cling forever to the supporters of Sophomore. In other words, the class banquet was held on February 21 at the Powhatan. It was replete with many features. We were favored by exceptionally choice speeches from several professors. Pete Levins entertained with his lately acquired minstrel talent. "Orey" Whalen kept us laughing with his chip humor, and lastly Mr. Greenwell was conspicuous by his absence. The latter had all the good intentions of attending but a fire broke out in the counties that demanded
his most immediate attention. Seriously there were a few laudable speeches that evoked the admiration of all present. And as a finale, "Gene" Gorman displayed his vocal accomplishments and the band played "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder," with "Tubby" Carroll playing the role of the dead hero. Since the banquet proved such a great success why not keep up the ginger and, if we cannot have another gathering this year, look eagerly forward to next year and the year after. Many thanks to the committeemen for their untiring efforts that so favorably resulted in the most enjoyable event in the history of the class.

The 'Varsity basketball season is at its end and a successful one, too. The class can turn proudly to "Matt" Donnelly, who so nobly captained the 1916 Blue and Gray quint to one of the most fruitful seasons in the history of the institution. But now the season is passed and, while we are obliged to turn from "Matt" Donnelly, our eyes necessarily fall upon his successor. Once more our hearts beat with joy, for his place has been taken by a fellow classmate. Sincerest congratulations and good wishes to "Bob" O'Lone, and may his year prove as meritorious as his stocky predecessor. And yet we cannot leave the topic of basketball without tendering our most earnest appreciation of two more members of the class who so creditably represented us. They both won their letters and contributed substantially to the many points gained by the Georgetown five. "Mike" Berardini, at center, was a tower of strength and his eye could not be better, and don't forget "Jim" McNulty. His work was consistent, and he stood ever ready to support the Hilltop combination. With a nucleus such as this the class should be better represented than ever when next year rolls around. The inter-class basketball league will be off in a few weeks and it behooves us to start early so the task of capturing the pennant will be a lot easier.

Freshman Notes.

ANDREW F. DEMPSEY.

We have had a frightfully hurried month; just simply frightfully so. The "Freshies'" activities have been quite ubiquitous, if you can understand what I mean, but the blue ribbon events were annexing the championship bunting in the inter-class basketball league and staging the Freshman initial annual banquet which had a paid attendance of over seventy.

The quintet of court artists of the "nineteens" experienced a consistently victorious season, and in all of its games exhibited skill and concerted team work that would have brought credit to any classy combina-
The championship aggregation deserved a successful season as most of the members were talented athletes. George Denniston was as fast as greased lightning when dribbling down the floor while his all-around nifty style marks him as a logical candidate for next year’s ‘Varsity. Too high praise cannot be given Bert Cavanagh for his aggressive work, while Harry O’Boyle, although hopelessly handicapped with a twisted knee proved his unerring accuracy on many timely occasions. Louis Langie, captain, and John “Wow” Martin, manager, covered themselves with glory when it came to competent magnates. As a fitting climax we will tell the world that the “nineteens” have a Merriwell in their ranks in “Swede” Anderson who broke the desperate tie in the Sophomore conflict with a thrilling backhand shot.

The class held its first annual banquet on February 21 and practically every member was present. Aside from a very inviting menu an interesting program was arranged which allowed our famous embryo orators to exhibit their skill. Class spirit was the keynote to the evening’s round of pleasure.

With the harbinger of spring comes the resurrecting of baseball equipment and the “nineteens” have already made an auspicious debut on the ‘Varsity field. Harry Sullivan, whom the class heartily congratulates for his sterling work on the ‘Varsity basketball team and the winning of the ‘Varsity letter, is one of the cleverest and most seasoned players who answered Coach O’Reilly’s call. Bert Cavanagh, Cliff McCormick and Orland Leighty are candidates expected to make a formidable bid for the ball club.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from this life, while in the performance of his duty, Dr. E. L. Detwiler, the father of our esteemed classmate, E. Lawrence Detwiler; and

WHEREAS, We wish to make public acknowledgment of the deep sympathy we have for our esteemed classmate in his present sorrow; be it

Resolved, That these resolutions of our sympathy be published in the Georgetown College Journal and a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased.

LEE MCK. BRYAN, Chairman,
GEORGE P. BERGMANN,
LOUIS A. CORNET,
Committee.
On February 12, at the Hotel Rochester, was held the annual banquet of the Georgetown University Club of Rochester. Founded on December 28, 1914, this branch club of the Alumni Society is rapidly growing stronger. In the course of a few years it should have a large membership roll because more than a fair portion of the 113 students from New York hail from this section of the State. The President of the newly formed club, Mr. James P. B. Duffy, A.B., '01, acted as toastmaster. The Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., President of Georgetown, was the principal guest of honor. In the course of the evening many splendid speeches were made, all bringing out time and time again very loyal tributes to Alma Mater. Nearly forty alumni attended the banquet.

Banquet of the Georgetown University Club of New England.

On Saturday night, February 26, 1916, the Georgetown University Club of New England celebrated its tenth anniversary. The observance took the form of a dinner at the Hotel Bellevue, in Boston, attended by 125 persons, and preceded by a reception to Cardinal O'Connell, the guest of honor.

Seldom has there been a Georgetown banquet anywhere adorned by more eloquent enthusiasm or by a more notable gathering of distinguished men. At the center of the head table sat William A. Murphy, the retiring president. At his right was the Cardinal, and at his left William G. McKechnie, of Springfield, Mass., the toastmaster of the evening. Next the Cardinal sat Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., the President of George-
town. The others were Judge John B. Madigan, of Maine, recently appointed to the Supreme Court of that State; Judge Charles A. DeCour- cy, of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts; Lieutenant-Governor San Souci, of Rhode Island; Judge John D. McLaughlin, of the Massachusetts Superior Court, and newly elected president of the Georgetown Club; Judge John W. Sweeney, of Rhode Island; Mayor Joseph H. Gaines, of Providence; Benedict F. Maher, of Maine; Rev. E. A. Duff, chaplain of the U. S. S. Nevada; Captain Thomas F. Connell, of the 11th Irish Volunteers, and John J. Fitzgerald, of Pawtucket, New England's most renowned criminal lawyer.

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell arrived at the conclusion of the business meeting and was escorted to the dining room by the retiring president, William A. Murphy. Mr. Murphy, on behalf of the gathering, made an address of welcome to the Cardinal.

On arising to reply, His Eminence was enthusiastically applauded and was given the college cheer. He made an interesting address, in the course of which he thanked the club for its courtesy in sending him an invitation to attend its reunion. In the course of his speech Cardinal O'Connell said:

"Let me say that I envy you, in a way, your alumni. I wanted very much to go to Georgetown. The great college of Georgetown is the oldest of the Catholic colleges for English speaking people in the United States, and began with very promising and ennobling prestige."

Then the Cardinal gave a history of the founding of the college by the then vicar apostolic, Father Carroll, afterwards Bishop Carroll, who called a meeting of the clergy, and some gentlemen of Maryland, and urged the necessity of a school for young Catholics. The Cardinal said that those who opposed the starting of the project for fear of offending their Protestant neighbors, were the very ones who afterwards urged Bishop Carroll not to delay longer the building of the structure.

"He foresaw that our true strength will not be in numbers," said the Cardinal, "but will be in the capacity of our men to present their cause. That requires the highest type of education. And so the great, aristocratic college of Georgetown came into existence. And here are some of its fruits. It has done noble work."

Here the Cardinal pointed out that some of the members of the club are justices of the supreme and superior courts. He concluded with:

"We have faith in the prophecy of Father Carroll. Georgetown is the first of all his noble assistant. Such colleges as Georgetown not only further the cause of Catholicity, but also of good citizenship. Long live Georgetown."
William G. McKechnie, of Springfield, the toastmaster, on behalf of the alumni renewed loyalty to the American flag:

"It is not narrowness or bigotry we need to meet," he said. "I am one of those who believe that the great majority of the human race are men of honest disposition, honest intention and honest thinking. We who have been peculiarly gifted in the schools in which we were trained have a mission to perform in the communities in which we live, and that mission is to extend the gospel and teaching of alma mater throughout every community, to the end and purpose that the community may ripen into a broader experience, a wiser and broader liberality, and at the same time an understanding with each other which will make us equal before the law and before God, and equal under the flag we all love; equal alike, whatever our creed or misunderstandings of each other may be."

The Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., president of the University, told of the work done by the college and its hopes for the future. He was received with three cheers and the Georgetown yell.

He paid a glowing tribute to His Eminence, the Cardinal, and spoke appreciatively of the high honor paid to Alma Mater and to her New England club by the presence on this anniversary of the distinguished Prince of Church who presides over the great archdiocese of Boston.

The next toast brought forth a masterful eulogy of Georgetown and Georgetown ideals by Judge John B. Madigan. He ascribed a large measure of his success to the training and the inspiration that she had given him.

John J. Fitzgerald, fresh from his triumph in the famous Mohr trial, regaled the diners for half an hour with a whirlwind of the brilliant wit for which he is so justly celebrated. He kept the audience convulsed with laughter save for a minute at the close when he paid a splendid tribute to his Alma Mater and eloquently told of his affection for her. He said that many sons of Georgetown have risen to great heights, to seats of dignity and power, but the credit they reflect on Georgetown springs not from their attainment of their places but from the fact that in their conduct they ever have been true to loftiest ideals of honor.

Judge Maher, the last speaker, made a powerful appeal that character be put above all other things in life. He praised Judge Madigan as of the the highest type of citizenship and as a man of whom Georgetown might well be proud. Judge Maher was roundly applauded at the end of his address, whereupon all rose to sing "Sons of Georgetown" and the festivities of a memorable night were at an end.

Previous to the dinner there was a business meeting and election of officers. The following were elected to serve for 1916: Judge John D. (386)
McLaughlin, of the Superior Court, president; Edward J. Fegan, secretary; Charles C. McCarthy, treasurer; Benedict F. Maher, of Portland, Me.; Dr. John P. Hussey, of Providence; James J. Brennan, of Somerville, and Ignatius X. Cuttle, of Boston, vice-presidents. The following were elected directors: Francis E. Slattery, of Boston; John F. Crosby, of Cambridge, and William A. Murphy, of Boston.

A committee was appointed to draw up suitable resolutions on the death of C. Woodbury Gorman, of Providence.

The Banquet of the Society of the New York Alumni.

Georgetown's sons, young and old, gathered at the Twentieth Annual Banquet of the Society of the New York Alumni at Sherry's, 44th street and 5th avenue, New York City, on the evening of February 19, to do honor to Alma Mater. Mustering more than two hundred strong, with the roll of their guest including leading members of the profession in the city, the clergy, and the Board of Regents, the distinguished gathering enjoyed an evening of such unbounded good fellowship as to be long remembered in the annals of these ever-attractive events.

The amiable president of the New York Society, Mr. J. Lynch Pendergast, acting as toastmaster, dispersed such a feeling of radiant welcome and quiet humor in introducing the speakers of the evening, as was well calculated to bring out the best in those who followed him.

The Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., Rector of the University, in the keynote address of the evening, outlined the plans for the general development of the University and the progress thus far attained along those lines. Briefly, as, of course, the occasion demanded, Father Donlon spoke of the Georgetown of the future, centralizing his theme on the separation of the Prep. School from the site of the college proper to a country tract in Rockville, Md., which had recently been purchased for the purpose. He spoke of the tremendous difficulties encountered in the attainment of this one great objective of his administration, and then gave a general note of warning of the still greater difficulties yet to be overcome, impressively stating that only the solid and unified support of the Alumni the country over, and especially in New York, where the societies of other states looked for an example, could make a reality, the gigantic process of improvement now in embryo. The powerful influence, and restrained, yet buoyant enthusiasm of the speaker, gripped the entire assembly, and when the President of the University concluded he was accorded a storm of applause as some token of recognition for his splendid work.
Hon. Thomas W. Churchill, ex-president of the Board of Education of New York, as the next speaker, took as his theme, "Preparedness," and in his introduction told his audience that he knew he was discussing a delicate subject, and was hence taking the precaution to tell them at the outset, in a quaint and amusing manner, that he did not believe in such a state of preparedness that a "man should go to bed in evening clothes for fear a fancy dress ball break out in the middle of the night and find him unprepared." This sally brought forth great laughter, and then the speaker settled down to his topic, in which he deplored the movement to adopt any form of military training in the schools, which he maintained was the worst form of militarism, and reasoned that such action would make the United States too aggressive as a nation. However, he did mildly favor what he quoted the Rev. Rector of Fordham University, Father Mulry, as typifying a state of "being pacifically beligerent." His subject was handled remarkably well, and when he closed by stating that in his opinion that millennium when "war was no more," was not impossible, his thoughts, whether in sympathy with those of his audience or not, were well received.

The Hon. Chas. A. DeCourcy, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, speaking as the representative of the Board of Regents, outlined the plans for the coming year and touched on the general work of the particular committees of the board, reviewing the introduction of a new science course in the academic department, the improvement of scholarship in the Medical School as exemplified by the markings of Georgetown medics in the board examinations in the various states, the continued unexcelled ranking of the Law Department, and the plans for the future of the development of the Dental School. He then reverted to the big project immediately at hand, in the separate establishment of the preparatory school as a country school, and roughly sketched the adaptability and easy accessibility of the new site for such an ideal school. In the course of his remarks, he spoke feelingly for a moment when in reviewing the unfailing efforts of the Rector of the University, Father Donlon, he referred to him as "that enthusiastic Georgetown boy," and the simplicity of the utterance, yet embodying so thoroughly the thought he meant to convey, caused the speaker to be interrupted by a burst of enthusiasm and applause which seemed to pervade the entire assembly.

The "Alumni" was the pleasant theme which devolved upon John G. Agar, the closing speaker, and in a poetic address Mr. Agar linked the past and present as it touched Georgetown through the history of the achievements of her sons. He recounted how in the early days of the nation Judge Gaston, the first graduate of Georgetown, as a member of the North Carolina bar, had fought the battles of sane progress
through the two houses of the legislature of that state and finally to the Supreme Bench, settling forever all restrictions as to office holding arising from differences of faith and creed. Then through the years he traced Georgetown's sons, battling on either side in the Civil War, for the cause that they believed was right, and finally culminated his address with the achievement of that son of Georgetown, Edward Douglass White, in being raised to the most honorable and respected post in the nation, that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. "The continuance of this history of good deeds," he concluded, turning directly to the tables where the younger Alumni of recent years were grouped, "lies with you." Then amid an impressive silence brought out that as Georgetown men in the past had served their country and their God, so the tremendous responsibility of the future devolved upon the younger generation to keep the name of Georgetown ever linked with memorable achievements.

During the course of the evening all the old songs were sung and the old cheers given, bringing the gathering back for a moment to the good, old days that were gone. And then, just as the banquet was opened by a toast of support to the President of the United States, so it closed with a ringing rendition of "Star Spangled Banner."

The guests of honor were: Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., President of Georgetown University; Rev. Joseph Mulry, S.J., President of Fordham University; Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J., President of College of St. Francis Xavier; Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., Principal of Loyola School; Rev. James H. McDermott, S.J., President of St. Peter's College; Hon. Thomas W. Churchill, ex-President of Board of Education of the City of New York; Judge Charles A. DeCourcey, Regent; George E. Hamilton, Regent, Dean of the Law School; John G. Agar, Regent; Rev. John B. Creedon, S.J., Regent, Dean Arts and Sciences; Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., Dean of the Graduate School; Hon. James F. Tracey, Regent; Martin Conboy, President of Georgetown Council; Cornelius F. Orben, M.D., President of Fordham University Alumni; John G. McTigue, President of Holy Cross College Club; John P. Eagan, President of St. Peter's College Alumni Association; Hon. Charles W. Coleman, President of Alumni Association of the College of St. Francis Xavier; Hon. Peter A. Scheil, President of Manhattan College Alumni Association; Hon. W. G. McKechnie, Representative of the Georgetown University Club of New England; Dr. Ernest Laplace, Regent.

**Smoker of the National Alumni Society.**

Three hundred and fifty graduates of Georgetown University gathered
together recently in the Raleigh at their annual banquet to express their
love for their alma mater, and in the interim to renew old acquaintances
and join in the choruses especially written for the occasion by Conrad
Reid, of the law school faculty, and conducted by George H. O'Connor,
with Matthew L. Horne officiating at the piano.

The address of welcome to the alumni was made by the Rev. A. J.
Donlon, S.J., President of Georgetown University, who told the Alumni
that the efficiency of graduates was evidenced by the success attained in
their competitive examinations with students from other colleges
throughout the United States when seeking admission to practice as
lawyers, doctors or dentists. Father Donlon informed the banqueters that
the college facilities were far too inadequate to meet the requests for
admission, many applicants having to be rejected during the last year.

The social program opened with a spelling bee between doctors and
lawyers. Representing the legal profession were William Henry Den­
nis, D. W. Baker, John F. Costello, Assistant United States Attorney James
B. Archer, James A. Toomey, Leo Harlow, Harry Gower, Hugh J. Fegan,
Crandal Mackey and Howard Boyd. The medical profession was repre­
sented by Dr. William Mercer Spriggs, Dr. William Barton, Dr. Henry
Crossen, Dr. John Foote, Dr. Leon Martell, Dr. J. Mundell, Dr. Mark Sulli­
van and Dr. Roy Adams.

The judges, Dr. James J. Gannon and Judge Michael M. Doyle, declared
the lawyers to have the better knowledge of orthography, with individual
honors to John F. Costello, the national Democratic committeeman, who
correctly spelled the word "fee." He was presented with a doll said to
have come from Belgium.

A debate of the ethics of professional gentlemen carrying brief cases
or medical cases after business hours was argued by Attorney Frank J.
Hogan and Daniel W. Baker and Drs. S. S. Adams and J. J. Gannon.
After a number of spirited arguments, the medal of honor was awarded
to Dr. William F. Cogan, former dean of the Dental School, the only
surviving judge.

The musical program consisted of vocal solos by Thomas A. Cantwell,
William Sanderson, George Sanderson and selections by the "Tom" Cant­
well quartette. George H. O'Connor sang "Loading Up the Mandy Lee,"
"I'm Gone" and "Good Old Germantown."

Great credit for the success of the entire affair must be given to the
chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Dr. Wm. C. Gwynn, who
labored incessantly in perfecting the numerous details of the smoker.
Assisting him were Drs. Loren Johnson, W. P. Herbst, James Gannon, J.
R. Verbruycke, John Foote, Wilfred M. Barton and Messrs. H. J. Fegan,
Harry Hickey, Conrad Reid, John Petritz, Chas. R. Cox, Thomas Cantwell.
'68. Mr. E. H. White, who is in business with the Coffee Exchange of the City of New York, situated at 113-117 Pearl street, New York City, recently visited the college. He became greatly interested in Father Tondorf's Seismograph and, before leaving, contributed two hundred and fifty dollars to the cause of this already efficient department. Needless to say his splendid gift is greatly appreciated by all.

'83. Judge Madigan, just recently appointed to the Supreme Court of Maine, was in town lately representing the State of Maine on the Boundary Commission.

'88. In a news clipping received from Little Rock, Ark., we read the following about an A.B. man of '88 and A.M. of '91, Mr. James A. Gray: Little Rock Council No. 812, Knights of Columbus, met in social session Tuesday evening. The first number was an eloquent and instructive talk by Brother James A. Gray on the history of the Society of Jesus, better known by the laity and non-Catholics as the Jesuit Order. This talk was especially timely because of the fact that recently a mission was preached at the Cathedral by Fathers Biever and Sullivan, members of that Society. And no one among the laity in Little Rock is better qualified to talk upon that subject than is Brother Gray, who spent six years in the institutions of higher learning conducted under the auspices of that order.

'00. Mr. Joseph L. McAleer was recently appointed a member of the County Board of Law Examiners by the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia, Pa.

'03. Cyril Ginther has been elected to a directorship of the Third National Bank of Buffalo, N. Y.

'06. J. Branch Bocock, athletic coach at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, who recently visited Washington with his basketball team and left with a neat victory over the 'Varsity quint, has decided to forsake the position of athletic coach and will take up a professorship at V. P. I. next fall. The most we can wish for "Branch" is that he will prove as successful in his new duties as he was at consistently turning out winning teams in different sports at V. P. I.

'07. Mr. Francis DeSales Roach, of Washington, D. C., is the proud father of a young son, Francis DeSales, Jr.

'08. Dennis P. Dowd, Jr., whom we mentioned in a former issue as being a member of the Foreign Legion of the French Army since the outbreak of the war, is reported to have been wounded. Mr. Dowd graduated from the college with the Class of 1908 and, before the outbreak of the war, was a practicing lawyer with offices in New York City. In his Senior year Mr. Dowd was editor of the JOURNAL. We sincerely trust that dear old editor will soon be well again.
'10. Edwin Miller has been made a director of the German-American Bank of Buffalo, N. Y.

'12. Ferdinand Fornaris was appointed Municipal Judge in Ponce, Porto Rico, during the last summer.

'12. An announcement card has just been received of the marriage of Miss Jesse Marie Whyland to Mr. Leonard A. Brosseau on the 21st of February in Chicago. Our heartiest congratulations. As will be remembered, Mr. Brosseau was manager of crew in his graduating year.

'15. Two of the members of the last year’s graduating class visited the college during the beginning of this month, George Roe and Kennedy Hutton. George and Kennedy both received vociferous applause the first evening they took dinner with us in Ryan Hall. Come again!

ex-’16. “Billy” Martin, whom most of us now at college well remember for his prowess on the diamond, gridiron and basketball floor, is now at Marlin, Texas, the training camp of the New York “Giants,” receiving a try-out. From all newspaper accounts “Billy” is making good with a will and fast gaining the good graces of no less a personage than John McGraw. It will be remembered that this time last year “Billy” was going great guns with the Boston “Braves” at their training camp until he had the misfortune to break his leg. We sincerely hope that “Billy” makes good and that he may enjoy a sojourn at the Polo Grounds next summer.

ex-’16. It is reported that “Ty” Tyson, star pitcher on the Varsity two years ago and last year a member of the pitching staff of the Buffalo “Bisons,” has enlisted in the 173d Battalion, Canadian Volunteers, and is now on his way to the front.

Notice.

Alumni are earnestly requested to send in news items of all Georgetown men, so that one of the chief reasons for existence of the Journal may be fulfilled, “to serve the Society of Alumni as an organ or means of intercommunication.”
At last have we attained to fame. We have climbed a step or two higher on the ladder of success and, hanging on with one hand like a house painter, turn to smile a triumphant yet gracious farewell to the struggling crowds of ex-men at the bottom. Friend readers,—and foes,—if we have any, hearken to our boast,—we have been mentioned!

“Mentioned,” did we say? Aye, and quoted also, my dear,—by the same ex-man. The first time it happened we thought it must be a joke, so passed it up pending further investigation. But lo, publicity has knocked again at our door and, though blinded a little from long obscurity, we must step forth into glory’s warm and radiant sunlight.

We have been called “dreadful;” for the “Nuda Veritas” in our character and the “W” in our name, we have been likened to the great Washington; and there seems to be some doubt about our chivalry. We are still a little hazy about the meaning, as the whole “mention” was in typical ex-man paraphrase, but we called forth a sophist friend from his lair up the corridor and that’s how he unravelled it. Maybe we are a little “Never-tell-a-lieish,” brother, ex-man of St. Anselms, and we admit it’s beyond our power to write sugar and molasses with the acrid taste of some “war poems” on our palate, but we do try to give a little encouragement when we see anything to justify it.

Quae cum ita sint, accept our congratulations, Anselmian, upon your resignation from the “slickpaper” fraternity. Decked out in your new clothes you can now afford to drop the title of “Modest Little Citizen,” or
whatever it is that the Redwood ex-man calls you. And seeing that you have cast aside the attitude demure in appearance, why not yield a little from the attitude sedate as regards your contents. Your only attempt at liveliness,—the “drama” among your last pages,—was very successful and if continued in the form of stories or light essays, would lend much light to your rather sombre atmosphere. You are also a little poor in poetry, but ought to possess an interest-bearing deposit in the author of “Philosophy.” We shall take great pleasure in preserving the poem for purposes of inspiration, when the noble “searcher of profoundest truth” searches a little too profoundly for us to follow him.

“Members of the little university” was a pretty clever pen stroke in marking off certain classes of ungentle gentry sometimes found in universities. It occurred in one part of what we are pleased to call a very efficient editorial column,—that of the University of North Carolina Magazine. On reading the editorial, however, we were struck by a sense of regret, that it was not stretched into an essay and that “Members of the little university” wasn’t formally applied to the larger field of “Crabs,” “Wait-for-the-other-fellow-to-speak-firsters,” “Let somebody-else-pay-the-farers,” and the general roll of college undesirables.

While the essay about New York was lively and readable, we can’t say that the essays as a whole were remarkably brilliant or original. The lengthy article on the Fraternities at North Carolina University, being little more than long enumerations, could hardly be of interest to many. The only fault we have to find with the story, “Cats and Cops,” was the “slangy” style, which, though in harmony with the humor of the plot, should not be encouraged by a literary magazine. And moreover, Mr. Writer, you are just a little too clever to be safe. That idea of a burglar taking a trained cat along with him to account for any noise he might make, in a grasping nation like our is entirely too practical to be publicly suggested. While not over abundant, the poetry of the magazine has that simplicity of idea and manliness of tone which, in our humble estimation, raises it mountain-high above these color-bespattered word-verses common to so many college publications. We suggest that you get more poems,—little ones will do,—or, if you can’t get even those, drawings or designs to add variety and to substitute for the blank half page following so many articles. We regret that you lack an exchange column as we would like to see our Journal through the eyes of a “down-homer.”

If Coventry Patmore could have returned to life this year and suffered the many attentions that girls’ college magazines have showered upon him and his work, he might have been naughty enough to flee and murmur something about leap year,—but at all events, the Labarum is very literary and very well filled, (metaphorically speaking, of course).
Two well written stories and several good poems by variety allow us to appreciate more the essays. The departments are evidently conducted with care. Regarding the poems, if we ever wrote a good one ourselves, we would get very "sore" if it didn't obtain the prominence merited by the labor spent in its production. Judging by the tiny type into which the \textit{Labarum's} poems are crammed, there doesn't seem to be any such spirit at Mt. St. Joseph's.

We are just now beginning to get "warmed up" and would fain hold the floor a few pages longer regarding a few magazines we have read, but the editor—heaven bless him!—is still blind to the fact that genius makes up for procrastination and will scarce wait for us to copy what we have.

\textbf{Book Review.}

A notable contribution to American history has just appeared in the \textit{"Life of Father De Smet, S.J."} It is an authorized translation by Marian Lindsay of the standard work by E. Laveille, S.J., and published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, for $2.75.

Among the creators of American civilization, Father De Smet occupies a very important niche. A worthy life of him, therefore, must be far more than the delineation of an inspiring and noble personality. It must, in addition, picture for us the origin of the great Middle West. For Peter De Smet saw the real birth of the West; he witnessed the thronging thither of the White—whom he welcomed—and the gradual passing of the Red—whom it was his passion to save. As Father De Smet was the only white man with whom the Indians would sit in council, he was repeatedly intrusted with the settlement of troublesome questions which arose between the Indians and the United States Government, and was thus the means of averting several bloody wars. Its appeal is not confined to those who are interested in the Christian apostolate, for its perusal will give every reader a new and clearer insight into a most important period of American history.
The big track meet so much talked about before and after the 19th of February was a big success, both financially and otherwise. Without doubt there has seldom been seen in Washington a set of games that could equal the one staged a few weeks ago. Manager Flanigan's untiring efforts, along with those of Charlie Cox and many other members of the college, made the meet very interesting, besides aiding in turning into the coffers of the Athletic Association more money than has been the case in past years. Relay races galore, plenty of thrilling middle distance runs, together with numerous closely contested events in the short dashes, went to make up a most attractive program and incidentally gave the Washington track fans an opportunity to see in action some of the best athletes in this section of the country.

The meet was decided in Georgetown's favor in the open events by the work of the captain of the team, Marshall Lowe, who, by his remarkable high jumping after most of the crowd had left the hall, brought the trophy to the Blue and Gray over Johns Hopkins from Baltimore. The relay team lost to one of the best college quartets in the East when the fast Lehigh four beat the Blue and Gray to the tape by a margin of a little over fifty yards. At the last moment it was learned to the great discomfort of Georgetown rooters that Weiser and Auray had been injured to such an extent that they would be unable to participate in any
of the many events in which they were entered. Then with ex-Captain Stebbins out of the running it was hardly to be expected that the Georgetown team would do well at all. The Blue and Gray four consisted entirely of Freshmen who, though promising a bright future, had hardly had sufficient experience to cope with such men as Burke and Morrissey, two veterans of the cinder path. The work of Dorsey Griffith, who started for Georgetown, was encouraging when he was seen to finish five yards to the front of Morrissey, the Lehigh lead-off man. But Amy, Leighty and Brett, who took up the task where he left off met opponents too strong for them so that Burke, the Pennsylvanian's anchor man, came home over a quarter of a lap ahead of Brett. It is true though that considerable time was lost when Leighty allowed the rubber baton to slip from his grasp as he was about to start, this being unavoidable under the existing conditions.

Virginia's team of South Atlantic inter-collegiate performers clinched the honors in these events by means of her wonderful exhibitions in the shot put and high jump. Barker, in the shot put, repeated his victory of last year. Coleman, of football renown, came second with "Buck" Mayer and "Dan" O'Connor tied for third position.

The pole vault ended in a tie between Weidman, of Georgetown, and Hallman, of Washington and Lee, each clearing the bar at 11 feet six inches, and both men competing from scratch.

The high jump was won by Marshall Lowe, the Georgetown Captain, who cleared the bar at six feet.

One of the best exhibitions of the evening was given by Burke, the Lehigh veteran, who covered the half mile in the remarkable time of two minutes and four seconds.

An outstanding feature of the meet was the work of Griffith, a former Western High School man and now one of the best of Georgetown's track athletes. This youngster won the 50-yard collegiate final and, besides other startling performances, put up a fine race against Morrissey in the match relay between Georgetown and Lehigh.

In scholastic events the performance of Maxam, the youthful St. Albans track wonder, was the most notable. This individual carried away the honors in the 50-yard open competition beating to the tape Griffith and Brooke Brewer, his team-mate and all around crack star.

All things considered, the meet was very interesting and successful, and to the manager, Charlie Cox, the assistant manager, the Athletic Board, and to many other zealous individuals all credit should be given. The manager and graduate manager worked unceasingly in order to give the Washington fans an interesting athletic carnival and their
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Efforts, coupled with those of the above mentioned, made the night one of the biggest seen here in this line of sport in many years.

The summary of events:


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110-yard scholastic—Won by Smith, B. C. C.; (11 yards); second, Carroll, Woodcherry Forest (12 yards); third, Carter, St. Albin’s (4 yards). Time, 14.6 seconds.


Mile open—Won by Weeks, J. H. U. (20 yards); second, Nisely, L. B. C. (4 yards); third, Campbell, G. U. (25 yards). Time, 4 min. 47.4 sec.

880-yard open—Won by Burke, Lehigh (1st heat); second, Rumbough, unattached (1.8 yards); third, Carter, St. A. (5 yards). Time, 2 min. 4 sec.

Special relay race—Won by Washington College Club (Edelson, K. Knight, H. Knight and Burch); second, Potomac Boat Club. Time, 2 min. 34.25 sec.

Special—125-pound relay—Won by Episcopal High School (Cowan, Prudenton, Sewar, Hardling); second, Woodcherry Forest. Time, 2 min. 34.25 sec.

110-yard old relay—Won by B. P. L. (Molsen, Sullivan, Callahan, Fitcher); second, St. Albans. Time, 1 min. 15 2-5 sec.

Two-lap relay race—Won by Carroll Institute (Schmidt, Maloney, Dillon and Cahill); second, Columbia Athletic Club. Time, 2 min. 33 4-5 sec.

120-pound relay—Won by Baltimore Polytechnic Institute (Morrow, Stout, Marson and McAndrew); second, Hartford Athletic Club (Howe, Fagan, Chipman and Hart); third, Episcopal High School.

Two-lap relay—Won by Catholic University (Sweeney, Keen, Mulcahy and C. Horn); second, Columbia Athletic Club; third, Fifth Regiment. Time, 2 min. 31 sec.

Two-lap relay race (novice)—Won by Catholic University (C. Horn, Mulcahy, Keen, and Sweeney); second, Columbia Athletic Club; third, Fifth Regiment. Time, 2 min. 31 sec.


110-yard scholastic—Won by Smith, B. C. C.; (11 yards); second, Carroll, Woodcherry Forest (12 yards); third, Carter, St. Albin’s (4 yards). Time, 14.6 seconds.


Mile open—Won by Weeks, J. H. U. (20 yards); second, Nisely, L. B. C. (4 yards); third, Campbell, G. U. (25 yards). Time, 4 min. 47.4 sec.

880-yard open—Won by Burke, Lehigh (1st heat); second, Rumbough, unattached (1.8 yards); third, Carter, St. A. (5 yards). Time, 2 min. 4 sec.

Special relay race—Won by Washington College Club (Edelson, K. Knight, H. Knight and Burch); second, Potomac Boat Club. Time, 2 min. 34.25 sec.

Special—125-pound relay—Won by Episcopal High School (Cowan, Prudenton, Sewar, Hardling); second, Woodcherry Forest. Time, 2 min. 34.25 sec.

110-yard old relay—Won by B. P. L. (Molsen, Sullivan, Callahan, Fitcher); second, St. Albans. Time, 1 min. 15 2-5 sec.

Two-lap relay race—Won by Carroll Institute (Schmidt, Maloney, Dillon and Cahill); second, Columbia Athletic Club. Time, 2 min. 33 4-5 sec.

120-pound relay—Won by Baltimore Polytechnic Institute (Morrow, Stout, Marson and McAndrew); second, Hartford Athletic Club (Howe, Fagan, Chipman and Hart); third, Episcopal High School.

Two-lap relay—Won by Catholic University (Sweeney, Keen, Mulcahy and C. Horn); second, Columbia Athletic Club; third, Fifth Regiment. Time, 2 min. 31 sec.

Two-lap relay race (novice)—Won by Catholic University (C. Horn, Mulcahy, Keen, and Sweeney); second, Columbia Athletic Club; third, Fifth Regiment. Time, 2 min. 31 sec.


Georgetown Loses Close Game.

The Varsity met the fast Virginia Poly five in Ryan Gymnasium on the 10th of February and, after a tight battle in which O’Lone and Berardini starred, was forced to take the short end of a 30-27 score. The team exhibited by Branch Bocock’s quint was remarkable, the biggest feature lying in its ability to pass accurately and at the right time. Virginia Poly’s right forward, Engleby, was all over the court, getting seven field goals in all and putting up a fine defensive game. Bob O’Lone managed to cage the ball three times from difficult angles, and Berardini, besides scoring two goals from the floor, was a tower of strength on the defense. The Varsity fought hard all the way and only admitted the superiority of its opponents after the toughest kind of a battle. The score and line-ups:

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Georgetown (27).

V. P. I. (30).

Goals from the floor—O’Lone (3), McNulty (2), Berardini (2), Kelly (2), Engleby (7), B. Cocke (2), G. Cocke (2), Powell (1). Goals from foul—Kelly, 8 out of 15; G. Cocke, 7 out of 15. Referee—Mr. Colliflower. Time of halves—20 minutes.

O’Lone, Sullivan ............................................. R. F. Engleby
McNulty, Curry ............................................. L. F. B. Cocke
Berardini, Klauberg ....................................... C. G. Cocke
Kelly ............................................................... R. G. Powell
Donnelly ............................................................ L. G. Hall, Dean

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Georgetown had little trouble doing away with the West Virginia Wesleyan five which visited Ryan Gymnasium on the night of the 12th of February. O'Lone and Berardini were again the stars from a Georgetown standpoint, getting twelve field goals between them. Curry and Kelly also performed well for the Hilltoppers who didn't get started until well on toward the close of the first half. The game was very slow and a few spectacular shots were made during the forty minutes of play. Morrison, for the visitors, put up the best game, getting nine out of twelve fouls. The score at the end of the first half was sixteen to ten in favor of Georgetown. Early in the second half the 'Varsity rapidly pulled away from their opponents and thereafter was never headed.

The summary:

Georgetown (35). West Va. Wesleyan (21).

Goals from the floor—Curry (2), O'Lone (7), Berardini (6), Kelly (2), Sullivan (3), Jacobs (1). Goals from fouls—Kelly, 4 out of 7; Morrison, 9 out of 12. Referee—Mr. Colliflower. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Georgetown Completely Outclasses Randolph Macon.

Randolph Macon was swamped at the hands of the 'Varsity on the 17th of February. The score at the end of the burlesque was 45-12 with Curry, O'Lone, McNulty, Kelly and Berardini contributing in a great degree to the total count of 45. The Randolph Macon five had no team work whatever and were helpless before the pretty game put up by the Blue and Gray. No less than ten men were used by Georgetown, each regular being taken from the line-up shortly after the start of the second half. McNulty, in place of O'Lone, showed up well, as did Curry, who took Sullivan's place. O'Lone and Berardini shot twelve baskets between them and Kelly was successful on ten foul tries. For Randolph Macon, Scott played the best game with six fouls and one field goal to his credit. The score at the end of the first half was 18-7 in favor of Georgetown. The score and line-ups of both teams:

Sullivan, Curry .................. R. F. .................. Waters
O'Lone, McNulty .................. L. F. .................. Finney, Hatchenney
Berardini, Klauberg ................ C. .................. Scott, Bullenough
Kelly, Hertel .................. R. G. .................. Richardson
Donnelly, McGuire .................. L. G. .................. Bullingham
Goals from the floor—Sullivan (2), Curry (3), O’Lone (7), McNulty (3), Berardini (5), Kelly (1), Donnelly (1), Richardson (1), Scott (1), Waters (1).

Goals from foul—Kelly, 10 out of 15; Scott, 6 out of 8. Referee—Mr. Colliflower. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Last Game Results in Victory Over Gallaudet.

In a very interesting game the ’Varsity trimmed the Gallaudet five by the score of 31-24. O’Lone continued to play his reliable fast game, being credited with seven field goals. Sullivan and Berardini also put up a snappy game with four baskets apiece. At the end of the first half the Blue and Gray had a margin of six points, the score standing at 14-8. When the second half was well under way Georgetown had quite a commanding lead, but this was soon cut down through the excellent work of Rockwell and A. Wenger, for Gallaudet. These two individuals played a fine offensive and defensive game and, for a time, threatened to take the game away from the Hilltoppers. However, Donnelly guarded well and O’Lone and Sullivan were continually caging baskets, so that the Kendall Greeners were forced to leave the floor beaten by better team play than their own. The ’Varsity played better ball on that night than has been seen here this season and indicates the possibility of a rather successful season next year. The score:

Georgetown (31). Gallaudet (24).

O’Lone ........................................ R. F. ........................................ A. Wenger
Sullivan ....................................... L. F. .............................. Kelley
Berardini ................................... C. ........................................ Melles, R. Wenger
Kelly .......................................... R. G. .............................. Rockwell
Donnelly ................................... L. B. .............................. Willman

Goals from the floor—O’Lone (7), Sullivan (4), Berardini (4), A. Wenger (4), R. Wenger (1), Willman (2). Goals from fouls—Kelly, 3 out of 10; Rockwell, 6 out of 8. Referee—Mr. Colliflower. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Bob O’Lone Next Year’s Leader.

Shortly after the season closed the team met and unanimously elected to the captaincy for next season its star forward and leading point scorer, Bob O’Lone, of the Sophomore class. Bob, without doubt, deserved the honor and should make a capable leader. He has always given all that has been in him and has also put up the best game seen in Ryan Gymnasium this year. Recognized as one of the fastest forwards in this section of the country, he should be able to set a fine example for his men to follow and will, with his congenial personality, make an ideal general. He succeeds Matt Donnelly who has managed to guide the team through a prosperous year, both by means of his ability as a captain and also by the great defensive work which he exhibited,
especially in the tight games. The season closed with nine wins and six losses, which gives it a percentage of .600, well over last year's, which was an even break. Prospects looked none too good in the beginning of the year, but Coach O'Reilly, by the end of the season had developed a good quint and one that by comparative scores would have been able to give the champions of the South Atlantic section a close battle. The result of the games follows:

| Georgetown   | 36 | Mt. St. Joseph's | 35 |
| Georgetown   | 21 | Brooklyn Poly    | 19 |
| Georgetown   | 29 | Seton Hall       | 36 |
| Georgetown   | 15 | New York University | 47 |
| Georgetown   | 16 | St. John's       | 26 |
| Georgetown   | 22 | New York University | 45 |
| Georgetown   | 27 | George Washington | 23 |
| Georgetown   | 26 | Loyola           | 22 |
| Georgetown   | 15 | Navy             | 29 |
| Georgetown   | 20 | Brooklyn Poly    | 17 |
| Georgetown   | 29 | George Washington | 19 |
| Georgetown   | 27 | Virginia Poly    | 39 |
| Georgetown   | 35 | West Virginia Wesleyan | 21 |
| Georgetown   | 45 | Randolph-Macon   | 12 |
| Georgetown   | 31 | Gallaudet        | 24 |

**Promising Squad Reports for Baseball Practice.**

When the call for baseball candidates was posted some weeks ago, many new as well as old players reported to Manager Whalen for trials. From what has been seen up to the present, which has only afforded three days of real practice, there is an unusual amount of good fielders in the number, most of them candidates for positions on the inner works. Whether or not they can show up well with the stick remains for the three remaining weeks to bring out. Should fifty per cent. of the men now trying be able to hit at all consistently the team should be a good one. Because, with McCarthy as a nucleus, the batting end should be well taken care of and the fielding ability as exhibited to date is above the average usually seen at this season of the year. Among the notables for twirling honors are Murray, a product of Massachusetts High Schools; Owens and Cantwell, of local reputation; Finnegan and Kelly, of last year's nine, and Breslin, who has been a terror to class league hitters for the past two seasons. Such little good weather has been had up to now that there has been no chance to get a good line on the material at hand, but if the present indications could count for anything the 'Varsity this year should have little trouble in making a good record. Of last year's team Coach O'Reilly has Finnegan, Kelly, Whittaker, Cass, Cusack, McCarthy and Berardini. Of the new men, Sullivan looks probably the most promising. A very neat fielder, owning a good, strong arm, light
on his feet, with an apparent ample knowledge of the art of batting, should make him a formidable candidate for an outfield berth. Cuff, a receiver from Buffalo, looks good, as does Dempsey, a product of "Kiski," who is also trying for a job behind the bat. Maloney, an infielder from Boston, and Gilroy, of football renown, have done exceptional work in the field, though their batting ability has not as yet been demonstrated to any extent.

John Whalen has arranged a pretentious schedule for his charges to carry out and he should be given plenty of credit for his good work in this regard. The schedule follows.

March 27—Mount St. Joseph's.
March 29—Washington A. L.
March 31—Amherst (pending).
April 6—Navy, at Annapolis.
April 7—Williams.
April 12—Colgate (pending).
April 15—Johns Hopkins.
April 17—Tufts.
April 19—Washington College.
April 20—Boston College.
April 22—Princeton.
April 24—Penn State.
April 25—Fordham.
April 26—Yale.

April 27—North Carolina.
April 28—West Virginia.
May 1—Boston College, at Boston.
May 2—Harvard, at Cambridge.
May 3—Tufts, at Medford.
May 4—Dartmouth, at Hanover.
May 5—Yale, at New Haven.
May 6—Army, at West Point.
May 15—Mount St. Joseph's, at Balto.
May 17—Navy, at Annapolis.
May 20—Maryland Aggies.
May 24—Gallaudet.
May 27—Crescent A. C., at New York.

**Extensive Schedule for Tennis Team.**

Manager Reynolds has all but completed his long list of tennis matches for the coming season and, comparing it with those of past years, it is as good as has been drawn up for the Georgetown team in quite a while. Some very attractive dates have been arranged, the most important being with Navy, New York University, Fordham, Rutgers and Leland Stanford from California. The Westerners always put out a good tennis team and should offer a fine exhibition when they reach Washington in June. Matches are pending with Michigan and Baltimore Poly Institute. A three-day trip will be made previous to the Easter vacation on which Rutgers, New York University and Fordham will be played. This is the first time anything has been attempted in this line and should be an incentive for backward tennis material to come out and try for positions on the team. Matches are contemplated with the Dumbarton and Chevy Chase clubs, and also the Columbia Country Club. The schedule includes:

April 8—Navy, at Annapolis.
April 17—New York University, at New York.
April 18—Fordham, at New York.
April 19—Rutgers, at New Brunswick.
With the close of the basketball season, the inter-class league shows as its leaders the Freshmen who, though threatened to be tied by the fast Sophomore quint, played good enough basketball to win with a percentage of five games won and only one lost. The work of Denniston, who played both as a guard and a forward, was probably the best shown by any member of the five, though O'Boyle and Cavanagh proved themselves hard men to stop, as did Lange, Dempsey and Anderson. The last mentioned in the most important game of the season when the Sophomores, if victorious, would have tied the Freshmen, shot one of the pretties goals seen in the Gymnasium this year or last. After a perfect execution of the signals from the tip-off this youngster grabbed the ball on a pass from a team mate and, with little chance to set himself, succeeded in getting the ball away over his left shoulder for a basket and two points which virtually gave the flag to the Freshmen.

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<th>Class League Pennant to Freshmen.</th>
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<td>Won.</td>
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