EDITORIAL—
The Immortal Bard of Avon.................. The Editor 405
SHAKESPEARE (Verse)...................... Ernest E. Blau, '17 407
LADY MACBETH............................... Marilyn Brown, '16 408
DID SHAKESPEARE VISIT ITALY .......... Edwin G. Cass, '16 414
THE TEMPEST.............................. Voyageur, '16 416
SHAKESPEARE'S STYLE..................... D. Loughran Daly, '16 420
WHAT'S WRONG WITH SHAKESPEARE . George Spencer, '16 421
A SHAKESPEARIAN PAGEANT............. James McSherry Alvey, '18 428
UNIVERSITY NOTES—
Medical Notes.............................. Leo Brison Norris, '16 431
Law Notes.................................. George E. Edelin, '18 433
Dental Notes................................ George R. Ellis, '16 435
COLLEGE NOTES.............................. Thomas F. Gurry, Jr., '16 436
ALUMNI NEWS.............................. Charles G. Reynolds, Jr., '16 444
EXCHANGES................................. W. St. John Garwood, '17 450
ATHLETICS................................. Leo V. Klauber, '16 455


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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Editorial.

The Immortal Bard of Avon.

"Thou art a monument, without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live.
And we have wits to read and praise to give."

HIS is, indeed, the age of fire and the sword. For practically every European nation has taken sides in a colossal combat which threatens to shake to the very foundations the pillars of civilization. Justice and Humanity, torn and wounded, are forced to pay homage at the bloody thrones of Lust and
Aggrandizement. The merciless juggernaut of War has crushed under its giant wheels millions of lives and yet its thirst for gore has not been slaked. But in the midst of this frightful carnage, the dizzy world, as if haunted by the memory of some by-gone events, forgets for a moment the horrors of the present and hurriedly turns back the forgotten pages of the past. And there emblazoned in letters of imperishable gold, that defy even the hands of time to efface, is written the name of one who still lives and ever will live, the immortal bard of Avon, William Shakespeare.

Englishman that he was, England only cannot claim him as her own. For his fame was not the fleeting kind that is restricted to a single country, but it spread, as if by magic, to every portion of the globe. Every race and every people have translated versions of his works, and every heart, no matter what the clime, is charmed by the music of his song. Britain as well as Teuton, French as well as Slav, torn though they be by strife and inflamed with hatred and passion, forget temporarily the red-streaked battlefield, and all unite, friend as well as foe, in doing honor to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare.

Although three hundred years have vanished into the gulfless past he is regarded almost as a contemporary. His dramas are as eagerly read and as frequently acted today as when he himself performed them in London. Though his remains are in Westminster Abbey, his spirit is still alive and so animates his immortal characters that the reader seems to feel the very hand of his genius.

The year of his birth saw the death of Michael Angelo in Rome, and he himself was laid in the grave on the same day with Cervantes. But that great artist of the Italian Renaissance whose epitaph is written on the walls of the Sistine Chapel was succeeded by a man whose fertile brain created "Hamlet." The author of Don Quixote, whose name stands out like a beacon in Spanish literature and whose Sancho Panza is known wherever books are read, even his star pales when placed near the satellite of Shakespeare. For in pathos as well as in humor, the immortal bard like a mountain peak, is unrivalled.

As a conqueror, Shakespeare makes all military heroes dwarf into insignificance. Napoleon, in spite of all his victories and glory, left the boundaries of his beloved France smaller than when he found them. Thus it will ever be! The results of warfare are trivial when compared with the tide-like onrush of irresistible Art. Von Hindenburg has a nation at his feet but Shakespeare is idolized by the world.

In the course of this present month all the peoples of the earth will
show their affection for this great man of letters. Countless, indeed, will be the pageants and festivals celebrated in his honor. But no matter how large their number or how brilliantly they are executed, they cannot begin to do justice to a man whose fame will be as lasting as the sands of the sea.

The Editor-

Shakespeare.

Long are his slumbers, dust beneath the dust,
To feed the worm that feeds on Hamlet's king;
And "winking Mary-buds" above him spring,
Sending their living roots into the must
That has immortalized them. Only rust
And creeping mould may stir his pondering.
Can he not be, who is in everything?
What petty soul so basely takes its thrust
To challenge and defame that sleeping mind
Whose mighty depths could mirror human-kind
With God's great solemn truth? O master-sage,
We only stir the tide-pools in the sand
Of seas thou hast explored, and try to gauge
How far thou sailed. How should we understand?

—Ernest E. Blau, '17.
The twenty-third of this month the literary world commemorates the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, and this commemoration is already assuming proportions calculated to stimulate the enthusiasm of the dullest and most lethargic. No club or society, however small or unimportant, whose aims and ends partake of a literary or artistic nature, but is doing its little part in spreading the knowledge and influence of Shakespeare. Amateur players the country over have turned their attention to the play or plays of Shakespeare which the resources at their command may best interpret. Even on the professional stage several great productions, worthy of the tercentenary, have been made. Sir Herbert Tree has brought from London his spectacular "Henry VIII.,” and our own James K. Hackett has, with the aid of Joseph Urban’s bizarre genius, given revivals of “Macbeth” and the “Merry Wives.” It was the writer’s good fortune earlier in the year, in the course of a flying visit to Manhattan, to witness the former of these Hackett-Urban performances. Scenically resplendent, impeccably finished and artistic in every detail, while histrionically it was at least earnest and painstaking, it presented fittingly New York’s first tribute to the great anniversary. Of the many impressions carried away, I think, however, that the strongest was that of Miss Viola Allen’s almost unique interpretation of the role of Lady Macbeth. I imagine that Miss Allen was in a sense guided by the readings of this great part given by her predecessors, Ellen Terry in England and Julia Marlowe here in America, for in playing Macbeth’s wife as a radiant, bewitching creature more sinned against than sinning she plainly showed where her sympathies lay and wherein she differed from the great actresses of long ago who thrilled our parents and grandparents. She convinced one anew that all conceptions of this strange character must perforce divide themselves into two hostile schools.

There are those who abhor Lady Macbeth as an ogress revelling in deeds of blood and horror and who instinctively revolt from pondering too deeply on one whom they consider a fiend in human form. But happily there is another view. To those who study her more deeply...
there are revealed undreamed of depths through which the woman clearly shines. Such, in truth, is the first repellant horror we receive by her murderous plot against Duncan that we are tempted to condemn her at once. Only closer scrutiny brings to light her complexity, her depth, and above all, her tender womanliness.

Lady Macbeth exhibits an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose and a masculine breadth and sweep of intellect nothing short of marvellous, and to condemn her without considering these qualities is as narrow as to accuse the philosophic Hamlet of effeminacy and weakness for hesitating to execute his ghost-father’s commands. As the prevalent idea of a Hamlet—that all-noble and ill-starred prince of the north—pictures merely a brooding melancholy gentleman in black velvet, so the ordinary view of Lady Macbeth, though she is gifted with an intensely sympathetic nature and a boundless capacity for all-absorbing love, sees nothing but a fierce, cruel Amazon brandishing two daggers and urging her husband to the murder of an aged king. Even when we study her more deeply we are apt to judge her too much by what she says; we do not stop to consider what she is. We forget that Lady Macbeth’s participation in the murder of the king is made more terrible because we sympathize with her almost involuntarily.

Macbeth is universally regarded as one of Shakespeare’s most complex creations. He is represented in such varied lights and in such widely different aspects that he affords an absorbing subject for analysis and criticism. On the other hand the character of Lady Macbeth can be readily resolved into elements of the utmost simplicity. She is as superior to her husband in intellect as she is inferior in imagination. Macbeth determines boldly, but straightway his mind glances off into complex and fanciful broodings. Without the strength of will which is essential even for the villain, he wavers and resolves, determines and falters, so that in constant fluctuation between “would” and “dare not” his “function is smothered in surmise.” There is nothing good in this constant hesitation. It is pure cowardice. His scruples regarding the king contain nothing noble or intrinsically good. He has the coward’s chronic fear of detection, he dreads the universal hatred which Duncan’s murderer will receive, he fears the deed, not because it is morally wrong, but because in Duncan as his kinsman and his guest “there is double trust.”

On the contrary, with the Lady, to determine is to act. She no sooner resolves upon the performance of the deed than she bends up every energy of her being to its execution. Up to the very moment of the assassination, she never pauses for a moment. She talks as cruelly as ever murderers could, yet one cannot help considering her subsequent deeds
a better test of her true nature than these precedent words. The more thoughtfully we read the opening scenes, the more vividly does she stand forth as a woman who is simply urging her husband to a deed of blood through her love for him. She wishes his glorification; his greater power is her only thought. Not once does she refer to herself or to her own ambitions. Her every dream, her every hope, her every happiness rest in him. How thoroughly she knows him! How intuitively she has sounded every depth and every hidden nook of his tortuous mind. She understands, as none other does, his weakness and his vacillation. He who to the world is the great and noble chieftain, the wise, the decisive general is childishly dependent upon her advice.

In the first reference to her in the play we see something of this dependence. When Duncan announces to Macbeth his intention of visiting him at Inverness, the latter, bewildered by this new turn of affairs and almost frightened by the possibilities thus opened up to his ambition, at once thinks of her to whom he has gone with every hope and difficulty. He breaks out:

“I’ll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach.”

Previously he has written to her of the weird women’s salutations and of his reception of the promised title, “Cawdor.” It is while reading this letter that we first see her. And what a masterpiece that letter is! Notice the superior conventional husband’s attitude in the phrase: “This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness.” If she did not love him so entirely and devotedly, she might smile in quiet scorn. “Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.” Oh! no need of that. How long already it has lain there! She does not shrink from considering the matter. Long since has she urged and argued it with him. With conscience-drowning love, she does not falter even at the cost of blood that she may see him throned in Forres’ Hall.

Mrs. Siddons, the greatest impersonator of Lady Macbeth, always considered her a woman of a rather slender, fragile composition, full, of course, of energy, fire and spirit, but radiantly beautiful, both in face and figure (a conception in many respects analogous to that with which Miss Allen until recently favored New York). Thus it is easy to understand why her husband treats her so lovingly. A man of his stamp would revere only such a woman. If she were a massive, brawny Amazon, he might fear her physically, but he would not writhe and twist in irresolute agony when she taunts him with “coward” and casts slurs upon his love. Her invocation to the spirits “that tend on mortal thoughts”
shows clearly how assumed is her role of wickedness. Why should she cry: "Stop up the access and passage to remorse," if her mind were naturally of that fierce and fiend-like cast that "no compunctious visitings of nature" were to be feared. In that awful speech beginning:

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan,
Under my battlements."

Her vivid eloquence piles one horrible image upon another in a wild excitement of terror, just as a man, pausing before some dread attempt, will threaten and storm in violent, but assumed, bravado.

The following scene is ideal. The sweet, light-hearted talk of Banquo and the king, the gracious and courteous welcome of their "honored hostess" at the castle-gate, suspend the tragic action but wonderfully increase our interest. In the next scene (the seventh) it seems incredible that the Lady's heroic determined persuasion of her husband should be proclaimed the expression of her true character. She pours forth first, a stream of bitter ironical questions, then with vigorous and irrefutable logic she mounts steadily to a great climax when she sweeps her husband's waverings before her by the most terrifying and striking image which she can call to mind. Every word bears the imprint of the special purpose for which it is uttered. The most superficial observation may reveal how unlike her are her words.

In the dim inner court of the castle, Lady Macbeth waits her husband's return. He has crept up the narrow steps to find the "daggers ready." She has drugged the "posssets" of Duncan's grooms and the sight of the heavy dark wine has given her additional boldness. Her fears during the murder are very natural ones; that they may be discovered; that there will be some slip in her carefully arranged plan; that they may be called upon to appear before every trace of the crime has been obliterated. She has deliberately shut from her mind all the horror of the attempt; with almost self-violent courage, she does not permit herself to dwell upon one detail of the ghastly business, or her conscience to speak against the hellish deed. It is true that a while before, as she stood in the dark chamber by the sleeping king, as her fingers, in sudden resolve, closed swiftly upon the hilt of a dagger, she was startled and unnerved by his resemblance to an adored father. But, though the sight of the old man in his blood, though the faint ghoulish odor of it,
sickens and horrifies her, she ascends the winding staircase with a tragic, frenzied jest upon her lips:

“If he do bleed,
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.”

Never once does her almost preternatural courage forsake her until, when in the awful horror of the murder’s discovery, Macbeth describes the dead king and his “blood-gilded” grooms, the full picture is for the first time thrust before her. She can no longer ward it off by sheer strength of will and with a faint cry she falls swooning—not in feigning but in fact—overcome by that one horror for which she had failed to prepare.

When next we see her, the blood-bought crown has been achieved. Instead of exulting in her husband’s possession of that for which she has slain her soul, we find her suffering all the untold agonies of remorse. From the moment of her sin she is doomed. She conceals it in Macbeth’s presence, thinking to strengthen him as of old, but their two lives are insensibly drifting farther and farther apart. She is no longer his confidant, she is no longer a partaker of his new crimes and fears. Macbeth goes on, sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of sin. He is so steeped, bathed, soaked in blood that

“Should he wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

Yet somehow, he holds on grimly to the very end. She, tortured by her never-ceasing memories, can find no relief in vague imaginative ravings, as can he.

“Nought’s had. All’s spent.
Where our desire is got without content.
’Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.”

Oh! what a sigh is there! A sigh from the depths of a repentant, agonized soul.

Concerning Lady Macbeth’s bearing in the famous banquet scene one fact always strikes us forcibly. When Macbeth is haunted by the spectre of the murdered Banquo and appears half crazed with terror at the gruesome sight, her fierce whispered rebukes, the biting sarcasm with
which she attempts to dispel his fancies, her hasty agonized appeals to the wonder-struck company have a thrilling, tragic force which holds us tense. But when the company has gone, she says no more, no syllable of rebuke or of scorn; a patient submissive replying to his questions; a pathetic entreaty to seek repose; what love and tenderness she shows! Beneath that silence lies a depth of woe and horror impossible to conceive. She can find no egress, no channel in which to loose the torrents of that blind tearless agony. But nature finds a way. Sleepless while all else sleeps; wide-eyed yet sightless, she glides ghost-like through the dim halls of Dunsinane, haunted by those phantoms of the past: the blood in which the old man lay, the ghastly knocking at the gate, the picture of Macduff's wife lying dead among her children, and—most horrible of all—that sickly smell which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten."

And so she goes from us, without help, without hope. There is no medicine that can

"Minister to her mind diseased
Pluck from her memory those rooted sorrows
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the something settled matter round the heart."

The news of her death hardly touches Macbeth. "It seems little more to him than one additional incident in the weary, meaningless tale of human life." The closing lines of the play are surely by another hand than Shakespeare's. Would he, who has inspired us with pity for Lady Macbeth, have called her there a "fiend-like queen?" Even though the words come from the mouth of Malcolm, would he have unveiled the mystery of her fate by hinting that she took her life by "self and violent hands?"

Can we condemn without mercy this unfortunate woman? She sinned grievously, it is true, but her atonement was awful! Truly might it be said of her as was said of another hapless one who broke like her the inevitable laws:

"She loved not wisely but too well."
Did Shakespeare Visit Italy?

EDWIN G. CASS, '16.

It is indeed doubtful if there is any man in all history more interesting to study than Shakespeare. The extent of his writings, the variety of his topics, and the abundance of his characters present a veritable treasure-trove of reflection to one of an analytical turn of mind. But of all the attractive phases of this many-sided man there is none which can arouse a more spirited discussion than the somewhat trite subject of this little essay.

Anyone at all familiar with the writings of Shakespeare cannot fail to notice the attraction and fascination with which he regarded Italy even from the very beginning of his career. For what could bear better witness to the truth of this statement than “The Two Gentlemen of Verona” and “Romeo and Juliet.” But no matter how carefully one reads these plays, he will not find even one word to show that the immortal bard of Avon looked on Italy with his own eyes. However, should the reader persist in his task and turn his attention to “The Taming of the Shrew” he will find definite local color so interspersed with details that betray such a first-hand knowledge that it is all but evident that Shakespeare personally visited Pisa, Venice and Verona.

It is only natural that he would want to visit Italy, for at this time it was the home of culture. It was the goal towards which all paths lead. Men of every country studied its literature and imitated its poetry, and a journey there was inexpensive, too. But as Shakespeare left no biographical records whatever one can only examine his plays for facts and many significant ones point to him as having set foot on the soil of sunny Italy.

Let it be understood that at the time of Shakespeare travelers, unlike their more modern fellows, were forced to get along as best they could without the aid of that luxury, a guide book. So whatever information Shakespeare had of foreign lands, he must have obtained it from other sources. Who has more strikingly depicted Venice than he, and yet there was no description of that city ever published in London until after he had completed his “Merchant of Venice.”

But one may find even stronger evidence than this! In the character of Shylock, Shakespeare has created a personage that bears the indelible stamp of Venice. It shows such a keen insight to Jewish nature,
such an intimate acquaintance that can be had only by personal contact. And this would have been impossible in England for the very good reason that by law no Jews were permitted to reside there since their expulsion, begun in the time of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and completed in the year 1290.

Special attention has frequently been directed to a speech at the end of the second act of “The Taming of the Shrew” as the strongest argument for the affirmative side of this knotty question. It is where Gremio sums up all the goods of his house in the following words:

“First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coiffers I have stuff’d my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints.
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss’d with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping.”

Numerous critics have often stated that they had literally seen all of these article of luxury in the palaces of Florence, Genoa and Venice, and that the local color in “The Taming of the Shrew” is so true to life and so vivid that it could not possibly be gleaned from books.

An argument frequently brought forward by opponents of this theory is that Shakespeare was too busy writing to travel. But from the autumn of 1592 until the summer of 1593, all the London theatres were closed for that frightful scourge, the plague, from which England had so long been free, was raging with unabated fury in the capital. The Privy Council forbade the presentation of plays, and as we have previously shown how probable it was that Shakespeare was once in Italy, it is more than likely that he chose this particular time for the visit that was to have such a beneficial result on his writings.
HERE is an old story, I do not know if it be true or false, which tells us that when the swan is dying, as she floats down the river in the red blaze of sunset, she sings a great chant of triumph and despair. At first it is low and mournful, but soon it rises jubilant and free and the desolate creeks and pools are flooded with eddying song. The legend has always exerted a powerful influence on imaginative minds, so much so indeed that the last work of a great author, poet or musician is eagerly examined in the hope of finding it a fitting "swan song" to his career.

Now, when we take up Shakespeare we are not disappointed for "The Tempest," which the majority of critics have pronounced his final work, is truly a "swan song." The splendor of sunset in "The Tempest" can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guess-work must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the stately figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close. Even if this be thought too fanciful, nowhere has Shakespeare been more prodigal of every species of enchantment. The exquisite but contrasted grace of Miranda and Ariel, the wonderful creation of Caliban, the varied human criticism in Gonzalo and the wicked brothers, the farce comedy of Stephano and Trinculo, do not more show the illimitable fancy and creative power of the master in scene and character than do the passages, not so much scattered as showered over the whole play, his absolute supremacy in poetry. Possibly I can make this somewhat clearer by briefly recapitulating for you the story of the play.

A tempest-tossed vessel is wrecked upon the shores of an enchanted isle whereon dwell Prospero and his daughter Miranda, alone save for the presence of Caliban, a deformed and brutish slave. During the storm Prospero tells his daughter of his past life. Formerly he had been Duke of Milan, but had been supplanted by his brother, Antonio, with the aid of Alonzo, king of Naples, who desired thereby to render Milan tributary to his kingdom. The conspirators had not dared to kill Prospero outright, but had contented themselves with setting him and his daughter, then three years old, adrift in a crazy boat upon the open
They would have perished miserably but for a humane Neapolitan named Gonzalo, who provisioned their craft and thus enabled them to reach the island which they made their home. For twelve years they had quietly dwelt there—a period spent profitably by Prospero in the education of his daughter and in his own study of the art of magic. Prospero ends his story by telling Miranda that a strange chance has brought all his enemies to him in the ship which they have seen wrecked in the tempest raised by his art. Ariel, the chief of his spirits, now appears and reports that all the passengers have been brought safely to land. Ferdinand, the son of King Alonzo, becomes separated from the rest and they suppose him lost. Prospero leads him to his cell where the Prince and Miranda fall mutually in love.

Alonzo, Sebastian, his brother, Antonio, Gonzalo, and other victims of the shipwreck roam the island until all but Sebastian and Antonio are put to sleep by the invisible Ariel through the agency of gentle music. Sebastian and Antonio now plot to murder the King. Ariel frustrates their plans. In another part of the island, two others of the company, Stephano, a drunken butler, and Trinculo, a jester, discover Caliban.

The three last named plot to dispatch Caliban’s master, Prospero, and seize upon the island for themselves. The King and his company meanwhile wander about oppressed by weariness, hunger and mental anguish. Ariel tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet. At his cell Prospero sets Ferdinand to the task of carrying and piling logs, in order, as later develops, to test the Prince’s affection for Miranda, who, on her part entreats Ferdinand to let her share his arduous labors.

Ferdinand undergoes the trial worthily, Prospero bestows his daughter’s hand upon him and entertains the lovers with a glimpse into the land of spirits. Suddenly recollecting the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates, he interrupts the entertainment, calls Ariel, and prepares to frustrate them. The conspirators meet with most severe punishment, for Prospero and Ariel set upon them “divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds.” The King and his company are at last brought by Ariel before Prospero who is moved to be merciful because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them. The King begs pardon of him for the wrongs he has done him and restores to him his dukedom. Prospero brings forward Ferdinand and Miranda whose betrothal is ratified by Alonzo. Prospero, then, abjures the mystic art and with the King and his train proceeds to Naples, by means of the magically preserved ship, to solemnize the nuptials of the lovers.

“The Tempest” is a specimen of the purely romantic drama in which Coleridge tells us the interest is not historical or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture or the natural connection of events, but which owes no
allegiance to time and place and makes its appeal entirely to the imaginative faculty. In this play Shakespeare has sketched most admirably the vices which generally accompany a low degree of civilization and, particularly, the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, both as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and, by making the good ridiculous, to render the transition of others to wickedness easy.

The great critic, Dowden, one of the finest writers upon Shakespeare, makes the startling statement that Prospero is Shakespeare and in so doing he astonishes one not so much by his daring as by his truth. For it is not alone because he is a great enchanter about to break his wand of magic, to drown his book "deeper than ever plummet sounded," to dismiss his airy spirits and to return to his terrestrial dukedom that we identify Prospero with Shakespeare. It is rather because the grave harmony of his character, his self-mastery, his unflagging justice and his curious remoteness from the common joys and sorrows of the world are so characteristic of the myriad-minded bard. Prospero is will—he is the master mind, the man of the future as shown by his control over the forces of nature. He has reached the summit of intellectual attainment—he has fathomed the mystery of himself:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Of Miranda I cannot speak. It is impossible to describe the perfectly beautiful. We can but worship from afar. There is no woman with whom we may compare Miranda. Even one of Shakespeare's loveliest and sweetest heroines would appear somewhat coarse and artificial when brought into contact with this "goddess of the enchanted Paradise." The only being with whom she can be compared is Ariel. Beside that ethereal essence of light and air that "ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda appears a palpable reality, a woman "breathing thoughtful breath," walking the earth in mortal loveliness serene.

They say that there is little in Homer that is not true to nature. Certain it is that there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play and you will see that I make no overstatement. "The Tempest" is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background; the deep, blue sky, the sea in calm and storm, the enchanted flowery isle "so full of noises, sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." The personages comprise many types—king,
noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the hey-day of their innocent love. To them are superadded Caliban and Ariel, contrasted creatures of the purest imagination. Consider the poetic thought and diction: What can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution or his stately abjuration of his magic art? Do you not see as you read the all-wise, all-potent Shakespeare standing in the place and speaking with the voice of Prospero, laying aside his pen forever, relinquishing serenely yet with a touch of sadness to Beaumont or to Fletcher the sceptre of poetic sovereignty? Listen here and there to the songs of the prismatic Ariel: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five thy father lies." Then we have a play within a play, lightning and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres and Juno.

The storm in the first scene on shipboard and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet in the last, round the intervening scenes with circled waves. Throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the pebbly beach—to catch glimpses of the tranquil sea-line through the trees. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites, it is drowsy or breathes balm and refreshment, or murky with lightning and heavy with growling storm while golden sunshine is spread round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. Truly, "The Tempest" shows the possibilities of invention and imagination in the most poetic form over which genius has extended its domain. Read it. See if you do not think it is a mighty "swan song."
Shakespeare's Style.

D. LOUGHRAN DALY, '16.

As CHESTERFIELD declared in his immortal letters, "Style is the dress of thought." The true master of letters is not a mere plot constructor, a narrator of facts, an inventor of interesting episodes and sequences. His work lies wider than the simple cementing of a compact piece of word-building. He is an artist who takes his reader by the hand and leads him through the paradise of a God-given imagination by paths fringed with exquisite and aromatic flowers of diction and sparkling with gems of cogent expression. And such a wonder-man was Shakespeare—"myriad-minded Shakespeare."

Possessed of a miraculous power of reconstructing places and events which he had never himself seen and of which he could have had but a comparatively meagre knowledge, he was able, by his matchless use of words to place before his reader a legion of active, pulsing human characters vividly living their lives amid scenes and circumstances as sensible and convincing to the intellect as those of everyday life are to the external senses. And strange to say, his peculiar ascendency in word treatment was not due to an unusual choice which lay at his command. On the contrary, his vocabulary was limited to some fifteen thousand words. But by his masterful employment of the true "King's English," that is, by his unequalled ability in varying his terms and in combining them to suit exactly the prevailing emotion or atmosphere, he gained precisely the effect demanded. And though, as a rule, he used only the purest Saxon in his writings, yet when occasion demanded, he could be at one time sombre, at another merry, now commonplace and humble, again grand and elegant, merely through the wizardry of his combination and selection of words. The very looseness of structure so often apparent in his works, the frequent confusion of singular and plural, in themselves doubtless grammatical faults, lend a force and reality which could arise only from their dexterous employment, and what is lacking in technicality is far overbalanced by the marvelously clear visualization which is the usual result.

And so, though it may be true that Addison with his smoothly turned phrases may be the true Master-stylist, or Macaulay with his careful balanced and counterbalanced sentences, it is certainly true that Shakespeare was the greatest factor in the production of the English tongue in its present form. He was, is, and ever will be, the Glory of English Literature.
PON the twenty-third day of this month the civilized world commemorates the three hundredth anniversary of the death of one of its greatest and most appreciated geniuses. It was on that day, in the year 1616, that William Shakespeare passed away at his manor of New Place in quaint old Stratford. The busy world recked little of his departure, would doubtless have lightly shrugged its shoulders at such an unimportant happening, but the busy world has always made mistakes. The sun probably sank on that April day just as peacefully and tranquilly as it had sunk on thousands of previous ones, unaware that his westering rays were gleaming for the last time in the dying eyes of an immortal genius. But the sun is a very superior creature and dwells very far away. Since then, however, things have changed. Now the busy world has placed the man who died that day in Stratford upon one of its loftiest pedestals and the sun's beams light up daily a thousand theatres and busts and statues bearing his name. Yearly the world hymns the glory and pays homage to the name of Shakespeare, not alone as the supreme dramatic poet of all time but as the great analyst of the human heart, as the "myriad-minded lord of language."

I said above that the civilized world revered Shakespeare as one of its most appreciated geniuses. The words were used advisedly. The civilized world, because the fame of Shakespeare is not merely local; that is, restricted to the Anglo-Saxon race. Germany claims to have "discovered" him besides asserting that she only has the power of appreciating him. France reveres him as highly as Corneille and Racine. There is scarcely a language—nay, a dialect—into which he has not been translated. South Sea Islanders may read Shakespeare in their native tongues while by the mystic Ganges Brahmins may study him in Hindustani. A general knowledge of his value, of the position which he holds in literature, is universal, and in this sense we may term him an appreciated genius.

But such "appreciation" has one very decided drawback; namely, a tendency to take Shakespeare too much for granted, to relegate him to the fearsome ranks of "the classics," to subdue him to the level of an example, of a type. Look about and you will see the effects of this upon every side. Shakespeare has been so lustily exploited by reading cir-
cles, "culture clubs" and enterprises of a similar nature that the ordinary man, "the man in the street," is fast beginning to regard him as one of those oppressive litterati who must be talked about "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," but whose pages (if in a misguided moment he should be prevailed upon to open) would impress him as a most infallible cure for insomnia.

Indeed, it must be admitted that the study of Shakespeare in the classrooms of our great public schools, while undoubtedly a most valuable and necessary pursuit, very often falls far short of its desired effect; that of inspiring the pupils' minds with the nobility and beauty of the plays and inciting them to further reading. It may, perhaps be, owing to the unintelligent readings given by so many of the teachers, the utter absence of color and charm in their explanation of difficult and abstruse passages but it is an undeniable fact that the pupil, more often than not, closes his blue school edition (with notes and questions for examination) of the "Merchant" or "Macbeth" or "Hamlet" with the same heart-felt sigh of thankfulness with which he surrenders his Wentworth's Algebra or Carhart's Physics to that overcrowded book-store downtown.

It seems a great pity, and yet what is to be done. The principal of the school has outlined the course and made it obligatory, the poor teacher has done his or her best, the children have passed their examinations and yet they have no more real understanding of Shakespeare than when they started off with the simple knowledge that such a man lived and wrote plays.

Even in the world of the theatre this "classification" (if so I may be permitted to term the attenuation of Shakespeare into an aspect) has had its deleterious effect. A prejudice against him has sprung up. Word seems to have gone forth that his plays are solely "for the intellectual," for those alone who revel in the iambic pentameter. "Of course, in order to give your conversation a distinct literary flavor you owed it to yourself to see Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson as 'Hamlet,' or, at least one Sothern-Marlowe production (preferably 'Twelfth Night,' or something not too fatiguingly heavy)." So goes the popular voice and when those who in the past obeyed it, witnessed some such "duty" performance they would blind themselves to the very living pleasure to be derived therefrom and sit throughout the play in the determined frame of mind of those who will be "educated" willy-nilly with the result that but little of that charm and glamor of story, of action, of character, of line that is Shakespeare ever reaches their depressed culture-seeking minds.

Two years ago the American stage witnessed what might be termed a big Shakespearian "boom." More companies were then presenting
his plays than at any time within twenty years and there seemed to be a corresponding increase in the popular appreciation, but the bubble speedily exploded. Mr. John Drew, one of our most finished and popular actors, met the most complete failure of his career in a sumptuous revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." Miss Margaret Anglin, whatever may have been the opinions as to her artistic success, received only the most discouraging financial support to her valiant efforts with a group of Shakespeare comedies. Singular it was that despite the crowded houses that everywhere greeted Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott in the former's farewell tour of the United States, they announced that for the concluding term of their engagement Shakespeare would be dropped from the repertoire in favor of more popular offerings. The fiasco which attended Mr. William Faversham's superb production of "Othello" is now a matter of theatrical history. A few months later Miss Marlowe's illness necessitated the breaking up of that wonderful stellar combination, of which she was a member (the only organization that did make Shakespeare pay), and since her retirement Mr. Sothern has discontinued Shakespeare. As a result of these repeated failures and misfortunes Shakespeare vanished almost completely from our stages until this year of the tercentenary when a determined effort seems even now under way to once again popularize him. If we except an elaborate and short-lived production of "Romeo and Juliet" featuring an ambitious amateur, the theatre's first contribution to the celebrations was a most sumptuous revival of "Macbeth" which served to display to the full Mr. Joseph Urban's impressionistic genius as a scene painter and to gratify Mr. James K. Hackett's oft-expressed desire to assay the title role. But the old-time "hoodoo" seems to have returned with force for "Macbeth" and its indefatigable "star" is now tempting fate with "The Merry Wives of Windsor" while not far away in another theatre the English Sir Herbert Tree is striving to awaken the response and enthusiasm with which London greeted his "Henry VIII." Possibly these current productions will be financially as well as artistically successful but even if so, it will be quite as much owing to the pomp and circumstance of their externals and to the presence of some justly famous names in the *dramatis personae* as to the potent effect of either drama or poetry upon aesthetic New York.

What lesson, then, is to be read in this general discountenancing of Shakespeare in the American theatre? Surely it would seem to be but a confirmation of the old managerial adage, "Shakespeare does not pay." This is the statement which ever infuriates the theorist, the professor, the impractical, dogmatic student, who knows so thoroughly every rule and principle upon which the theatre ought to be conducted.
but is so pitifully blind to the very real untheoretical difficulties which prevent their actual working out. These earnest enthusiasts—and they are usually either young men whose working knowledge of the theatre and its people is practically nil, or older men, frequently of the critical calling, who, having revelled in the drama of an elder day, cannot adjust themselves to the altered conditions of the present—delight in heaping coals of fire upon the head of some unfortunate manager whom they will accuse of wilfully misleading the public taste or of possessing a deep-rooted antipathy to the higher forms of the drama as such; just as if any manager would not be equally pleased to fill his house with "Timon of Athens" as with "Very Good, Eddie," provided the receipts at the door were the same.

No, dear, impractical, book-worm critics of "the needs of the present day theatre," the fault is with the dear public whom in vain you would picture craving for the best only.

Of course it is all very well to lay bare the faults of a present day system. It is very easy indeed in regard to this subject of the knowing of Shakespeare to arraign the theatre-going public (and they need arraignment) or to criticize the long-suffering teachers who strive valiantly against heavy odds. But what's the remedy? How do you propose to wrestle with the problem? How would you advise experienced teachers upon a subject over which they have labored for years? By what occult means are you going to turn the great "public" from its devotions at the shrine of the "movies" to "Othello" or "Much Ado"? How could you make possible by so doing a three hundred night run of "The Tempest" or some other play which well deserves it?

And these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered. The man who could infallibly do these things would be fought over by educators and managers and could command a princely salary either in the lecture room or behind the footlights. But although that gifted personage has not yet appeared, his precursors, in the world of the theatre at least, have been paving his way. The unfortunate New Theatre was a step in the right direction, but it was (if I may be allowed the use of a most epigrammatic colloquialism) a case of "the right church but the wrong pew." An institution of noble, of loftily artistic aims, it came to grief because of the lack of popular support. But the New Theatre was primarily a rich man's institution, a palatial home of the drama whose seats sold at exorbitant prices, a sort of Metropolitan Opera House of the spoken play to which the general public did not throng for perfectly obvious reasons. Do you think that that same Metropolitan could continue to fill its vast tiers for a full season (selling seats at the present rating) without the presence in the opera company of Farrar and
Caruso? And where—for poetic drama is as much of an exotic as grand opera and demands as carefully cultivated a taste—are the Caruso and Farrar of the theatre? So the New Theatre, founded upon the false principle that people would after a while pay for what was really fine, failed; failed even in spite of its millionaire guarantors, though few such artistic enterprises so richly deserved success.

Is it possible that, had the New Theatre been a little differently constituted, it might have been successful? I believe it would, even though by so saying I lay myself open to the same charges of theorizing and dogmatism that I have sneered at in others. The New Theatre, properly constituted, is a working success today in most of the cities of Continental Europe. I refer to the subsidized theatre.

In most of the European countries, especially in France, Germany, Austria and Italy, there exist great "standardized" theatres built by government contributions and maintained by annual government allowances. The salaries of the artists are placed at a uniform rate and, together with those of the managers, stage directors, mechanicians, scenic artists—in short, of all those indispensable to the untrammeled career of a well-conducted playhouse—are also paid by the government. A theatre so constituted has very obvious advantages. The harassing financial considerations, so omnipresent to the interested private enterprises which by force of circumstances make up our theatrical world, are entirely removed. Trained experts in all branches of stage lore can devote all their energies to the artistic and histrionic success of a production with every financial embarrassment and worry eliminated. All of that rests secure in the hands of the government. Moreover, the government fixes the rate for seats, lowering the prices till they bring the performances of classic masterpieces within the reach of every purse and even occasionally giving free performances for some worthy purpose, as, for example, when, in Paris, the government gave some of Charpentier’s “Louise” for the purpose of instructing and warning the sewing girls of the slums. Of course, in such theatres, the splendid company available under such conditions with the guidance and direction of art experts, can revive the great standard plays of the past in memorable fashion while that needed incentive to literary and dramatic ability of a high order is stimulated by the annual production of the finest pieces of contemporary work presented to them.

Why could not we here in America have something like this? Why do we, as a whole, as a nation, so consistently ignore the world of art?

The older mellower nations in their days of peace realized how necessary a niche art and culture should occupy in the scheme of things and accordingly incorporated them as an integral part of general educa-
tion, as part of the broad consistent natural development which their governments were wont to foster and encourage. Why could not our government, which lavishes such vast sums on transitory and sometimes unworthy aims, set aside something for those aesthetic ends which in the final issue are the scales in which the intellectual greatness of any country is found weighty or wanting?

Of course those who have lived much abroad and have had ample opportunity to study the defects as well as the excellencies of the subsidized theatre will raise their voices warningly. They will prophesy that were subsidized theatres to be founded here either by municipal or state or national funds they would soon be as full of abuses as most government institutions or as much the prey of routine and conventionality as in many ways the Comedie Francaise has become to-day, or, at least, as Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in her fierce philippics, would fain have us believe it. But in a young foundation these evils could be eliminated from the very beginning while always the subsidized theatre has the inestimable merit of familiarizing the proletariat of all ages with those great dramatic masterpieces upon the interpretation of which the private enterprises of to-day could not risk embarking.

Now, since this rambling essay is supposed to be upon the general subject of Shakespeare, let us apply the above remarks to his plays. Let us suppose a subsidized theatre erected and maintained either by government, state or municipal funds in New York, or, if you prefer in Chicago or Boston or Philadelphia or even in San Francisco, if to do so will make the instance more local. The company of actors and producers is uniformly excellent. They are well drilled, well paid and they are relieved of all future worry by the knowledge that at a certain age or a certain completed period of public service they will be retired with honor and a pension. About eight productions are made in the course of the year; three of which will be Shakespeare plays; one, a comedy of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's; two or three, representing the finest output of recent years in the countries of Europe—say, for example, a revival of a Hauptmann play (Germany), a Strindberg "study" (Scandinavia), the latest Pinero drama or Shaw comedy (England) or a Schmitzler whimsey (Austria), a D'Annuzio poetic tragedy or Bracco comedy (Italy), or the most artistic and thrilling work of the past year by one of the sombrely tragic Russians. Then there will be one rollicking farce of the present day—chosen, however, with an eye to its deftness of touch or skill of characterization—and a good recent play of one of our own American dramatists, Edward Sheldon or Max Marcin or, in his cleverer moments, even the perennial George Cohan if you will. Surely a sufficiently broad and comprehensive list for any taste.
Let us suppose the Shakespeare productions to be "The Tempest" (comedy), "Julius Caesar" (historical-tragical as Polonius would say), and "Othello" (tragedy). The three performances are repeated constantly during a season of, let us say, twenty weeks. At first they will be well patronized, owing to curiosity; then gradually attendance will fall off. At this point in the ordinary theatrical venture the theatre would be closed or the production removed and termed a "failure." But the subsidized theatre will keep on and it has been conclusively proved that in such theatres the attendance will increase. (Of course the prices of seats will be most moderate and unvaried).

Now as to the greater educational and intellectual value of these performances: there will be children's matinees given of "The Tempest" (by the way, one of the most beautiful and one of the least known plays) and all children love Shakespeare if they are properly introduced to him. The witnessing of this lovely fairy fantasy will be for them an experience ever to be cherished and never to be forgotten. Shakespeare will never afterwards be "dry" to them. They will always remember Miranda and Ariel and Caliban and the enchanted isle and when they grow older they will read the play itself and begin to fathom its complexity of thought and its deep harmonious philosophy.

Then each high school and academy will have their seats at some allotted performance of "Julius Caesar" and, henceforward, that masterpiece of "political poetry" will have a vivid reality, an active appeal such as, in all its matchless splendor of character and line, it could never have in the classroom or in a tedious "professor's lecture." For what boy does not love "Julius Caesar" when he has been thrilled by its strength and awed by its beauty. And finally for the "grown-ups" there is "Othello."

These plays are chosen at random. Any others, though would be the same. Select your own favorites and reason it out for yourself. See if you do not agree with me that the subsidized theatre would be at least a "help." Imagine it the working success here amongst us that in other countries it is and you may find the question propounded in the title of this commentary answered in the following manner:

There is nothing wrong with Shakespeare. It is merely the way we, in our youth, go "at" him that is at fault.
A Shakespearian Pageant.

JAMES McSHERRY ALEY, '18.

EVERY author is monarch in that dreamland which is peopled with the creations of his own imagination. Ponder then over how great and varied an empire Shakespeare—king-poet of poets—ruled. The vast playground across which his subjects moved reached from the mountain-castles of Scotland to the blue-watered streets of Venice; from the pine-clad sea cliffs of Denmark to the mob-trampled avenues of Rome.

If we were to marshal into line every character that ever moved upon a Shakespearian stage what a long fantastic review would pass before us. I can well imagine such a pageant. I see Shakespeare upon a throne and gathered about him stand the famous writers of all literature. He is not robed in purple and there is no crown upon his head. There are even some in the pressing crowd who would denounce him as an imposter but he only smiles at this and pointing to the line of march calmly says: "Look! there come my subjects."

And now at the head of that advancing horde I see Hamlet feigning madness and behind him Ophelia with flowers in her hair and arms out-stretched toward her lover. Then follows the revengeful Laertes with poisoned rapier in his hand. At last this group goes by and Shakespeare smiles and says: "That was my masterpiece. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."

But now the shouting of many voices is heard and a Roman mob appears surrounding the dead Caesar over whose remains Mark Antony is speaking. Behind comes Brutus and his generals. Yes, this is Brutus who slew his best friend for fear he might do wrong and bring some harm upon the Rome he loved.

And now behold, Macbeth. Macbeth with blood-shot eyes and gleaming helmet, his hands grasping for the dagger which haunts him. By his side stands Lady Macbeth urging him on. What a picture they present! What conflicts are tearing those two souls! Ambition! It has made a madman out of a once brave soldier and a plotting villainess of his wife. There also are the Weird Sisters cooking their unearthly mess. I see the ghost of Banquo and marching soldiers each with the branch of a tree held aloft. All these pass before their king and march on to give way for a thousand others.
I hear a love song and Lo! comes Romeo and Juliet. Then passes the old friar and the lover's clansmen fighting.

King Lear comes next in line, followed by his daughters. Othello comes, and the hapless Desdemona and the gentle Portia with her sermon of mercy to the cringing Jew, and countless others.

On and on they come. A long, long line of ever different people. Men of power, men of virtue, brave men and weaklings, charming women, good women, women of bloody and cruel turns.

What a wonderful collection of people this poet-king ruled? How great must have been his genius? He pictured characters he had never seen; wrote of times for whose sentiment and feeling he relied on old histories of doubtful veracity, and cloaked in their native atmosphere scenes far removed from the land of his birth.

How was it that Shakespeare, a man with only a fair education, could paint such characters and put in them so many emotions? How was he able to give to them the air of the age they represented? These are questions often asked. They are easily answered. Shakespeare was a genius and when we admit this we account for much of his wonderful character portrayals. Secondly, the same emotions filled the souls of men in ancient times as fired the breasts of humans in the poet's day. Thirdly, Shakespeare had many old chronicles and histories from which to gather as many facts as possible concerning the customs of the period in which his play was set. Moreover, the poet had wonderful creative powers and all he could not learn from such histories as he had at hand, he summoned from the land of fiction.

Shakespeare followed such writers as Holinshed, Plutarch and Belleforest. True, he could not have gathered much of the minor moods and habits of his characters from these men but he undoubtedly obtained their main motives, feelings and ambitions.

Shakespeare was a student of human nature. Every character of his is a human character. You may object that the Weird Sisters were anything but humans. But yes, they also were human for they represent that class of men whose one aim in life is to stir up evil. They denote the superstition of the times when witchcraft and the black art were common fears among the lower class of people. Every emotion under the sun is felt by the subjects of Shakespeare as they play their part in his many dramas. Ambition ruled Macbeth, love filled the soul of Romeo, sadness was the keynote of Hamlet's feelings and revenge fired the mind of Laertes. Justice was uppermost in the thoughts of Mark Antony, while haughtiness chilled all who came near the shrew Katherine. They are all human these many thousand subjects of the poet-king.
They are uncommon, I admit, but their types can be found in these modern days of ours. You and I have seen them and know them well. This is the tercentennial anniversary of Shakespeare's death. For three centuries now has the mind that planned "Hamlet" been dust, for fifteen score years have the hands which moulded "Macbeth" been cold, but Hamlet raves today as he did when Shakespeare first pictured him, while Macbeth still stands with outstretched hands to grasp the bloody dagger.

Time has taken away the mortal king but time can never harm the people of his storyland. Long after you and I are forgotten these children of Shakespeare will act on many stages their old, old plays for our posterity.
More than one hundred guests were present at the banquet given in honor of Dr. George Tully Vaughan at the Cosmos Club, the thirtieth of the past month. It has always been a custom to recognize in some formal way the good work done by a retiring practitioner and to congratulate a physician or surgeon on his appointment to some high position, but Dr. Vaughan is neither retiring nor has he received some new honor, so that the affair was unique, perhaps the only function of its kind ever to take place within the city’s medical fraternity. The dinner was tendered Dr. Vaughan, not by the Medical Society, but by his personal friends in the profession as a mark of their regard for his scientific attainments and of their esteem for his personal worth.

The banquet, entertainment and speeches were well looked after by a committee composed of the following gentlemen: Dr. Roy D. Adams, chairman and toastmaster, Dr. W. M. Barton, Dr. G. Wythe Cook, Col. H. M. Fisher, U. S. A.; Capt. A. M. Fountleroy, U. S. N.; Dr. J. J. Kinyoun, Dr. L. L. Lumsden, P. H. S.; Dr. John F. Moran, Dr. I. S. Stone, Dr. Robert Y. Sullivan, and Dr. Prentiss Willson. Dr. Fisher responded to a toast in behalf of the Army, Dr. Fountleroy for the Navy, Dr. Lumsden in the name of the Public Health Service, and Dr. Mitchell in behalf of the surgeons of the city. We add our own little need of praise and are proud that we can boast of Dr. Vaughan as our professor of surgery.

At the meeting of the faculty early in March attention was called to
the fact that the sixth of the month marked the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation from the Georgetown School of Medicine of Dr. Adajah Behrend, father of Professor Behrend. We take great pleasure in offering him our heartiest congratulations. For the two years following his graduation in 1866 Dr. Behrend was demonstrator in anatomy and was for several years physician to the poor. He has practiced continuously in this city and has taken an active part in professional and scientific affairs. The faculty decided that a fitting memorandum be spread upon the minutes of the meeting and that the following be transmitted to Dr. Behrend:

Resolved, That the members of the faculty of the School of Medicine extend their heartfelt congratulations to Dr. Adajah Behrend upon the attainment of his fiftieth anniversary in medicine and express the hope that he may be spared many more years of a professional life so worthy of emulation.

On March 18, Dr. G. Tully Vaughan lectured before the Washington Surgical Society on "A Case of Poly-Surgery in Its Best Sense; Also an Interesting Gunshot Wound of the Heart." The meeting was well attended and the paper appreciated.

The appointment of internes to serve next year in the Georgetown University Hospital has lately been announced. The following gentlemen were chosen: Drs. Robert J. Purke, Casimer Liebell, Joseph P. Madigan, Frank A. Perdu and Charles D. Sinkenson. Congratulations!

The first sign of spring was the wonderful attendance at the March meeting of the Sodality. A good number of graduates of the school were also present to lend dignity to the occasion. It was too good a chance to miss, so we had our picture taken afterwards.

Dr. Roy A. Peltzman, '13, has just been appointed to the surgical staff of Freedman's Hospital. Six months ago Dr. Peltzman was licensed to practice in New York State. We are glad to welcome him back.

Dr. James Cahill, '15, has been appointed house physician at Providence Hospital, this city, the appointment to take effect in July. Dr. Francis M. Farley, '15, U. S. N., called at the school a few weeks ago. His ship, the Connecticut, has been in Haiti for some time, so a meeting in Washington must have been a mutual pleasure.

We are sorry to note the illness of Dr. Henry D. Fry, professor of obstetrics. We trust that by the time this issue goes to press he will be entirely recovered and with us again.

On March 14, the Phi Chi Fraternity entertained at a smoker in the Chapter House. Major Walter D. Webb read an appropriate paper on "The Status of the Medical Student in Military Preparedness." Among
those who took part in the discussion were the dean, Dr. George M. Kober, Dr. G. Tully Vaughan, Dr. Ryan Devereux and Dr. Frank Baker. Besides a good number of the city's physicians, there were present Drs. Behrend, Barton, Stone, Sprigg, Milligan and Stanton. After the discussion the members and guests betook themselves to the dining room where refreshments were served.

During the past month death claimed two graduates of the Medical Department. Dr. Benjamin M. Beale, '73, died on March 1, of cerebral hemorrhage. On the 27th, Dr. R. L. Lynch, formerly assistant professor of physiological chemistry, succumbed to pneumonia. We offer heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families.

Law Notes.

GeORGE E. EDELIN, '18.

Class of 1913.

The smoker held by this class at the University Club was successful, to say the least. It is very gratifying to notice the Georgetown spirit displayed by the alumni in their hearty co-operation in attending the different functions held after men have left the school.

Judge Ashley M. Gould, District Attorney John E. Laskey, Mr. D. W. Baker and Mr. Frank J. Hogan were the guests of honor and principal speakers. Much praise has been offered the committee in its efforts to please the members by a good meeting.

Class of 1918.

Characteristic of the endeavor of the faculty to make the course at the Law School as broad and as efficient as possible, is the recent inauguration in the first year class of practice work which will continue during the whole course. The assignments for the Freshmen have been the preparation of legal documents, preceded by lectures from Professor Galley concerning the same. This will be followed in the succeeding years by the usual practice court work. The students all realize their indebtedness to the faculty in thus affording an opportunity to learn something of this extremely practical and important part of the legal profession.
Senior-Junior Debate.

April 5th is the date set for the next inter-society prize debate. This debate it is expected will equal in every respect, the former debates between the two societies. The debaters are exceedingly good and the judges are men of national reputation. The question for discussion will be, "Resolved, That a Minimum Wage Law to be Applied to Workshops, Department Stores and Factories is Desirable Legislation (constitutionality waived)." The speakers on the affirmative, representing the Senior Society, will be Mr. Herbert R. Young and Mr. Chester K. Gould, while the Junior Society will be represented by Mr. John J. O'Day and Mr. James V. Giblin upholding the negative. The judges will be Hon. A. E. Cummins, United States Senator from Iowa, Hon. George Sutherland, United States Senator from Utah, Hon. Roht. E. Brussard, United States Senator from Louisiana, Hon. George E. Downey, Associate Justice United States Court of Claims, and Hon. Joseph E. Davies, Chairman Federal Trade Commission. This board of judges is the most notable yet secured for the debates and a large attendance is expected.

Senior Class.

The following members have been selected by the President to serve as a Class Pipe Committee: J. A. McKenna, Chairman, R. E. Barry, H. G. Gatling, D. V. Mahoney, J. J. Slatterly, C. B. Deveny, E. S. Lide and J. I. Murphy.

The committee appointed to operate as the Permanent Secretary Committee has been announced. The members are Franklin Barr, Edmund Jones, B. F. Barvey and Charlton B. Rout.

Carroll Law Club.

At the last meeting the constitutional amendment proposed by Mr. Young was carried by a 16 to 1 vote. And in accordance with this amendment hereafter two consecutive absences from the club meetings will be grounds for dismissal from the club.

On March 4 the debate on national wide prohibition was continued; a lively time was had, the affirmative side being lead by Mr. Whalen and the negative side by Mr. O'Day.

Edward Douglas White Law Club.

The program as announced for the meeting to be held Tuesday, April 4, is as follows: "Last Clear Chance," by Wm. Murray, and "The Liability of Master to Third Persons," by Walter B. Henretty.
Senior Debating Society.

The preliminary debate for the last inter-society debate of the year will be held on April 7. The question for debate will be, "Resolved, That the Literacy Test is a Desirable Test for Admission to the United States." Competition will be strong at this debate as it will be the last one of the year for the men to show their prowess as public speakers, and the best time yet is expected.

Dental Notes.

GEORGE R. ELLIS, '16.

Word has just reached us that Mr. Herbert Biron, Senior Dental student, has passed the Massachusetts State Board.

Congratulations on your success, "Herby"!

Dr. "Jack" Haggerty, '13, was married to Miss Marguerite Martin on March 6. The ceremony was solemnized with a nuptial Mass at the Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown. We wish the newlyweds every happiness in life.

Once again another Georgetown graduate has been appointed to the Forsythe Dental Infirmary for Children. This is Dr. Walter Dorothy, and we hope the young "doc" will be as great a favorite with his co-workers as he was with the students at 920 H Street, N. W.

Dr. Hoofnagle has been giving a series of clinics to the Senior Dents. These clinics are very interesting, as they offer suggestions that have been gained from actual experience. We appreciate the doctor's kindness and hope he will give us a few more before the close of the year.

Lectures and Oral Prophylaxis and Hygiene have begun under Dr. Gearhart, also Dr. Allen Scott Wolfe has been assigned to teach Ceramics. Dr. Wolfe is an expert porcelain worker, and we glad to have him with us.

Dr. Ryan Devereux has given the Seniors extra hours in Pharmacology and we feel sure that at the close of the year every man will measure up to this subject.

The material for the "Domesday Book" has been compiled and handed to the editor. From reports we believe this year's issue will surpass its predecessors.

The Freshies intend giving a smoker immediately after the Easter vacation and the following were appointed as a committee: Messrs. Powell, Magner, Munster, McGuire and Smith.

The infirmary has been open in the morning and the clinics, both evenings and mornings, have been exceptionally large.
Philodemic.

The Merrick Debate is to take place on Sunday evening, May 7. Mr. Edward T. Mee, one of the speakers elected for the debate, has yielded his place to Mr. Harry J. Kelly, the alternate. The question for the debate is “Resolved: That there should be established a Pan-American Union for safeguarding the independence and for promoting the prosperity of all the sovereign states of America.”

The speakers who are to advance the affirmative arguments are: Mr. Harry J. Kelly, '16, of New York, and Mr. Francis J. Anderson, '16, of New York. The men who are to uphold the negative side are: Mr. Rufus S. Lusk, '17, of Maryland, and Mr. James D Hishen, '16, of Illinois. Messrs. Lusk and Hishen are distinguished as winners of the Hamilton Extempore Debate Medal in 1913 and in 1915, respectively.

Mr. Anderson was a contestant in the last Hamilton debate. He is a speaker of rare powers. Mr. Kelly's oratorical ability is well recognized and places him among the leading debaters of the Society.

The fact that the men competing are well known as able debaters and the zeal which they are displaying in their efforts to achieve honors insure the success of the Merrick Medal Debate.

At the meeting held Tuesday, April 4, Mr. John B. McGuire, '16 of New York, and Mr. John T. Byrnes, '16, of New York, were elected first and second alternates, respectively.

Mr. Thomas Egan, '17, was unanimously chosen as censor to succeed Mr. Doran Lyons, '16.
College Sodality
Pittsburg-Georgetown Debate.

Four United States Senators and a judge of the United States Court of Claims awarded the laurels to the debating team of Georgetown University following the debate with the University of Pittsburgh on March 9 in Gaston Hall.

The winners argued the affirmative of the query: "Resolved, That an international police force should be established to enforce international treaties and preserve international peace." Mr. James S. Easby-Smith, '91, presided.

The debate was held in Gaston Hall. The judges were Senators Ashurst of Arizona, Ransdell of Louisiana, Walsh of Montana and Phelan of California and Judge Fenton W. Booth.

The winning team was composed of Rufus S. Lusk and William J. Cullinan, of the District, and Edward E. Hogan, of Rhode Island.

Holy Cross Debate.

The interest of the members of the Freshman-Sophomore classes is at present centered solely on the debate with the Philomathic Debating Society of Holy Cross College, which will take place on Monday, April 17, at Worcester. Messrs. Langie, Gallery and Keresey will represent the Georgetown Freshman-Sophomore Societies. Mr. Gallery is a member of the Edward Douglass White Society, while Mr. Langie and Mr. Keresey are from the Gaston Society. The efforts which these three have made to prepare well for the struggle on Monday has made the members of both societies feel confident that the Holy Cross team will have to show ability of the most extraordinary kind to beat back the Georgetown invasion. The question of the debate will be the Single Six Year Presidential Term. We defend the negative.

The team leaves on Saturday for Holy Cross. As this is the first time our debating team has taken so long a journey, naturally we feel anxious about the outcome. Our little army of three is well prepared, however, and as preparedness is this age's all potent word, we are hopeful and confident and will anxiously await the official wire despatches from Holy Cross on Monday night.

Sanctuary. Society.

The St. John Berchmans' Society is still faithfully carrying out its duties and all members are deserving of much praise for their fidelity.
The Forty Hours' Devotion opened at the Georgetown Visitation Convent, Sunday, April 2, with Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. A. Donlon, S.J., Rector of the University; Rev. Philip Finegan, S.J., deacon, and Mr. Peter V. Masterson, S.J., sub-deacon. Master of Ceremonies, Edward Callahan. The chanters were Mr. George E. Hanlon, S.J., and Mr. Charles G. Herzog, S.J. The Cross bearer for the procession was Frederick Flanigan; censors, James Hishen and Richard Barrett; acolytes, Harry Kelly and William Harrington; canopy bearers, Thomas Prendergast, Bernard Moore, Gerald Curry.

The Devotions closed on Tuesday afternoon with Solemn Benediction and procession. The members of the Society present were Richard Barrett, Thomas Gurry, W. St. John Garwood, Bernard Moore, William Harrington, Thomas Prendergast, Thomas Dean and Edward Callahan.

Biological Club.

On March 10 Mr. Bryan read an interesting article on The Early History of the Medical Education in America. Mr. Bryan went deeply into the history of the profession and discussed the different manners in which diseases were treated in the early years. His paper was greatly appreciated by the members of the club.

One of the most interesting readings of the club this year was that of Mr. Cardenal, whose paper on "Hypnotism" was the feature of the meeting for March 17.

The meeting of March 23 was marked by an unusually interesting digest of the life of "Wallace" by Mr. O'Day of the Freshman class. The speaker gave a scholarly outline of the life and works of the great scientist.

On Thursday evening, March 31, Mr. McNamara read a paper on Medical Education at Home and Abroad. His essay was interesting and appreciative and gave the members a clear insight into the methods of education in vogue in other countries as compared with educational methods in America.

Georgetown Choral Society.

The University "Choral Society" now holds a prominent place in the index of Georgetown's successful organizations. Weekly rehearsals are carried on with an enthusiasm and vim that give promise of a long and prosperous life for this new organization.

The untiring and artistic work of Dr. Glushak has awakened the members to a truer appreciation of such music as goes for the cultivating
of fine art and the moulding of fine artists. Then, too, the remembrance
of the foundation meeting of the Society has been happy in its results.
On that evening Professor Greene, Mr. Symonds, Dr. Glushak and others,
well known in the musical circles of Washington, entertained us with
a program varying from the dramatic Prologue of Pagliacci to the
delicate setting of Tennyson's lyric, "Come Into the Garden, Maud." The
splendid rendition of several Chopin numbers by Richard Barrett, '17,
added new charm to the evening's entertainment.

At the last meeting of the Society the following members were ap­
pointed by the moderator to act on the executive committee for the
remaining season of 1916; Norton Lawler, '17; Albert Cavanagh, '19,
and Lewis Daily, '19.

Richard Barrett Recital

The recital given at Rauscher's by Richard Barrett of Junior Class, a
pupil of S. M. Fabian, was one of the most interesting events of the sea­
son in local musical circles.

A young man scarcely out of his teens, Mr. Barrett presented to his
audience a very ambitious program, one in fact quite formidable enough
for more mature artists, and gave of himself a most excellent accounting.
That he is of the material out of which great artists are made there is
no doubt. Possessing an astonishingly vigorous and sturdy tone, a nat­
ural gift of interpretation, his numbers as played were one pleasant
surprise after the other.

The program opened with the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in G
minor, followed by Brahms' Intermezzo. Opus 118, and Chopin's
Sonata, Opus 35. All the familiar movements of the sonata were played
in a manner that delighted his hearers. Two Chopin etudes, Opus 10,
No. 35, and Opus 25, No. 27, were splendidly done and the big Polonaise
in A flat major was indeed a performance worthy of years twice his.

The very modern Cyril Scott was represented in the characteristic
"Danse Negre" and "Lotus Land," the former catching the fancy of the
audience in its classic disguise of ragtime. A very brilliant arrangement
of Strauss' lovely "Blue Danube" by two gentlemen, Schulz and Enler
—there are those who "will paint the rose"—closed the program. It was
a feat for Mr. Barrett's fingers, but he surmounted all its difficulties with
a facility of execution and an artistic and discriminating sense of inter­
pretation that charmed every one.
Senior Notes.

J. B. McGuire.

With another month in the discard, the realization that "tempus fugit" is brought more and more forcibly home to us, proud wearers of the cap and gown. But any regret or fear of impending evil that we may feel is quickly smothered as the days grow warmer and Mother Earth with open arms welcomes us back to Nature and the great Outdoors.

At the present time baseball occupies the whole horizon of "Sportdom" and already the Blue and Gray nine has taken four worthy opponent into camp. Since the injury to "Jackie" Maloney, our sterling second sacker, a new member of 1916 has come into the limelight in the person of none other than "Fritz" Flanigan. Needless to say he is making every effort to establish himself as a regular and if gameness and fight coupled with no mean ability, count for anything, "Fritz" will get there.

An unfortunate accident has kept another of our representatives on the side-lines. In his first game of the season, Ed Cass sprained his ankle coming into second and so has had to content himself with "Watchful Waiting" ever since. However, the season is yet young and so before long we expect to see him, as good as new, cavorting around the initial sack.

In passing we must not forget to mention our hardworking manager, "Johnnie Whalen" and our hard-hitting Captain, John McCarthy, ex-16, on whose heads too great praise could not be heaped for the success of the season so far.

Our heartiest wishes for a speedy recovery go out to Leo Klauberg, of basketball and baseball fame, whose injury during the basketball season, lately, necessitated a minor operation. He is doing splendidly at the present time and should be with us again before the holidays.

To come to another line of endeavor, our congratulations should be extended to Frank Anderson, Jim Hishen and Harry Kelly who were elected by the Philodemic Society to speak in the Merrick Debate. Of course we wish them all kinds of good luck and feel confident that the award will go to one of them.

The opening of the Inter-Class Baseball League is fast approaching and reminds us that it is high time that 1916 was doing something as regards a team. The first steps have been taken, it is true, in the election of a capable and earnest manager, "Norm" Landreau, but one man cannot do it all; it is up to the class and every man in the class, whether
he can play ball or not, at least to put on a glove and try. Every year 1916 has had one of the strongest teams in the league—don’t let this year be an exception!

Junior Notes.

Wm. J. Burlee, Jr.

Once more the class of seventeen wishes to extend heartiest congratulations to its debating representatives. Mr. Lusk, who was one of the speakers on the inter-University debate with Pittsburgh, and Mr. Callahan, who was alternate on the same debate are both deserving of our thanks for the great efforts they expended in once more bringing success to Georgetown. The class of seventeen feels quite proud of its representation on the debates held at Georgetown this year. We furnished five of the six men on the Hamilton, the entire team for the Johns-Hopkins debate and one of the speakers and the alternate for the team which defeated Pittsburgh. This last is made the more worthy by the fact that competition for the positions on the team was open to the entire University.

In view of the various activities of the class in this and other regards during the past three years, Father Rector has very kindly offered to grant the College a holiday which is to be added to the Easter vacation. Needless to say this will be the most welcome news to everyone.

The seventeeners are out in full force preparing for the baseball season, determined that 1917 will once more bring home the championship. To see “Bird” Crowe and “Norton Leo” Lawler cavorting over the field these afternoons one would be led to think that they were “rookies” coming up for their first tryout instead of grizzled veterans of two hard-fought and brilliant campaigns. Though we have been deprived of the services of our star pitcher, “Jack” Breslin, who is now using his “spitter” to good advantage on the Varsity, we feel sure that with the addition to our ranks of “Joe” Leary whose skill is well known, and Dan O’Connor who bids fair to be of all around excellence that the team will not be materially weakened. At any event left field is not causing the coach worry, for we have in that position a player whose worth has been demonstrated—Lawler, the Minnesota demon. We hereby extend a little friendly advice to the other class teams, if you want to reach first base safely don’t hit the ball to left field, for our left gardner covers acres.

The class is very much grieved at the illness of Father Gipprich. We all trust that his enforced absence will be but temporary and that his health will be completely restored in the near future.
Sophomore Notes.

J. Philip Greenwell.

Again the hue of inviting spring has called forth the class athletes and the resulting fast baseball team is the pride of the "1918" class. Under the guidance of the subtle baseball genius, Manager Joe Dilkes, our class team has the brightest prospect of heading the league. We wish the team every success. Out of the men from the College Department who have won positions on the 'Varsity, two are Sophomores. Both of whom, Gene Finnegan and Mike Bernardini, have proven themselves to be worthy representatives of the class and reliable mainstays of the team. We have other men who have worked, and worked hard, towards promoting the success of the track, basketball and gridiron, and their efforts, though not in all cases luminous, have been appreciated by all.

In a recent class meeting, "Teddy" Delany, after pointing to the seriousness of the occasion, convinced the class that it was time to turn its attention to its financial status. His words have been followed with salutary results and the class debt is rapidly decreasing.

We wish to congratulate "Don" Keresey on being selected as one of the representatives of the Junior debating societies of our alma mater for the Holy Cross debate.

The class extends its sympathy to Fr. Gipprich, who has lately undergone an operation, and wishes him a speedy recovery.

Freshman Notes.

Andrew F. Dempsey.

The principal point to elaborate on this month in the Class Notes is the exemplary way in which the Freshmen are observing the Lenten season. Our thoughts and actions fairly reek with a Lenten flavor. We take serious pride in announcing that there is not a single Pagan in our midst. With theatre and movies absolutely eschewed, a sanctimonious air has settled on each and every member of the class. But now the summer order is on.

It is the season presided over by madness, mischief and mirth, with baseball as the great leavener. This last is paramount to the "nineteens" and as we are going to press, we feel safe in predicting a successful season at the popular pastime. The goal of our ambition is to make as
creditable showing as in the other activities. The candidates have shown superb spirit and are working with vim and vigor in their daily workouts under the tutelage of Coach Bill Butler who has the team working like a well-oiled machine. On the 'varsity, Harry Sullivan, the sterling portside outfielder startled his most ardent admirers in the initial game by harassing the horsehide for three doubles.

Secretary Bob Zuger, who was confined to the infirmary for two weeks, is rapidly recuperating. The class is glad to hear this and also that Bob's genuine peachblow cheeks are blushing in old time form.

Freshman track candidates, who have answered Coach John O'Reilly's call, are John Renoe, Dorsey Griffith, Joe Amy, Harry Crawford and John Martin. "Wow" Martin is a Boston A. A. track athlete and should come along well in the 220 and quarters as he has all the natural requirements.
The twenty-first annual banquet of the Philadelphia Chapter of Georgetown University was held in the University Club, Thursday, February 24. Before the banquet a meeting was held for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Anthony A. Hirst, Esq., was re-elected president; Ernest La Place, M.D., vice president; Joseph M. Spellissy, M.D., secretary and treasurer. The Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., president of Georgetown University, and the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S.J., the Rev. John D. Whitney, S.J., and the Rev. Joseph J. Hummel, S.J., former presidents of Georgetown University, and the Rev. J. C. Davey, S.J., president of St. Joseph’s College, were present.

Anthony A. Hirst, Esq., was toastmaster. Father Donlon spoke of the bright future of Georgetown, the proposed new preparatory and high school departments that will be built near Rockville, Md., on a tract consisting of ninety acres.

Father Whitney spoke of the past history and the bright future for Georgetown, and Father Davey spoke of the connection between Georgetown University and St. Joseph’s College.

Toasts were responded to by the other members of the alumni present. Among those present and not already mentioned were J. DeWitt Arnold, R. T. Baby, A. E. Berry, J. Smith Brennen, Francis A. Cunningham, Charles F. Curley, Dr. John D. Curran, Louis Daly, Antelo Devereux, Ashton Devereux, Joseph M. Dohan, Philip J. Dougherty, Hon. D. Webster Dougherty, Dr. John T. Dunn, Daniel J. Ferguson, Dr. T. D. J. Gallagher, Joseph A. Gallagher, William L. Hirst, J. Percy Keating, Esq., Linus Kelly, Robert J. Kennedy, Francis Lamorelle, Hon. Joseph Lamorelle,
The banquet came to an end with all the alumni standing and singing "Carmen Georgiopolitanum."

'80. Dr. Ernest La Place, A.B., '80; A.M., '87, and LL.D., '95, is the recipient of new honors. We quote from a Philadelphia daily:

Dr. Ernest La Place, one of the most prominent surgeons of this city and known for his advanced work throughout the entire medical world, has been appointed Professor of Surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical College to succeed Dr. William L Rodman, lately deceased. Dr. La Place, who resides at 1828 South Rittenhouse Square, will assume his new duties within a few days.

After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in 1884, Dr. La Place studied at the Faculte de Medecine, of Paris, leaving there in 1886. He was a pupil of Pasteur, Lister, Koch and other eminent leaders in the medical and surgical world. He holds the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, an honor conferred upon him for his surgical work. He is a member and officer of many medical and surgical societies, and is also known as an author of articles upon surgical subjects.

'87. Mr. L. B. Allain, head of the firm of Allain & Hull, contractors, has moved his offices to 228 Lyon Building, Seattle, Washington.

'88. In the April 7th edition of the Providence Visitor we read:

"The Catholic Layman, His Place in the Community and His Duty to Church and State," was the subject chosen by Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., president of Georgetown University, in a very learned dissertation before the members of the Catholic Club of Providence on Wednesday night.

The speaker of the evening was introduced by Mr. Wm. H. Camfield, Chairman of the House Committee.

'92. Mr. Patrick H. O’Donnell, the founder of the Seismographic Observatory, was a recent visitor at the college. He entertained us in the Refectory with an eloquent speech, in which he narrated many amusing stories about the 'varsity football team in the days that he was 'varsity center. He was Captain of Georgetown’s first 'varsity team and on the first squad that ever traveled to Charlottesville to play Virginia. Mr. O’Donnell is now one of Chicago’s most prominent attorneys.

'92. Mr. D. W. Baker of the Georgetown Law faculty, was a speaker
at the recent mass-meeting held at Rockville, Md., for the purpose of booming the campaign of former Governor Goldsborough of Maryland, who is seeking the nomination of his party for United States Senator.

'95. Mr. John J. Fitzgerald, whom we all remember as having carried off such signal honors at the recent "Mohr trial," was the speaker of the evening at a lecture and concert held not long ago under the auspices of St. Mary's parish, Newport, R. I. Mr. Fitzgerald was greeted by a large and appreciative audience which taxed every available space in the theatre. The speaker traced the history of Ireland through her days of persecution and oppression and laid special stress upon the characteristics of the race in the prominent part it has played in the progress of the world.

'97. We deeply regret to announce the death of Edmund J. Bach, better known as "Eddie," who bore the distinction of being one of Georgetown's greatest baseball pitchers. Mr. Bach died March thirtieth in Silver City, New Mexico, where he had gone seeking relief from tuberculosis, after a year of vain battling against the white plague. His illness dates back to an automobile accident in one of the Milwaukee parks, when his car was struck by another machine and he was injured. When tuberculosis developed he was president of the Abel & Bach Trunk Company.

'97. Mr. Chas. F. Curley of Wilmington, Delaware, is now a Federal attorney. Mr. Curley had the rare and singular privilege of hearing his own nomination unanimously confirmed in the Senate from a gallery seat.

'04. On March thirtieth, the various staffs of the sporting departments of all the Washington newspapers held a dinner at Harvey's, at which Charlie Cox, our able and esteemed graduate manager was one of eight invited guests. Called upon by the toastmaster "Charlie" responded with one of his usual "peppery" speeches.

There is no better example of Mr. Cox's enterprising efforts than his late success in securing such widespread publicity for Alma Mater through the kindness of Mr. Tom Thorpe, a sporting editor of the New York *Evening Journal*, who published in the issue of April, a four-column article on Georgetown's prowess on the athletic field, with many photographs of her 'varsity stars.

'04. An address on the "Origin of old Irish Architecture and Ornament," tendered by Mr. Francis P. Sullivan, who graduated from the college with the class of '04, was the feature of the March meeting of the Gaelic Society of Washington, held recently.
ex-'04. Mr. Frank V. Lanham is General Agent for the Vibrolithic Construction Company of Dallas, Texas. Frank is married and has two children.

'06. Dr. Rafael Lopez Nussa was recently honored by his appointment as a director of the Hospital Tricoche of Ponce, Porto Rico. Two years ago he was delegated the official representative of the Porto Rican government to the international Congress of Medicine at London.

'07. Connor Copinger, a son of General Copinger, an old resident of Georgetown, recently arrived from France, visited the college and saw the 'Varsity ball team easily beat Mt. St. Joseph's College in the inaugural game of the season. Mr. Copinger was a famous fencer in his day and a member of the 'Varsity fencing team.

'08. We quote from the New York Sun of March 10th: "The engagement of Dennis Dowd, Jr., of Sea Cliff, L. I., one of the Americans fighting for France, to Paulette Parent de Saint Ilin of Neuilly, was announced yesterday. Mlle. de Saint Ilin was one of the girls of an American church in Paris who assisted in filling boxes at Thanksgiving to be sent to the American volunteers. She put a note in one of the boxes, which was given to Mr. Dowd. He replied, and the correspondence has continued with growing intimacy. Mr. Dowd was wounded by a shell in the battle of Champagne, but he continued to write and receive letters in the hospital. When he obtained a month's leave he went to Paris as the guest of the girl's family, which belongs to the old French nobility, and the formal announcement of the engagement followed shortly. They will be married as soon after the war as Mr. Dowd is able to resume his law practice in New York."

'10. The Journal extends its heartfelt sympathy to Daniel F. McCann, who graduated from the college in the class of '10, on the recent death of his father.

'10. Mr. Edward Q. Carr, who graduated from the college in the class of '10, has formed a partnership with Mr. John Warren Hill, for the general practice of law with offices in the Equitable Building, New York City.

'13. Mr. B. N. Lesk has entered a partnership for the general practice of law at Minot, North Dakota, under the firm name of Greenleaf, Woodedge & Lesk.

'13. Mr. Eugene Quay announces the removal of his law office to Suite 1106, in the Cunard Building of Chicago, Ill.

'14. "Ed" Donnelly, who was editor of the Journal in his Senior year
has entered the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, New York. Our best wishes go with "Ed." in his holy calling.

'14. James Fury, Captain of the 'varsity ball team in '14, has been appointed coach of the Technical High School baseball team. For four seasons "Tug" was one of the mainstays of the Blue and Gray baseball team, playing in the outfield and catching. Aside from his baseball ability, "Tug" was a star half-back on the football team, receiving the unanimous choice of all-South Atlantic half-back for two years. It goes without saying that we wish "Tug" the very best of luck in turning out a winning nine.

'15. *Printer's Ink*, a journal for advertisers, in its edition of December 23, 1915, relates the following: Mr. L. A. Cerf, Manager of the Metropolitan branch in New York of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., describes how applicants for positions approach him:

"One time an undergraduate of Georgetown University, a Mr. John C. McNamara, Jr., saw one of our ads and applied to me for a position to sell insurance during the college vacation, and then come with me when he was graduated the following summer. I told him that I considered the hiatus too long, and that the arrangement was impracticable. However, he presented himself after graduation. I admired his persistence and decided to investigate his record. I found that he had not only stood high in his studies, but that he had also been Editor of the College Journal, President of the Athletic Association, business manager of one of the athletic enterprises, and that he had in addition found time to 'shack' ads for two of the college publications. I concluded that he showed the necessary managerial ability and the business-getting force, and gave him a chance. He made good right from the start.

Our congratulations to our former editor. John has been located for some time now in the Main office of the company at 135 Broadway, New York City.

'15. Thomas C. Carver, the Assistant Professor of Chemistry last year, paid the college a visit a short time ago. Mr. Carver is now an attorney-at-law, with offices at 314 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

'15. Mr. Arthur F. Tiffin has been admitted to the practice of law. He has the distinction of being the youngest member of the Maine Bar, having passed the examination at the age of twenty-one.

The U. S. Reclamation Service has expressed deep regret on account of the loss to the local legal staff of the Chief Counsel of Mr. Joseph L. Clancy, LL.B., '15, alumnus, who has left the service to enter the practice of law in Houston, Texas. Mr. Clancy served the Reclamation Bureau for six years, spending the earlier part of his time at the Truckee-Carson
project in Nevada, and later operating as District Counsel at Phoenix, Arizona. A dinner was held in commemoration of his faithful and efficient work on March 4th, Judge W. R. King, Chief Counsel, acting as toastmaster.

'15. "Mike" Donohue now holds a responsible position with the Allegheny Coal Company at the main branch of the company in Washington.

Ex-'15. "Tad" Donnelly, former star end on the 'varsity football team, enjoyed a very successful season last Fall in the role of football coach of the Worcester Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

The ex-man is going to be sententious. Like one of the comrades of Ulysses, shaken from the drowsy delirium of a Lotus drunk, he has scattered the deluding phantasms of spring fever and grabs his smutty old fountain pen to comment on the exchange profession at large. No, it was not a case of spontaneous combustion. We borrowed the idea from a fellow ex-man—him of the Campion. We did so, not because in its development he said something very generous about us—for that kind word we can only give our earnest thanks—but because it was the expression of a judgment that we ourselves have often approached but have never had quite the self-confidence to form. We, too, have been attracted to magazines by their distinctive bearing or by the prominence of the institution from which they come, like the man on the street glances at the carriage bearing the well-dressed and prominent woman of society. We, too, have felt the subtle "ego" in these magazines and the implied air of aloofness which seems to permeate them. We, too, have looked in vain for the little column, which in its small way is a manifestation of a brotherly spirit, which ought to exist between all pursuers of a common and lofty art. We have even gone so far as to suggest to some of them, in a tentative sort of a way, an exchange column; but then we bethought us of their literary excellence, their individuality; we wondered if we were authority enough to say what model they should follow; we allowed for the possibility of their not having enough writers to spare one for an exchange column; and so—we suspended judgment.
But the way another has voiced the conclusion has moved us to come to it also. Nor is this our only reason. The noticeable increase in exchange columns among the magazines of the past month or so, seems to indicate that many are beginning to realize, what an incentive it is to have a product of unselfish labor publicly recognized for the merit it possesses, and what a valuable aid it is in producing a good magazine to hear the opinions of other editors on it. Of course not all these magazines are adopting the regular form of exchange column, but at least they are making quotations from others, which achieves part of the good result.

Wherefore be of good cheer, O brother ex-man of the Campion. Better days are even now at hand. Not alone art thou and thy staff-brothers in thy opinion, but side by side with the rest of the profession shalt thou raise up thy voice to the self-satisfied one and cry, "Get thee an ex-man!"

Whew! That was a longer speech than we had intended, but you just can't be sententious in a small space. Besides, we've started early this month, so there's time enough left to write a volume.

And speaking of volumes, the Manhattan Quarterly would look much more voluminous and prosperous if he would only dress himself up in that thick style of clothing now prevalent among college magazines.

Nor can we say, for the January number at least, that Mr. Quarterly's literature is very "ne plus ultra," or "summum bonum," or anything like that. What impressed us most was a sad,—very sad,—story, called "He Paid." However, in the opening, the author was kind enough to give us a foretaste of what was coming by the following lines, a fit epitome of all that poignant emotion so familiar to every pursuer of cheap melodrama:

"It didn't take long to know him,
And before a month had flown,
His friends had stolen her darling,
And she was left alone."

The evil actress was there, too; so was the telegram:

"Friend Wife—My love is elsewhere," etc.,

and the crisis, which, though it appears in rather hurried fashion in the last few lines, is none the less thrilling:

"Oh, God!—don't, don't shoot!"

How, in eight pages of this stuff, the "Child in The Cradle" was left out, we can't imagine.
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL

Outside of "The Jones Pace" and the article on "King Lear," most of the essays (we don't know exactly what to call the former, so will flatter it by saying "essays") show preparation but a lack of life and style which alone could make them interesting. The departments are excellent.

Essays? That reminds us. We ran across quite a good one on Saint Sophia's in the December Buff and Blue. Have to apologize for waiting until April to read a December exchange. Always like to be on time, you know. We weren't very interested in the subject to start with, but because the writer put a little fire and color into his treatment of it, we read it through with pleasure. The remainder of the prose, "Ivan Ivano-vitch" by name, as well as the poetry of the issue entitled "Three Toasts" was quite readable. On striking several words like "qx" and "rkhm" in the former, we thought that the author must be a real Russian, but they turned out to be misprints. "Quality, not quantity," must be the Buff and Blue's motto, but good departments help to fill up the vacant space. We suggest a little more prominence for the ex-man as he seems to have ideas.

Goodness! here's another December issue. How we happened to pass this one is almost unthinkable, as its tone isn't at all subdued. Just listen:

"—the policy of this year's Georgian is to change from the usual stereotyped college publication and attempt only that enjoyable type of fiction which is now characterizing the modern magazine."

Some rude fellow might remark, "There's a few stereotypes you might do well to copy," but anyhow, Mister Editor, be careful what "modern magazine" you follow.

Above stereotype, though, your poetry surely is. You ought to make a local hymn out of "Its Christmas Time in Georgia." The rhythm's great. The rest is almost equally good, particularly "At Nightfall." "Turmoil" is an interesting story—about as good as "Left Behind" is poor. Though well written, "The Free Lance" is a little too usual to ever reach Broadway. Still there's always vaudeville.

We're glad the Georgian's got an exchange department. Poor, old editor, though—says he's found only one woman's college magazine that's literary! Cheer up, gentle dames, it's probably the only one he ever read. If he wants a real literary magazine from a woman's college he ought to get the Criterion!

One thing we can say for the Texas Magazine that we can't say for some magazines, is, that it always furnishes good ground for comment. It never, like some liquors and some magazines we know of, becomes
unhappily and conventionally flat. We couldn’t help wondering, if the peculiar tone for January wasn’t due to some misfortune, that befell the young lady whose name is wont to adorn the front page. For a normal young woman to start out with such a nerve-racking yarn as “The Balance,” and to follow it up with a verse like “The Interne,” there must be a cause. We stop to comment on “The Interne” principally because the authoress shows therein such a marked power of imagination. She could not have painted the picture more vividly with a brush and colors. But in the holy name of art, how is a poor devil to gratify his aesthetic sense by contemplating a bloody slash across a woman’s throat, or by visualizing such artistic suggestions as “the steaming of red cut flesh”? Beef steak—Ugh!

The gloomy strain continues in a rather imaginative, quasi-philosophical reflection, “The Joy of Dying.” We trust the outlook on life is not that of the author. The “message” part of “Ruskin’s Message,” etc., is too short. The stories are not at all “amateurish” and, we are glad we can say it, almost too abundant for comment. We are also happy to note in a later number of the Texas Magazine a species of an exchange column. Join the brotherhood!

Nobody would ever accuse St. Bonaventure’s of being a school of Russians or Hebrews if they saw the cover of the St. Patrick’s Day number of the Laurel. The contents, however, are not nearly as flowery, (look closely; there’s a hidden pun in that word somewhere). The first two essays are scholarly and well prepared, though not of ravishing interest. “Dolce Far Niente,” sad to say, applies entirely too well to the article it heads. The poetry is not above the average, and a continued article of any sort is always questionable. Had it not been for a very good editorial on the “Shakespeare Tercentenary” and another called “Irishmen and Rhyme,” the issue would have a distinct disappointment.

We weren’t even as much inspired by the Solanian, because its cover wasn’t as pretty, but at least we were amused by the marvellous works of art at the heads of the different departments. They remind one of the “Children’s Drawing Column” in the Sunday papers. At least one contributor, however, attempts to keep the ex-man’s eyes open by applying to a short essay on the evils of divorce the startling title of “The Decline of the United States.” We quite agree with him that the increase in divorce in America is altogether unnatural and worthy of suppression, but from such a premise it is hard to deduce, that our dear old nation is hot-foot to the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. The essays are not above the average, either in style or development, nor do the stories suggest Edgar Allen Poe or DeMaupassant.

Beyond its usual good departmental work and a good essay on “Dialec-
tics,” the February *Gonzaga* has little more in the realm of brilliance. Disregarding any technical defect, “The Right of Way” does not at all remind one of Mexico, wherein the scene is laid, while “A Bitter Revenge” is almost as usual as our average movie show, the end of which can always be seen soon enough to dampen interest.

We believers in the desirability of intercommunication between college magazines have found a new and worthy ally in the *Emory Phoenix*, which we remember principally for a poem published earlier in the year. Now that you have had a whiff of the bouquets cast at you, O ancient bird, bend thy plumed neck over the desk and compose a few (and lemons) for the rest of us.

In the February number of the *Phoenix*, the little play, “Stille Nacht,” is rather devoid of action for that kind of literature. We must say, though, it brings home the point the author desires to impress. A few more little essays like “An Affair of Notes” would make college magazines much more readable. “A Man’s a Man,” etc., was a little “amateurish” and overdrawn, while more color might have improved a good essay on Poe.

But hush! Is that not a distant peal of thunder? No, ’tis but a little ex-man from Boston—a little intellectual Jupiter, pitching inky thunderbolts. With true Bostonian patronage he invites us to “put a little thought behind all that verbiage.” With perfect humility we reply, “put a few exchanges in your exchange column.” Look, here’s one of his criticisms:

“But now let’s get down to tacks and current magazines. First, there’s *The University Symposium* from the Catholic University. It is rather slim, having only seventeen pages of contributions in all; yet the one story it boasts of is a good one, for it contains genuine feeling.”

We don’t mind being criticized by a *real critic*, but—! Besides, to descend to the kind of language used by our most aesthetic mentor from the “Intellectual City,” who would “call a man a skunk,” when he is a “skunk” (“O carissime!” but doesn’t that sound Bostonese!), we believe in being honestly explicit; consequently we ask to what “verbiage” he refers. It couldn’t possibly have been those few remarks we made about the *Stylus*?

We really ought to beg pardon for being so long-winded this month, but the foregoing “magnum opus” or Oct-opus or whatever you wish to call it, is pretty distinctly divided up into paragraphs, so you can start almost equally well at any place.
The Varsity opened its baseball season on March 25th against the Mt. St. Joseph nine, of Baltimore, winning by the score of 12-1. Through the long nine innings of an uninteresting game, the Baltimoreans failed to threaten the Hilltoppers, whose trio of twirlers allowed them only two hits.

Georgetown started the first inning by scoring three times after Sullivan had banged one into the right field stands for two bases; Dempsey had been hit by a pitched ball; and McCarthy and Gilroy had singled. After this the Varsity began to pile up a huge total, the Baltimore team never getting an opportunity to even matters up.

Honors for the day must necessarily fall to Harry Sullivan, the outer gardener from Brooklyn. This lad came to bat five times and on three occasions poled the pill into the right field seats, getting two bases on each clout as specified in the ground rules. A fourth time he smashed a hard line drive to left center which was speered after a clever try by Right, the Baltimoreans’ center fielder. Jack Maloney, who played around the keystone corner through the two hours of play, also contributed largely to the Georgetown victory. Three hits, one a triple, and a perfect percentage in the field with three assists, constituted the Bostonian’s work for the day. Owens, who worked on the hill for the Blue and Gray, must also share the honors. He was taken out at the end of the fifth inning, having shut his opponents out. Not once, when he was in there hurling, did the Mt. St. Joseph’s players connect with his
delivery for anything that looked like a single. He had plenty on the ball all the time to prevent anything but easy rollers or pop flies. Finnigan and Murray pitched the last four innings between them and easily held the enemy in check. Ed. Cass, who batted for Finnigan in the seventh inning, walked, and after successfully stealing second wrenched his ankle, so that he has been on the hospital list for two weeks since the accident.

For Mt. St. Joseph's, Suarez and Right did the most consistent work, while Hart, the former Central High School receiver, was always in the game talking it up and trying to stave off the inevitable. The score:

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>H</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mt. St. Joseph's</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
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</table>

*Cass batted for Finnigan in the seventh inning.


**Bureau Win a Costly One.**

The Varsity won their second game from the Bureau of Engraving team on Saturday, April 1, by the score of 5-1, but it was a very costly victory. Jackie Maloney, the star second sacker and quarter back, while sliding into the keystone bag, suffered a broken leg and will be out of the game for six weeks. His loss will be severely felt. It was the first contest of the season for the Bureau's and they could do little with the twirling of Kelly, Breslin and Murray. The score by innings:

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<tr>
<th></th>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*(456)*
Navy Defeated in Close Contest.

Georgetown won their first big game of the season when they defeated the Navy at Annapolis on April 6 by the count of 6-4. Blodgett, the huge Annapolis twirler, elated by a recent two-hit shut-out scored against Pennsylvania, was humbled by the Blue and Gray nine who hit him opportunely. Jimmy Murray, the big Everett (Mass.) school boy, pitched his first full intercollegiate contest and, judging by his inaugural battle, he will have more than the Navy's scalp hanging from his belt before the years is over.

The game, although close and hard-fought, was rather a ragged exhibition of the national pastime. Neither team shone particularly, although Georgetown played consistently. A screeching double by Bill Cusack in the third inning drove in two runs and sowed up the contest for the Hilltoppers. Captain McCarthy, as usual, played brilliantly, and his three hits figured prominently in the run-getting. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>AB.H.O.A.E.</th>
<th>Navy</th>
<th>AB.H.O.A.E.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan, if</td>
<td>3 0 1 0 0</td>
<td>Lisher, 3b</td>
<td>4 1 1 1 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dempsey, 1b.</td>
<td>2 0 10 0 1</td>
<td>Rogers, 1b</td>
<td>4 1 9 1 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>McCarthy, cf.</td>
<td>5 3 1 1 0</td>
<td>McFall, cf.</td>
<td>4 2 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilroy, ss.</td>
<td>5 1 2 2 1</td>
<td>Moran, rf.</td>
<td>4 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cusack, 3b.</td>
<td>4 1 1 4 0</td>
<td>Blodgett, p.</td>
<td>4 1 0 6 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, 2b.</td>
<td>4 1 0 1 0</td>
<td>Von Helmburg, 2b.</td>
<td>4 0 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernardini, rf.</td>
<td>3 0 0 1 0</td>
<td>Connolly, c.</td>
<td>4 0 12 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Strait, rf.</td>
<td>1 0 0 0 0</td>
<td>Calhoun, ss.</td>
<td>4 1 5 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hager, c.</td>
<td>3 0 11 0 1</td>
<td>Moore, lf.</td>
<td>3 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray, p.</td>
<td>3 1 1 3 0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>33 7 27 12 3</td>
<td></td>
<td>35 8 27 11 2</td>
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</table>

*Batted for Bernardini in the eighth.


A Rally in the Eighth Beats Williams.

Georgetown won its fourth successive game by beating Williams College on Friday, April 7. However, it was only after a hard battle that the Blue and Gray downed the visitors. The latter were leading right up to the eighth when, thanks to a spell of wildness by Debevoise and a timely single by Johnny Gilroy, the Varsity copped the game by
the score of 5-3. Again Captain McCarthy was in the limelight by his stellar stick work. A terrific triple and a clean single flew from his bat and the former wallop was responsible for a tally. Lem Owens started the game but he was derricked in the second when he grew wild. Gene Finnegan finished and displayed all of his last season's form. He had the visitors helpless and was never in danger. Bill Joyce played his first game of the season and got two clean bingles. The score:

<table>
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<th>Georgetown</th>
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<td>6</td>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilroy, ss</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Cusack, 3b</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hager, 1b, c</td>
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<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Berardini</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Owens</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finnegan</td>
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<th></th>
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