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

Address—
THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL
Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post-office at Washington as Second-class Matter.
Rev. Eugene De L. McDonnell, S. J., '85,
New Pastor of Holy Trinity Church,
Washington, D. C.
If politics or human intercourse be a good ground for judgment, we would say, that it is a custom for one, who is just assuming some office or responsibility, first to voice a few graceful words of acceptance, and then to break the news of how he intends to run the little world over which he is put in authority, or more aptly—how truly American his policy will be and what a thorough Preparedness program he will follow.
Now, we of the Journal, are a little awkward when it comes to the graceful words of acceptance. We cannot seem to arouse in our own bosom that "implicit confidence," which our illustrious predecessor says he has in us. Nor have we quite the amount of poetical imagination to be able to agree with this learned editor, that as "a capable and fearless captain," we "will sail the Good Ship Journal to ports of glory and renown undreamed of in the past." We would like very much to believe that we could, but with such shades as his own, Donnelly's, and Gannon's, hovering around us in the dim recesses of our so-called "Sanctum," we fear we cannot. For his generous prediction, however, the Journal sincerely thanks him, at the same time hoping, that his voyage from now on be as placid as his voyage with the Journal last year, and trusting, that in the future, as in the past, the Journal may be the richer for some gift of his brain and pen.

But yet,—if we just could touch here and there one of those little ports of glory of which he speaks!—for who is there so devoid of life and ambition, that he doesn't want to push a little further, out from the land that his predecessors have made so firm for him to stand on? Why should not that crew, who fly the flag of letters at Georgetown, have a year of activity and success that will leave behind them a foaming wake, still to be visible, when their children come back to fill their vacant places? Heaven knows, the pilot is willing; willing to the full extent of his ability and effort—such as they are. But of what use is a pilot if the sails of the ship are not filled, or if the engines refuse to do their work? Staff, students, alumni!—college and university—we ask and we must have your interest and assistance; not merely the assistance of your subscriptions; that, of course, is necessary for our circulation and the value of our advertising space, and in that you have seldom disappointed us. But what is equally important, and in a way more so, the assistance of your reading, criticism, and writing. The success of the Journal demands these three aids of you, and without them it can never be a living interesting organ and a true emissary of thinking and doing Georgetown to every college in the land.

True, our athletic teams annually carry our flag to many colleges throughout the country. Our debating teams each year add another name to the list of universities that have felt the weight of Georgetown eloquence. But to almost every university in the United States, to the homes of hundreds of our citizens, to places even across the seas, the name of Georgetown is borne each month, the story of Georgetown's activities is told, and the movements of Georgetown's intellect portrayed in the Journal. So, Alumni, Students, Staff, take an interest
in your Journal. Give us what you know of interest or what you have written; what your opinions are on any matter in any way connected with academic life or appealing to men of academic training. Give your father a Christmas present by getting your name on the Staff. You do not seem to have any trouble about airing your views in conversation. Then, if you have an idea, a view, an opinion, a plot to a story, why not try to put it in print, or, at any rate, come and talk it over with the editor. At least he can tell you whether it's too radical to escape faculty censorship or not. Do not be deterred by the fear that your work is not good enough. If the editor hasn't written worse himself, then he's probably read worse as Exchange editor, so there's no chance of his being shocked. Do this; help us, and we'll produce a live, real college magazine that will put the name of Georgetown high among student literary circles and that you will not be ashamed to show to your family and friends as a product of your own brains and those of your college.

In conclusion, our staff page contains no names of honorary members, and only those who write for the Journal will smoke our rank cigars in monthly gatherings in the "Sanctum."

Please consider our vessel launched. Men of Georgetown, again we ask your interest, criticism, and effort. Give them to us that we may send forth to the world a fit record of Georgetown's deeds and thoughts, and that thus our voyage may be truly a successful one.

The Editor.

James Whitcomb Riley.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
   The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
   Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
   And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

What a divine gift is an imagination that obeys in full the lesson of that immortal elegy! To see in all things, even the most sadly prosaic and commonplace, the touch of beauty, of poetry, of God; to be a green and fragrant oasis in the desert of a material age, whose romance lies in the clamor of its industries, the might of its inventions, and the strategy of its business!

How refreshing it is for our minds, weary of the eternal rush and modernity of things, to slip off into a land of "Where Away" and stroll there, arm in arm, with one who sees a diamond in every hot grain of our American dust and a laughing elf on every dry blade of American grass.
How grateful we feel for that moment's respite with him, whose sympathetic eye sees the poetry of our own little ordinary world, whose soul stoops to wander with us in the same pitiful little orb, and who speaks in such beautifully simple lines the things we ourselves have often thought but cannot say. The wild unearthly cry of Shelly was not echoed today by James Riley. Nor will John Keats, the spirit of the Autumnal haze, find in him a rival for dominion over that wistful and mellow domain. No, James W. Riley was of a different mould. Imaginative,—artistic,—emotional? yes; but placid, more lowly, nearer to us humans, among whom he dwelt. In the flying sky-lark he saw not a cloud of fire; but he saw a thousand beautiful little pictures and sentiments in the ramblings of a country pathway,—the same path which we knew instinctively we too had often trod. His intenser lyric breathed a noble spirit into the iron vitals of the great locomotive. His elegy he sang over the death of an unknown little immigrant babe. And we read it all—and understood.

He is gone now,—our Bobby Burns,—gone to his land of “Where Away” and “Afterwhiles.” The deep voices of a thousand learned critics have mingled with the soft voices of as many children in bidding him “Good-bye.” Though perhaps unheard in the general lamentations, Georgetown joins its voice, not in profound criticism nor lofty eulogy, but merely in farewell.

A Far Cry.

To get back! It may be good to go home in vacation, but it's even better to get back. We here at Georgetown as well as the great majority of college men in this country, know well that happy and satisfied feeling of getting back. Well we know how pleasant it is to get back. But deeper yet do we realize how necessary it is. Perhaps then we can understand the feelings of men, who, by a combination of chance and injustice, have been suddenly rendered unable to get back and finish their uncompleted courses.

If we understand then, let us listen to their cry, a cry for sympathy—and justice. It comes from the land of mosquitoes and the yellow Rio Grande and echoes along all the border states. While we are here enjoying that happy portion of our lives,—back in the good old comrades-blessed routine of training, which we regard so salutary, so necessary for success in our future careers,—while we are thus here, content, in that every right act is a stone in the necessary foundation of our later
prosperity and good citizenship,—along that yellow Rio Grande, and sometimes far this side of it, there is many a fellow student, his every faculty yearning to be back at the studies he has only a short time to complete, and his hands wielding a pick-axe for a trench, that no armed soldier will ever fill, often too far from the border for even a pretext of guard duty, bound down, forgotten, frittering away in mere camp routine the most valuable years of his life.

The vast majority of people think that all students who enlisted have been allowed to return. This is true only of those who enlisted in college companies, companies composed solely of men from some college or other and enlisting as such. The rest remain, though many of them have served far longer than those released.

As a rule these latter entered out of pure patriotism, expecting war and excitement, it is true; but equally ready for the harder and less romantic things. They thought, that, as university men, it was their duty to “set the pace” for others. They were assured both by the government’s accredited agents and by the officers with whom they came in contact, that, should there be no war and no drastic need for them, they would be released in time to resume their studies. That time has now passed. For several long months they have done their duty uncomplainingly and well. They are now doing nothing but the ordinary routine of camp life. Why then are they not released as the others? They are begging for their release, and heaven knows, they have merited it as much as any others! Do the expert and astute officials of our War Department think that the withdrawal of a comparatively small number of individuals will do more to disorganize the army than the withdrawal of whole companies? Or can it be possible, that the just and fearless government of the United States falters in the course of right, lest it incur the opposition of the uneducated by the release of men, whose position enables them to go to college? We trust not.

Then in the name of light and education, let some of our politician-statesmen forget their absorbing politics long enough to see that justice is dealt to these students, lest in some future and far greater crisis their hearts be not so patriotic and their hands not so willing to serve.
Editorials like this you usually skip. But suppose your break precedent long enough to read it—just for variety.

“What do you want now?” you ask.

Yes, we do want something,—a favor,—very small to you but to the JOURNAL very important; and you don’t even have to worry about your pocketbook while we tell you about it.

Listen! Do you know, that, if it wasn’t for these few little pages of advertising in the front and back of the JOURNAL, the JOURNAL wouldn’t exist? We’ve got to have advertising, but we can’t have good advertising and at the same time not give our advertisers value received. We have every right to make men cater to our trade by advertising in our college publications, but when we cease to bestow that trade on our advertisers and give it to others, who are not our friends, we cannot expect our advertisers to continue to do business with us.

Perhaps it hasn’t occurred to you, but do you realize, that in this matter of advertising, we wield a large power? We spend money while we are here—lots of it. The loss of our trade to almost any concern that we patronize would be a large hole in its receipts. By just acting in concert,—by just each man making it his own particular business to trade with our advertisers and absolutely to ignore those who refuse to cater to our trade through the proper channels, we students have the power to give good profit to our friends and to force those not our friends to make overtures to us. Then why not use this power? Why waste time and money anyhow on those who do not value us enough to advertise with us? Our advertisers represent the best that can be gotten in their line. Otherwise we couldn’t expect you to patronize them. It’s not such a terrible favor for you to walk an extra half block in order to buy the same article from our friends, that you might have bought from others. So make the effort.

The Journal asks this favor principally of the new men, for they are the only ones who need to be told. The old men have heard this before, and we are sure, need only a gentle reminder to continue to do as they have always done.

The Editor.
CHILL November rain was driving over Irish Ridge across Ringer Valley and up the deep ravine which Black Creek had gashed in the mountain side. Gray clouds scudded over the slightly darker gray mountains to the west and mingled with many more of their kind to form a gray obscurity in the east. Far up above Black Creek on a rock commanding a view of the tortuous trail below, an old man sat. Clothed in gray by the rain, hair turned gray by age, a gray figure against the little light, he might have been a spirit of the storm, but his head was clasped in his hands wearily, and the storm was not weary. He watched the shifting mist above the creek, apathetically. Its restless rolling reminded him of something. He thought—his life. Thus he had been buffeted about, prey to the whim of mightier powers. Thus he merged with the world, as the mist from the ravine merged with the mist in the valley. Sunshine would scatter it all. Life must be drab. He had thought happiness within his reach once—and now—in his mind’s eye he beheld the courtroom in the county seat, crowded and stuffy and still, as one brother was called upon to testify against the other—he shuddered—his sons. He, old and feeble, could not stand the strain at the trial, so here he must sit waiting for the signal which would mean Guilty or Not Guilty, waiting for poor half-witted Sammy, who had chosen to give one Caw if a verdict of “innocent” were returned, two if “guilty.” Which would it be? He went over the events of the past months. The trip to Overton taken by Dan and Jimmy. The return of Dan, almost insane, with the news of Jimmy’s arrest for the murder of Doss, cashier of the Overton Bank, because Doss had embezzled money entrusted to him by Jimmy. The subsequent announcement that Doss had embezzled from the bank. Jimmy held by the grand jury for trial and Dan subpoenaed as principal witness, the only eye-witness. The order forbidding any member of the family seeing Jimmy and finally the plea of “Not Guilty” entered by Jimmy. Another scene flashed into the old man’s mind here. Dan, pacing up and down his room muttering and raving like a maniac, and the words—again the old man shuddered—“Doesn’t he know I saw?” “Does he expect me to commit perjury?” “O, God! The truth is too hard.” “I must condemn my brother.” That
was the real reason the old man sat waiting to hear two caws, wishing, praying for one.

It was a small, bleak courtroom filled with farmer-folk, their features barely discernible in the dusky light. The accused had just left the stand. He sat with his head bowed on the table, thinking dazedly, and just one thought seemed to course through his brain, “Why won’t Dan look at me?” He was innocent and up to the opening of the trial had no doubt but that he would be acquitted. Things, though, seemed otherwise now. He had noticed the sorrowful glances of the spectators, he had been surprised at Dan’s condition when he came inside the space reserved for witnesses, and he had been hurt when Dan cast his eyes to the floor and refused to look at him. All the witnesses called had testified to the same thing and their testimony was damaging. He had been called and had told his story and Dan during the telling had hung his head more and more as if for shame, and now Dan was about to testify. The oath was being administered. How strangely silent the crowd was! The district attorney began, “You are the brother of the accused?”

“I am,” murmured Dan.

“Before you begin to testify,” continued the lawyer, “I want to make a few remarks. So far you have been known to the community as a just man, a man of honor, of integrity, in short, a man who, when placed in a position of this kind, sees only the right, speaks only the truth. The law recognizes no bond of affection, no tie of blood, only justice. Perjury is its own punishment,—conscience, its prosecutor.” He ended and Dan raised his haggard, care-worn face which had slowly become invisible as he lowered his head before the telling shots.

“I know,” said Dan.

“On the day of the crime, what business had you in town?” asked the attorney.

“I wanted parts for a cream separator,” was the reply.

“And your brother?”

“He had given Doss money to invest in certain stocks and was going for the certificates. I was to meet him there.”

“When you reached the bank did you meet your brother?”

“No, they told me he had gone to Doss’ private office upstairs, so I went up.”

“Explain how this office is situated.”

“There are steps at the rear of the main floor and a corridor runs at right angles to them at the top. At the end of the corridor is Doss’ office; before you reach it you come to the directors’ meeting room. There are
two doors leading into this from the corridor; the third door is the one to Doss' office."

"When you reached the top of the steps did you hear anything?"
"Yes, a sort of subdued mumbling. When I walked down the corridor it became more distinct and I knew it was the voice of a man in anger."

"Did you recognize this voice?"
"I did."
"Whose voice was it?"
A pause and then as though all hope had left, "My brother's."

"Could you hear what was said?"
"Not at first, then—then I heard Jimmy saying, 'You're a crook, a cur, a dirty thief, you—you ought to be shot.'"
"Those are the exact words?"
"Yes."

"What did you do then?"
"I beat on the door and tried to break in; I called but neither one inside heard me, so I dropped on my knees and looked through the keyhole. In a little while the janitor and one of the clerks came up. They heard my calls."

"Did you try to break the door then?"
"No, I was looking through the keyhole."

"Did you see anything?"
"Not then; I could hear scuffling and then I saw Doss, a revolver pointed at his head, struggling. I jumped up then and we tried to break the door."

"Go on."
"In a moment a shot rang out. We pounded on the door and Jimmy opened it."

"Was everything as the other witnesses said?"

"Everything. Jimmy had the gun in his hand and Doss—O-o-o-h! Doss was—dead—floor—all bloody."

The picture, framed in the keyhole, came to his mind again. A chaos of horror. Everything was a confused jumble of monstrous shapes that caused him to shudder. He closed his eyes and by an effort of the will blotted out the picture. Thus he had always done. The realization that his brother was the cause of this awful thing made the idea of dwelling upon it almost infinitely repugnant. Dan's voice had gradually weakened, become husky and strained with emotion. He talked as though he had run a long way, the words came in jerks, his mind sped from point to point seeking for a loophole like a hare chased by dogs running
in an ever narrowing circle. He knew the question the district attorney was about to ask yet he could not concentrate his mind upon the answer. Irrelevantly pictures of hell appeared before his inner vision, then pictures of himself in different places, but always slinking from the sight of man. Why? The picture was dispelled, the district attorney was talking again.

"You looked through the keyhole, you saw a hand pointing a revolver at Doss, when the door opened your brother held that revolver. He says he struggled to get the revolver away from Doss who was attempting to kill himself, and you testify that you heard him say a few moments before that Doss ought to be shot. Tell me, wasn't it your brother's hand pointing the revolver?" Again Dan's brain flared with the picture of hell, the courtroom vanished, lurid flames were all around and tortured souls writhed in agony. Again that picture faded and instead Dan saw himself spurned by those who knew him, cast out of a home and slinking from his fellow men. A hell on earth! Better to suffer in hell hereafter than to send his brother there without a chance of expiating his crime. Don't bring a hell upon earth to his father. Sacrifice his own soul for his brother's body. Again the district attorney broke in.

"Didn't your brother fire the shot?"

"No." The word was wrenched from the very depths of his being.

Slowly a sodden world slipped by the train in the November twilight. Leafless trees, to whose gnarled branches wisps of mist clung, seemed to Dan to be humanity seeking, grasping happiness only to have it dissolve. No more happiness for him. What was it the district attorney had said? "Perjury is its own punishment, conscience its prosecutor." Already conscience had begun its insistent gnawing. He almost felt like standing up in the car and shouting out his guilt—and his brother's. No, that would not do. Conscience would torture him if he did that and the world would add its scorn—its hate. Fratricide he would be called. Was there no escape? The dusk had gradually deepened. A trainman entered the coach at the front turning on the lights as he passed back. Dan leaned forward, his forehead resting on the back of the seat in front. A New York paper lay on the floor. He gazed at it disinterestedly, with a far-seeing glance. Slowly, however, something seemed drawing his eyes to focus on the paper. Plainer and plainer became the print, a headline fairly jumped at him. "Keyhole Evidence Not Trustworthy." He seized the paper, reading down the column rapidly. "Vision restricted." "Impossible to see everything that takes place because of the small aperture." And then, citing an "imaginary" case (it just fitted) the article went on to say that the only
means of finding out who held the weapon was close scrutiny of the hand for purposes of identification. The scene in Doss' office flashed clearly into Dan's mind. The horrible chaotic picture remained the same. Involuntarily he closed his eyes but then taking himself in hand he began to scrutinize the confusion. Gradually he gained mastery over the horror. Details began to appear more clearly. Could it be possible that his brother was innocent or was he guilty. He almost stopped lest the next revelation should clearly, too clearly, damn his brother. But hope had been born again in his heart and he went on. More details appeared until the whole picture was outlined. The figures, the hand, the revolver were all black. His mind had been playing a trick on him, it was a hallucination. He almost sobbed aloud but checked it. The sun was shining in the window opposite the door throwing the picture in silhouette. That was why they were black. He returned to the picture again, continuing the search. Lord! What was that on the hand! The hand, a glint—from the pistol—no, a ring, an emerald, flashed balefully. Jimmy never had a ring. Thank God! And he had thought his brother guilty, had almost sent him to death. And Dan characteristically turned to his brother and told him all, omitting nothing, and Jimmy forgave, for what is a body compared to a soul?

Meanwhile far up Black Creek an old man watched in the mists and the driving rain for a boy to appear, waiting to hear his signal, one caw or two. Watching and waiting for a half-wit to tell him what his future would be. Destiny controlled by an idiot. It was fitting. The wind veered to the north a bit and grew colder. In time it increased, partly dispersing the mist. Night was coming on when on the trail near the mouth of the ravine the old man first saw a figure approaching. Nearer it drew in the gathering dusk, now hidden by trees or projecting boulders, now in the open. It was Sammy. Plainly discernible he passed under the shadow of Old Tom. Why didn't he give the signal? Out in the open again—Hark!—Ca-a-w! A boulder hides him from sight. Ca-aw-aw—Guilty! Deep silence for a moment—a shot—and a crow flops awkwardly down the hillside below the old man.
A Dream.

Listen. I will tell you what I dreamed:
Methought that it was night. I stood alone
Upon a moonlit waste of barren stone
And harkened in the silence to what seemed
A plaintive murmur on a zephyr blown;
A murmur followed by a half-breathed moan,
Which swelled into a distant rumbling sound
And muttered from afar. A summer storm
Was brewing, and there fluttered swarm on swarm
Of frightened, screaming birds. I looked around.
Some mighty sea was blotting out the stars
And rising like a tide before the gale;
The moon was drowned; the light began to fail,
And grisly clouds with foaming edges flew
Like sullen demons bent on evil play,
Trailing the earth in broken, ragged bars,
Scudding ahead, while lightning blazed the way.
The flooding thunder roared, and terror grew
And seized me, as the wind, and chilled me through;
I tried to flee and could not—could not scream—
Could only pant, and oh, the night was black;
The night that knows no lifting and no end!

* * * * * * * * *

Then suddenly I wakened from the dream,
And painfully the memory went back
To yesterday, when I had lost my friend.

—Ernest E. Blau, '17.
A Paradoxical Pair.

J. Eugene Gallery, '19.

LATIN and Vacation would hardly make a pair calculated to get along well together. To the average student nothing could seem more improbable. To his mind they constitute the expression of two extremes; each the exact opposite of the other; the former a highly objectionable condition of life, the latter a state most to be desired. That their union could approach the tolerable would, at first thought, most naturally appear to be a gamble of the wildest kind. Were he asked to ponder well the thought, it is not the least doubtful that his reply would then be quite a denial of his first assertion.

With a slam and a bang the Livy, the Caesar, the Cicero, the Virgil, the Horace are closed in June and flung on the handiest book shelf, there to slumber and to sorrow through the peace and solitude of the summer months.

But Latin cannot be so easily shaken. Poor inanimate text-books are defenseless, but yet they work their sweet revenge in the abiding memories with which they plague a hostile brain. Physical power, the book has none; but in the storehouse of memory, it is mighty. Text-books are transitory, Latin is tenacious. It binds us with tendrils strong as flesh and blood. Vacation may lead to the country or to the seashore or, even, to those crisp altitudes where,

"... the gracious Sun perceives
First, when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world;"

Latin goes along. Emancipation from Latin's talismanic influence may tempt a long and wearisome journey only to fail of accomplishment.

What would be three months without a newspaper or a magazine? The daily and the monthly are constant associates. They lessen the solitude of a lonely hour, they convey to us news of home and information of the world abroad, they humorize and criticise. But, alas! they evince the student's error. Great is their part in the modernization and vivification of the moribund language of the Caesars. The same that is a popular overture between the breakfast bell and breakfast, and an invariable finale to the evening meal, as well as the joy of a quiet hour,
is no less the humble instrument of conciliation between Latin and an amiable Vacation.

To call the newspaper the minion of his Satanic Majesty would be strong but commonplace; the imputation of spreading revolutionary principles would be disagreeable but would cause little sensation. Hence, there should be no fear lest the complaint of revolutionizing fixed ideas on the intrinsic utility and pleasure of Latin should bankrupt any newspaper or cause it to lose even the complainer's own subscription.

The curious eye first cons the head lines of his favorite journal for news of the holocaust of men offered for—what? Future statesmen and historical critics of the next generation will find it a hopeless task to ascribe satisfying reason, sufficient for us that we are living in the age in which this bloody drama is being enacted. Be this as it may, prior acts upon the same stage have been recorded, and those records have been handed down to be mutilated into the vernacular by those who, perforce, are made to aspire to Parnassus with Horace, to the tribunal with Cicero or to the chariot with Caesar.

The battle grounds are familiar. The Alemanni certainly display a dogged persistency, for as we reopen our Caesar to follow him in his campaigns, we find that these warlike tribes gave him as much trouble then as they are giving the French now.

Verdun! This six-letter dissyllabic scarce longer attracts our attention. So often has it introduced dispatches in daily journals and magnetized long, dry rantings on the war in monthly gazettes, that it now looks almost the same as any other word of six letters. However, its bloody significance still points like a spectre to momentous scenes in the days when Verdun was the Roman Verodunum, and when Caesar wrote:

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres, quarum unam incolunt Belgæ, aliam Aquitanii, tertiam, qui ipsorum lingua Celtæ, nostra Galli appellantur."

The Marne, too, has been the subject of much discussion. It was along this river, at the point where now stands the city of Chalous, that Caesar delivered his masterly defeat to the Helvetii. This was in Celtic Gaul.

The Aisne witnessed the annihilation of the force of Ariovistus which resulted in completely routing the Germans from the lands of the Aedui and the Eequani, and in discouraging a prospected invasion of the northeastern section of modern France by the Suevi. Here the Roman legions wintered for the first time outside of Roman Gaul, about the year 75 B. C.
On the bank of a tributary of the Meuse, Caesar defeated the Nervii in the most formidable engagement of his entire second campaign. This victory, gained in the year 57 B.C., gave him control over a considerable portion of Belgium, Belgic Gaul.

The Alps, the very Alps so renowned in song and story, are closely linked to the names of Hannibal and Livy. The difficulty of the Italian maneuvers there make us appreciate the hardships that the army of that Carthaginian general must have endured 2,200 years ago, when he made it the pioneer in military Alpine transmigration.

The initial act of Roumania, after declaring war on Austria, reflects the strategy of old. Roumanian forces passed over the Danube near Turn Severin where still stand the ruins of a massive stone bridge built by Apollodorus, a gifted architect of old, who acted at the command of Trajan during the interval between the First and Second Dacian Wars. The victory here gained left a lasting mark in history. Roman colonists were sent to inhabit these regions of the Danube and thus was laid the foundation of the kindred policies pursued by Italy and Roumania in modern years.

Thus the printer’s ink furbishes the memory of the Latin authors. Recollections of ancient battlefields are awakened. Interest is accentuated and is not confined to the military struggles of nations. Their internal affairs and their national policies—Presidential elections, Eight-Hour Law, Tariffs—recall the days of the Consuls of Cincinnatus, of Trajan. The donning of military insignia, even by students, to defend their country, might be deemed by many a very modern cause for indignation. Not so. Horace upbraids his friend Iccius for a similar act in the following lines:

“... Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi poss e rivos
Montibus, et Tiberim reverti,
Cum tu coempts undique nobiles
Libros Panaeti, Socraticam et domum,
Mutare loricos Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?”

Such heavy thoughts does the newspaper provoke that it is thrust deep in the pocket. The feverish day, agitated by repetitious bulletins, gives way to pensive evening, when, seeking the solace of the quiet night to ponder under the stars the momentous news of the day, recollection marshalls the heroes of past ages before the vision. Hannibal, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon pass in succession. Beneath them are
the same fields, ruffled over with cells of death. Contemplating the present struggle, the intellect staggers in its reasonings, its horrors freeze the blood. The mind is overwhelmed as by a cloud. But the soul alone is hopeful. Its spirit elevates man above these bomb-rent fields. Gazing upwards, beyond the stars, it petitions the All-Powerful for a land

"Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require
Nought but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
Far-heard)—our only citadels."

—Wordsworth.

To a Comrade.

Sweet sister, we, together, oft have played
Upon the beach and with attentive hands
Have molded castles from the tide lapped sands;
Through flowery fields and fern decked glades we've strayed
And hand in hand have danced upon the lea;
To school with book-filled arms, side by side
We've gone, and 'neath the lamp our pens we's plied
At some school task, in loving rivalry.

But now, oh, dearest sister! now, must I
Alone with dismal mem'ries tread the shore,
The fields, the glades and all our haunts of yore.
Loved comrade! I, alone, my strength must try,
In doubtful struggles with life's trials, whilst cold
Thou liest wrapt within earth's shrouding fold.

HADDY O'DONNELL stood alone, the only human that posed in a wild and weird tableau. It was the close of day, the short day of the North. The sun, as a huge red ball, sinking, cast its reflections far over the Western sky, and from there they were shaded on the snow, giving a reddened tinge to the unsullied white. And in contrast, just above and in the East white and laden clouds were banking. A wild bird, far from its native haunts, screamed in the air, as in terror of the approaching night or the storm. One of the wolves of Thaddy O'Donnell's team, as swept back in a rush of by-gone memories, howled as only the wolf does howl at the close of day. Thaddy O'Donnell pulled his furs closer about him and went on with his team.

Years ago Thaddy O'Donnell had come up into the North country; without friends had he come, and he showed no desire to make them. Tall, with shoulders that hulked as the back of a beast, the rest of his body was thin; his face was hard, and his eyes glinted in keeping. He rarely spoke, and when he did his words, like his appearance, carried with them his sole great conviction—"I am the master."

And now from the parts where the leaves bud forth and fall again from the trees, up to the lands where the trees no longer grow, was Thaddy O'Donnell famed and known as the conqueror. He had conquered every trail that was ever broken, every storm that was ever sent upon him. He had taken eight timber wolves from the wilds of the forests and had made them draw his sledge, and had broken the meanest malamute in all the North and made him bully them.

The Snake. Thaddy O'Donnell had found him four year ago; the rope that bound him to a fir tree was tied to choke out his life, the black of his muzzle torn off, the red shining where it had been, and one eye hanging out, the sight of it gone forever, his body bruised as though with a club, and torn; and deserted and hungry. And Thaddy O'Donnell had found him and fed him and tended him, and made as a friend to him, and the Snake for the first time acknowledged a master.

So the Snake bullied Thaddy O'Donnell's wolf team, and he bullied them well. He would snap their hinds the whole day through, and fight them at night till they feared him; and then he would lie down amongst
them and sleep as quietly and as peacefully as he did long ago, a puppy in the kennel. The Snake was fearless of any beast and of any man but one, his master.

Thaddy O'Donnell and his team of wolves carried the northern mails out over the Nakanser route. The mails were light but the pay was good, for the route was hard and few could be gotten to take it. That noon Thaddy O'Donnell had pulled his team up at the settlement of Geoffery. The sky hung a dullish gray. The sun at times shining and then hidden by huge and fleecy clouds. Thaddy O'Donnell was told to stay, for they said the snow would come that night, but in the next settlement there lived Thaddy O'Donnell's only friend, the "gospel man of the wilds," and with him he wanted to spend his night.

A short while after the close of day it began to snow. The flakes were large as they fell and Thaddy O'Donnell knew it would be a light fall. The wolves were acting queerly, they did not want to go on, and so often the Snake snipped at their hinds that the blood trickled to the snow. The leader stopped and, squatting on his haunches, gave forth a howl, and that howl taken up one by one was passed back along the team. And Thaddy O'Donnell listened, but the flakes were big and he never liked to turn, and at his call the Snake snapping and snarling soon again had the team going smoothly on the way.

But later the flakes grew smaller and soft and silky as those of a blizzard are. Thaddy O'Donnell, turning, made for a cabin a distance off the trail to put up for the night. And there before him was a man, a stranger, traveling by shoes and alone between the settlements. On short rations and Thaddy O'Donnell was, too, and they made friends and a fire, for there was always kept stored in the cabin wood to warm the passing wanderer. They ate their meal and Thaddy O'Donnell fed his wolves and his dog.

And it snowed that night and the next day and the next night and other days and nights that followed. The rations grew short and the wolves were no longer fed. They howled outside at night, and in their howl there seemed to be returning something of the wilderness from which they had so long been estranged. The Snake was still with them, he was still their master, and so he proved to two or three, and Curt was one of them. For Curt himself had been born of a leader, and he longed to occupy the place to which his blood called him; he wanted to be lorded over by no one, neither man nor beast. But Thaddy O'Donnell was the master, his master, the master of them all, but Thaddy O'Donnell had not been seen for some days past, and Curt had perhaps forgotten.

The pack was hungry and their wildness returned and Curt made
himself their leader, and one night they drove the Snake to the cabin door, where he whined and Thaddy O'Donnell understood, so he opened the door and the Snake came in.

The men in the cabin were hungry too, for the rations had been gone for two days, and dog meat, even that of a dog whose ribs could be counted across the room, looks good to a hungry man. Dog flesh is sweeter and is not so tough as the flesh of the wolf, but Thaddy O'Donnell would stand the difference so he would not have to eat the Snake.

But the Snake was in the cabin and the stranger began to complain. And once he lifted up the ax, and but for Thaddy O'Donnell the Snake would have torn him to pieces then and there, for the Snake knew, but Thaddy O'Donnell took the ax away and the Snake lay down again, and back into his eyes there came that quiet submissive look, which hunger brings when one is willing to suffer.

And another day passed; the wolves outside grew bolder and they came up to the cabin and they howled, an angry hungry howl, and they sniffed, for the smell of the human was there, and to them the human was food.

Once in the cabin Thaddy O'Donnell picked up the ax, but one look into the eyes of the Snake, so pleading, and he put it down again. To the stranger then came the madness of hunger, and he cursed and said before God the beast should give his life for the human.

The flesh of the wolves would be tougher and would not make so sweet a meal as the flesh of the Snake, but Thaddy O'Donnell thought he would enjoy it more, and besides it would be easier to go out and to fight the wolves and to kill them than to kill his dog, who was willing to die if he wished it.

And that night the wolves were more fierce and their howls sounded wilder as they hovered near the cabin. Thaddy O'Donnell with the ax in his hand opened the door and went out. It was no longer snowing and the moon was bright in the heavens and the stars twinkled. Nearest the door stood Curt, long and lean, his fangs showing and gleaming, while all around him standing, some squatting in the snow, were the other wolves. Curt, his eyes shining with hunger and with anxiety to lead his pack for the first time, leaped straight for the throat of Thaddy O'Donnell; the ax crashed in through his skull and he fell on the snow. The other wolves, all together, now came on; again the ax swung around and another wolf dropped with his back broken. A pair of fangs were fastened at Thaddy O'Donnell's throat, another in his shoulder, and the weight of other bodies bore him to the snow, then the moon and stars
faded from the heaven and the growling and snarling grew dimmer in his ears.

The Snake had remained in the cabin; he heard the snarls and the almost joyous yelps, then he knew, and out into the moonlight he went. All his old time ferocity sweeping back through him; with a terrible snarl he was in the midst of the fight, his great teeth sinking into the back of the wolf that was at the throat of his master. Time and again his huge jaws closed together with strength enough to almost snap in twain whatever came between them. The pack now left Thaddy O'Donnell and turned to the Snake, and they downed him and tore him, but he fought them back, his one eye squinted, gleaming forth the sight of all the ferocity pent up within him.

The fangs relaxed from his throat, Thaddy O'Donnell recovered, and seizing up his ax he crashed it into three more of the wolves, and the others howling their terror loosened their teeth from the Snake and slunk away.

The Snake did not try to rise. His great body heaved as though trying to fill himself with breath that would not come. His throat, torn, was pouring blood upon the snow; his body was rent, and his hair was matted where the blood had frozen. Thaddy O'Donnell and the stranger lifted him into the cabin where they laid him by the fire, and there they stood over him and watched the gleam of ferocity fade slowly from his eye and then into it came a look of love and then the blur of death.

Thaddy O'Donnell still runs the mails. He has conquered another team of timber wolves and has another great malamute to bully them, but always when far up on the Nakanser route, he will turn off from the trail a bit, and there while his wolf team rests, he will stand before the door of a small cabin and look down towards the snow and think, for beneath him lies one of the truest friends a man ever had; it was there that he buried the Snake.
The refusal of the labor unions in the recent railroad controversy to resort to arbitration—the narrow margin by which was averted a nation wide tie-up of transportation and the consequent disaster—the disgraceful spectacle of a President yielding, and Congress legislating without deliberation and investigation, a hasty and forced concession to the demands of the railroad brotherhoods, has awakened the public to a realization of the inadequacy of the present methods for averting strikes. Were railroad strikes something novel in the United States there would be no cause for such alarm, but this last threatened walkout was but a stupendous climax to over two hundred less important revolts of labor that have taken place in recent years. Among the more important are:

The Chicago switchmen's strike, 1909, which resulted in a complete stoppage of business in St. Paul, St. Cloud and Duluth. In Minneapolis at the end of a three-day strike twenty-two out of twenty-three mills were closed. Three Georgia Central firemen's strikes involving many race riots completely tied up traffic for ten, twelve and fourteen days respectively and paralyzed industry in many sections of Georgia and Florida. The great Harriman System strike of 1911, involving sixteen thousand employees and lasting thirteen months, menaced the welfare of the twenty million people served by this system.

These are but a few of over two hundred such incidents, all resulting in a complete suspension of railway facilities with the accompanying loss and damage in the territory involved.

With but thirty-nine cases handled in the last fifteen years by the existing congressional acts affecting labor disputes and with at the same time over two hundred strikes being fought out at the expense of the public, tying up our mills, interfering with thousands of industries, holding up our fuel and foodstuffs, with, in a word, the actual strikes outnumbering the settled impending strikes five to one, we are forced to conclude that the country has not been free from railroad strikes, and unless some effective action is taken is liable to suffer from them in the future.

We can hardly over-estimate the importance of our railroad systems. They differ materially from any other of our industries. Supplying us with the very necessities of life suspension of their service brings starva-
tion and want. We will find a striking example of their value if we recall that in Washington recently when a strike was merely threatened the cost of many foodstuffs increased one hundred per cent. Only last winter New York was threatened with a milk and food famine because a snowstorm had brought transportation to a standstill for merely a few hours. The largest automobile manufacturer in the country said that if railway traffic was suspended he would be forced to close down his establishment immediately, throwing out of employment thousands of men. Thus it is evident that in the event of any suspension of railway traffic the main sufferer is the public whose interests demand the maintenance of this service.

That the government has not supplied adequate means for amicably settling differences between capital and labor in this field is evident from the very nature of the methods available and from their numerous failures when employed. The twenty-first annual report of the Commissioner of Labor states that the actual strikes in the railways of this country outnumber the settled impending strikes five to one. Furthermore, voluntary arbitration is wrong in its very principle. It assumes the willingness of both parties to a dispute to come before a court as well as their acceptance of the decision. Of what use is a court that lacks the power to cite the contending parties, together with the power to enforce its award?

There is necessary then some legislative step that will more effectively prevent railroad strikes and thereby guarantee uninterrupted transportation for our country's business.

Compulsory arbitration is the next logical and necessary step in the legal regulation of our railroads. There should be a board similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission and with similar powers. A decision of this board should be binding upon the parties to a dispute and violation of a decision should be punished by penalties. Twenty-five years ago the practices of the railroads became so detrimental to the public that Congress was compelled to form an Interstate Commerce Commission, but the commission without any power to enforce its decisions was helpless. The railroads continued to grant rebates, to discriminate and to impose unjust charges. In 1916 the passage of the Hepburn bill clothed the commission with full power to enforce its decisions. Since that time the government has effectively regulated the railroads.

Sixteen years ago to prevent strikes Congress passed the Erdman act, but this act, without any power to compel parties to arbitrate and to accept decisions, has failed miserably to prevent strikes. Consequently it has become necessary for the government to create a board similar to
the Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate railroad labor. Without power to enforce its decisions and to compel arbitration it would be of no avail. But with this power it would be an effective weapon to protect the public—to bring the labor unions and the railroads to a realization of their duty to the public—to protect each of the two factions against the unjust aggressions of the other; in a word, to prevent strikes.

No one, I think, denies the necessity for an improvement in the methods of handling disputes between capital and labor in the railroad industry. The status questionis now seems to be, "Will Compulsory Arbitration solve the Problem? Is it practicable?"

In the first place this proposal requires a permanent board which shall sit and act in all labor disputes arising upon interstate railroads and its awards shall be final. Contrast this with the present system. After two or three weeks of dickering trying to find some basis of agreement the parties find nothing can be done by mediation so they are asked to arbitrate. If they happen to consent, which they often refuse to do, there are then weeks of effort to effect a compromise and to attempt to conciliate these two parties making extreme demands. Where is the justice obtained by this method? No, this is not sought. All effort is made to find merely a middle ground where both factions will agree. But under compulsory arbitration is given the impartial decision of a neutral court well acquainted with all the details of the controversy.

Furthermore, strikes would be absolutely forbidden on interstate railroads. With the power of a strike taken away from the unions the board of investigation is left free to consider the case upon its merits. But under the present system the court knows it is sitting because a strike vote has been taken and a strike is legal. They know that above all a walkout must be averted. They go to work—find out how much is necessary to concede to the laborers—concede it—and labor goes back to work. Is there any guarantee that such a decree is just? Mind you, this is the present method at its very best. Many times the laborers will refuse to go even as far as this method of compromise, and lately the government, through fear of a strike, had to compel concession, shamelessly admitting that it was expediency and not justice that prompted the action.

Finally, is compulsory arbitration enforceable? This seems to be the principal objection to the proposal. What could be done if the laborers took a strike vote? First, an injunction would be placed on the employees as individuals enjoining them from leaving work in a body. The funds of the union would be attached, leaving no available strike
There is a precedent for this. In the Danbury Hatters case the court ruled that the funds of a labor union are subject to attachment at the order of the court. Now suppose a strike vote was taken—an injunction placed against the individuals—their funds taken from them—their leaders jailed for conspiracy—and forbidden to strike by the federal courts and the court back by the power of the federal government. Do you think the laborers would strike?

We have seen thus far that some change from the present methods of handling industrial disputes in interstate railways is necessary. We saw that compulsory arbitration offers the desired remedy—is practicable and can be enforced. There remains but one consideration. Is there any hope of obtaining such a law in this country?

The saving point of this plan, looking at it from this aspect, seems to be the fact that it applies only to interstate railways. If it included all industrial disputes in every branch of commerce it would have small chance, especially when the lobbyists of labor are so strong in the Capitol. But seeing that it will affect only a small part of the laboring class opposition to the passage of such a measure will not be so strong and concerted. Furthermore, the attitude of the thinking class of labor is well expressed by Mr. John Mitchell in his book, "Organized Labor." He says: "While for the states of the American Republic a general compulsory arbitration law is not practicable there are particular instances in which compulsion might prove beneficial. In the case of the railroads engaged in interstate traffic it might become necessary for the Federal Government to compel such railroads to arbitrate differences with their workmen." In other words, Mr. Mitchell who, in his book attacks the general principle of compulsory arbitration, makes a distinct and definite exception in favor of railways because of their vital importance to the community at large.

At any rate it must be admitted that compulsory arbitration, be it ever so desirable legislation, will be opposed strongly by the partisans of labor. And until we get a man in the presidential chair who does not make every move with an eye to its vote-getting powers, and who is sufficiently courageous and patriotic to place principle before expediency, when this action may lose him a few votes, this proposal will never be enacted into law.
Cupid, Cat and Peaches.

JOHN G. BRUNINI, '19.

How are the peaches this evening?"
“Fine and dandy.”

This prelude over, Tim Conwaldt and Jack Murding, his next door neighbor, felt free to give the other numbers of their gossip concert. This was done between the processes of weeding and hoeing on Tim’s side of the fence and between spraying and watering on Jack’s side.

But tonight Tim evidently had something of importance to communicate, for, after a cautious glance toward the kitchen where his wife was engaged in preparing supper, he stepped to the fence. Jack was asked to come up, and was warned by numerous gestures towards the kitchen, the garden, the hoe and his lips to speak in an undertone.

“Have you heard the news?” he inquired breathlessly.

“No; what’s up?”

Much relieved he began: “Old man Johnson has rented his house. Which un? Why the un next your’n. An old lady and her daughter writ and asked for it. Their name is Ben-Bending-Bendock. Yah, Bendock. Said they’d be down next week if Hi ’greed. Hi writ back ’n’ told ’em to come ahead. The daughter was here last week ’n’ Hi showed her over the place. Hi has got orders to fix the house. The girl is a peach, they sez. Perhaps you ’n’ her’ll agree.”

Jack blushed. Since the day his old adopted mother had died he had been looking for someone who would bottle his precious fruits and arrange them in the pantry shelves. And, since in a village everybody knew when Sis Kane got a new hat, or when Bill Collins had his horse shod, Jack’s search was likewise matter of gossip and much interest. He had known the influence of the gentler sex ever since he could remember for, in his orphanage, his sister had looked after him. But the long awaited mother had come at last and offered her a home and the loving pair, though they hated to be separated, were forced to do so. It was not long after when he himself was adopted. This was long, long ago. But he hadn’t found the peach preserver yet and all the village was agog to see whom he would finally choose.

“Don’t worry on that score. I—”

“Tim,” a shrill voice rang out, “if ye can’t hoe the gardin while I’m fixing the supper, fetch me er pail er water.”

(25)
Guilty Tim moved to do his task, but not before whispering: "Ye must think er what I sez."

Tim longed to have a hand in Jack's matrimonial pie. Every girl in the village had been broached as a "likely un" to Jack. He believed in a change now for him, and Miss Bendock promised to be one. If Jack and she made a match of it, he would be happy and feel amply repaid for the sharp remarks and reproaches that his wife heaped on him when she caught him gossiping.

The next week saw carpenters, painters and Jacks-at-all-trades setting things in order. The fence was repaired, the wall paper hung and the floor scrubbed. Then the carpets and rugs were laid, the furniture arranged and all was ready for the newcomers.

Finally toward the end of the week came the village 'bus laden with boxes, trunks, an old lady, a young girl and a gray cat.

Jack watched the arrival with intense interest, but boxes, trunks, old ladies and gray cats had no place in his mind. A pair of dancing brown eyes, a smiling cheery face, waving brown hair and a girlish figure is about all a young gentleman of the country can notice in the short walk from the 'bus to the door.

Had he known the future he would have noticed the gray cat more closely. She was now curled up in a rocker watching with sleepy eyes the unpacking. No infant Shakespeare, no infant Moses, nor infant Caesar could have been more unconscious of their fate than Miss Gray Cat. But deep in her unblinking eyes there was some unfathomable knowledge of mischief. She was small in size, but plump, sleek and full of pranks. All this Jack would have seen had he but noticed.

Mr. Murding, called Jack by all the village, actually took five minutes of his watering and spraying time daily to watch his new neighbors. The various touches that femininity had made in the adjacent cottage charmed him. Clumsily he tried to imitate them in his own housekeeping but what was the use? He hadn't the knack.

May had long since forbidden all closed doors and windows and frequently merry peals of laughter were wafted to Jack's ears by the pleasant wind. His lonely life lost by the contrast. Much he would have longed to join in. But Jack's dish washing days were still in session and the present outlook was that his peach crop would be sold in the city markets.

Several weeks passed. The Bendocks didn't go out much. The old lady kept to her room a great deal. In the early morning and the late evening they walked arm in arm up and down the garden paths. Miss Bendock could be seen occasionally, weeding the garden plots or cutting
and arranging flowers for the mantel vases. Jack had only received a nod and a “Good morning” from the couple as they returned from church, and that was only out of neighborly courtesy.

But Cupid’s captain, Miss Gray Cat, took things in charge.

Now Mademoiselle Cat, who belonged to the girl of the brown eyes, had determined to explore Jack’s back yard. A white washed fence is no obstacle to the possessor of claws. But no sooner was the Rubicon crossed when—there stood the enemy, an unfriendly, snarling bull dog. Several hisses, a low growl, a swiftly moving paw down the nasal incline of the dog, an orderly but hasty retreat, and the battle was over. Although victorious, puss camped in the nearest peach tree while the growler justified his name by menacing the besieged with threats.

However, Gen. D. Cupid soon came to the relief of Captain Mademoiselle Gray Cat. This Napoleon, this Caesar, draws his bow in all manner of places. “All’s fair in war” is a phrase that was coined especially for him. Drawing rooms, gardens, crowded ball rooms, trolley cars, autos, country lanes, bridges, all serve him as battlefields. Even submarines and aeroplanes will be called into requisition soon. A silvery moon, a fragrant rose, a rainy day, an April shower and even gray cats serve him faithfully. Like the fatal serpent of Cleopatra’s basket, he skillfully conceals his sharp arrow in a nosegay, a perfumed handkerchief or a peach tree. The general has arranged his forces, the arrow is concealed and all is ready.

Mademoiselle’s owner was hot on the trail of the truant and soon arrived beneath the tree. She looked around and as “Here, kitty, kitty,” said in fifty different tones of persuasion, anger and resignedness had no effect she was repeating it in despair, when—

“Come out of that garden, you—” Jack swallowed the hard adjectives but the following “Good evening” got mixed up with it and was rather gruff. The blue skirt, white middy blouse and blushing face had done their work and his next words were very polite.

“Beg pardon, ma’am. I thought you were one of the boys come to steal my fruit.” Tim was right she was a “peach.” His quick eye had caught sight of the rebellious cat sitting calmly over their heads. “Don’t worry,” he continued, “I’ll get the cat for you.”

A stepladder was procured. The look of her brown eyes thrilled him greatly. The touch of the rebel’s hand thrilled him in a different way for she repeated her scratching performance on the outstretched hand. When she was finally returned to her mistress the blood was beginning to appear, and in spite of the quickly retiring hand, the brown eyes saw it.
“Oh! she scratched you!” she exclaimed solicitously.

The “It is nothing” and “It doesn’t hurt,” didn’t suffice to down the idea that she must bandage it, so the two went to the kitchen for water.

When the but slightly wounded hand was bandaged, the pair began to chat merrily. The general’s new choice of ground was excellent. No one could be formal in a kitchen. And this was a disorderly kitchen, too. Jack’s housekeeping was the source of both merriment and pity to the young lady. He laughed at her comments and received her directions humbly. He must never put anything away without washing, he should never leave any clean articles exposed to the dust and, really, he needed some one to look after him.

Jack agreed to this and so had the village. But lookers-after were scarce, or, at least, satisfactory ones were.

“Jack,” Tim’s voice called out, “come here a minit.”

Alas for match-making Tim! Had he but known!

“Will you wait here a moment?” Jack inquired.

She acquiesced and he threw open the sitting room door with the parting injunction to make herself perfectly at home.

She took it literally and began to do so.

“Well, what do you want?” he inquired of Tim somewhat impatiently.

“Miranda wants you to come over for supper,” he answered proudly.

It was an achievement to gain Miranda’s consent to allow anyone to take a meal with them. Miranda, although she tongue-whipped her husband, filled him with food cooked in such excellency that no one in the village, or in any other for miles around, could rival it. He dilated on the approaching feast.

Jack hated to do it. Bacon and eggs and cold biscuits comprised the supper that he had planned for himself that evening. The prospective roast and potatoes and gravy, coffee and other viands of the Miranda stamp were tempting. But there was an unusual but welcomed visitor in the house and he couldn’t lose one moment of that precious visit. He declined.

She was hastily wiping her hands on a towel and the water was gurgling down the sink pipe when he returned. The dishes were cleaned and stacked within the cupboard, the knives and spoons in the drawers. The pots and pans were untouched for she had had no time to do more.

“I couldn’t help it,” she confessed. “I wish I could finish but I must be going home now for mother will be looking for me.”

“I am glad to have had you over, Miss—Miss—”

She burst out laughing.
"Why, we haven't even introduced ourselves," she exclaimed. "I'm Miss—"

"Oh! I know your name all right. You are Miss Bendock. My name is Jack Murding."


"How are the peaches this evening," Tim began from the garden the next evening.

"Don't talk to me any more about peaches," was Jack's unexpected reply. "Those peaches are the only ones that I'll ever care for. Oh! she was a peach, but—"

"Did you meet her," Tim interrupted eagerly.

"Oh hang it, Tim! She was my sister."

\begin{center}
\textbf{Man and One.}
\end{center}

\begin{quote}
To the red and the white and the blue, here's a health!
To the old and the young and the man that's to be.
Not fame will I wish them or too much of wealth,
Nor peace without honor, nor quiet that's not free.

To the North, to the South, to the East, to the West,
To the blue and the gray, they're all one color now,
To the poor men that work and the rich men that rest,
To the men of the pen and the men of the plough!

Here's a health to them all, from wherever they come!
May they learn one short lesson by head and by heart,
That the figures are weak till they make up a sum,
That the whole is a whole and a part is a part.

The red and the white and the blue are but one,
And the flags of all nations were dipped in the sea
When their children set face to the westering sun,
No Teuton, no Celt, all Americans we.

—Maurice Francis Egan, '89.
\end{quote}
Students of the Georgetown University School of Law assembled in the Auditorium Monday evening, October 2, to inaugurate the formal opening of the 1916-1917 term.

The Reverend Alphonsus J. Donlon, S.J., President of the University, delivered the address of welcome and told the students that vital problems are in store for the United States, and that lawyers from the nature of their profession would play an important part in solving them. He expressed great confidence in the future of the country and said the only thing needed was leaders. "But to be a leader," he said, "needs preparedness, and without preparedness you cannot be a leader."

The speaker of the evening was the Hon. Hampton Carson, former attorney-general of Pennsylvania, whose brilliant address has since been a subject of constant conversation among those who heard it. Mr. Carson said that the age of the pine-knot lawyer was passed, and urged the students to measure up to the requirements of the profession by keeping uppermost in their minds the fundamental basis of the law—honesty.

The real work of the Law School began Tuesday evening, October 3, with an informal reception by the faculty. It was announced that a new course has been added this year, "American Legal Institutions,"
under the direction of Dr. Henry S. Boutell, former United States Minister to Switzerland. This is believed to be the only course of its kind in the country, and the faculty, realizing that a proper understanding of the duties of citizenship was never more important than at the present, has established this course.

About 1,025 students are enrolled this year, and approximately one-third of these are members of the freshman class.

Announcements has been made by Dean Hamilton to the effect that the private law library of the late J. Nota McGill, for many years professor of patent law at the school, has been added to the law library. This gift of about 1,000 volumes, further enriches the big library which already contains some 7,000 valuable editions. It was also announced that Thomas E. Allison, of Washington, D. C.; Robert M. McGauley, of Massachusetts; Edward T. Hogan, of Rhode Island, and Robert E. J. Whalen, of Massachusetts, had been appointed as the four assistant librarians for the year.

More than 100 students of the Law School journeyed to Annapolis Saturday to witness the contest between the Blue and Gray and Uncle Sam's sailor boys. A number of law boys are on the football squad and this fact added greatly to the interest in the game.

Echoes of the political campaign raging throughout the country have already been heard. Friday night, after the regular classroom exercises, several students met and organized the Georgetown University Republican Club, which has been affiliated with the National League of Republican Clubs. Prospects are also bright for the formation of a Democratic Club, and before election day it is expected that both organizations will join in political debates to advance the cause of their respective champions.

Before the end of the week the Senior and Junior debating societies will probably assemble, and the Carroll Law Club will hold its first meeting of the year.

By the time this goes to press, the editor-in-chief of Ye Doomsday Book will have been elected. Neil J. Burkinshaw, of Connecticut; O. A. Schlobohm, of New York, and Leo A. Lawler, of Pennsylvania, are the candidates.

Various class officers have not as yet been elected but before many days pass Freshman, Junior and Senior will choose the men who will direct their destinies through the present year.

From the spirit already shown at the school, it is evident that the year 1916-1917 will witness a marked growth in the interest of student activities outside the mere "grind" of class work.

Here's hoping for a successful year all around.
Medical Notes.

LEO BRISON NORRIS, '17.

We assembled for the first time this year the twenty-seventh of the past month. Dr. Kober opened the exercises, welcomed those who were returning and encouraged the beginners to use their efforts to make the work of the year successful. He spoke of the enviable reputations earned by our recent graduates before Army, Navy and State Boards and in private and institutional practice. Only earnest application can guarantee for the undergraduate the success attained by the Alumni. The appointment of Dr. Charles A. Griffith to the chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics was announced. Dr. Griffith succeeds Dr. Ryan Devereux who becomes one of our professors in Clinical Medicine. We were happy to hear a few words of commendation and encouragement from Father Donlon. The effort to unite more firmly the various departments has been in a measure successful. Much more can be accomplished, however, if the student body of this department does its little share in furthering the movement. We all are so proud of the recent successes of our graduates that no one was surprised to hear Father Donlon bespeak his gratification. We have now a reputation to sustain.

Several changes of interest have been made in the Department of Anatomy. Dr. Paul Johnson becomes Associate Professor. Dr. William F. Hemler has been appointed Assistant Professor of Anatomy. We are truly sorry to have genial Major W. O. Owen leave us; but his fighting blood seems to be up after his peaceful sojourn among us. The War Department has honored him by reappointment to the Medical Corps, this time with the rank of Colonel.

Dr. Kober's book on "Occupational Hygiene" has lately appeared. Though we have not as yet had the opportunity to read it, those of us who have heard Dr. Kober lecture or have read his published work know what a master he is of his subject and realize what a pleasure awaits us.

Drs. Joseph Campbell and Le Roy Howard have our congratulations for the apparent ease with which they passed the Army examinations. But we knew they would do it! We have lately heard from some late graduates. Dr. Joseph Corgan tells us he has passed the Michigan Board. Dr. A. E. Listoe had no trouble with District Board and stays here. Dr. Charles Shannon is practicing in Seattle, Washington, and Dr. Raymond Brown in Rochester. They all have our best wishes.

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We were much grieved on our return to hear of the recent death of the wife of Dr. Isaac Stone. He has our sincerest sympathy in his bereavement. Would that it could make his grief less keenly felt! We felt almost as a personal loss the tragic end of Dr. Kober’s nephew. His death on the front at Verdun was certainly a mighty affliction for our Dean. We can only hope that time will deal kindly with him and quickly heal his wound.

The addition to the hospital is rapidly nearing completion and will be available to the students within a short time. The investment is certain to be a good one so far as the benefits accruing to the school are concerned. For a long time it has been recognized that the dispensary facilities are inadequate. With the addition, the space will be about doubled and a great number of students may take advantage of the opportunities of a well equipped and well regulated dispensary.

Dental Notes.

George Ellis, D.D.S.

Schools reopened on September 27th. We were glad to see the old fellows back and happy to welcome a goodly number to the Freshman class. All success, boys, this year!

Many of last year’s graduates have inaugurated their professional career.

Drs. Biggs, Brause and Palcho have located in Washington; Dr. M. Francis Hinds in New Bedford, Mass.; Dr. Oliver E. Suter, in Hannibal, Ohio; Dr. John A. Vanyo, City Bank of Wheeling, Wheeling, W. Va.; Dr. Patrick H. Sharkey, Bayonne, N. J.; Dr. John P. Cooper, Providence, R. I.; Dr. Kyle Alsobrook, Tampa, Fla.; Dr. Max Bergeron, Keene, N. H.; Dr. J. Geoghan has associated himself with a prominent dentist in Hartford, Conn. All success to you, doctors!

Recent visitors at the school were Drs. Duffy, Snapp, Camalier and Flynn. Call often; we are always glad to see the old boys.

During the summer months the infirmary was completely renovated. Every comfort has been provided for both patient and student.

We are glad to learn that Dr. John V. Cogan has returned to the city, having enjoyed a much-needed rest. The doctor is now the happy father of a girl. The entire school extends its congratulations.

News has reached us of the pretty wedding in Clarendon, Pa., on September 4th, of Mr. Arthur J. Hart, of the Senior Class, to Miss Anna F. Clancey. We extend the newlyweds our best wishes.
Because of the infantile Paralysis epidemic which has prevailed throughout the country during the past summer the opening of the undergraduate school was postponed nearly three weeks. The decision to defer the return to college was reached at such a late date, however, that some few failing to receive notice in time returned at the usual time and for the past three weeks have been employing themselves in various ways around the College. Of this number those who were unfortunate enough to be burdened with the dreaded conditions were able to make good use of their time, and now freed from these hindrances are once more able to take their places with their regular classes.

From the number of smiling faces the writer observed on opening day it would seem that the late return had but increased the pleasure of coming back and meeting old friends once more.

We note with pleasure that the incoming Freshman class of about ninety-five men is one of the largest enrolled at Georgetown in recent years.
Faculty Changes.

Besides our Prefect of Discipline, Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., who went to Kingston, Jamaica, Rev. Philip Finegan, S.J., has gone to Loyola College, Baltimore, to be professor of Sophomore. Rev. John F. X. O'Connor, is again at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York. Mr. John X. Regan, S.J., was transferred to Canisius College, Buffalo, while Mr. Arthur A. O'Leary, S.J.; Mr. Charles G. Herzog, S.J., and Mr. Leo A. Dore, S.J., have gone back to Woodstock College, Maryland, to take up the study of theology in preparation for the priesthood three years hence.

To the Georgetown faculty we welcome back Rev. Wm. R. Cowardin, S.J., a student at Georgetown in the sixties and Prefect of Discipline here thirty years ago. Rev. Joseph Farrell, S.J., has resumed the professorship of history. Rev. H. I. Storck, S.J., comes from Canisius College as one of the professors of chemistry. Mr. Walter G. Summers, S.J., from Loyola College, takes up the duties of professor of physics. Mr. George A. Connors, S.J., of the faculty of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, is the present professor of poetry; Mr. Henri J. Wiesel, S.J., from Canisius College, and Mr. John M. Murray, S.J., from Brooklyn College, are added to the department of Latin and Greek literature.

Mass of the Holy Ghost.

On Sunday morning, October 8, the annual Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in Dahlgren Chapel by Rev. Father Rector, with Rev. H. I. Storck acting as Deacon, and the Rev. James Dolan as sub-deacon. Rev. Paul R. Conniff, S.J., the new rector of Gonzaga College of this city, delivered a most interesting and instructive sermon to the students in general and the members of the Senior Class in particular. The usual large attendance taxed the Dahlgren to the limit.

Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J.

On our return this year we found to our sorrow that Father Emmet, our popular and much beloved Prefect of Discipline, had gone to another field of labor. During the summer Father Emmet was transferred to the College of St. George, Kingston, Jamaica, to take up the double duties of Minister and Procurator. For nine years Father Emmet labored for Georgetown, Assistant Prefect of Discipline from 1902 to
1905, and as Prefect of Discipline of the entire college from 1908 up till the present year. One year, 1912-1913, he spent in Europe, making his Tertiarship. During these last six years Father Emmet was Faculty Director of Athletics and Director of the Senior Sodality. In 1913 he organized the first law school sodality and directed it ably for the past three years. Under Father Emmet's initiative the present graduate managership of athletics, now so systematically guiding athletic affairs at Georgetown, was started and perfected. He was instrumental, too, in patching up the breach between Virginia and Georgetown in 1905. Every student activity looking to the advancement of Georgetown had in him always a most sympathetic adviser and enthusiastic co-operator. No personal sacrifice of time or convenience ever stood in the way when Georgetown needed his help.

As Prefect of Discipline his ability in handling the students revealed his firm character and never-failing tact. The good wishes of the Journal and of the entire student body go with Father Emmet in his new work.

Welcome Banquet.

On Sunday evening, October 8, the return to school was fittingly celebrated by a banquet in the refectory. This occasion fully measured up to those for which Georgetown is famous, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all, especially the Freshmen, who were shown for the first time a real example of Georgetown spirit. Cheers were given, first for the football team as a whole, and then for the individual members who participated in the Navy game. Songs were frequent and spirit ran high. President of the Yard, Norton Lawler, led a “Hoya” for Father McDonough, the new faculty director, who responded with a few appropriate words, his first to the student body on such an occasion.

Immediately after leaving the refectory one of Georgetown’s famous “Sociability Nights” was held in the Quadrangle. With the crowd gathered around the North porch our various and talented entertainers displayed their abilities much to the delight of everyone. The evening was voted a great success by all.

Ryan Dining Hall.

Everyone was pleasantly surprised upon visiting the refectory for the first time to note the improvements which have been made there during the summer. The entire side walls are now decorated in a most artistic manner by Brother Francis C. Schroen, S.J. Tablets have been
placed upon the walls on which the names of famous graduates are to be inscribed. Already the names of students, who gave up their lives in the field of battle in the Mexican and Civil Wars, have been inscribed on the tablets.

**Chemistry.**

During the summer important changes have been made in the chemistry laboratories whereby a much larger space is afforded the students who are engaged in this work. The laboratories have been remodeled and now afford every convenience for the most efficient work.

**First.**

For weeks palette, brush and scaffolding have had the library to themselves. Books and periodicals are in the background. But the quartos and folios shall soon show off their red and vari-colored bindings and golden lettering with rich effect against panels of sapphire, wreathed in garlands of oaken foliage.

In the scheme of ornamentation which is now being carried out, the vast expanse of ceiling is divided by massive beams of oak. In the deep frames thus formed, at either end are paintings representing the Book in its various stages of development. The ancient rock-inscription, the Hebrew Pentateuch, the Grecian scroll are there, with mediæval Anglo-Saxon cross, perpetuating the knowledge of the Faith, and fanlike folders exhibiting the crude mysterious characters of the Far East.

Former students will remember these paintings on the same ceiling. They were removed when remodeling was necessary to strengthen the supporting floor of the Riggs Library. They are now being restored by the hand of the artist who first produced them. The mural decorations of Georgetown, which were all designed and executed by Brother Francis C. Schroen, S.J., are the admiration of visitors. Like Gaston Hall, the Hirst shall be for years a testament to his marvelous skill and power of aesthetic conception.

Through the kindness of Father Edward I. Devitt, S.J., and Father Francis Barnum, S.J., more than two hundred volumes, comprising fiction, travel and biography, have been donated to the Library. We take this opportunity of thanking them and expressing our appreciation for the interest they show in providing pleasure and interesting reading to the students. Improvements are being made, not only in lighting, furnishing and decoration, but the best books in Debating, Economics,
Travel, Art, Biography and Fiction are being procured with the fund at our disposal, thus keeping the Hirst in the forefront among college libraries.

**Course in Accountancy.**

During the summer the faculty decided to fill a long-felt need at Georgetown by the introduction of a course in accountancy into the curriculum. The course is to be elective and the best possible professors will be secured to instruct the students in a course that should prove invaluable for those who intend entering the world of business.

The Fall Term begins on October 30.

**Sodality.**

It is with great regret that we announce the loss of the former director of the Sodality, Father Emmet. However, we feel sure that under the leadership of the new director, Father Storck, the Sodality will continue the splendid record it has established in past years. The Medical and Law Sodalities have been combined and are now under the direction of Father Gasson.

**Pressing Club Quarters.**

The quarters of the Pressing Club have been transferred from the basement of the Infirmary to a small building in the rear of the college group. Though the new quarters are not quite as large as the old they are an improvement since the building is isolated and thus all danger of fire is eliminated. See p 265 in next Vol.

**Mass Meetings.**

During the first week of college mass meetings were held in Gaston Hall for the purpose of rehearsing cheers in preparation for the Navy game. As is customary the attendance at these meetings was large and under the able direction of our cheer leaders the yells and songs were given without a hitch.

**Plattsburg.**

Keeping pace with the other leading colleges of the country, Georgetown was well represented at the Plattsburg camp last summer. Some of those attending the encampment were: Marlyn Brown, John Darby, Rufus S. Lusk, who filled the position of lieutenant, Thomas Prendergast, Stephen McLaughlin, Walter Tracy and Donald Weems.
Schola Brevis and Prizes.

As is the custom, on the first day the entire student body assembled in Gaston Hall where the welcoming address was delivered by Father Rector. Immediately after prizes were awarded, and the classes retired to their respective rooms for Schola Brevis.

List of Prizes, 1915-1916.

JUNIOR CLASS.


SOPHOMORE CLASS—A.B.


SOPHOMORE CLASS—B.S.


FRESHMAN CLASS—A.B.

Freshman Class—B.S.

First prize, George P. Bergmann, Sayville, L. I.; second prize, Rudolph Cardenal, Granada, Nicaragua; English composition prize, Rudolph Cardenal, Granada, Nicaragua.

Class of Inorganic Chemistry—A.B.

First prize, Thomas C. Dempsey, Macon, Ga.; second prize, Francis M. Noonan, Gloversville, N. Y.; honorably mentioned, Edmund W. Bache, Helena, Mont.

Class of Inorganic Chemistry—B.S.


Class of Physics.


Class of Mechanics.


Class of Trigonometry.


Class of Analytic Geometry.

CLASS OF FRESHMAN FRENCH.


CLASS OF FRESHMAN GERMAN.


Preparatory School.

CLASS OF SECOND PREPARATORY.


CLASS OF THIRD PREPARATORY.


CLASS OF FOURTH PREPARATORY.


CLASS OF FIRST PREPARATORY MATHEMATICS.


GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.


CLASS OF SECOND PREPARATORY MATHEMATICS.


CLASS OF THIRD PREPARATORY MATHEMATICS.


CLASS OF FOURTH PREPARATORY MATHEMATICS.


CLASS OF FIRST PREPARATORY FRENCH.

First prize, George W. Abell, Baltimore, Md.; honorably mentioned, Thomas A. Dean, Chicago, Ill., and Cornelius V. Cusack, Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF SECOND PREPARATORY FRENCH.

First prize, Edward M. O'Brien, Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF THIRD PREPARATORY FRENCH.

First prize, Anthony N. Dempsey, Macon, Ga.; second prize, J. Robert Zuger, Duluth, Minn.

CLASS OF FIRST PREPARATORY GERMAN.

CLASS OF SECOND PREPARATORY GERMAN.


CLASS OF THIRD PREPARATORY GERMAN.

First prize, Donald J. Fiedler, Mineral Point, Wis.

Senior Notes.

WILLIAM J. BURLEE, JR., '17.

Wisely hath some sage remarked, "All goods things must end," and though we have not quite reached the end as yet, still the class of seventeen is on the home stretch with the long looked for goal in the shape of a degree now looming up in the by no means distant future. Yes, we are back for the last year. Looking back through the past three years it seems an almost impossible fact that we who were but yesterday Freshmen have now arrived at the dignity of Seniorship and are soon to go forth into the world to take our place in the midst of its grim struggle for existence. But the fact nevertheless remains, and face it we must, no matter how great be our reluctance. And so with the words of the wise man above quoted foremost in our minds, with each passing day needs must our feelings grow more and more alive with that sentiment that is aroused in one by the prospect of departing from anything that has become as near and dear to him as Georgetown and all her tender memories have to the Class of Seventeen.

The first class meeting of the year was called by President Prendergast a few days after our return. The various matters that had collected during the summer were disposed of and several committees appointed, among them being the all-important Holiday Committee, which, composed of Messrs. Garwood, Callahan, Burlee, Rea and Crowley, we feel sure will far outstrip all the efforts of its most efficient predecessors in the accomplishment of its duty.

The editorial staff of the Class Book is hard at work arranging the affairs of that undertaking. A tentative outline of the contents of the book has been made and we are now awaiting estimates from different printing firms.

The Athletic Association has decided to make a permanent institution of the "Hum" so successfully begun last spring, and it is the present in-
tention to hold them every second Thursday evening. In order to be prepared for the first one a committee has been appointed composed of Messrs. Barrett, Rea and Blau to write the Senior song.

The class learned with great regret upon returning that Louis Kinsel, one of our members for the past three years, would not be with us this year; at the same time we were all overjoyed to welcome back to our midst our old comrade of Freshman and Sophomore years, Tom Mee. Tom, who last year was a professor in one of the leading prep. schools of the country, has returned to us immeasurably wiser in the ways of the world for his year spent in its midst. We also wish to extend our heartiest greetings to our new member, Tom Morris, who, by his friendly and easy-going manner, has already made himself one of the class in spirit as well as in fact.

**Junior Notes.**

**HENRY D. KERESEY, '18.**

All hail to the new year! Farewell to Latin and Greek! In their place we encounter Philosophy, deep in its theories and treacherous in its snares. Thus far we are able to entertain a “Simple Apprehension” (far be it from us to dare anything further) and soon we shall struggle over the hidden snarls of the Syllogism. Greetings to Father Toohey! May we prosper under his tutelage and surpass the reputations of his former classes!

The opening of school found new faces and, sad to say, the lack of old ones. We warmly welcome the return of Jim Shannon; his presence was missed last year, especially in the annual football classic of the under classes. Best wishes to “Syl” Murphy, a product of Fordham, and may he enjoy his year and help us all in covering the deficiency left by the school fellows that have left our ranks. To the other new arrivals our earnest hopes that they may enjoy the class and help make this year one of our best, if not the best.

While we speak of the newcomers, we hasten to mention and to send with God-speed into their new fields, our old members. Neil Nash, ex-class president, has entered the Law School. His genial disposition was well known and his aggressiveness in athletics can hardly be replaced. To Matt Donnelly, captain of basketball, last year, the best luck in the Medical School. Matt was very well liked, principally because of his omnipresent smile for everyone, and the loss of his fine class spirit is to
be regretted. Who ever thought that Mike Berardini would leave us? And that he would enter business? True it is. He is laboring hard in the Equitable Trust Company of New York City and doing well. Mike always had a kind word for everyone and his spirit of fun and good sport will never be duplicated. John Maloney has entered the Medical School with Matt Donnelly and may he, too, enjoy his new work and go forward with great strides in the downtown department of Georgetown.

Congratulations to Ted Delany on his new managership. Press along, boys, and help business along!

**Sophomore Notes.**

**JOHN G. BRUNINI, '19.**

Early October found the class of nineteen nineteen returning to Georgetown, Sophomores. Though reduced to almost half its former size the class is still able to hold its own.

We regret to say that Andy Dempsey, our former president, is not again with us, but we, however, wish him the best of success in his new position as star for the Fordham team; of course, with the exception of the Georgetown-Fordham game. Jim Spellman has gone to the University of Washington; Fiedler, to the University of Wisconsin; Ted Conroy, to Cornell; Joe Amy, to Stevens; Tom J. Burke, to Harvard; John Martin and Vick Wolfe, to Yale; Rudolph Cardenal, to Columbia University, and Jack O'Conor, to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there to start his life as a Jesuit Novice. We just missed losing our friend Roger Shearman, but Bill is still holding on.

The Sophomores intend to give the Freshmen the same style of trouncing that they gave to the Sophomores of last year. The team will soon start out in good earnest and then the Freshmen may well beware.

Harry Sullivan and Bob Zuger are now playing with the Varsity and we take this opportunity to congratulate them on their excellent work against Eastern and to also wish them the best of good luck. We were fortunate enough to secure as a fellow classman Tom Whelan, a football star of great magnitude.

At the election which was held on October 18, Harry Sullivan was elected president; Robert Zuger, vice-president; James Shriver, secretary, and Henry O'Boyle, treasurer. All these elections were made unanimous. Cliff McCormick was also unanimously elected manager of the Sophomore football team.
We take pleasure in welcoming to our midst the newcomers of the Sophomore class and, though we have not had sufficient time to get well acquainted, we know that we shall be the best of friends and companions.

**Freshman Notes.**

**WILLIAM F. McNierny, '20.**

A class yell had been approved of and practised by the entire class and Saturday night, October 14, at dinner, the refectory rang with the yell of the class of '20. Despite the tradition that the yell of the Freshmen is always smothered in the dining hall when making its debut to Georgetown, the first two lines of the yell had been given before the upper classmen could overpower it.

In the meanwhile a team was under construction and was carefully trained under the coaching of "Ed" Crowe and the management of "Dan" Mahoney. The first team to meet this Freshmen eleven is Tome School, and the hopes of all Freshmen are running high that their team will return victorious and spread the glories of the class of '20 broadcast. This game, however, is only a preparation for the one big game—Freshman vs. Sophomore. Freshmen are working hard. Sophomores are working hard. Let the better team win!

It was early in October that the doors of old Georgetown were opened wide to welcome back her scholars after a summer of freedom. Back came the Seniors to reap a harvest of four years toil, back came the Juniors and Sophomores a bit nearer to degrees, and lastly came the Freshmen, strong in number and eager.

Two weeks were spent before the announcement came that Freshmen elections would be held. Nominations were called for and first to be presented was the name of "Jim" O'Boyle. His opponents were few and, at a motion of the house, his election was made unanimous. "Jim" O'Boyle was then invested with the presidential dignity of the Freshman class. "Jim" Sullivan, a team-mate of O'Boyle's, was made vice-president. For the office of secretary there were many contestants, but at the counting of the votes it was found that the honorary office of secretary had been conferred on "Dan' Murphy. Will Galvin was elected treasurer. Last to be considered was a man to lead the Freshmen cheers. No dispute could rightly be offered—Howard Mullin was the man.

All success to the only class out of its 'teens.
In the past few years the Alumni throughout the length and breadth of the land—and Georgetown has sons in every state in the Union—have been showing an active interest in the Alumni Department of the Journal by sending in items of interest about classmates and other fellow Alumni. That the Journal staff is truly grateful can be gathered from the appeal made now for news of the sons of Alma Mater.

Any type of news will be welcomed so that the Journal may properly fulfill one of the purposes of its existence, namely to serve the society of the Alumni as an organ and means of intercommunication.

'55. The Journal sorrowfully announces the death of one of its oldest graduates, Mr. Robert C. Combs, of Leonardtown, Md. Fortified by the last rites of the Church, the great lawyer, who had just survived his eighty-second birthday, passed away on the 8th of July after a twenty-four hour illness which was caused by a paralytic stroke. He made the last of his many visits to his old Alma Mater on June 13, when he was an honored member on the platform during Commencement.

'72. Georgetown mourns the loss of Dr. Edward Francis Hodges, of Indiana, who died at his summer home at Cavendish, Vt., on July 11. Dr. Hodges was founder and first president of the Georgetown University Club of Indiana. During his life he received many honors and in every way he was a most remarkable man.

'85. The Journal congratulates Dr. Joseph M. Spellissy upon his marriage on the 21st of June to Miss Josephine Grant Schwarz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Grant Schwarz. The ceremony took place in Old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia.
'86. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Dohan, of Philadelphia, was
brightened on August 31st by the advent of a son.

'93. All the way from Japan has come a letter of congratulation and
God-speed for his old friends, the class of 1916, from Father McNeal,
the class professor in 1913-14.

'93. Frank D. Mullan, editor of The Club Fellow, was in Washington
last month and came up to see us.

'94. Robert J. Collier, as chairman of the Executive Committee of the
Lincoln Farms Association, delivered a very worthy address at the taking
over by the Government of the property at Hodgenville, Ky., on September 4. We quote its conclusion, extracted from Collier's Weekly:

"May this memorial serve none but noble purposes, purposes that place
pride of section, or pride of party, below love of country. May it teach
us Americans of a later generation that this nation, built by a free peo­
ple, owns no barriers of race or creed or section to divide it from itself;
that on this soil is planted the seed of a self-reliant patriotism that can
endure hardships, practise self-denial and answer 'Here' to the roll call
of our forefathers.

May this memorial preserve—and not in marble only—the words of
the man whose memory it cherishes: 'With malice toward none, with
charity for all.' May it also, lest we in our day of ease forget them, pre­
serve those sterner words spoken on the battlefield of Gettysburg and
graven deep into the soul of Abraham Lincoln: 'That we here highly
resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.'"

'94. Following a brief illness, John Francis Smith, member of the
Frederick Bar, one of the best known and popular men in Frederick,
died on August 17th of typhoid fever complications.

Mr. Smith was born May 22, 1874, and graduated from Georgetown
University in 1894, serving as valedictorian to his class. In 1900 he was
appointed police justice for Frederick and held that position for twelve
years.

His Alma Mater extends her heartfelt sympathy to those to whom he
was so dear.

'96. Dr. Leland O. Howard, who received the degree of Ph.D. in 1896,
is waging a ceaseless war upon the insect pests of this country. The
Chief Entomologist, of the Bureau of Entomology, believes in the mod­
ern method of fighting bugs with bugs.

'96. Father Michael J. Scanlon, director of the Boston Catholic Char­
ities, recently paid us a visit.

'98. Remon E. Remus recently visited Washington to secure a patent
on an electric appliance.
'02. The Journal sends its congratulations to David Andrew Murphy who was recently appointed Police Commissioner for Kansas City.

The words of Judge Harding, of the law firm of Harding, Murphy & Harris, might well be quoted:

"The selection of Mr. Murphy is one of the best appointments that Governor Major has made. He is a man who stands for the right all the time. He is clean, bright and sharp as a razor. He has been a member of our law firm for fourteen years, is a hard worker and capable. He is a thorough Democrat, and has never been affiliated with either of the two factions."

'05. Mr. Wm. H. Graham, S.J., has gone from Canisius College, Buffalo, where he held the chair of Philosophy in the Science Department, to Woodstock College, Maryland, to complete his theological course in preparation for ordination to the priesthood in 1919. Prior to last year, Mr. Graham taught here at Georgetown for four years. The generation that passed through Georgetown about a half score of years ago will remember Mr. Graham as captain of the crew, manager of track and Prefect of Sodality. The best wishes of the Journal accompany Mr. Graham to the Woodstock House of Studies.

'06. The Hon. Sydney E. Mudd recently pitched a team of Republican Congressmen to an 18 to 13 victory over a Democratic ball team from the House. The Journal sincerely hopes Mr. Mudd will finish successfully his present campaign for re-election.

'08. C. F. Woods tells us to "please add to the list of successful Georgetown sons the name of Floyd Gibbons, special war correspondent in Mexico for the Chicago Tribune, otherwise known as the 'World's Greatest Newspaper.'"

'08. The Journal announces with pleasure the recent marriage of "Tom" Cantwell, Georgetown's famous ballplayer, to Miss Mary Niles, of Washington.

'08. The Journal takes this late opportunity to express its sorrow and tender its sincerest condolences to the family of Dennis Dowd, Jr. As every newspaper in the country has chronicled, he was killed at the aviation school at Buc, near Paris, on the 12th of last August, after having fought valiantly for France since the beginning of the war.

Being actuated by a zealous desire to shoulder a gun for France because he thought her cause just, young Dowd left home on the 10th of August, 1914, and two weeks later enlisted with the French Foreign Legion, 2d Regiment, 4th Company, Battalion C.

His letters home were overflowing with cheerfulness and ardor for the cause he helped to defend. He seemed to enjoy the dangerous, labor-
ing life of a soldier. Not a murmur came to his family of discomfort or dissatisfaction.

After fighting in the trenches, at times at "the first line," for over a year "Den" was changed to the 170th Regiment, 1st Battalion, 2d Company, on the 14th of October, 1915, and on the 19th he was wounded in the hand while engaged in the Battle of Champagne.

Although punctuated by several intervals of activity with his regiment, his time until the middle of May was almost entirely spent in different hospitals in France. His hand was operated upon several times and not until June was he transferred to the aviation school at Buc.

An apt student, he was before long executing practise flights at varying heights and expected to procure his final license sooner than the average time. On the 12th of August he was performing one of his last practise flights when the machine suddenly dipped and crashed 80 meters to the ground. He was killed instantly.

"Den," in one of his letters home, wrote that he hoped to marry Miss Paulette Parent Saint Glyn, of Neuilly after the war and come to America on a lecture tour. But he never expected (he told several friends) to survive the war and expressed the wish to be buried upon French soil. Dennis Dowd is dead, but he died nobly—a soldier. History will record the exploits of the Americans who fought for France; monuments will be erected to those who upheld French liberty, and not least among them shall be inscribed the name of Georgetown's son—Dennis Dowd.

'10. Among the troops at the border is Frank Carlin, the third of the Carlins of Georgetown. The former president of the yard is with the New York militia stationed at Brownsville, Texas.

'10. Announcement has been received of the change of address of Elmon A. Geneste to 909-913 Wilcox Building, Portland, Ore.

'11. Dr. S. P. Milligan is at present situated at Hopewell, Va.

'11. Juan Herrera is Registrar of the University of Porto Rico.

'12. James K. Lynch paid us a several days' visit during September. He is now a member of a law firm in Canton, Ohio.

'13. On the 12th of August, James C. Madigan, of Houlton, Me., was married to Miss Doris Waterall, of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Walsh at St. Mary's Church, Houlton. John Langan, '13, Mr. Madigan's room-mate at Georgetown, was best man. The Journal extends heartiest congratulations.

'13. Mr. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., editor-in-chief of the Journal in 1912-13, has now finished three years of his course as a Jesuit and has left St. Andrew-on-Hudson, New York, for Woodstock College, Maryland, where he will complete his philosophical studies during the next three years.
Some years ago the exchange column in most of our college magazines was a highly unpopular section. No one read it. It was never talked of. Generally it was found struggling in the rear of the magazine, peeping out from a mass of advertisements. It contained notices of other magazines and bristled with stilted compliments. Such and such a magazine always "gave pleasure" or "was delightful." A poem was "fanciful" or "highly imaginative" or "its technique was good." A short story always had a "well-worked-out" plot, or "the dialogue was clever." Or, if they condemned, they smote with one brimstone word. It was "poorly done" or "overdrawn" or "more time could have been given to the plot," etc. This was the limit of their criticism. Such a thing as saying why a thing was good or why it was bad was never thought of. It was against the rules.

Students used good taste in never reading it. There was very little to read. It was a mere jumble of names and adjectives to them. They knew nothing of the Bing College Magazine or the P. Q. Monthly. They possessed no means of verifying the dictum that Smith's story was "improbable" or Jones' poem "dealt with an old theme." They felt like a baseball fan at a cricket match. It was all Greek to them. The column was too dry and technical. It lacked human interest.

So the tribe of exchange men languished. The better magazines did away with them altogether. Other editors called their critics before
them, and commanded under pain of death, lighter, livelier and more interesting exchanges. The exchange men rubbed their eyes and woke up. They went frantically to work—to the opposite extreme. Criticisms now became acrid. Strong words were used. Each one had a chip on his shoulder and he went after things hammer and tongs. If his magazine did not believe in short stories, woe to the magazine that did. If his own paper specialized in poetry, there was always a little jab for the journal that did not. And if he were noticed and got into a controversy—great was the glory thereof! Ambition was satisfied—he was recognized!

A glance over the exchanges of our contemporaries, for the last few months, convinces us that both these extremes have passed. There is little of this wholesale complimenting and less of hot controversy, but something worse has happened. Exchange columns are now the mecca of the "rah-rah" boy. His work can generally be recognized by a moody diffuseness—an almost entire lack of "meat." Read over a page of his reviews and at the end you will find that you can remember hardly an idea in it. It is written in a half-humorous, half-serious vein and leaves the impression that "someone is trying to be funny." The writer is aiming high—he is trying to be Henry James and George Bernard Shaw at the same moment. The result is a curious mixture of pedantic humor. Allusions turned about, ancient witticisms, and a certain out-of-the-way use of classical idioms, are his tools. His favorite weapon is mock heroics, eeked out with a heavy use of long-winded expressions. He himself generally plays a great part in his article, he is always "ye scribe," his fellow-criminals are always "brother ex-men." The introduction to his article generally deals with the weather, the time of the year, examinations and other original topics. He always has to close because the editor is clamoring for his work, and (horrible thought) "might go to press without him."

Religious Poetry.

The spirit of modern poetry, the poetry of the city, the factory and the Gay White Way is thus explained in "Poetry Today," an article in the Atlantic Monthly a couple of months ago: "There is a new life and it demands a new poetry. Man has become a city dwelling animal. From the fields he has migrated to the factories. To a great extent he has left behind his society, his soul, his God." The college man at any rate has not yet responded to this movement. He has not yet begun to sing of the sky-scraper and the sweat-shop and still en-
deavors to find inspiration in nature, in the woods and the fields and outdoor life. Nor has he lost his God. We notice the large number of religious poems appearing in the last months' college magazines, especially in the Catholic journals. "The Temple" from the Holy Cross Purple, "Ruth to Naomi," "Drifting," "The Divine Paradox" from the Labarum, "Sanguis Pretiosissimus" from St. Vincent's College Journal, "The Heart's Craving" in the Gonzaga, "A Knight to His Queen" in the Duquesne Monthly, and "Nos Morituri Salutamus" from the College Spokesman, are examples. While it is refreshing to notice the large number of these poems appearing in the college press, it must be admitted that there are comparatively few that are original and out of the ordinary. The fact is, a good religious poem is a very difficult thing to write, especially a short one. Outside of the classic poems of Southwell, Herbert, Quarles, or Crashaw very few short religious poems are remembered. Out of all that appear daily in the Catholic press how many are quoted? Whether this is due to a lack of religious feeling on our part, or whether it is the fault of the poem itself, is a question. If the latter it is hard to see why this should be. One would think that the sublime truths of religion would be sources of the very highest inspiration, but their very sublimity seems to stifle the poet when he tries to express it in a short poem.

Outside of these poems which deal with strictly religious subjects, there are large numbers of "nature" poems which bear a religious cast of thought. Poems of this type are "Loss" and "The Lesson of the Stars," from the Mountaineer, "The Sower" from St. Mary's Sentinel, "The Veil of Dawn" from St. Peter's College Journal, "Life" from the Dial, "Assurance" and "Fireflies" from the Duquesne Monthly. In most of these the poet puts before his reader the beauties of nature, and draws a moral. Quite frequently the end of a poem will contain a prayer.

While this argues well for the religious feeling of the poet, it makes very poor poetry. The eternal intrusion of a moral into novels, plays, short stories and poetry is one of the great criticisms of present-day literature. It is not the moral that grates, it is the intrusion of the moral. If it is brought in naturally and is only hinted at, all well and good, but the heavy stanza of explanation or apostrophe so frequently appended to poems of this sort only antagonizes us. The following from the Holy Cross Purple is faulty because of this. After appealing to the poet and the mystic in the first two stanzas, he thus answers his query, what is life?
What is life? And we who live it
Tell our answer when we say
Life is love for Him above us
Whom we worship, whom we pray
For His peace gained through His coming
When we close our earthly day.

A hint would have told more through this and more forcibly. The “Veil of Dawn” from St. Peter’s College Journal is much less obvious, and so shows better art. We quote it in full:

The Veil of Dawn.

Mist of the mighty ocean, veil of the blushing dawn,
Down from the silence of Heaven, far are thy pennons drawn.
Ghost of the lone gray waters, where dost thou steal away,
Walking the hushed white breakers? Into the haunts of day?

The silent cliffs o'erlook thee, gray with a thousand years;
Thou art hoarier still and grayer and thine eyes—they are dewed with tears,
For thy heart is a heart deep saddened, why dost thou turn away,
As thou walk’st on the hushed white breakers—into the haunts of day?

Breath of the mighty Pilot, thou art silent and still as He,
And thou treadest the trembling waters, as His Son trod Galilee;
On, On! O'er the awed sea-surge's, roll on thy shrouded way.
Phantom of restless ocean, invading the haunts of day.

—F. J. Burke, ’19.
Too much praise cannot be given to Football Manager Mr. Egan for the very attractive schedule he has arranged for the coming season. Despite many set-backs Manager Egan persevered and the result of his work brings Georgetown against very well known schools.

For Thanksgiving Day, George Washington is the attraction and Graduate Manager Cox must be congratulated for paving the way for the meeting of these two Washington universities.

The "Big" game on the schedule is the Dartmouth game, October 21. Dartmouth has always been recognized as one of the best teams in the East and a victory, or even the holding to a low score, by the Blue and Gray, over the Hanoverians, means a great deal towards our future recognition by the Northern colleges. The schedule:

- September 23—Randolph-Macon, at home (cancelled).
- October 7—Navy, at Annapolis.
- October 14—Eastern College, at home.
- October 21—Dartmouth, at Haverhill, Mass.
- October 28—Albright College, at home.
- November 7—Fordham University, at New York.
- November 11—West Virginia Wesleyen, at home.
- November 18—A. and M. College of Raleigh, N. C., at home.
- November 25—Bucknell University, at home.
- November 30—George Washington, at home.
- December 9—Tulane University, at New Orleans.
The Captain.

Owing to the failure of John Mahlum to return to school it was necessary to choose a new captain. At the beginning of the year's work Wall was chosen temporary captain by the coach. The Executive Board, at its first meeting, elected "Dan" O'Connor, the giant tackle, captain for the season of 1916-17. This was a popular choice, both to the team and to the student body in general, and all wish him a successful year, as an individual player and as leader of a winning eleven.

The Team.

Since September 13, the squad has been training faithfully, and under the supervision of Coaches Exendine, O'Reilly and Cox have gradually rounded into shape. Many men have been lost by graduation, but of last year's Varsity there remained the backfield intact—Maloney, Gilroy, Wall and Leighty—and of the line Captain O'Connor and "Bill" Cusack. The new material, however, is very promising and the prospects for a banner year are bright.

Navy Game.

Georgetown in the first game of the season, on October 7, lost to the Navy, 13-7. Naturally we were disappointed, but still we are sure future games will justify our hopes we entertain of being the strongest team in the South. The following account given is from the Washington Post:

An athlete called Ingram, who sports the blue and gold color of the Navy, played a spectacular game here today. This particular midshipman, performing at left half back on the Navy eleven, played so well that the Blue and Gray was forced to accept the short end of a 13 to 7 count.

Georgetown's points came at the conclusion of the game, time being called as the ball left McQuade's hand on its way to Larry Green, who stood behind the Navy's goal. It had remained for the Blue and Gray's second string backs to prevent a shut-out. Twice before had the regular quartet been within short scoring distance, but on each occasion it had failed.

Georgetown was unable to cope with the Navy backfield, led by Ingram, and it was only because of the mediocrity of Navy's line that the defeat was not more severe.
The Blue and Gray forwards after the first quarter were practically helpless before the onslaught of the Midshipmen, Capt. Dan O'Connor being the only lineman to display anything like real ability. He played valiantly throughout the struggle and few Navy charges succeeded in penetrating his position.

With a stronger line, the Georgetown backfield would undoubtedly have gained heavily, as there was nothing in the Navy forwards to offer formidable opposition. As it was Gilroy, although making a few of the spectacular runs that won him fame last season, was rarely able to get a fair start with the ball, while Leighty and Wall were equally handicapped.

Maloney opposed Roberts in punting and the latter won the argument for Navy. With his line playing with the solidity of a pile of feathers in a high wind at the opening of the game, Roberts sent several kicks straight up and got himself distanced, but later in the contest he added yards to his efforts, and Maloney could not equal the punts.

Another feature attending the kicking was the alacrity of Navy's ends in reaching Maloney after he had received the ball. Generally the Georgetown quarterback was downed in his tracks, while, on the other hand, Georgetown's outer forwards failed miserably in their attempts to stop the Midshipmen receivers.

Navy offered a surprisingly clever backfield. Its work was more marked in view of the fact that its plays succeeded despite a weak set of protectors. Beside Ingram, who led, offensively and defensively, Roberts, at right half, and Butler, at full, closely followed the star in quality of play, while Orr, the quarterback, proved a shrewd general. Jackson, the Midshipmen left end, excelled among the forwards and showed himself a dependable tackler.

Georgetown received the opening kickoff and after a couple of tackle slides, Gilroy achieved a first down when he skirted Navy's right end for 10 yards. Maloney was soon forced to kick and sent the ball so near Navy's goal that Roberts essayed to punt the play back to midfield. His effort was blocked and Georgetown obtained the ball on Navy's 15-yard line.

Here, however, two line plunges failed and a successful forward pass lacked a yard of the necessary distance for another first down. An exchange of punts followed, neither team being able to effectively gain, and the quarter ended with the ball in Georgetown's possession in midfield, Gilroy having made a fair catch of one of Roberts' kicks.

Gilroy and Wall having been stopped at the outset of the second period, Maloney kicked to Roberts. He fumbled, but Butler recovered.
With the ball on Georgetown’s 9-yard mark, Ingram made a couple of short gains and Roberts advanced to the yard line. Here Ingram crashed through the left side of Georgetown’s line for a touchdown. Orr added the extra point with his kick for goal.

Roberts took the kick-off and ran the ball back 20 yards. Navy was held for downs and Roberts punted to Maloney, who was stopped with the catch. Two plays not bringing any advance, Maloney lofted to Roberts, who was downed on Navy’s 45-yard line when the whistle ended the half.

Shortly after the second half opened, Maloney received Roberts’ punt and on the next play Gilroy tore around right end for 10 yards. Leighty and Wall made short gains before Goodstein intercepted a forward pass. The ball was soon in Georgetown’s possession again, however, and the Blue and Gray flashed some effective play.

Gilroy skirted right end for 12 yards. Maloney, in an off-tackle play, gained 25 yards and Wall plunged through the line for another 10. This, combined with a 5-yard penalty against Navy for off-side play, brought the ball to the Midshipmen’s 12-yard limit.

Three downs resulted in but 5 yards again, however, and when a forward pass was next attempted, Jackson intercepted the throw and reached his own 45-yard line before being caught. Following an exchange of kicks the quarter ended with the ball in Navy’s care on Georgetown’s 42-yard mark and at first down.

At the beginning of the final period, Navy made three first downs in succession, with Ingram and Roberts doing the ball carrying. A penalty for off-side play set them back 5 yards, but Roberts dashed by O’Connor for 8 yards, and two plays later the sturdy right halfback of the Navy went through for a touchdown. Von Heimberg failed in the try for goal.

McQuade took Von Heimberg’s kick-off and returned the ball 12 yards. He then rounded Navy’s right end for five more and the Midshipmen were penalized 15 yards for holding. Georgetown here opened with the forward pass and, after the first one had failed McQuade shot the ball to Cusack for a gain of 25 yards, bringing play on Navy’s 10-yard line.

Again McQuade got the ball away, this time to Larry Greene, and the latter crossed for a touchdown. The play came just as time expired, the ball being in the air when the whistle was blown. Whelan kicked the goal. Summary:
On Saturday afternoon, October 14, the first home game was played with Eastern College from Manassas, Va. With steadier attention to business the team should have piled up a larger score and should never have allowed our visitors to get any score at all. We quote directly from the Washington Post of October 15:

A 70-yard run for a touchdown in the third period and a forward pass in the first which netted about ten yards, were the only redeeming features of Eastern College’s showing against Georgetown on the Hilltop yesterday. The Manassas eleven was smothered, 69 to 7, although Georgetown’s second string men played two periods, the second and third.

George McBride, a local athlete, scored the visiting team’s touchdown and kicked goal. Shifted from right tackle to left half, his first attempt to gain resulted in a long race for the goal. A little more energy by Gilroy, however, who could have made a tackle, would have stopped him. McBride remained in the backfield and his work there stood out in comparison with that of his teammates.

Only one other first down was made by Eastern College, this as a result of the forward pass mentioned, Honaker to Hassan, a few minutes after play began. Georgetown’s line proved impregnable at all times and most attempts by Eastern to gain around the end were thwarted.
The visitors resorted to forward and lateral passes at stages, but this style of play availed them little. Georgetown easily could have amassed a larger total. The first-string players did little more than loaf part of the time, and only the simplest of plays were used. A few forward passes were thrown without success, and Quarterback Maloney tried out his toe with several drop kicks. One, from the 30-yard line, cleared the goal.

McQuade, O'Boyle and Maloney made most of Georgetown's long gains, going through the Eastern line on occasions almost without resistance. The local eleven had a big advantage in weight. Summary:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>Positions</th>
<th>Eastern</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Connell</td>
<td>L. E.</td>
<td>Hassan</td>
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<td>McCarthy</td>
<td>L. T.</td>
<td>Gregory</td>
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<td>Showalter</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
<td>Ferris</td>
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<td>Anderson</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>Roads</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. Green</td>
<td>R. G.</td>
<td>Moore</td>
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<td>Smeach</td>
<td>R. T.</td>
<td>McBride</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. Greene</td>
<td>R. E.</td>
<td>Leith</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maloney</td>
<td>Q. B.</td>
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<td>McQuade</td>
<td>L. H.</td>
<td>G. Pohl</td>
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<tr>
<td>O'Boyle</td>
<td>R. H.</td>
<td>Lynch</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whelan</td>
<td>F. B.</td>
<td>L. Pohl</td>
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Score by periods—Georgetown, 19, 20, 0, 30—69; Eastern, 0, 0, 7, 0—7.