## Georgetown College Journal
### May, 1916.

**Vol. XLIV**

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**TERMS:** Two dollars a year in advance. Single copies, 25 cents. Advertising rates on application.

**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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HE countless hordes that worship at the shrine of literature have many deities. There are some who ungrudgingly bestow all their allegiance to the sweet song of the poet, and others whose taste lies in the perusal of the ponderous tomes of philosophy. And there are just as many again who drink long and deep at the ever-running brook of the drama, whilst the old and dusty writings of the classics are far from neglected by those select readers who pride themselves upon their culture. But great indeed
as is the number of followers that each of these branches of literature can boast, they dwarf into insignificance when compared with the myriad millions that seek fiction for their intellectual entertainment.

It would be practically an impossible task to estimate the number of books of fiction, which, like the waves of the sea, flood the markets each year. The people demand their pleasing novels, and the publishers are never troubled by their conscience in order to comply with this request. And what then is the result?

Like vipers that eat into the very vitals of the body, these books begin their insidious work. They are written on every conceivable subject by men and often women, too, who sell whatever religion they possess and sacrifice their doubtful standards of morality for the tainted pieces of silver. They care little for the harm they do, for what is deadly poison sold to the young compared with the honor of being styled the author of a "best seller?"

But all fiction is not of this deadly stamp. There are thousands of books, not as well thumbed perhaps as others, that stimulate the mind in the right direction and which leave thoughts that ennoble and enrich. This is real fiction and alone worthy to accept the high place in literature accorded to it by the public.

**Spring Fever.**

The late Easter somewhat shortened the Georgetown spring. Instead of a full class month of April and May the holidays cut in heavily. Vacation was hardly over when that most important process called the repetitions began and for the last time, too, for some of us.

Spring is undoubtedly the golden season here at Georgetown and whoever told of spring without that accompanying malady known as spring fever? The long, warm days with the crack of the bat and the splash of the plunge make it doubly hard to sit down quietly in the cool of the evening to "con" one's Horace or speculate on the probability of the "intellectus agens." Far easier, indeed, is it to harken to the insistent call of the "movies!"

But such dissipations as the latter must now be forgotten and especially so by the Seniors. The dying year is emitting its final gasps and there is much that is still to be accomplished. Like a white-armed ghost to a terrified child, the dreaded examinations stare at us with a menacing grin on their ghastly features. They reach out with their greedy tentacles and eagerly snatch for an unwary victim. With such an enemy as this to combat, the spring fever soon evaporates into a stern determination to conquer all opposition and to advance in triumph to "pastures new."

**The Editor.**
OR God's sake, save my husband. You can do it. Give him life imprisonment. Don't let him be hanged. Don't let him be—". Her voice was lost in sobs as she fell at his feet.

For once his oratory, oratory that held and swayed juries as he willed, was powerless before this great outburst of supplication and grief. How often the words painted on his office door, "Henry Bronse, County Prosecuting Attorney," had brought him scenes like this. But always before he had been able to give some encouragement; now there was none. Jim Curman must hang. Law and judge were inexorable. He must hang.

"Mrs. Curman," he began awkwardly, "there is nothing that I—"

"Nothing," the half mocking, half despairing voice interrupted as she slowly rose. "Nothing," it reiterated, sadly and mournfully.

"Nothing," he repeated decisively as he sprang to open the door for her, himself.

She passed out a tall commanding youthful but mourning figure, clad in a long blue cloak.

* * *

The lamp's flickering flame but poorly lit the more poorly furnished room. Rena Curman was dressing by its light. The mirror reflected her tear-stained cheeks and reddened eyes that all the applications of cold water and powder were not able to hide. In his little bed, in a corner, her boy, undisturbed by the lamp light, lay sleeping. Quickly she dressed for she must be at the prison by twelve, for at five Jim was to be—. The tears began to wash down her face as she suddenly thought of Jim's fate. She put on her hat, pinned the veil and, reaching for the blue cloak was ready to leave.

"Mamma," a weak, childish voice broke in. "Where are you going?"

"Oh! My boy! My boy! Don't ask me that!

In an outburst of grief, she flung herself on the bed by the child and for several minutes her moans were the only answer that she gave to the child.

"Mamma is going to see papa," she sadly explained, when she was more calm.

A vision of a large gray building loomed before his eyes, for he had been taken to see papa. When he asked to go she told him that he was
sick and gave him some more medicine. Even now she was preparing it, mumbling half to herself, half aloud, "He seems to be warmer. I hope the fever won't go up."

"When is papa coming home?" he asked suddenly after the medicine had been taken.

"Oh! My child! My child," she covered his face with kisses and there on his pillow she wept heartbrokenly again.

"Is papa going to heaven?" he inquired innocently.

"Yes, yes," she cried gathering him in her arms. "Papa is going to heaven to-night and mamma is going to see him. Now you go to sleep and mamma will come back, when you wake up."

He turned over to dream of the angelic company that his father was going to join and Rena, turning the lamp low, and throwing the cloak over her shoulders, went out into the night.

Twenty minutes' walk brought her to the prison gate. She nervously showed the guard her pass and was turned over to a keeper.

"Huh!" he grunted, after reading the pass, "To stay till the hour of execution." Just come this way, ma'am." Down long, gloomy corridors they went to the death cell. The bolts flew back and she darted into her husband's arms.

"Jim, Jim," she motioned despairingly.

He tried to soothe her and after some time her sobs were less and less frequent. Then collecting herself she endeavored, for Jim's sake, at least, to appear cheerful. But the prison gloom settled deeply on her soul and at times she would fall to weeping. Thus the intervening hours wore slowly on.

At last the tower clock struck four-thirty and immediately a guard appeared at the door.

Jim raised her weak form into his arms and kissed her passionately.

"There, now dearest, don't cry. God bless you and my boy."

"Jim, Jim," she shrieked, madly. "I can't let you go. I can't let you go. I can't! I can't! I can't!"

She fell fainting to the floor. The guards with the remorseful, heavy-hearted prisoner moved down the hall.

The sun had reached middle heaven when she recovered. Slowly her mind began to piece together the incidents of that fatal dismal morning. She looked around but faintly grasping the idea that she was in a hospital.

Finally, she started up in her bed.

"My husband?" she inquired, hurriedly.

"Madame, it is twelve o'clock," the kindly prison chaplain, who had conducted her from the cell to the ward, hinted.
“Dead!” she wailed. “Dead! My husband! Jim—Jim dead!” The wild lament rose. The alarmed chaplain hastily called a nurse. But their combined efforts could not comfort her.

“I can’t stand it. Jim!” she screamed wildly. Her eyes were red and swollen, her dishevelled hair fell about her shoulders and she sank back on the pillow exhausted. For a long time she moaned and finally sank into an uneasy sleep.

Soon another nurse came and said that a woman wished to see Mrs. Curman and that though she had told her that Mrs. Curman couldn’t see her in her present state, she would not be put off. The chaplain rose to see the woman and after a short time returned quickly. Mrs. Curman’s boy, Jim, was sick and the landlady, Mrs. Flynn, had come to tell her of the necessity of securing a doctor. Mrs. Curman was not disturbed but allowed to rest and a doctor and the chaplain went with Mrs. Flynn back to the sick child.

* * *

The November wind howled and whistled round the building. A few coals shed an uncertain light over the room. Rena lay sleeping heavily on the bed. Mrs. Flynn was dozing by the fireside. The clock struck one. Reaching over to a little table she poured some water into a glass and added a spoonful of powder. Next she woke the sick child and propping him up by pillows held him until he had taken the dose. Then replacing the glass she aroused Rena.

“It is one o’clock now, I have just given him the powder medicine. I must leave now for I won’t be fit for anything to-day unless I get some sleep. About six o’clock I’ll bring some broth up.”

Thus left alone with her watch, Rena reviewed with great despondency, her late heartrending experiences. Interrupted only by the administration of the medicines she had sufficient time for recollection. She recast the arrest, the tortuous days of the trial, the terrible suspense, the death sentence, the interview with the lawyer. Ah! there was the man that had caused all her trouble. Had it not been said in the papers, at the end of the trial that Henry Bronse won the trial by his masterly plea to the jurors? Had it not been stated that the outcome of the trial, successful to him but fatal to her had added another white feather to his cap? How she hated that man.

Then she thought about the terrible morning that she had spent with her husband. The sobs rose in her throat but she choked them for fear of disturbing the child. Henry Bronse was the cause of her anguish. Finally, she thought of how her child in high fever, was suffering in that very room while she was unconscious in the hospital. Was it not the
attorney's fault? Yesterday she had come home to receive the shock that her boy was seriously ill. All, all caused by her husband's persecutor. Ah! how she hated him.

About five o'clock, when she rose to give the medicine, she noticed the extreme pallor of the child. Filled with dread fears, she rushed to the bed. Hurriedly she felt the brow, the cheeks and the hands. Their coldness plunged her into despair. She uttered a piercing wail and fell groaning by the bedside. Mrs. Flynn, clad in her night clothes, came in, breathless after the long climb. Seeing all at one glance, she quickly sent for the doctor.

The child was not dead but dying. The words “not dead,” speedily animated Rena, but when the doctor came she broke down completely and had to leave the room.

Through the long dreary day Mrs. Flynn brought her hourly reports, reports that even the pretended cheerfulness of the landlady could not disguise as hopeful. To her repeated entreaties that she might help, the doctor gave a decided denial. However, toward sunset the doctor decided to allow her to enter the room. How her mother heart ached as she saw the traces of suffering on the child's face. But she managed to control herself. The crisis would come in a few minutes the doctor declared. Anxiously, but hopeful waiting, Rena watched keenly for any change in the patient.

With the dying out of the sun's rays the crisis came. The doctor held his hand over the child's heart, and unnoticed by Rena, who had her eyes fastened intently on Jim's face, whispered something in a low tone to Mrs. Flynn. That lady moved to Rena's side and taking her two hands, gently forced her to look in her face. And Rena read there, in Mrs. Flynn's tears and sympathetic eyes the doctor's message.


Her voice rang out in a terrible shriek. Frenziedly she clasped the dead body in her arms and kissing it passionately would not be consoled. It was with difficulty that Mrs. Flynn got her from the room.

For weeks her life was on the point of extinction but at last her youth conquered and she began to recover slowly.

It was during the week before Christmas that she first was able to go about the town. And unfortunately for both, she and Mr. Bronse met. She blocked his way.

“Who are you and what can I do for you, my poor woman?” he inquired.

“Don't poor woman me,” she retorted hotly. “And has the suffering
that you have caused me so changed me that you do not even recognize me? Does sorrow make such small impression on you that you do not know her whom you have deprived of both husband and child? What can you do for me? There is nothing that you can do to heal the wrongs that you have heaped on Mrs. Curman. And I wanted to tell you that I hate you, hate you.”

He started back, stung as she swept by.

During the week that followed Rena rapidly gained strength. Mrs. Flynn kept her constantly employed helping her about the large boarding house. It was by this help that she was to pay Mrs. Flynn for her room and board and as the landlady expected to occupy her time and thus to keep her mind off of her grief.

Christmas Eve was a busy day for the two women and it was with great relief to Rena that she was sent to buy some few things that Mrs. Flynn needed. The walk to the department store was stimulating. She made her purchases slowly for the Christmas crowds were heavy. The struggling of that great mass made her somewhat faint and she welcomed with joy a resting room.

She sat down on the end of a sofa, at the other end of which a child was playing. Her heart throbbed painfully. The cruel memories pressed her. Jim’s suffering little body swam before her eyes. She was interrupted by a hand laid on her arm. Turning there stood the child looking into her eyes.

“Why are you crying, dear lady?”

Rena unconscious of the tears in her eyes, replied that she wasn’t crying.

“Mamma and papa went upstairs to tell Santa Claus to buy me a choo choo,” he confided.

She took him on her lap and carressing him to humor him by answering the question, “What do you want Santa Claus to bring you?”

A girl passed through the room looking from right to left. At last she spied the child and hastened to him.

“Come,” she said sweetly. “Your mother and father want you.”

“Whose child is he?” questioned Rena.

“Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bronse. The lawyer you know,” the girl answered.

A hard look swept over Rena’s face. His child lives to love him, while her’s—. Yes, she knew. Without heeding the child’s parting goodbye she turned and left.

In an obscure street she entered a hardware store.

“Yes, that will do,” she said as she handed the clerk the money. The
shining, deadly pistol was hastily thrust into her bosom as soon as she left the store.

It was already dark when she reached home. Mrs. Flynn’s slight anxiety was calmed when she saw Rena come in with her packages. The Christmas rush was the excuse of her tardiness.

Immediately after the supper dishes were cleaned and the table set for the morning. Rena pleading fatigue went to her room. Jim’s pistol was taken out of its drawer and, putting both the new and old in a pocket of his cloak, she slipped out.

The night was clear and cold. The moon shone in the cloudless sky and Rena walked hastily in its light. Her way was long and it was near ten before she halted in front of a house in a fashionable street. The windows facing it were dark. But on the side two bright patches showed that at least someone was up.

Toward these two Rena moved cautiously. Soon she reached the low porch and, crawling close to the wall, was quickly beneath the farthest window. She stationed herself there to be farther away from the door which was reached before either of the windows and to be near the bushes that grew at the end of the porch. Slowly she raised her head and looked into the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Bronse were putting the finishing touch to a large Christmas tree, which stood directly opposite the window. Rena was looking in over Mrs. Bronse bed. The tree was gorgeous with tinsel, candles, pictures, bags of candy, shining colored balls, glass birds and toys. Beneath the tree were blocks, tin soldiers, books, toy fire engines, trains and skates. Mrs. Bronse was in her kimona, but her husband was fully dressed; in his bed, opposite the door and in the further end of the long room, sleeping, was their child.

“Marie,” Rena heard Mr. Bronse say, “I have some business to talk over with Mr. Senmate and I promised to be there by ten-thirty. You won’t be afraid to stay here by yourself, will you?”

“No,” she said, as she gave him a kiss, “but don’t be long.”

The tree’s decking had been completed and Mr. Bronse was already buttoning his overcoat.

“I will use this door,” he told her, “as Mr. Senmate’s library door opens right opposite.”

“Henry,” she called out, “close the shutters, will you, please?”

He locked the door and pushed the shutters to gently for fear of waking the child. Rena, with her dark cloak was already crouching in the shrubbery. Soon the the light in the bed chamber was extinguished.

After an hour’s waiting Rena crept up to the window. The shutter hadn’t been closed, she noticed. The opening of both the shutter and
The window was the work of a minute. She listened for any sound from within. The regular breathing of mother and child greeted her ears. Stealthily she stepped into the room.

Taking a handkerchief from her pocket she quickly advanced to Mrs. Bronse's bed. Clapping the handkerchief to her mouth she pushed it into it when Mrs. Bronse attempted to scream. Aided by the bed clothes Rena soon had her arms pinioned and taking a rope from her pocket she bound them behind her. Her legs were also tied and then Rena propped her up with a pillow, tied her to the bedpost and threw a blanket over her form, thus leaving her free to see all that transpired in the room.

Rena looked out of the window. Mr. Senmate's light was still burning. She dragged a heavy mahogany table up to the child's bedside and pulling out the drawers she inserted one of the pistols. The pistol was wedged in and pointed directly at the child's head. She next tied a piece of twine to the trigger, carried it around the mirror post of a bureau that stood near the door and tied it to the door knob. Finally she stepped back to survey her work. One glance at Mrs. Bronse told her that she understood the trap. A kiss lightly printed on the child's forehead was her last act before she climbed through the open window. The window and shutters were closed and all was dark in the room.

Had not the rope been tied triply, Mrs. Bronze, in her wildness, would have extricated herself. Her fear armed her with almost superhuman strength, but her efforts were all in vain. She could only sit and gaze fascinated at the pistol. A thousand times she heard her husband's steps on the porch. A thousand times she heard his key in the lock. A thousand times she heard the shot ring out. Terrified she waited on.

The strain was beginning to tell on her when she noticed a movement in the little bed. Would he move out of range of the pistol? Breathlessly she watched him. First the tousled little figure sat up and looked around him sleepily, at the foot of his bed his full stocking was hanging. He crawled to it. Unfastening it from the post he began to play. Finally his eye was caught by the big tree in the corner. Stocking and contents were soon forgotten in presence of this greater source of happiness. Quickly he climbed from the bed and ran to the tree. Mrs. Bronze, exhausted, sank into unconsciousness.

Without in the dark fringe of bushes, Rena, pistol in hand, also waited the sound of the shot.

Christmas was scarcely a half hour old when the light was put out. Almost immediately she heard Mr. Bronse call out a cheery “Good night and Merry Christmas.” The pistol was already at her temple.

“Mamma, Mamma.”
Was that Jim crying? Rena remembered. It wasn't Jim but the other child. But still she couldn't shake off the idea. Her imagination strained the two words into reproach. They played up and down the chords of her soul. They struck the mother note and it replied sharp and clear.

Mr. Bronse was already on the porch. He was fumbling for the key in his pocket. She sprang upon the porch and before he was aware of her approach had thrown herself between him and the door.

"Don't open it," she screamed imploringly. "Don't. You will kill your child. I—"

She went no further for Mr. Bronse in his alarm had pushed her aside and already was putting the key in the lock. She managed to grab his arm but he threw her off. The door was flung open.

Instantly a pistol banged. A childish cry of terror followed.

The moonlight streaming in the door showed him the still smoking pistol, the unconscious bound figure of his wife on the bed, a row of blocks, tin soldiers and toy animals stretched across the further end of the room and beneath the glittering tree the crouching, terror-stricken child.

"God be praised," Rena murmured.

Mr. Bronse stood silent, dumfounded, in the door.

"Oh! can you forgive me," she begged from the porch.

Slowly he began to understand. Then he shrank from her. At sight of this motion she begged again for forgiveness. From afar the Christmas bells began to ring. Suddenly he stooped and raised her.

"It is Christmas," he said, simply.
ATT was only 35 years old, but from constant bending over big ledgers he had acquired a hump and also a peaked expression from ferreting out tangles when his accounts didn't balance, consequently he looked like 50. Since he had graduated from the Business College he had kept books for Lynn & Haywood and, day in and day out, he sat on his stool and nursed a grouch, dyspepsia and several other ailments conducive of good humor in others. Monday morning was always his worst day for the receipts on Saturday were usually large, and on this Monday morning, this memorable Monday morning, because it is memorable to him now, he nursed a bigger grouch than usual. And it was his fault, too. Just because on Sunday he tried to be good humored and praise his wife's cooking he now had to suffer. No, he didn't eat too much, nor the cooking wasn't bad, nor did his dyspepsia trouble him. It was worse than that—he had to ask the boss to dinner on Wednesday night, at his house. Good Lord! Why do women get so conceited about their cooking? What will old Lynn say, anyhow? Will he refuse or accept? What if he refuses? Then it will be simply a case of resign, or, if he accepts? Oh, confound it, anyway. And so it went on and Watt was still adding 26 and 7 and getting 38 when old Lynn came in and began rummaging through some old letter files in the corner. Now was his chance and Watt made three or four false starts before he nearly tumbled off the chair and then he started. Lynn looked up at him from under his shaggy eyebrows: "Well?" he said. "Ahem!"

"I—ah—my wife and—er—won't you take dinner with us on Wednesday evening, sir?" He quaked. Heaven! that much was over now; what will the answer be and he turned to face Lynn again and nearly toppled over at what he saw, for there was Lynn actually smiling, beaming on him, and growling pleasantly; Lynn couldn't help but growl. "Delighted! Certainly! Glad to come. What time? Eight? Yes, yes. Glad to come," and he kept on muttering as he poked among the letters.

When Watt got home that night he had a grin that almost threatened the loss of his lower jaw and his wife kissed him when he opened the door. Can you wonder why the day was memorable? She didn't need to be told that the boss was coming, the grin had been plain enough, but then grins don't last forever and Watt's grin faded when on the next
night he was sent around to the neighbors for chairs, curtains, lamps, dishes, silverware, cut glass and so on. Somehow or another he didn't like the idea; he had a vague presentiment of impending doom and some remarks from the man in the room below rankled in his bosom. He didn't like this dressing in borrowed plumes, but what can a man do. His wife chased him after this and that, and when she had all that she wanted she put him to work placing them. First the table must be moved so that Mr. Lynn could see out the window, then the buffet must be placed here, now the chair here; there, that's fine; now we are all through, dear, all through. Oh, I almost forgot, you had better polish the silverware, love. And Watt went to bed that night with murder in his heart. But the worst was yet to come and Watt slept peacefully on. Little recked he of the foul machinations in the mind of his spouse. Tomorrow he must rent—a soup and fish. Horrors of the inquisition! Why must poor man suffer so?

Poor Watt, he had always viewed a dress suit with alarm, but let him sleep on, he will need rest.

I pass over what intervenes between the last paragraph and this. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Watt had done her worst and the fatted calf was killed—in more way than one. Watt was conspicuous in his "boiled shirt," painfully so, and Mrs. Watt fluttered here and there, adding the usual few deft touches, and then the doorbell rang. Watt walked out to admit him, presented him to his wife and then the meal began. During it all Watt was terribly uneasy. Lynn looked at the silverware rather closely, looked at Watt and scowled. He was plainly puzzled and Watt was puzzled, too, trying to figure out what puzzled Lynn, and then a great light burst upon him. Lynn was wondering how in the world he ever furnished his house so on $17 a week and Watt's heart sank into his shoes as he came to what evidently would be Lynn's conclusion. Lynn must think he was a thief and when he raised his eyes from his plate he saw Lynn eyeing him sharply. Then he felt certain that all was over. In the morning Lynn would call him into the office and give him his walking papers. Nothing could be proven against him but that didn't matter; it was damaging evidence. And his wife, good Heavens, can't the woman see that it's all over; why doesn't she hold her tongue? What is she saying?

"Mr. Watt gave me that piano lamp as a birthday present," and so she went on telling how generous he was, getting her the silverware, cut glass, etc., and incriminating him beautifully. This, indeed, was the most unkindest cut of all. He had a chance before of telling the truth, but now she was burning the bridges behind him. All his strength left him and if his shirt bosom wasn't awfully stiff he would have collapsed
and slid to the floor. Irony of ironies, the scorned dress shirt helps him in his trial. Well, time brings relief for everything and at last Lynn left. Watt felt like a man who has had the noose around his neck and then was respited to be hanged the next day. That was just his case and he knew in his heart that the trap would be sprung on the morrow, but still it was something to have a reprieve and he crawled into bed resolved to sleep just to show how little he cared for disaster. He groaned as he thought of the uneasiness he had caused the boss. What a thief he must take him for? Oriental rugs, six-foot piano lamps, silk beaded tapestries, cut glass, sterling silverware, Havre china. Oh, glory, what a mess he was in. That night he slept but little.

When Watt set out to work the next morning he felt like a man approaching his doom. “With measured tread and slow” he walked to the subway. Chopin’s “Funeral March” fought fiercely with “The Curse of an Aching Heart” for the possession of his brain. It must have ended in a draw for they were still fighting when he entered the office and received a summons to come into the “inner sanctum.” He entered timidly and stood just inside the door and then Lynn began:

“Hm-m-m-. Rather nicely furnished place you have, Watt. Rather first class, I should say. Quite extraordinary.” Good Lord, why does he prolong it. Can’t he say “get out” and have it over with. But no, he continues. “I’ll not ask you how you do it, although I’d very much like to know. You’re just the man we’ve been looking for and now that we’ve got you”—all over—“we’re not going to give you up without a struggle. Watt, how would $15,000 a year as Efficiency Expert strike you?”

It struck Watt, all right, struck him hard. His new duties began with a vacation and now he’s Watt E. E.
For the Honor of the Alvarez.

DORSEY J. GRIFFITH, '19.

T was the last of the rainy season, a dull sulky day and the little Alvarez boys were fretful and restless. Nothing seemed to interest their spirited natures. But the rain drizzled in such a hesitating, aggravating way that it tempered their moods to a very brittle state, one which was liable to make them fly to pieces at any moment.

The old mansion at San Marco afforded many mysteries, but these had all been thrashed out during former "bad" seasons. Or perhaps their ancestors had written the traditions of the old homestead in that sacred family history that had always been a thing of uttermost curiosity to the youngsters, for they were never allowed to gaze upon its faded, wrinkled pages.

Mother Alvarez was proud in the glory of the family name and now that Jose and Carlo were beginning to feel the tingle of that honored in their veins she decided to acquaint them of its wonderful contents.

The mother, tall and dark, a woman whose very soul was in her lovely face, rose from her chair and her heart was filled with deep emotion as she thought of her present resolution. For this great moment when her sons should first unseal the pages of that great history was to this noble mother an event of eternal meaning. To her it was the laying of the corner stones of her sons' young lives.

The two boys looked at their mother as she rose to enter the library and they saw a light in her face, a wonderful light, and they felt as their mother felt. Their restlessness had gone and perhaps in that self-same moment they thought of the old war stories told in the nursery at bed-time so long ago, and then in the next instant they silently followed the tall figure into the next room, the library. And while the candles flickered their soft light about the walls of the old library on that dreary afternoon the two Alvarez boys read about great deeds of great generals. They saw their pictures, men with long beards and short mustaches and men without mustaches or beards whose lips were sealed with one straight line, that line of character that marks the difference between men and men. Truly this family was of glorious and noble lineage. With streaming eyes and cherishing the pride that was in her for her honored family the mother gazed upon another portrait.
“That is father,” cried Jose, and under it was inscribed: “He lived a man of noble birth and died a hero on the battlefield.”

“My sons, let it be seen that some day you, too, will be men of history,” the mother cried.

Ten years brought a wonderful change in the little village of San Marco. Her once quiet streets were now swarming with youth and middle age, both dressed alike in that familiar color of the dust with ruffled belts so freshly filled with studs of steel.

It was war! And war was such an earnest business! For three years the undercurrent of a probable insurrection had been stealing through the hearts of the people and now, Villa, the outlaw, had risen in defiance of the state and was locked in a terrible struggle with General Carranza, of the Federalists, on the banks of Fuerte River.

The heart of Mother Alvarez was breaking with grief. But why? Was she not proud of the honor her sons would win in this civil war? Their father had fought and died on the field of battle, and would not his sons go proudly with the great Captain Pasha, the family friend, to fight under the great General Carranza.

But the heart of the mother was bleeding for there was a difference in her sons, a difference that would not heal.

One day long before the outbreak of the war, during a slight discussion of its possibility, Jose, who had always been the leader, the daring and courageous youth, rose with a fiery argument for the Villa faction and left the room. Quickly his noble mother had gone to him and spoken, but for the first time the young man was furious at the words of his mother and angrily refused to speak further on the subject.

And so the little cloud of anger between the two brothers grew into a mighty storm cloud and the rumble and roar could be heard far distant in the ears of the sad mother.

But now the crisis had come with the outbreak of the war.

Jose in the face of his mother's grief had marched away to join Villa and his band.

Carlo was sickly in his youth, a quiet and indifferent sort of lad, but the old spirit of his family was in him for all that. He knew he must enlist in the state troops, yet his weak nature was filled with a lurking fear. Carlo was silent. The same day that Jose had gone away the old family friend, a captain of long service arrived. Captain Pasha came to persuade the young men to enlist in the secret agency service of General Carranza. These words of the old captain brought a faint pallor on the face of the mother, but in her eyes there shone that peculiar noble light, the light that Carlo had seen only once before in the eyes
of his mother when he and Jose stood before her in the library, the day they first looked into the great book, and as the young man stood in the presence of his mother and the captain he turned and looked at the old history on the table, silent and dustless in its worn case with the silver corners.

But the son had been called, as were his ancestors before him and so his mother bade him a brave farewell and he left with his terrible commission. Carlo Alvarez enlisted as a spy.

Word was whispered through the little town of San Marco how Jose had been commissioned by the outlaw Villa, for his daring and bravery, but no word came from the other brother. His movements were always in obscurity. Then the call came to Captain Pasha for a very competent spy to go into Villa's lines to secure some papers of the campaign, important documents about the line of march. The chance for honor in his old friend's family burned within him and he called for Carlo Alvarez.

The boy was ashen white, for he knew his mission but he gripped the old man's hand with firmness as he left for his task and he promised his inward man that he would succeed. He must not die the death of a spy. He wanted to live and be a great general in the big family book.

All that night he rode through the rough mountain trails and finally at dawn he could see a long green valley below him, and off to the left near the foot of the mountain many curls of smoke floated up through the sun rays.

That day he lay in ambush and watched the tiny moving specks probably the scouting parties going out and again coming in and it reminded him of the days back home long ago when he called his mother "Mama" and when he used to watch the ant hills on the path at the back of the old mansion. How they would all go out in different directions and bring back some message; but sometimes a captive enemy, a beetle or perhaps another ant. But he, Carlo the spy, would not be caught like the captive ant. When night came he tied his horse and crept down the mountain to the outskirts of the camp. He realized the danger of his mission—the circumstances if he were caught—he was not high up on the mountain sheltered by the big rocks, but in the reach of the enemy. Fear seized him and he could not go on. But then he realized his cowardice, and the old blood in his veins seemed to burn his very flesh. He flung back his head and the lines of his mouth straightened. So with new courage he snaked his way past the pickets and before he realized his position he was crouching in front of the officers' tent. His heart pounded on his ribs. The guard was coming towards his tent, as he tured his back, Carlo rose like a phantom and buried a needle-like
stiletto deep between his shoulders. Without a moan the guard crumpled to the soft turf, and Carlo, the spy, entered the tent. His own coolness surprised him and he took a step forward trying to feel his way. He tripped over an outstretched wire fell forward against a table and overturned it with a crash. The next instant several strong arms pinned him to the earth. Carlo, the spy, was caught and the penalty of a spy is death. An officer rushed in and beheld his terrified brother gasping in the iron grip of two soldiers.

"The spy," they said grimly. "Malvæ the guard is dead."

Carlo fell at his brother's feet. Fear shook every fibre of his being and the thought of death glazed his eyes with horror.


The old weak lines in his face deepened into gullies, as the brother stood in agony before him.

"I am captain of this camp," he aid in a hoarse voice. But the others did not see his ashen face. They did not understand.

"Leave him to me, men."

Jose pushed his own brother from him and gave the order for the firing squad. He gazed at the grovelling figure. Shall the honor of this noble family be crushed he thought; but Heaven! why had this spy failed, this man who was afraid of death?

"Man, are you afraid to die?" he said hoarsely. "Are you my brother."

"No—but my mother." Here the captain twitched. He knew the love of their mother. Would she want this spy to live if she knew, this traitor to his own fate. Her love was simple. It was true and deep, but her love for a coward? Yet he, Captain Jose of the Villistas, had gone against the will of his mother. The sweat beaded his hand and ran down his neck. He rose and with a rigid hand on his brother's shoulder he said, "At least show the blood that's in you!" I will have blanks put in the guns and escape will come later. Just fall as if you had been—his voice failed him he could go no further. Carlo grasped the knees of the man of Villa, who looked down upon him with a strange, deep sorrow.

At sunrise Captain Jose rose from a sleepless night with a burdened heart, a burden that seemed to grow upon him as if he had never been and would never be free from its pain. Oh, what hours for the brother of the spy. He was a man with love; but that sacred honor of the Alvarez—Oh, that cursed honor, it had been in him, and as his arm, his head, it was a part of him and he must keep it unsoiled, unmarred.

Jose had given the order and he knew his brother would not flinch
under the shadow of death, for to him it was not death; but Jose knew how well that shadow held in its dark recesses the key to unexpected death. But the soldiers awaited his death as the just penalty of a spy and to them was not Carlo brave in the face of fate.

The firing squad was picked and Carlo Alvarez walked up to the stake with a firm step. His face was flushed. He thrust the bandage from him; for he wanted to see the bullet dig its den into his heart, he said. He saw a stretcher and a sheet upon the ground and for a moment he shuddered. But then he remembered, the old blood in his veins burned not with fear of death; for he was going to cheat death at its own door and before everyone was to die like a man.

And all the soldiers wondered at his courage. He was an Alvarez they heard later—that was the reason. There are no cowards in that great family, they said.

Captain Jose knew the love of his mother for a coward—he faced his brother.

The order was given: “Aim,” and then he failed, he Jose, the Villista. Some short incoherent word escaped from his parched throat—but the men were expectant and ready at that terrible moment for any word and the word had come. But was it “fire?” The body sank to the ground. Three dark streams of purple tricked from the breast and burnt the grass with a poison sting and dripped deep, deep into the valley’s fertile soil. But where was Jose, the captain? Slowly he wandered with lowered head far out into the plain that widened from the green valley. Alone—he wanted to be alone. He turned and raised his head and looked far away towards the mountains that hid the little hamlet of San Marco and hid his mother from his misty gaze and then he knelt and wept. No he had not been a coward; for then there would have been two cowards, and he thought of the love of his mother for a coward. Now, instead of two, there was none.

And when the next generation opened that old family history they saw two portraits.

Under one was written: “He was a spy; but died the death of a hero.” Under the other: “He was a rebel, but a brave and daring captain.” And the honor of that noble line was still unmarred.
A deep silence followed the speaker's words, broken only by the soft sound of someone shifting his position in his chair. The log which had been slowly smoldering in the open grate, cracked, and a shower of sparks ascended the chimney as if scattered by an unseen hand. A flame burst forth and its weak light penetrating into the darkness of the room showed five elderly men gathered in a semi-circle around the fire. Colonel Jamison removed his cigar from his mouth and, gazing into the fire with eyes that seemed to be staring far off into space, said: "There is no doubt that many strange things do occur, some of them can be explained very simply if we investigate the matter, others seem to afford no natural explanation at all, and yet I have never been able to convince myself that there is anything supernaturnal connected with an event such as our friend has just related. However unnatural a thing appears I can't help believing that it is a mere physical phenomenon which could be explained by science if it were fully developed." From the other side of the circle another one of the men replied: "I can readily understand your point of view. Everything about us is so real and so material and we are so accustomed to have an explanation afforded for anything which occurs that it is hard for us to convince ourselves of the possibility of a departed spirit assuming material form and returning to this earth. Then, too, we hear so many fake ghost stories that we come to look upon them all as mere workings of a creative imagination. So many strange things do take place, however, that I firmly believe departed spirits do return at times."

"Did I ever tell you of the strange case that was once brought to my notice," suddenly asked Judge Warren, the host, who, up to this moment, had been silent.

"No," "Let's have it," "It's your turn, anyway," came the replies.

The old judge settled back in his chair, the light from the fire which was now burning briskly, showed him to be about sixty years old, tall, with a pair of clear, blue eyes that seemed capable of penetrating to the innermost depths of your soul. His hair was pure white, and sitting there in his great leather chair with the shadows from the fire playing upon his face he presented a rather wierd and ghostly appearance. The
Judge had come to this city when about thirty, and since that time had won a warm place in the hearts of all who came in contact with him. He was known to be a man with the strictest regard for principle and was famous for his justice in dealing with those who came before his court. He was most sincere in the practice of his religion and his gifts to charity were many. Many a man who otherwise would have fared harshly had been assisted over his time of trouble by the Judge's timely aid. The greatness of his heart was well known and he was the friend of everybody from the small boy in the streets to the wealthiest capitalist in town.

The Judge took a fresh cigar from the table that stood at his elbow, clipped the end from it, lighted it and smoked for a few minutes in silence. Finally when his cigar was well lighted the Judge drew it from his mouth and began:

"Years ago there were two brothers in England, one seven or eight years older than the other. Their parents had died when the younger one was about fifteen, leaving them quite a large fortune, so large in fact that the income from it allowed them more money to spend than the ordinary boy of that age should have. The older brother was quite unassuming and studious, the younger rather wild and given to what is generally known as having a good line. About two years after the older brother completed his college course he entered a seminary and studied for the priesthood. The younger one stayed in college long enough to gain a fair knowledge of law, but then with even the restraining hand of his brother removed from him he became wilder than ever. Instead of settling down to practice his profession he became more or less of a ne'er-do-well, spending most of his time drinking and gambling. Upon every possible occasion his brother urged him to give up the life he was leading and settle down to business, but if anything these pleadings but served to make him worse. Finally, after several years spent in this manner, he decided to come to America. His brother, the priest, tried as best he could to dissuade him but all of his urging and pleading was in vain, the younger brother was determined to come to America and no amount of persuasion could change his purpose.

"Seeing that it was impossible to stop him the priest strongly urged him to start over again when he arrived in this country, to settle down and try to make a reputation for himself. Though the younger brother listened attentively to these pleadings he had but one end in view—to come to New York and enjoy himself as much as possible. Just before leaving England he told the priest, 'If you want me to believe all this you have been telling me about religion and other things, appear to me after you have died and thus prove what you say. I could never convince myself under any other conditions that what you say has any truth in it.'"
The priest was, of course, opposed to making any such agreement as this with him, but with such an end in view as the reformation and salvation of his brother he finally agreed that if he died first, which was very probable, he being the older by several years, he would, if possible, appear to the younger brother and thus confirm the truths he had tried to impress upon him.

"With this in mind the younger brother came to America, thinking, however, that the matter was ended and that he would no longer be troubled by continual reprimands and pleadings. To his mind this country opened for him a vast field wherein he would be free to do as he pleased with never a restraining hand upon him. He came to New York, where, knowing no one, he continued to follow the same course of life that he had in London. Thoughts of the practice of law where far removed from his mind. He had plenty of money, his income was sure, and so why should he work, he used to ask himself. Surely there was no use of him wearing himself out toiling in an office or courtroom when he could enjoy himself. He had only one life to live and he would get as much out of it as possible.

"And so he continued for several years. At first he had corresponded occasionally with his brother, but after a time though he continued to receive letters from the priest, he never answered them. So far as hearing from him was concerned, the priest didn’t know whether he was dead or alive, but knowing his brother as he did the priest was able to conjecture what was the matter.

"One night after the younger brother had been in New York for about ten years he was awakened from a sound sleep. The night outside was dark and cloudy and the room was black as pitch. He couldn’t hear a sound and yet he felt certain that some noise had aroused him, and that it was not a mere chance awakening. He found himself wide awake and with a feeling of oppression upon him. It seemed that the whole room was filled with something that was pressing down upon him with almost irresistible force. He had a feeling of an unseen presence over him which controlled his every motion. A sense of terror came upon him and he became so frightened that he didn’t have courage enough to get up and turn on the lights. Suddenly he happened to glance up at the head of the bed and to his utter consternation he beheld there, standing out against the darkness of the room, a ghostly figure with eyes that seemed to burn right through him. His terror turned to utter consternation when he beheld faintly yet unmistakably the outline of his brother’s features in the ghostly form. The figure merely looked at him and said in a low, ghastly tone that sent a thrill of terror through his every nerve: 'Brother, I have fulfilled my part of the agreement. Yes-
terday I died, tonight I appear to you that you may know that you are wrong and I was right. Good-bye.’ Without the slightest sound the figure vanished.

“When he awoke the next morning the events of the night before seemed but a dream. How could his brother who was at that moment pastor of a church in the suburbs of London have appeared in his room the night before? It was utterly foolish to think of such a thing. During the day he tried his best to dismiss the matter from his mind, but it kept recurring to him despite himself. Imagine his consternation when that afternoon he received a cablegram from London announcing his brother’s death the day previous.”

The old Judge paused and glanced at his hearers. Everyone was sitting straight up in his chair, interest written deeply on his face. He threw the end of his cigar into the ashes of the fire which was now completely out. A deep silence settled over the room which was broken by: “Well, Judge, that certainly is a remarkable story, and if it is really true it ought to come pretty near convincing anyone of the reality of ghosts. Are you sure it really occurred or did you invent the whole thing?”

“No,” answered the Judge, “I didn’t invent it. What I have just told you actually took place.”

“Did this young man tell you the story himself, and do you suppose he really meant what he said?” came from someone.

“It wasn’t necessary for anyone to tell it to me,” answered the Judge, “for the younger brother in the story I have just told you was myself.”

Bethel.

Bethel, sweet name, rich in thy memoried store,  
Of blessings on the youthful Jacob shed,  
What time a traveler he strew his bed  
With stone for pillow on thy earthen floor;  
When slumber-locked he passed the open door  
That to the land of blessed vision led,  
And saw the ladder shining o’er his head  
With swarm of angels passing more and more.

Ah, but another stood against the stair,  
The Lord of life, Who drew man from the clod,  
And blessing Jacob and his seed fore’er,  
He gave him title to the land he trod;  
Whom Jacob waking found so dread and fair,—  
“Bethel,” he spake, “this is the House of God.”

—Aloyal.
HERE is a creek running through a certain town called Snyder's Creek. I do not know how it got the name. Maybe some gentleman named Snyder discovered it or possibly some ancient Snyder took a bath in it. It used to be a very dirty creek. It is a very dirty creek now. Once upon a time it was a dashing, gallant stream, but as the town grew up the creek went down until it is in such a condition now that should the two cows in Wilson's meadow take a good drink of it the poor creek would dry up altogether.

Ludwig Rents used to be chief-of-police in the same town where this creek is. Ludwig was a good enough policeman but he was never designed to be a chief. He had no control whatsoever over the force. In fact I never saw a force have so little regard for its superior officer.

The force was a lazy fellow, the most indolent I ever knew. Prior to his appointment to the dignity of an officer of the law he had worked in Qulp's slaughter house down by the creek. Qulp fired him because he fell asleep one day in the act of hitting an old steer on the head with an axe. The steer, of course, being thus spared at the eleventh hour, was possessed with the idea to see the world again and so made good his escape. Qulp was very mad. He indulged in a series of explosive curses and ended up by pushing his assistant into the creek. Thus Bob Langer lost his job and the steer roamed back to his native fields.

Everything happened for the best, however. On hearing of the slaughter house affair the Ladies' Guild of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was elated. They were very glad the poor old thing had gotten away and they said that Bob Langer had done quite right in falling asleep. These ladies were all married and they all ruled their husbands. They made their poor mates do as they wished. Thus it happened that the Mayor, a portly gentleman who liked to sit in the sun and smoke his pipe, was forced to appoint Bob Langer a policeman.

Trouble began at once. The new member of the police department shirked his duties. Instead of watching suspicious characters and caring for the public safety he spent his time playing checkers in the back room of Hamburg's cigar store.

Now, Qulp the butcher, was a prominent citizen of that town and
a heavy taxpayer. He ranted and stormed and threatened to work against the Mayor in the coming elections unless the lazy one was put off the force. The city was paying good money—ten dollars a month—to have him gamble it away at checkers. It was an outrage! The Mayor was between the devil and the deep blue sea. If he fired the new policeman the Ladies’ Guild of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would loosen their tongues and his reputation would be ruined. If, on the other hand, he retained the present force, Qulp, a strong factor in local politics, would work against him. The Mayor turned the situation over in his mind and finally decided that the only thing he could do was to go fishing. This happened on Sunday afternoon.

On Monday morning, bright and early, Qulp came driving down the main street on his way to the slaughter house. At the same time the police force came walking up the street. Suddenly Qulp’s horse stopped; paused a moment; shook his head; reared up on his hind legs; slipped and fell down. Out jumped Qulp. Over came the police force.

“You pug-nosed, bull-legged, whiskey sot!” roared Qulp, shaking his fist, “what do you mean by frightening my horse?”

“Move on,” said Bob Langer, “you’re blocking the street.”

“Don’t tell me to move on!” cried Qulp in a fury.

“Look alive,” was the reply, “or I’ll run you in.”

Then and there ensued a battle, fast and furious, to the great delight of the gathering mob. The result was that Qulp, after various startling demonstrations of the fistic art climbed back into his mud-covered, swagged-in-the-middle buggy and drove off, while the force crept up a back alley to hold his battered eye to a cold lamp post. Nothing like a cold lamp post for ill-treated optics as Alfred Gingle informed his Pickwickian friends.

The next day was to be election day, but nobody could find the Mayor. His supporters sat around waiting for his return. He was not at his home nor any place else in town. Tomorrow was election day and one of the candidates had disappeared! Rumors of foul play crept around. In the meantime the Mayor’s enemies had nominated Qulp to run against him. From the bottom of his heart Qulp accepted. Political feeling was intense.

Towards evening Ludwig Rents went abroad to hunt his force. He wanted the force to help him look for the missing mayor. But Bob Langer had entirely vanished.

The mayor’s antagonists made soap-box speeches on the corner.

There was a man, said the first speaker, who wanted to be mayor again. He had run away for he had not the heart to face defeat. There
was a police force which that man had appointed and HE had run away.
A pretty state of affairs. Were his fellow-citizens going to put up with
such nonsense? No! Of course not! Therefore to-morrow they would
vote for Quip. Quip, the butcher; Quip, the public-spirited citizen. He
was their man.

Cheers from the crowd and "No!" from a tall, hatchet-faced man who
thereupon was pushed and shoved around at the hazard of being bump-
ed to death.

Another speaker mounted the soap-box. He had on a frock coat, tan
trousers; muddy boots; and waved a brown slouch hat in the air as he
spoke.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is backing the
mayor. Are the wants of half a dozen village gossips to be considered
in a political campaign? They are not! Therefore down with the mayor
and up with Quip!"

Great cheers from the crowd. The hatchet-faced man said, "No!"
again and was pushed entirely out of the mob.

It was dark by this time. Oil torches were lit and a parade formed.
A five-piece band headed the parade and behind the band in open giggs
rode Quip himself and the speakers of the evening. The rest of the
town followed, while the rear was brought up by several dogs and a
company of dark-faced youngsters from out of a nearby alley. Re-
inforcements marched into line at every beat of the drum. More torches
were lit and the band grew desperate. One old man remarked that
there had not been so much doing in town since the mill burned down
thirty years ago.

At last the parade came to a bridge over Snyder's Creek. Leaning
on the side of the bridge was Ludwig Rents. He had given up all hope
of finding the force and stood looking down into the water wondering
what he should do. All at once the chief’s hair stood on ends. Some-
thing in white was floating down the stream. The parade at once
swarmed to the side rails. One man said it was a white-washed fence
board. Another claimed it was soap-suds from the laundry up stream.
The chief said it looked suspicious. Whereupon, half the parade
scrambled down under the bridge and the other half stayed on deck
to give orders. The white thing was fished out. It was very heavy.
They carried it into the back room of Hamburg’s cigar store. The pa-
rade remained on the outside looking into the windows. Whatever it
was it was sewed up in a sack. They cut the sack open and looked.
Some wanted to run away; others held on to chairs for support; every-
one was greatly shocked, except Ludwig. He said:
“Men, a murder has been did. Here is the dead body. The head and arms and legs have been cut off. This is a foul crime.”

The doctor was called in. He said it was a human body of a man about forty years old. He said he was not certain but he was almost sure it was the missing mayor’s body.

Everyone was in great excitement. The mayor had been murdered. Those who had whispered of foul play in the morning shook their heads and said: “I told you so.” Sentiment was turned in favour of the dead man. He was a good man after all. The town was on the verge of tears. As a mark of respect they would vote for him anyhow although he was dead and the town council could appoint Qulp mayor later. Everybody agreed. Even Qulp. Politics were forgotten. Interest centered in Ludwig Rents. How would he set about to capture the guilty party?

Ludwig was dumb-founded. He was drunk with bewilderment. After a time he regained control of himself. Murders were nothing to him, but the murdered mayor was everything. He might lose his job. He swore in ten prominent citizens who were to assist him run down the guilty party. They held a council-of-war at the mayor’s office.

Each citizen had a different clue. One said a tramp had done it, for a tramp had stopped at his back door ten days before and asked for money. Another said he too thought it was a tramp, for no one else would have killed a man and then taken every stitch of clothes off his victim. The hatchet-faced man wanted to know how the sack got on the mayor. Ludwig explained that it was not a sack but a new kind of underclothes the mayor had bought on his last trip to the city. One of the chief speakers of the evening then conceived the idea that the mayor had committed suicide but when asked how a man could cut off his legs and one arm and then his head and the other arm, he said he never thought of that. The clue was dropped. Ludwig maintained that a murder had been done and that some person or persons had done it. Every one agreed, except the hatchet-faced man. He asserted himself to the effect that the mayor had fallen in the saw mill up the creek. The hatchet-faced man was hero for an hour. Ludwig Rents and the ten prominent citizens went at once to the saw mill. However, they discovered nothing, so they came back and abused the hatchet-faced man for having dared to mention the saw mill.

By this time it was past midnight. It was settled upon that the party should rest until after the election next morning. Thereupon the council-of-war disbanded.

When the reports came into the town hall next noontime the dead mayor had been elected by every vote except one. That one was Bill Snooks, ex-city dogcatcher. Snook’s reasons for not voting for the dead
mayor were twofold. Firstly, the mayor had fired him a few years before, and secondly, the butcher had bought dogs from him.

After hearing the returns Ludwig Rents set out alone. He went up Snyder's Creek. He reasoned thusly: The body came down stream. Therefore, the murder had been done up stream. Up stream then went the chief-of-police.

He went out of town and into Wilson's meadow. He crossed the meadow—it was a pretty green meadow in those days—and was about to climb over a fence into the next field when he saw something that opened his eyes. Under a shady tree by the side of the creek was a man. Beside him was a high hat. The very same high hat the mayor always wore. The man was dressed in the dead mayor's clothes. He was evidently sound asleep.

Ludwig drew his pistol and crept up upon the slumbering man. Undoubtedly it was the mayor's murderer. Ludwig placed his revolver on the man's head and called out: "Get up!"

The man awoke; turned over and stared at Ludwig Rents. The chief's pistol fell to the ground. It was the missing mayor himself.

"We thought you were dead," said Ludwig.

"Fish," replied the mayor. "Fish."

"What, sir?"

"Fiddlesticks," mumbled the mayor, and he fell fast asleep again.

"By crackey if he isn't drunk," said Ludwig, scratching his chin. Indeed, the mayor was drunk. To forget his troubles he had indulged very freely. All Sunday night he slumbered. Late on Monday he had awakened but remembering the elections, soon drank himself to sleep again.

Ludwig dashed into town. The news spread like wild fire. The ten prominent citizens proceeded out with a wheelbarrow and fetched the mayor into town. When told he was re-elected, he said: "I thank you," and fell asleep again and was wheeled home.

The finding of the mayor made the murder mystery all the more complicated. The town was worked up over it for a month. Finally, it died out and was no longer a popular source of conversation, not even in the back room of Hamburg's cigar store.

Quip, of course, was wild over being cheated out of the office of mayor. However, in time his wrath cooled down and he went on butchering old steers and growling about the mayor's administration.

Ludwig Rents was given a new uniform to cheer him up but to his last day he never was able to solve the Snyder's Creek mystery.
The mayor had a severe attack of gout and a bad cold after his spree in Wilson's meadow but he recovered soon after and went back to his office, where he sat down in the sun and smoked in peace.

Bob Langer has never been seen since. Some say he did the murder; others that it was he who was murdered.

The author, however, after investigating the facts and consulting the only three sober men who were in the town that night, has discovered that the mystery is no mystery at all. It seems that Qulp's new assistant had badly hacked up a pig in his maiden endeavor to master the butchering trade. For fear his employer might discover his failure and end his career as a butcher then and there he hid the dismembered pig carcass in a sack. He was going to return late at night and toss the sack into the creek.

But lo! as he entered the slaughter house that night—election night, while the parade was marching around—he saw Bob Langer. Bob's eye was shut and very purple. Upon seeing the new assistant, Bob jumped into the creek, swam to the other side and disappeared. Bob was not the only thing which fell into the creek that night. Every steer and lamb and pig, including the one in the sack had been thrown into the water by Bob as revenge for his black eye.

This unhappy pig, bereft of head and legs and hide and sewed in a sack was the one Ludwig Rents fished out. This, of course, is a strict secret between the new assistant and the author and although the mystery is not a mystery it remains one in that town.

Insatiety.

The breezes croon heart-secrets to the flowers
And with their sweetness drift away content.
The sun stoops from his peaceful firmament
And bares his golden breast to chilly bowers
In loving understanding. Cooling showers
Creep into thirsting hearts, communicant.
Yon calm mysterious stars are eloquent
With confidences of the midnight hours:
And only man can clasp a fellow-hand,
Then turn away unfilled, unsatisfied,
And crave a drink from one who understands
The heart-depths with an unplumbed sympathy;
Life's unnamed mists come down, and emptily
We yearn for one in whom we can confide.

—Ernest E. Blau, '17.
0 I believe in ghosts?” the journalist exclaimed with a smile, as he looked round the dinner table where were seated some of the best known newspapermen of Paris.

“Well, I must say that for a short time I almost believed that ghosts did exist. It is a rather interesting tale, and if you would like to hear it, I’m willing.”

“It happened in this way. We have as you know a very fine old chateau in the neighborhood of Neuilly, where my old father usually lives with my sister, the widow of the Count de Darzac. This incident, which I am going to relate, happened about fifteen years ago, when I was quite a young man, and was employed as a reporter by the paper of which I am now editor. About that time, as some of you may remember, Paris had been astonished at the reports of numerous extraordinary robberies, which were generally preceded by a warning or announcement signed with a scarlet cross. The author or authors of these crimes had always baffled the police and had accomplished marvelous escapes when the greatest detective in France, a man named Jean Rougemont, thought that he had the offenders in check.”

“About fifteen years ago then, I was spending a few days in the old mansion with my father and sister, when the latter received an anonymous letter, commanding her to place all her jewels (a family collection) on a writing table in her room, the following night. The letter was signed with a scarlet cross and just below it were these three words, “Disobedience means Death”; you can quite imagine our terror on receiving this letter and we at once telegraphed to the police in Paris.

A call to the chateau d’Arzac brought none other than the great Jean Rougemont. He was a man of about thirty-five years, well built and rather above average height, with a steady steel-gray eye that looked through and through. Immediately I became enthused and had the great man tell me of his extraordinary experiences in the detective world. He was most communicative and thrilled me with tales of robbery and mystery and murder. And then I told him of my own little escapades as a reporter and my ambition to track down these criminals for the sake of humanity, and he slapped me on the shoulder and laughed and showed me how weak were my theories, and insignificant my adventures; and then what a change! He dropped his
enthusiasm and humor, and at once became grave. He set about question­
ing every one and examining the house. I took him over the man­sion and showed him every nook and corner of the old place, and he seemed quite satisfied with what he had seen.”

“I shall here give you a short description of the second floor, where the incident took place, so that you may understand more clearly how it all happened.”

“The second floor is reached by a large marble staircase, in the center of the main building. At the top of the stairs two galleries meet, one coming from the left wing and the other from the right. These galleries were high and wide and extended throughout the length of the building. My father inhabited the left wing and my sister had her apartment on the right. This apartment consisted of three rooms of which two had doors giving on the gallery, while the last room opened in a small gal­lery which met the other at right angles. This room Rougemont chose for his habitation.”

“In this short gallery, a few yards from the crossing and just in front of the detective’s door, was a painting of one of my ancestors. By touch­ing a certain panel in the wall the painting swung in, swiftly, silently, showing a small secret staircase. This staircase as I told Rougemont, led to an underground passage which was tunnelled to the village ceme­tary about a quarter of a mile outside the park gates. This, I told him was a secret which no one outside our family knew, but which I divulged to him owing to the gravity of the occasion. Our mansion having been built just prior to the French Revo­lution, my ancestors had deemed it wise to build this secret staircase, as a means of escape if ever forced to flee from the furious mobs.”

“Rougemont seemed very much interested in this hidden staircase and inspected it very carefully, noting every movement necessary for the opening and closing of the door. He highly praised its ingenuity and the smoothness with which it worked.”

“I shall post myself here to-night,” he said, “and guard it well, for this might afford an easy escape for our visitor. Moreover, this will be just in front of my own room.”

“I don’t think that any one outside this house knows the secret,” I answered, “but we are under your guidance and shall comply with all your requests.”

He laughed and said, “The gentleman burglar of Paris is apt to know all family secrets.”

“Now, in my short career as a reporter, I had the good fortune of writ­ing up many startling murders, with the result that I professed no mean ability as a detective. I made up my mind to down this mysterious
burglar however clever he might be, in my own peculiar way provided that my plans did not interfere with the detective’s operations.

And so when night came, I felt a secret pride in my own plans and hoped to get my man single-handed. Although the detective was led to believe that the famous jewels were sent to the town vault, I retained them and about nine of the evening referred to, I placed them on the table, as the mysterious letter had ordered, and communicated my plan to the detective. I feared a reprimand for my possible imprudence but the clever Rougemont just smiled and said, “You have made it easy for the robber and easier for us.” Rougemont then went on guard in the short gallery, in the place he had chosen just outside the entrance to the secret stairs and told me that on no account could he leave his post. I was to guard the exit of the tunnel to prevent all possible escape, if the robber were to pass the detective. Rougemont opened the panel for me to enter, but I told him that I would give a few parting directions to my father and the butler and pass through the park to the cemetery exit. The great detective frowned, shrugged his shoulders and turned away evidently displeased. The butler guarded the east end of the long gallery and my father was on the other side just at the top of the stairs. The servants were placed throughout the house, armed. After thus seeing that all the possible exits were closed, I walked out of the house into the park.”

“...The atmosphere was hot and heavy; dark clouds moved slowly across the starless sky and all beneath was dark and threatening; not a breath of air stirred the branches of the giant elms in the park, and the dark mass of the chateau stood out menacingly, its towers and battlements weird in their outline. The trees and shrubs of the park also assumed fantastic forms, every shrub taking the shape of a man in ambush waiting to kill me. My heart stopped beating and my ears tricked me, for I even thought that I heard the loading of a pistol.

I at last reached the back of the house, and looked instinctively towards my sister’s window; then I stopped breathless, for there above me I saw a streak of light coming through a slit in the heavy portiere that covered the casement. Now I was certain there had been no light in that room when I had left it, and Rougemont’s strict orders were that no one was to enter the room. Bringing a ladder, I placed it against the wall, and started to climb slowly, noiselessly, until my eyes were at a level with the window and I could see inside the room. My heart went thump, thump, thump, as I bent forward to look, and my knees shook against the ladder; however, I calmed my excitement and peeped through the narrow slit in the velvet drapery. I saw a candle burning on the writing table and a mysterious individual in a long black cloak
bending over the dresser and examining the jewels very carefully. The coolness and apparent ease of the man stunned me; his back was turned and all I could see was an abundant crop of red hair and long reddish whiskers."

"I was just stretching across the sill to crash the glass and cover him with my pistol, when my foot slipped and the ladder fell away from me; two seconds and it struck the ground. The man looked up and laughed. He heard me, made towards me and then stopped and dashed for the door. Quick as thought I ran my foot through the pane, but before I could cover my man the room was in darkness and I heard the door bang. Now I had to act quickly. I crawled through the broken pane and jumped into the room. I was soon after him, the revolver in my hand with a shout of help! help! ringing through the house. If he turned into the side gallery, thought I, the detective Rougemont was there to meet him: if he made for the crossing of the galleries my father and the butler would handle him. Yes, wherever he went a clash must come! It did come.

We all clashed at the crossing: my father and I and the butler and a second or two later Rougemont came rushing in from the "short gallery." We nearly fell to the floor from the shock. . . . But the man was not there! We looked at each other stupified: the man was not there!"

"He can't have fled!" I cried in a rage, more angry than frightened.

"I nearly touched him," said the detective, "and I am sure he did not get past me into the secret staircase; that painting has not been moved."

"I heard him running," said the butler.

"Where is he? Where is he?" we repeated in despair. We ran like mad men round the two galleries; we examined doors and windows: they were closed and locked.

"I confess, that I was in that moment crushed. I almost believed in ghosts and magic; for the galleries were flooded with light and there were no trap doors, no means of exit, except the secret staircase, and the greatest detective of all Paris was guarding that; there was no place where he could have hidden himself. We removed the chairs, and unhooked the tapestries, but we found nothing, nothing!"

"Strangest of all was the fact that my father and the butler heard him running. The detective too heard him and was stupified. In fact he said that the noise came from my sister's room through the apartment and direct to the short gallery where he was stationed; yet no man passed him or was seen by him."

"Now, gentlemen," the journalist went on, "you can imagine what my feelings were on that night; and I am sure some of you would have been tempted to believe in magic or other equally mysterious things if you
had been with me on that occasion. Why even the great Rougemont was baffled and told me it was an unnatural thing."

"I am sure I would have believed in ghosts," said Monsieur Grossejoue, a rather corpulent person well known for the (let us call it) timidity of his nature, and his irresistible craving for good fare.

This interruption brought about a chorus of laughter and joking and the good-natured Monsieur Grossejoue, after vainly trying to appear angry, had to join in.

When the laughter had subsided the journalist spoke again: "The detective remained with us a day or two and then departed much chagrined and disappointed at being worsted. It was only after persistence on the part of my father and myself that he would accept any remuneration for his services. Some weeks later, while some repairs were being made in the house, a diamond ring which we recognized as having been one of the stolen treasure, was found by my father in the secret staircase just inside the entrance, and owing no doubt to the semi-darkness of the place, it had not been found before. How could this be! The secret stairs were guarded better than any other section of the house, for Rougemont was there: yes, Rougemont, Rougemont... could it be possible? Then a suspicion, the wildest of them all came to my mind—could Rougemont have been an accomplice? At first I was startled then laughed at the idea and turned it aside in scorn. But the thought would come back at every idle moment with renewed force. At last it took such strong possession of me that I communicated my suspicions to the Chief of Police in Paris. As I had expected I was ridiculed for such a wild idea. This angered me and I demanded, in virtue of the heavy loss we had suffered, that a secret investigation be made into Rougemont's plan of action."

"Well, gentlemen, the great Rougemont, Paris' most clever detective was the world's cleverest thief. Rougemont, the man who never failed in bringing criminals to earth, was no other than Larsene Durand, the greatest criminal of his day, and the man who was wanted by the police of every prominent city on the Continent."

"As you know, gentlemen, this man is now serving a term of twenty years in French Guiana. On the day of his conviction, I interviewed him, and he explained how he had tricked me."

"First, he never had an accomplice, for he said that sooner or later they turned traitors; but he played the game by himself, and this is how he worked it."

"When he was assured that my father, the butler, and all the house servants were on guard, and that I was on my way to the cemetery exit of the secret passage, he opened the hidden staircase, put on the wig,
beard and cloak, and coolly stepped into my sister's apartment to take the jewels. The end room of this apartment opened into the side gallery opposite the secret stairs and thus it was that unobserved but heard by all, Rougemont had rushed through the three rooms hidden his disguise and treasure behind the swinging painting, closed the entrance by merely pressing against the wall, and rushing back hurled himself against the butler, my father and myself. Early next morning he opened the secret passage and removed his belongings to his own room, but I suppose in his usual desperate coolness dropped the ring which we found later.

"Well, gentlemen, I was listening open mouthed to this daring man's account and when he had finished I almost felt sorry for him. The jewels were restored, and the great Rougemont departed for his long term. Before leaving, he leaned towards me and whispered: Mr. Reporter, forget your ambition to become a detective. If Jean Rougemont had not been careless he would still be fooling the world. And, remember this, Mr. Reporter, Jean Rougemont is a robber but not a murderer. The scarlet cross and three words were a blind.

The Harvester.

In the valley's hills, the daffodils,
Dance to the brooklet's tune—
And the sweet unrest of the maiden's breast
Is the love-time song of June.

To woodland field her heart revealed,
And as the lark above her—
A soft refrain, in twilight's wane,
Is calling for a lover.

In the dusky gray of the dying day,
Down by the old, old stone—
The cypress heard the parting word,
And the sob of a maid-alone.

In the fire-light's pale hangs a mystic veil,
And beyond there bides but death;
Yet a soldier dreamed, where the ember gleamed,
Of love's undying breath.

The night winds mourn o'er a mound forlorn,
Caressed by tear nor sigh—
To the maiden's song, to a lover gone—
A vulture makes reply.
'Tis a gentle maid, with sorrow laid,
Down in a lonely grave—
Oh, the woodland weeps, as the loved one sleeps,
And asleep is the soldier brave.

—N. P. C., '19.
Preparing for the final examinations is the means of diversion now in vogue. The great series will begin the twentieth of the month or thereabouts and in the meantime there will be much to absorb the attention and interest of everyone. It is in order to wish our best to all, especially to the members of the graduating class.

We were very sorry to have Dr. Leo P. Milligan, '11, leave us. For the past few years he had practiced in this city and during this time had won the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. He has gone to Hopewell, Va., to take up practice there. Our best wishes for success in his new field go with him.

A communication was recently received from Dr. Charles H. Sanders, '12. He has opened professional offices in Suite 311, Fort Worth Club Building, Fort Worth, Texas. Dr. Sanders has done much post graduate work in Urology and plans to limit his practice to this branch. May his good fortune be as great as we would wish it!

Drs. E. Alfred M. Gendreau and Paul Richmond, both of the class of '14, were successful in the examinations at the Naval Medical School and have received their commissions. Georgetown graduates, especially within the past few years, have done credit to themselves and their Alma Mater before both Army and Naval examining boards.
Dr. James S. Hough, ’93, called at the school the latter part of the past month. He had a fund of interesting stories of his class. Apparently things don’t change much after all.

We are glad to note that Dr. William H. Hough, associate professor of pathology, is rapidly recovering from his recent illness and, to the pleasure of all, will soon be with us again.

The *Washington Star* of April 13 contains an interesting account of the wedding of Miss Josephine H. Maddox, of Fredericksburg, Va., to Dr. E. Alfred M. Gendreau, ’14, U. S. N. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Cooper at the home of relatives of the bride in Biltmore street. A reception followed the wedding. Dr. and Mrs. Gendreau have since gone to Seattle, Wash., where the former had been ordered for duty. Felicitations!

Dr. Philip Newton, who was here the past month on leave after nearly two years of service with the Russian Army, has returned to his arduous work much rested in mind and in body. That he has not been altogether idle in this country is evidenced by the fact that he took back with him a large train of modern ambulances for field service. Dr. Newton has the unique distinction of having been elevated to the rank of brigadier-general in the Russian Army. We are proud to count him a graduate from and a former instructor in Georgetown.

On the evening of May 6, Dr. Thomas S. Lee, clinical professor of medicine, read a very instructive paper on “Electrocardiography” before the members and guests of the Phi Chi fraternity. The paper was characterized by the same thoroughness and scholarly detail that mark all the lectures of Dr. Lee. After a discussion, which was entered into by many members of the faculty, refreshments were served. The evening was a most enjoyable one.

It is planned to hold the annual reception into the Sodality on May 14. Those who attended on the last occasion need no urging to be present this year. It is hoped that every student will be on hand.

**Law Notes.**

*George E. Edelin, ’18.*

**Senior-Junior Debate.**

The third intersociety debate was held April 5th at the Law School Auditorium. Again the Junior Society, represented by John Joseph O’Day, Jr., District of Columbia, and James Vincent Giblin, Massachu-
setts, won from the Senior Society team, composed of Herbert Russell Young, Texas, and Chester King Gould, Alabama, the question for debate being, "Resolved, That a minimum wage law, to be applied to department stores, workshops and factories, is desirable state legislation" (constitutionality waived). James Vincent Giblin was awarded the prize of twenty-five dollars for the best individual debate, and thereby qualified to participate in the final debate.

The debate was conspicuous for the different kinds of efficient talking, there being displayed the caustic political campaigner, the cool, calculating logician, the fiery orator, and the ever interesting statistician.


For the fourth time the Junior Society team, composed of Basil Thomas Bonnot, Ohio, and Edward Thomas Hogan, Rhode Island, defeated the Seniors, represented by Granville Wyche, South Carolina, and John Thomas Raftis, Washington, in the final debate held on April 26. Question, "Resolved, That in addition to the aliens who are now by law excluded, the following persons shall also by law be excluded from admission into the United States: All aliens, over 16 years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read less than 30 nor more than 40 words, in ordinary use, in the English language, or in some other language or dialect, designated by the alien." Hon. Thos. J. Walsh, United States Senator from Montana, Hon. James A. O’Gorman, United States Senator from New York; Hon. Charles H. Robb, Associate Justice Court of Appeals, District of Columbia; Hon. Frank Lyon Polk, Counselor State Department, and Hon. Charles Warren, Assistant Attorney General, served as judges and awarded the individual prize to Edward Thomas Hogan, Rhode Island, of the Junior team.

Robert E. Whalen, Massachusetts, of the Senior Society, presided. This debate concluded the intersociety debates for the year and everyone is gratified with the splendid debates held and the increasing popularity which they are commanding.

The individual winners of the four debates will participate in a final debate on May 18 on the subject of abolishment of the Monroe Doctrine in the United States. The winners in the order of the debates, who will participate in the final contest to determine the best individual debater of the societies, are Robert M. McGauley, Massachusetts; George Helford, Rhode Island; James V. Giblin, Massachusetts and Edward T. Hogan, Rhode Island.

At the meeting held during the last two months the business of the club proper occupied the attention of the body to such an extent that
the work of the congress was, for a time, at a standstill. However, it took action on one very important bill; that introduced by Mr. Whalen, of Massachusetts, calling for nation-wide prohibition. Because of the intense discussion which it was foreseen the bill would precipitate it was voted to devote two meetings exclusively to its debate. Mr. Whalen conducted the affirmative forces while Mr. O'Day, of the District, took charge of the opposition, with his hand ably upheld by Mr. Dervin, of Pennsylvania, who had conducted a successful fight against the bill at the 1914-15 session. As was expected the debate throughout proved a heated one, and this was especially true of the remarks of the various leaders. The opposition speakers were O'Day, Dervin, Rossiter, Clarke, Condon, Trimble and Kelly. Those speaking on the affirmative were Whalen, Baker, Raftis, Field, Young, DeRosier and Walsh. The bill was finally defeated by a margin of two votes. In intensity and interest the debate on prohibition ranks favorably with that of the two other premier debates of the session, i.e., the LaFollette Seaman's Act resolution and the proposal for an army increase.

At the meeting held April 11th, unanimous consent was accorded to a motion of Mr. Rossiter that a half-hour be allowed for the commemoration of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. The following members spoke in eulogy of the man who had played such a great part in molding the destinies of the nation: Rossiter, Raftis, Honan, Dervin, Rivera, Whalen, Condon and Young. At the expiration of the time allotted the congress adjourned in memory of the great American.

In accordance with the constitution, the election of officers for the next legislative year will be held at the first meeting in May. During the month the banquet committee has been hard at work making plans for the annual banquet of the club, which will be held at the New Ebbitt Hotel, on May 4th.

As the year approaches its end many of the Seniors are exercising the right given them by the constitution of the club to submit a thesis and thus be entitled to a certificate, upon graduation, signed by the Dean and the Secretary of the Law School. The honor of submitting the first thesis fell to Mr. Raftis, of Washington State, his subject being the "Right of Privacy." Up to the present time the members who have submitted essays, and the title of their subjects, are: Dr. C. W. Baker, of Maryland, "Philosophy of Law and Jurisprudence;" Mr. Rivera, of the Philippine Islands, "Impolicy of Abolishing Capital Punishment;" Mr. George Kennedy, of Rhode Island, "Police Power of the States;" Mr. L. Baylies, of Nebraska, "Hearsay Evidence," and Chancellor Condon, of Rhode Island, who, at the last meeting read the first half of his thesis, entitled "Right of Arrest." The clear, learned and brilliant
exposition of the various subjects by the essayists is a source of keen gratification to the members of the club; they are proud to bequeath to the future students of Georgetown Law School, who are admitted to the club, theses which set a high standard for them to attain.

Dental School Notes.

GEORGE ELLIS, '15.

Dr. Banzhaf, of Marquette University School of Dentistry, and the representative of the Dental Educational Council of America, made an official inspection of our school the beginning of May with a view to classification, as has been done for medical schools by the American Medical Association. We are confident that no other place than the first will be accorded us.

Dr. Herbert Kravutske paid us a hasty visit. The doctor is practising in Bridgeport, Conn., and to all accounts is prospering.

We regret to announce the illness of Dr. John V. Cogan. He has been forced for the time being to lay aside his practise and services at the school and seek rest away from home. We hope that with the opening of schools he will be back with us again fully recuperated.

We are pleased to report that Dr. G. J. Sibley has been appointed lecturer in metalurgy. His lectures were inaugurated last month.

Dr. Bowles treated us to a clinic in X-ray work at his office. The clinic was exceedingly instructive, both from a theoretical and practical point of view.

Through the initiative of Mr. A. J. Hart, of the Junior Class, an X-ray outfit has been installed in the infirmary. The students have already put it to good use.

The District Board will hold an examination at our school beginning June 5th.

Georgetown Dental Frat Gives Farewell Dinner.

The Beta Theta Chapter, Psi Omega, held its farewell banquet to Senior members at the Powhatan Hotel, May — . The chapter is made up of students in the Dental Department, Georgetown University.

Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, dean of the Dental School, was toastmaster, and other faculty members present were Dr. Bruce L. Taylor, Dr. F. A. Casteel, Dr. Ryan Devereux, Dr. James T. McClanahan, Dr. Chester A. Baker, Dr. Hugh B. Meloy, Dr. Edward J. Boe, Dr. J. G. Sibley, Dr. P. Barnard Baine, Dr. Vernon Lohr and Dr. Herbert C. Hopkins.
The contest for the Merrick medal and the annual debating classic of the College, was held in Gaston Hall on the evening of May 7th. The auditorium was well filled and everything connected with the event was worthy of its traditions.

As chairman of the evening, Edward T. Mee, '16, President of the Philodemic, gave welcome to the judges and to the audience. After reading the question, "That there should be established a union to safeguard the independence and promote the prosperity of the sovereign states of America," he introduced the speakers. Those who held it yea were Mr. Harry J. Kelly, '16 of New York and Mr. Francis J. Anderson, '16 of New York; those who said it nay were Mr. James D. Hishen, '16 of Illinois and Mr. Rufus S. Lusk, '17 of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Kelly, the first contender for the affirmative, maintained in a vigorous and imposing style that a Pan-American Union was of great political advantage to the United States, while his colleague, Mr. Anderson, in argument subtle and strong vouched for the commercial and scientific benefits to be derived from such a compact.
Mr. Hishen, the first speaker of the opposition, with the ease and force of a veteran debater, demonstrated that there could be no sanction for such a union and that therefore it would not be established. His teammate, Mr. Lusk, concluding the attack in language finished and dramatic, tried to bring out the fact that the alliance in question could not hold together and would be hurtful to the United States.

The rebuttal was exceedingly animated. Objections and answers, distinctions and counter distinctions were rapidly hurled back and forward, making it an especially hard matter for the judges to cast their votes. The gentlemen who honored and lent dignity to the occasion in the capacity of judges, were the Hon. Thomas Ewing, Commissioner of Patents; Hon. Charles B. Smith, United States Representative from New York, and Mr. Frank J. Hogan, Georgetown University Law Faculty. The chairman of the esteemed judges, the Hon. Thomas Ewing made the closing remarks, giving the decision of the judges to the affirmative side and awarding individual honors to Mr. Lusk, and thus adding another name to the prized list of the winners of the Merrick Medal, Georgetown’s most coveted honor. Great credit is due to all who were instrumental in making this debate such a success, and especially so to the Reverend Moderator of the Philodemic, Fr. Toohey, the energetic guiding spirit of the society. All the pieces rendered by the College Mandolin Club were very well received.

Georgetown’s Representative at the Peace Contest.

At the recent Peace Oratorical Contest held at the Johns Hopkins University for Maryland and the District of Columbia, our representative, Mr. James D. Hishen, ’16 of Illinois, came through with second honors. That Georgetown was well represented can easily be seen from the fact that the judges consumed thirty-five minutes in coming to a decision and in the announcement of the chairman of the judges who declared that only by a very narrow margin did Mr. Selhurst, of Loyola College, win the cash prize. Mr. Hishen was declared the alternate for the semi-finals, to be held in the near future in Pennsylvania.

Philodemic Elections.

At the Philodemic meeting of May 2nd, officers for the first term of the following scholastic year were elected, the society choosing the following: President, Rufus S. Lusk, ’17, D. C.; Vice-President, Edward J. Callahan, ’17, Maine; Recording Secretary, Thomas R. Crowley, ’17, D. C.; Corresponding Secretary, John J. Darby, ’17, D. C.; Treasurer,
The White-Gaston Debating team consisting of J. Eugene Gallery, '19; Henry D. Kerese, '19, and Louis A. Lange, '19, met defeat at the hands of the Philomathic Debating Society of Holy Cross College, represented by Edwin J. Owens, '19; John N. Stanislaus, '19, and Jeremiah P. Sheehan, '18. Defending the negative of the question "that the President of the United States should be elected for a single term of six years," Georgetown was declared the loser by a vote of two to one. The esteemed gentlemen who acted as judges were the Hon. Philip J. O'Connell, Assoc. Justice Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Dr. Edmund C. Stanford, President of Clark College, and Dr. Ira N. Hollis, President of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Though sad as it is to have the team come home to Georgetown without the honors of the victors, still the thought that it is Holy Cross to whom the victory went, again proves that to every cloud there is a silver lining. Nothing but words of highest praise was had for the open-hearted hospitality that met the Georgetown men during every moment of their stay in Worcester. New England courtesy and kindness as represented by students and faculty alike of Holy Cross will always be a very vivid recollection to the 1916 White-Gaston Debating Team of Georgetown.

Cardinal Gibbons' Holiday.

On Thursday, May 11th, Georgetown was honored by a visit from his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and the entire college made glad by a holiday graciously granted by his Eminence upon the request of the Senior Committee which waited upon him. His Eminence very kindly consented to say the Students' Mass at seven o'clock and to distribute Holy Communion. Nearly the entire student body approached the Holy Table. At breakfast in Ryan Hall, when the holiday committee, consisting of Messrs. E. Sweeney, Gurry and Butler, returned to announce the success of their mission, through the Prefect of Discipline, Father Emmet, cheer after cheer rent the air and mingled with the varied class yells in appreciation of the kindness of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore.

St. John Berchmans' Society.

On Thursday morning, May 11th, 1916, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons
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celebrated the Students’ Mass in Dahlgren Chapel. His assistant priests were the Rector of the University, Rev. A. J. Donlon, S.J., and Rev. John Quirk, S.J. The St. John Berchmans’ Society was present in the Sanctuary and received Holy Communion in a body.

At 10:30 A.M., the Rt. Reverend Bishop Corrigan celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass at the Visitation Convent at the celebration for the Golden Jubilee of the Mother Superior. His Eminence was present in the Sanctuary. The St. John Berchmans’ Society were the servers on that occasion. Thurifer and boat bearer, Edward Callahan and Richard Barrett; acolytes, Harry Kelly, James Hishen; book bearers, Thomas Prendergast, Louis Joyce; candle bearers, Thomas Dean, Thomas Tyne; mitre bearer, Frank Weaver; cross bearer, Leo Klauberg.

At 4:30 P.M., there was Solemn Pontifical Benediction, celebrated by His Excellency John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate. The members of the Sanctuary Society present were Louis Joyce, Thomas Dean, Frank Weaver, Leo Klauberg, Harry Kelly, James Hishen, Thomas Prendergast, Richard Barrett and Edward Callahan, Master of Ceremonies.

Public Defense in Philosophy.

In Gaston Hall on the morning of May 17th was held a public defense in Philosophy by the members of Junior Class. Mr. James R. Rea, Jr. of New Jersey first read a paper on “Error,” setting forth briefly and plainly the scholastic doctrine on the subject. Immediately following, Mr. William J. Burlee, Jr. of Virginia, defended the entire matter of Epistemology. Mr. John J. Darby of the District of Columbia and Mr. Edward J. Callahan of Maine were the student objectors, but without a single moment’s hesitation, Mr. Burlee refuted their contentions against the theses on “Perception of the Senses” and on “Universals” respectively. In addition to the Senior Class attired in the customary cap and gown, the entire faculty was present, the professor of the class, the Rev. John J. Toohey, S.J. being seated near the defender. Members of the faculty urged very difficult objections. Each time, however, Mr. Burlee handled the questions brilliantly, answering the objections so clearly and so concisely that round after round of applause was accorded him by the delighted audience. In the words of one distinguished educator and professor emeritus of philosophy present “The defense was the most finished and best conducted of any of its kind he had ever attended.”

Georgetown University Concert.

After a lapse of some years, the Choral Society, in conjunction with
the Mandolin Club of the University, gave a splendid concert in Gaston Hall on the evening of May 19th. Under the guidance of Mr. James H. Dolan, S.J., Moderator of the Mandolin Club and under the leadership of Dr. Leopold Glushak, Director of the Choral Society, most of the success of this undertaking was effected. Mr. Richard Barrett, '17, took a most prominent part in the evening's entertainment by several excellently rendered piano selections, while Mr. George O'Connor in his usual inimitable style delighted the audience by his clever character songs.

A very appreciative audience attended and showed by continued applause the real success attained by the entertainment. That this may prove to be the beginning of renewed efforts in this department of University activity is the sincere wish of all interested in Georgetown. To the Senior class was entrusted the business arrangement. Below is appended a program of the evening's entertainment:

1. Strains from Hawaii..............................................
   Hello Hawaii......................................................Sehwartz
   Aloha Oe..............................................................Liluwokaliini
   GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY MANDOLIN CLUB.

2. "The Flowers That You Threw To Me"............................Carmen-Bizet
   DR. LEOPOLD GLUSHAK.

3. Impromptu F. Sharp Major........................................Chopin
   Polonaise A Flat Major........................................Chopin
   MR. RICHARD BARRETT.

4. "Jolly Blacksmiths" ............................................Il Trovatore-Verdi
   GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.

5. Character Songs ................................................MR. GEORGE O'CONNOR,
   Assisted at piano by MR. MARTIN HORN.

6. Specialty .......................................................MARLYN J. BROWN.

7. La Tosca ........................................................Puccini
   Forgetfulness ....................................................Eugene Hildach
   PROF. ARTHUR GREEN.

8. Babes in the Wood ................................................Kern
   Ragtime Pipes of Pan...........................................Romberg
   GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY MANDOLIN CLUB.

9. The Toreador Song .............................................Carmen-Bizet
   MR. EMMANUEL SIMONS.

10. The Beautiful Blue Danube.....................................Strauss-Schultz-Evler
    MR. RICHARD BARRETT

11. Character Songs ................................................MR. GEORGE O'CONNOR,
    Assisted at piano by MR. MARTIN HORN.

12. "Sail On, Nor Fear"..............................................Lahee
    GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.
    Soloist—PROF. ARTHUR GREEN.
    Accompanists—DR. LEOPOLD GLUSHAK, MR. RICHARD BARRETT.
At a special meeting of the Edward Douglass White debating society, held on May 4th, for the election of officers, the results were as follows: President, J. Robert Zuger of Duluth, Minn.; Vice-President, Thomas C. Burke of New York; Secretary, John S. O’Connor of New York; Treasurer, Thomas W. Arundel of East Orange; Censor, John J. Brunini of Mississippi.

All the elections were made unanimous and by general concession a standing vote of thanks was offered to Mr. William Burlee, our former president, who conducted the society so efficiently throughout the year, and also to Mr. Eugene Gallery, who was the representative of the White at the recent debate with the Holy Cross Philomathic team.

On the night of Tuesday, May 9th, the culminating event in the annals of the Edward Douglas White debating society took place. The annual Prize Debate was held in Philodemic Room, the question debated, being one which is the subject of congressional controversy at the present time and has been argued throughout the year in many intercollegiate debates, “Resolved, that Immigration should be further restricted by the literacy test.”

The four representatives chosen as worthy to compete for the medal were men who have secured reputations as exponents of argumentative oratory.

Mr. J. Robert Zuger, erstwhile secretary and now president of the society, with Mr. Carroll McGuire, made up the affirmative side; while Mr. William Bache and Mr. William Moverly, upheld the negative. The usual spirit and eloquence which the members of the White always display was strongly evident and created for the judges a big task. But the honors of the debate were finally decided in favor of Mr. McGuire.

Gaston.

On Tuesday evening, May 16th, the Gaston Debating Society brought its season to a close with a very successful Prize Debate. It was the annual contest of the Society and was witnessed by an interested and enthusiastic gathering in Gaston Hall. While the decision was awarded to the Affirmative side, still the judges deemed Henry D. Kereseys, ’18, the best speaker of the evening and to him was given the prize medal. The question read as follows: “Resolved, That Immigration should be restricted by the adoption of the Literacy Test. Mr. Louis A. Langie, ’19 and Mr. William Barry, ’18, upheld the Affirmative, while Mr. J. Marshall Lancaster, ’18, and Mr. Henry D. Kereseys, ’18, supported the Negative side.
The Senior Swan song is about to be sung. Everybody wants to be in the chorus but alas much work must be done before the first note is sounded. Warm weather and study make a bad combination but with the coveted sheepskin in sight every man of old '16 (we may say old now) is battling furiously with Metaphysics and Ethics not to mention "rocks" and the intricacies of Law.

Our base ball team has fought wisely but alack not too well. However, the primary end has been accomplished, exercise. Some of the fielders claim to have had a little too much exercise, although the pitchers seem to think that they must have been weary before donning their suits. Much may be said on both sides but now that it is all over, everyone will agree that the sport was good and though the pace was fast it is better to have played and lost (I refer to the pennant) than never to have played at all. The sterling work of McGuire, Daly and Captain Eddie Roach and the hard-hitting of the moustached duo will afford much food for the radiator league.

A little time was taken from study to arrange the monster Senior concert, which was given for the benefit of the Athletic Association on May 19th. The arrangement committee consisted of Messrs. Daly, Harrington, Shortell and Joyce. Great credit must be given these men for their hard work which coupled with the aid of Graduate Manager Charles R. Cox, made the success of the evening possible.

Fred Flanigan brought glory to the class in the recent swimming meet by starring in the diving. He admits having met Miss Kellerman.

Harry Kelly and Ed. Cass have been doing stellar work on the 'Varsity ball team. Both players have carried the good wishes of the class and have merited the trust placed in them.

All arrangements have been made by the class to hold a gathering at the Hotel Lafayette on the evening of May 29th similar to the affair at the Williard in February. If this occasion calls forth as large and pleasant a representation as the last, every one can certainly look forward to a most enjoyable evening. It offers one last chance for everybody to get together again, and surely should prove to be a most enjoyable affair.

The Seventeeners have thus far continued their record of last year on
the baseball field. All of our opponents have been met and we have yet
to meet with defeat. Six games played and still a clean slate is not a
very bad record, especially when we consider the caliber of the opposing
teams. Already visions of that banquet given to the championship team
are looming large before our eyes.

Once again has the class of '17 come to the front in the matter of speak­
ing. We all wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to Messrs. Lusk
and Garwood, who competed successfully for the Merrick Debating and
Garvan Oratorical medals, respectively.

**Sophomore Notes.**

**HILARY W. GANS.**

The Easter holidays have always been considered as a short respite
before the final test and each man makes it a point to do his utmost to
enjoy them so as to be in good condition for the last days. The “Sophs”
in particular realize this on account of the vast amount of Latin and
Greek to be covered and with Fr. Creedon’s edict, which allows but one
condition confronting them are resolved all to become upper classmen.
May success meet them!

The class base ball league has made considerable progress and the
interest created by these games has supplied the deficit made by the
‘Varsity’s absence. The Juniors, thus far, lead by a good margin, but it
is our purpose to give them one defeat before the season closes. Many
players have distinguished themselves for fielding and batting but all
have yielded the highest place to little “Eddy” Cashin. This sterling
batsman is continuously bringing the crowd to their feet by his remark­
able drives and his home run hit was the feature of the last game with
the Freshmen.

The tennis season has been retarded because of the poor condition of
the courts, but as soon as the weather permits the tournament will start
and there is no doubt but that the “Sophs” will bring forth as strong a
team as ever.

**Freshman Notes.**

**ANDREW F. DEMPSEY, ’19.**

Now that the time of repetition is at hand and the shadow of failure
in the examination darkens our path through college life, we have begun
to apply ourselves with renewed energy to the books which we may have neglected when the good weather made study a hard task.

Mr. Henry O'Boyle's entry into intercollegiate sport was made memorable by the fact that he defeated the National A. A. U. champion, who was one of the players on Fordham's remarkable tennis team. Another Freshman, whose name is not dear to the followers of Fordham's athletic teams, as he contributed not a little to our victory on the gridiron last fall, is Con Leighty, who expects to break into the line-up of the 'Varsity when it visits Fordham at the end of the month.

While our class team seems to be hypnotized, when they meet the Juniors, we have every reason to be proud of our representatives, especially as they defeated the Sophomores by a score of 20—0. What was perhaps the best game of the class league was the game we lost to the fast Junior team by the score of 10—9. At one part of the game we had an eight-run lead, but the more experienced Juniors began to batter down our defence, until finally our team broke under the strain and another game was added to the long list of Junior victories. However, we hope with the experience we have gained this year to do better next year and to be the first team to capture the pennant from the class of '17.
Alumni Notes.

CHAS. J. REYNOLDS, JR., '16.

The New York Alumni Society.

On April 28th, the New York Alumni Society held an Easter "Prom" at Sherry's. This affair was the first attempt at a dance undertaken by the New York Chapter and the Journal extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. J. Lynch Pendergast, the President, and his co-workers, on their untiring efforts, which were rewarded when the unanimous verdict of those present at the Dance, pronounced it a grand success. Mr. Pendergast received the Alumni and guests, assisted by the following patronesses: Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman, Mrs. John Girard Agar, Mrs. Conde Nast, Mrs. William Bourke Cochran, Mrs. George B. Cortelyou, Mrs. Ernest J. H. Amy, Mrs. Robert J. Collier, Mrs. Thomas E. Murray, Mrs. M. W. Gaston Hawks, Mrs. Walter F. Albertsen, Mrs. William M. Barrett, Mrs. Jean F. P. des Garennnes, Mrs. Conde B. Pallen, Mrs. J. Henry Haggerty, Mrs. Stephen B. Fleming, Mrs. Frederick S. Wynn, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James A. MacElhinny, Mrs. John D. Lannon, Mrs. Arthur Kennedy, Mrs. Outerbridge Horsey, Mrs. Francis H. McCauley, Mrs. Dean S. Edmonds, Mrs. F. L. Devereux, Mrs. Martin Conboy, Mrs. George Barrie, Mrs. Edward W. DeKnight, Mrs. William Allen and Mrs. Fenwick J. Stewart.

The New York Chapter meets every Tuesday for lunch at Stewarts, Park Row, and these informal meetings are very well attended.

'97. Mr. Daniel W. O'Donoghue announces the removal of his Law Offices to Suite 319-323, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Arthur A. Alexander, who received his A.B. in '97 and his LL.B. in '02, announces the removal of his law offices to Suite 319-323, Union Trust Building, 15th and H Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

'04. Mr. Alexander I. Rorke, recently assigned to the District Attorney's office, has been promoted to Assistant District Attorney of New York City.

'12. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene M. Wallace, of Richmond, Va., announce the marriage of their daughter, Marian, to Mr. William H. Sitterding, Thursday, April 27. "Billy" Sitterding will long be remembered by Georgetown men as one of the ablest, most versatile and most popular athletes who has ever sported the Blue and Gray. We, the present undergraduates, never had the good fortune to see "Billy" perform on the gridiron and diamond, yet, the well-known adage to the contrary, the good that men do does live after them, for we have all heard of "Billy" Sitterding's prowess on the athletic field. "Billy" as a business man is equally successful, as he is fast making good in the lumber business in Richmond. The Journal wishes this newly-married couple the best of health and all kinds of happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Sitterding will be at home after May fifteenth.

'13. We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Ashbel Marstellar, who departed this life March 19th, 1916. Mr. Marstellar was born in White Haven, Pa., and received his degree of LL.B. in '13 and the degree of LL.M. in '14, standing at the head of his class in both years. To his parents we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

'14. Mrs. George E. Knapp, of Vinton, Iowa, is the Republican candidate for County Attorney at the June primary. The Journal takes this opportunity to wish Mr. Knapp the best of success.

'15. Excerpt from Washington Times: "Dear Mike: You don't know it, but you've been nominated for Congress. Will you accept?"

That is the substance of a message in the possession to-day of Michael F. Cronin, assistant bill clerk of the House of Representatives. A week ago he had no thought of running for Congress; although some of his friends in the Second Iowa district averred that "Mike" would make a good compromise candidate if the convention were to deadlock. Mr. Cronin has decided to run. His opponent will be Harry Hull, now the Republican Congressman from the Second Iowa district. It should have been explained before now that Mike Cronin has the Democratic nomination. Mr. Cronin is a graduate of the Law School of Georgetown University, and was President of his Junior class in 1914. He taught school in Iowa before he was twenty-one years of age, and was elected County
Superintendent of Schools of Muscatine County when he was but twenty-one, being the youngest school superintendent of the State. He was married last November to Miss Marian Edwards, the daughter of Judge M. C. Edwards, of Dawson, Ga.

'15. Freddy Murray, the popular captain of the 'Varsity football team in '15 is at present teaching school. “Freddy” intends to enter Georgetown Law School next Fall.

'15. Several members of the '15 class of the College expect to spend a very novel and enjoyable vacation aboard a Naval Training Ship on the Summer cruise. Those who are choosing this method of “preparedness” in preference to Plattsburg, include “Jack” Beatty, George Roe, and “Connie” McGrath.

Ex-'16. The class of 1916 on the Hill can now boast a bridegroom. Frank Eichenlaub, for two years a member of '16, was recently married to Miss Lena of Washington, D. C. at Trinity Church, Georgetown. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Emmett, S.J. Paul Sweeney was best man, while Randolph McCalla and John McGuire served the Mass. Frank is a student at the Georgetown Medical School and will continue his studies there until graduation. The Alumni Editor, in behalf of the class of 1916, takes this opportunity to wish Frank and his bride the longest and happiest of lives.

Ex-'18. Tom Mee, who was forced to leave school on account of poor health is temporarily located as a special teacher at La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.
Well, brother ex-men, how did you like all the “Shakespeare Numbers” and all the odes to Shakespeare? “Most appropriate, indeed,” you say. Yes, we thought so, too, and all the more noble a tribute, because it came from American students, who can feel for Shakespeare no patriotic sort of affection, but who can only reverence him as the great world-symbol of all those liberal arts, of which they as college men are disciples in this country. Nor would that profound and brilliant poet have smiled a superior smile at the humble verse-offerings laid at his shrine, for some of them were worthy, even of his perusal. We were unfortunately unable to review our entire list of exchanges, so many of these odes we have probably missed, but of two of those that we did see we are very proud—one from the University of Virginia Magazine and another from our own little Journal. Please pardon the egotism.

Descending a step or so down the ladder of topics, we might rise to remark, or more appropriately lie down to remark, that at last the hot weather has arrived. Spring—dear, lazy, old spring—with his sport shirt low at the neck and his sleeves rolled up over his brown arms—more probably pink just now, but brown sounds better—spring has brought to us at last the soft green grass for hard-working students to loll upon. He has brought to us warmer water, that nude young Apollos...
may disport themselves therein. He has brought us many fine things. And he has brought mosquitoes.

We were hard at work the other day, dreaming out plans for our summer vacation—"In the spring," y' know. We had to get that in somewhere—when suddenly we were partially awakened by the buzzing of a mosquito; not an ordinary, hungry old Mexican bandit sort of a mosquito, out hunting for a square meal, but an old lady mosquito, angry, offended, and demanding immediate notice. Her name, she buzzed, was the ex-man of the St. Mary's Sentinel. She had many lady-like things to say about our Journal as a whole, but when she came to the exchange department—"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

In one of our issues we had failed to acknowledge receipt of her magazine, and oh! the cruel things she said about us! My dear, old madam, accept our humblest apologies, but please to remember this, that we have to handle about seventy exchanges a month, and that therefore, if a neat looking little publication like yours occasionally happens to be lost sight of amid a number of more prominent magazines, it is merely a natural accident and not an insult on our part.

What struck our attention this month next to the general recognition of the Shakespeare Tercentenary was the publication in the Nassau Lit. of some hitherto unpublished works of Robert Moore Gresham. As the Lit. editor avers, "To—" is worthy of a place among such works as Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn." On reading "The Great Hater," we were surprised that the unlucky objects of this poet's great hatred were just ordinary things that most any respectable human hates as well,—dirty coffee cups, dripping roofs, some people, etc. We don't know whether that wild "drama" was supposed to be fathomable or not. At any rate we couldn't fathom it.

By some freak of chance there came to us a copy of the Columbia Monthly. We read it from cover to cover, and pray don't consider us bold, honored sir, if we say, that for the product of an institution with Columbia's reputation for journalism, it was rather disappointing. Outside of the playlet—let us see—"The Unknown Quantity" or "X," or something like that it was called—and perhaps a poem or so, there was "not much to" the contents. The exception mentioned was at least clever and entertaining, and, if we may judge from some of the playlets appearing in current magazines, thoroughly modern.

A very neat little magazine is the Clemson College Chronicle. It contains, too, a great deal more than its size would indicate. When we strung those short stories we wished to high heaven that it didn't contain so much. The essays were far more readable. "Why," says one essayist, "do women want to vote?" Better say, old man, "Why do some women
want to force the vote on all women?” The gentleman in the usual avalanche of “Votes for Women” argument points the conclusive finger to many so-called salutary laws passed of late years in states which have Equal Suffrage. We presume, of course, that they were all due to the female vote. He tells with pride that the women will soon sweep the country clear of Child Labor. Yes, and we suppose that they will each be willing to contribute ten dollars or so to keep out of the poorhouse the destitute people whose only support they have taken away. It is the usual story.

But say, what kind of a poetical revolution are they having down in South Carolina, anyway? This sounds a little peculiar:

I wish that I could leave these peaks
Of the stretching Blue Ridge Mountains;
And return to the dear old ocean,
The place of the nice green fountains.

How’s that, “nice green fountains?” Nice assortment of little deep-sea geysers spouting around, eh brother? But here’s some more of a sadder strain:

Her thoughts then drifted to home
Which she loved so dear,
And the blues came creeping o’er her,
Followed by a lonely tear.

She then came to the conclusion
That she didn’t like college life.
I am not a bit happy,
I wish I could leave tonight.

Shades of old John C. Calhoun, Mr. Editor, where did you get that? The student body represented by The College Spokesman evidently was not satisfied with merely writing about Shakespeare. It has even been producing him along with a more modern drama. It’s lucky that both weren’t produced at the same time, or the good looking “girls” in “Ready Money” might have hurt the Shakespeare attendance.

We got some education from “The Weird Sisters in Macbeth.” “Success or Failure” was a beautiful allegory. The picture of youth and love.
climbing up the hill of success together, just at this time of year, is very attractive to a young man. However, Sir Author, allegory is always a rather delicate matter for a young writer, so be careful.

It's a shame for a sulky old ex-man to frown upon such an imaginative and truly poetic “Ave” as “World Peace.” But as to the prophesy, we can’t help remarking in the language of some college boys, “no stuff there.”

About the most interesting thing we could find in the Mountaineer was the description of a row between an American traveler and an Italian cab driver. They must be as bad as our own Italian waiters. The point in the editorial, “Respect for Authority,” is well taken. If the editor thinks much along that line, we would like to ask him to tell us, “Why so many people think it fair not to show their nickel to the street-car conductor, if he doesn’t actually stick out his hand for it?” We weren’t much captivated by “Thanatopsis,” and the stories were terrifically youthful. However, it’s hard to be generous when you’ve got a cold in the head.

Naturally we couldn’t attempt to read everything in the Niagara Rainbow, even though it might be an education to do so. Besides, it doesn’t seem to be a regular college magazine and is thus more or less beyond the scope of our criticism. However, for its own value, we read “The Inner Thoughts of a Ruling Queen” by her Majesty, the Queen of Roumania. Nor were we disappointed, for it was a truly beautiful character study—that of a queen, more queenly in her simplicity and true womanhood than in her throne. And oh! to think of America and Votes for Women!

We couldn’t find much of rabid interest in the Lorettine, save, perhaps the Athletic Notes, though, as a weary ex-man is wont to say, “it contains an abundance of good matter.” The poem, “Loneliness,” produces quite a lonely effect. The fair authoress had better stop reading “Ullume” and those other poems by Poe or she will really begin to feel as sad as she says she does.

To the ex-man of the St. Vincent College Journal, we desire to say, “Greetings, the Lincoln Park cars are still running. However, F street is rather dull this hot weather, so we are staying close to Alma Mater.” We wanted to say all this—in fact we did say all this—last month, but some unkind authority lopped it off to make room for a poem.

You might well have put the April number of the Journal in book form and labeled it “Philosophies of Life Inspired by Shakespeare,” for a few essays of such a character were about all it contained. The first one, “Power of Will,” was a real bit of philosophy. But the rest—

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well, "variety is the spice of life," and besides, one is not likely to attach much importance to character lessons from the pens of Freshmen and Sophomores, or for that matter of any college boy.

"The Double Grip" found a very sympathetic reader in the ex-man. The latter didn't catch the grip out writing poetry, however; he went out to see the Easter Parade and his spring suit couldn't keep out the cold wind. But that's over now.
Thrilling Rally Wins For Georgetown.

Johns Hopkins University was the next Blue and Gray victim after holding the lead for eight innings. Harry Sullivan, was the bright star of the day, this lad being accountable for two runs in the ninth inning with a double into the right field seats with the bases choked. Worthington, who payed short for the visitors coralled four bingles out of five attempts, two of these going for a double and a triple, accepted five chances in the field and stole one base. Defendorf also performed well for the Baltimore nine. The score:

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34 5 7 27 12 3

35 4 10 25 13 3
Hager batted for Flanigan in the ninth.
Cass batted for Murphy in the ninth.
Berardini batted for Cuff in the ninth.
Kelly batted for Finnegan in the ninth.
Goggarty ran for Cass in the ninth.
Murray batted for Joyce in the ninth.


Tufts Win Slow Game.

Shortly before the beginning of the Easter holidays, the 'Varsity met but did not defeat the fast, aggressive Tufts team from Medford, Massachusetts. The loss was the first of the season for the Hilltoppers and was due mainly to Murray’s own wildness and erratic work on the part of the infield. Being a windy day Murray could not locate the plate when he did the Tufts batters were unable to connect at all consistently. Both O’Marra and Murray struck out seven men. The work of Stafford, Leland and Volk stood out prominently as the best of the day and before any 'Varsity trims Tufts it will have to turn back what seems to be the best college ball team in the country. With such men as Westcott, O’Mara, Whittaker, Volk, Saunders and Carroll, it has an attack and defense yet to be equalled in the college baseball world. The score:

GEORGETOWN

AB R H O A E
Goggarty, 2b, ss... 3 0 0 2 3 1
Gilroy, lf........ 3 1 1 0 0 0
Sullivan, 1b...... 3 0 0 13 1 0
McCarthy, cf..... 4 0 1 1 1 0
Cusack, 3b....... 4 0 1 0 4 2
Murphy, ss....... 3 0 0 1 3 2
Flanigan, 2b.... 1 0 0 0 0 0
Hager, c.......... 3 0 0 7 1 0
Joyce, rf......... 3 0 1 2 0 0
Murray, p........ 4 0 1 0 3 1
Dempsey ........ 1 0 0 0 0 0
Berardini ....... 1 0 0 0 0 0
33 2 5 27 16 6

Dempsey batted for Hager in ninth.
Berardini batted for Joyce in ninth.

TUFTS

AB R H O A E
Stafford, 2b....... 5 3 2 4 1 0
Leland, rf........ 5 3 2 1 0 0
Westcott, cf..... 5 1 1 3 0 0
O’Marra, p........ 3 1 0 0 5 0
Volk, 1b.......... 5 2 2 11 0 0
Saunders, ss..... 3 0 0 1 2 0
Armstrong, 3b... 4 0 0 2 2 0
Carroll, c........ 3 2 1 5 2 0
Anderson, If..... 3 1 0 0 0 1
36 12 8 27 12 1

Easy Victory For Georgetown.

Hitting the ball when hits meant runs gave the 'Varsity another victory over the University of North Carolina team by 8 to 3. The feature of the game was a triple by Sullivan, with the bases choked in the third frame. Cantwell, who did mound duty for the Blue and Gray, took it easy after the third inning. The score by innings:

| North Carolina | 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1-3 |
| Georgetown     | 1 0 4 0 0 0 3 0 x-8 |


Georgetown Gains Easy Victory.

Cantwell, the 'Varsity’s only portsider, turned in an easy win over Washington College, defeating the latter by 9–4. He fanned thirteen men and did not issue a pass. The work of Enwright, a New York American prospect, was of a high caliber; poor defensive work behind him accounting for the Georgetown tallies. The score by innings:

| Washington College | 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3-4 |
| Georgetown University | 0 0 0 0 1 4 2 2 x-9 |

Batteries—Washington College—Enwright and Davis; Georgetown—Cantwell and Cuff. Umpire—Mr. Colliflower.

Georgetown Has One Bad Inning and Loses.

After acquiring a two run lead in the first seven innings of an exciting game, Georgetown was overtaken by Penn State in the eighth frame, the latter team scoring six times. For these seven innings it was a pitcher's duel between Breslin and Wardwell. Weiss' hitting and fielding along with Wardwell's sterling pitching, which claimed eleven Georgetown batters over the strike-out route featured. The score by innings:

| Penn State | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 6 0-6 |
| Georgetown | 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0-2 |

Batteries—Penn State—Wardwell and Moore. Georgetown; Breslin, Owens, Kelly and Cuff. Umpire—Mr. Colliflower.

Dual Meet to Penn State.

During the game the track teams of the two colleges engaged in a dual meet which was won by the Pennsylvanians by a wide margin.
The feature of the meet was the pole vaulting of Weidmann and the high jumping of Lowe for Georgetown. Their respective marks were 12 feet, one-quarter of an inch, and five feet, 11 inches and three-quarters. The spirit shown by Gurry and Amy, who stayed down just for the meet was well rewarded, as can be seen from their performances in the discus and the dash events.

Princeton Gets Lone Tally.

In a close game filled with thrilling plays of every nature, the 'Varsity was forced to bow before Princeton by 1 to 0. Link, pitching for the Tigers and Murray for Georgetown, were having it out in one of the greatest college pitcher's battles of the year, but a pair of hits occurring successively after two were out in the seventh inning, spelled defeat for the Blue and Gray slabber. Georgetown's real chance for a score came in the sixth inning, which Cass opened with a two-base knock and Hager, the next man was walked. Murphy popped to the pitcher, but Weiss, who was playing his first game for Georgetown, stung a single to center. Quick fielding, however, held Finnegan on third, who was running for Cass. Gilroy then grounded to Shea and Sullivan fanned. The score:

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Georgetown Triumphs Yale.

One big inning, in which Georgetown scored two runs, after the score...
had been tied, enabled the latter to defeat Yale by 3 to 1. In that session, Cusack opened for Georgetown by singling through Crotty; Cass was hit by a pitched ball; Garfield booted Murray’s attempt to sacrifice, allowing Cusack to score and sending Cass to third. Then a wild pitch scored Cass. It was a pitcher’s duel between Murray and Garfield, the conqueror of Virginia, the former striking out twelve and the Yale twirler whiffing nine. The score:

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<td>3 2 3 3 2 0</td>
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<td>Cass, 1b..............</td>
<td>3 1 1 6 0 0</td>
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<td>Murray, p.............</td>
<td>2 0 1 1 2 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Culf, c...............</td>
<td>3 0 0 13 0 0</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Total................</td>
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Boston Wins on Own Grounds.

Boston College celebrated the dedication of a new diamond on Alumni field by winning from Georgetown 8 to 4. Halloran, who did the twirling for the Beaneaters, pitched good ball until the ninth inning, when the Blue and Gray hopped on him for a trio of tallies. Dee, who caught for Boston and Weiss, second baseman for Georgetown, were the stars, the latter getting three clean singles. The score:

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>tMurray ..........</td>
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<td>32 4 6 24 10 4</td>
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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL


*Batted for Murphy in 9th inning.
†Batted for Breslin in 9th inning.

Mahan Beats Georgetown for the First Time.

Eddie Mahan, of crimson football and baseball fame, succeeded on May 2nd in trimming Georgetown 6 to 1. Had the Blue and Gray infield given Murray any kind of support, the game would have been a close one. As it was the Harvard players could get but six hits and six runs off Murray, three of these marks coming in the first inning. In the first inning, Coolidge was passed and Nash followed with a single to left. Harte came through with another and then Murphy made two bad boots for Georgetown and Harvard got three men home. Harvard played a rattling good game in the field while all of Georgetown's six misplays were costly. McCarthy starred for the 'Varsity. The score:

GEORGETOWN

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Harvard

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Georgetown ............... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Harvard ............... 3 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 x—6

Tufts Take Game in Medford.

On the northern trip Tufts was met for the second time this season. The Medford nine again defeated the Blue and Gray in a one-sided game by 10 to 3. The third inning was the big one for the Massachusetts boys when they scored nine runs on six passes, four hits and an error mixed in. Georgetown got but two solid bingles and was outclassed from the start to the finish. Stafford again starred for Tufts while Sullivan who patted in left did the best work for the losers. The game was called in the eighth inning to allow Georgetown to catch a train. The score:

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<td>Leland, rf</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Anderson</td>
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<td></td>
<td>32</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Murray batted for Cass in the 8th inning.
Ford ran for Armstrong in the 4th and 6th innings.

Stolen bases—Gilroy, Westcott, Ford. Bases on balls—Off McCarthy (6); off Breslin (3); off O'Marra (4). Struck out—By McCarthy (1); Breslin (2); O'Marra (6). Double plays—Stafford to Saunders to Volk. Hit by pitched ball—Anderson by Breslin. Time of game—Two hours. Umpire—Dan Barry.
Attendance—600.

Yale Defeats Georgetown at New Haven.

In a game marked by good pitching and excellent fielding, Yale defeated Georgetown by the score of 4 to 1. The hitting of Shepley and Bush for Yale, coupled with sensational fielding on the part of Holden and Snell, was responsible for the Blue victory. In the fourth inning Georgetown secured her only run when Cusack singled, was advanced to second on Murphy's infield out and scored when Flanigan drove a clean one to center. In the first frame the Blue and Gray made a strong bid. With two down, McCarthy punched a long one to left field for a three-bagger. Only fast fielding and an accurate throw held the Georgetown captain on the third. Gilroy, the next hitter, banged a terrific
liners over Snell's head, which bore all the earmarks of a single, but Holden rushed in and snatched the ball off his shoe-strings, ending the inning. Garfield twirled steady ball throughout. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>YALE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AB R H O A E</td>
<td>AB R H O A E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan, 1b...</td>
<td>Johnson, ss...</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 0 0 1 1 0 0</td>
<td>3 1 1 0 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joyce, lf...</td>
<td>Snell, 2b...</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 0 1 3 0 0</td>
<td>4 0 1 4 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, cf...</td>
<td>Shepley, rf...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 0 1 2 6 0</td>
<td>4 0 2 2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilroy, rf...</td>
<td>Munson, c...</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 0 1 0 0 0</td>
<td>3 1 1 6 2 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cusack, 3b...</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 1 1 0 1 0</td>
<td>4 1 2 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hagar, c...</td>
<td>Johnson, cf...</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 0 0 5 3 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murphy, ss...</td>
<td>Shaffer, 3b...</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 0 0 3 2 0</td>
<td>2 0 0 1 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Cass...</td>
<td>Earley, lf...</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 0 0 0 0 0</td>
<td>2 1 0 1 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flanagan, 2b...</td>
<td>Garfield, p...</td>
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<td>2 0 2 2 0 0</td>
<td>4 0 0 0 3 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cantwell, p...</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 0 0 0 2 0</td>
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</table>

31 1 5 24 10 0

*Batted for Murphy in the ninth inning.


Extra Inning Game Goes to Dartmouth.

In a well-played game at Hanover, the Georgetown team went down to defeat again, when the Green pushed across the winning tally in the twelfth inning. Fielder Osborn's hit that counted William's from second who had gotten a life on Flannigan's error, did the trick. Williams and Murray pitched great ball, neither team being able to connect at all consistently. The work of Murphy, the Dartmouth backstop, stood out prominently as the best of the day. Hagar, the Blue and Gray receiver, also caught a creditable game and managed to get two bingles out of four attempts. The score:

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<tr>
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<td>Murphy, c...</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Salmonsena, rf...</td>
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<td>Williams, p...</td>
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<tr>
<td>4 0 1 1 0 1</td>
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39 2 8*31 9 3

41 3 10 33 22 1

(522)
*One out when winning run was scored.

Dartmouth ................. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1—3
Georgetown ................. 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—2

Stolen bases—Osborn, Murphy, Thielscher. Sacrifice hits—Cusack. First base on balls—Off Murray, (4). Hit by pitcher—By Murray (Osborn). Struck out—By Williams, (4); by Murray, (6). Passed ball—Hagar. Umpire Mr. McCauley. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

**Weird Game Won by Cadets.**

A baseball game with seventeen errors included, went to West Point on May 5th, by the score of 15 to 6. In the first inning the Army drove both Finnegan and Breslin off the slab and scored seven runs before a man was retired. Neyland’s worst inning was the opener, when the ‘Varsity bit him for two safe drives, which coupled with a hit batsman, netted two runs. After that he settled down and except for the second inning, when he passed Breslin, and the sixth, when he winged Murray, he was unhittable. The feature play of the day was a one-handed running catch of Hagar’s drive by left fielder McBride of the cadets. The score:

**GEORGETOWN**

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<td>0</td>
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**ARMY**

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Georgetown ................. 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0—6
Army ...................... 7 0 3 0 2 0 1 2 x—15


(523)
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL

Dedication of New Field.

Georgetown’s new athletic field, which has been in course of construction for the past year on a site north of the college building, was formally dedicated, Wednesday, May ——.

A procession, headed by an impromptu student band, with fife and drum, organized in the quadrangle after lunch, and including the entire personnel of the Interclass Baseball League, to whose use the field was turned over following the dedication, marched around the buildings.

Father Emmet, faculty director of athletics; Charles R. Cox, graduate manager, and a bodyguard of seniors, were also in the line of march.

After the procession circled the field several college songs and yells were directed by Tom Gurry, one of the cheer leaders of the senior class. Appropriate speeches were made by the Faculty Director and Manager Cox and a bottle of grape juice was smashed on the home plate, the honor being conferred on Leo Lawler, president of the Interclass League. Lawler was assisted by St. John Garwood, “grand mobilizer”; R. S. Lusk, field marshal; A. Prendergast, drum major, and Leo Klauberg, bandmaster.

The new field is situated in behind the college on the edge of the Conduit road, commanding a splendid view of the Potomac and Virginia. It is probably the largest athletic field in use by any college in the South. For the present, however, it will be given over entirely to the Interclass League, which will conduct a game there every day until the close of school.

Next fall it will be used as practice ground for the ‘varsity football team. The field was built because the other two fields were absolutely inadequate to handle the growing athletic activities of the college.

Together with other remarks, Father Emmet hinted that some time in the near future a stadium might be erected on the new field, making it serve as the ‘varsity field from then on.

At the close of the ceremonies the faculty director opened the game between the Seniors and Juniors by throwing the first ball. The Juniors won 7 to 0.

Some interesting facts: Supple made the first run; O’Connor made the first hit; Dillon made the first put-out; Leary made the first assist; Butler hit the first ball; Roach caught the first fly; Daly made the first strike-out; Supple made the first stolen base, and Dillon made the first error.
Tennis Team Wins and Ties on Northern Trip.

Shortly before the Easter recess, the tennis team traveled North for matches with Rutgers, New York University and Fordham. The New York University courts were not in condition, so a meeting with her tennis team was prevented. However, Rutgers was taken into camp and Fordham was tied through the sterling efforts of Henry O'Boyle, who defeated Elliot Binzen, the Maroon’s best bet and Junior National Indoor champion.

RUTGERS AT NEW BRUNSWICK.

Georgetown (4); Rutgers (2).


FORDHAM AT NEW YORK.

Georgetown (3); Fordham (3).

On May 1st Fordham again met the tennis team in Washington and succeeded in defeating it by the score of 4—2. The playing of Binzen for the New Yorkers and the match between McGuire of Georgetown and Taylor of New York, featured the day's play. The absence of Hillyer, Georgetown's best man, handicapped the Blue and Gray greatly.

Georgetown (2); Fordham (4).


GEORGE WASHINGTON DEFEATED 5 to 1.

George Washington was defeated five matches to one on the municipal courts, May 10th. Douglas Hillyer was the only Georgetown man to lose a match, his singles going to John Temple Graves in two out of three sets. Later in the season, Georgetown will meet the Hatchetites on the Hilltopper's courts.

Georgetown (5); George Washington (1).


157x632