CONTENTS

No. 5

PAGE

The Frozen Water-Fall (Verse) .................... Glenn V. Goetz, '21 207
Sidney Waits ....................................... Edward F. Mach, '20 208
Castaway Hearts (Verse) ......................... Paul Dewitt Page, Jr., '21 221
Embers ............................................... M. E. J., '20 222
Epode XIII Horace (translation) .............. James J. Sweeney, '22 226
The Stagirite (Essay) ............................ John J. Bradley, '20 227
Life .................................................. Brian J. Ducey, '23 230
Rondel (Verse) ..................................... Gordon B. Birrel, '21 232
Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S.J. ...................... 233
Editorials .......................................... Editor 235
Chronicle .......................................... 237
Alumni Notes ...................................... Eugene B. English, '21 241
The Journal Book Shelf ............................ 244
Athletic Notes ..................................... Michael J. Bruder, '22 246

TERMS: $2.50 a year in advance. Single copies, 35 cents. Advertising rates on application.

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

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington as Second-class Matter.
A Strange But Familiar Sight
Georgetown Walks During Month of February
Chill silence holds thee whose exultant roar
Thy thundering plunging forces, once proclaimed
And vaunted that they never could be tamed.

But Winter came with magic spells in store,
And—feeling that thy boasting was amiss—
In thee his potent wizardry displayed
By willing every rainbow-lit cascade
Transfigured to a dazzling edifice.

Behind that iridescent crystal mass,
Perhaps a dark, clear stream is coursing on;
Morose and humbled in its narrow pass,—
For power, majesty and strength are gone—
Yet, longing for the Spring when it may free
Itself from alabaster mimicry.

GLENN V. GOETZ, '21.
SIDNEY ELLIS twisted his neck around at least one hundred and eighty degrees and allowed his gaze to travel lazily across the dingy little attic room and rest in mild speculation on the door which hid his visitor. It had been a hesitating, almost timid knock and proclaimed femininity. He crossed the room, opened the door and stood blinking at a young lady barely visible in the half light of dusk that struggled through the dirty panes of a bleak hall window.

“Well!” came a bell-like voice, behind which there was mild amusement and possibly a smile. “Aren’t you glad to see your wife—and aren’t you going to ask me in?”

“Oh!” Visit and visitor were evidently factors in annihilating speech, so Sidney opened the door wide in silent manifestation of welcome. There were times when he could be deliciously awkward, Margaret thought.

She entered, more like a graceful phantom in the half-light than a woman of flesh and blood. Sidney, still in the silence of confusion, closed the door behind her and located a chair which he drew up to a rusty gas heater. Then he cleared his throat.

“I wish I had a better chair to offer you” he said, finding words at last. But Margaret ignored both the chair and the apology. She stood facing him, an indeterminate mixture of affection and amusement in her eyes.

“You will always be a boy, Sid!” she said, almost tenderly. “If I didn’t know you were as glad as a puppy to see me, I’d never guess it from your reception. Aren’t you going to kiss me?” She held an alluring face very close to his, and the caress over, a round arm stole about his neck in a convulsive little tightening, her face buried in his shoulder.

Both suddenly self-conscious, they parted and stood in awkward silence. It was Sidney, this time, who found speech.

“You—you don’t come very often,” he said. The slight tremor in his voice belied his affected tranquility. “I was surprised to see you. Let’s see, isn’t it at least six months since you’ve been here?”

“Don’t be hard on me,” she pleaded, sinking into the chair. “I have been
selfish, as usual. My life seems to be a succession of coming from somewhere and going somewhere else. I've wanted to come more often—but somehow I couldn't."

"Oh, I'm not chiding you," he said, laughing a little in his kindly way. "I was merely explaining my apparent lack of hospitality. I realize that your obligations become more involved every day. I'm wondering when you are going to tire of that life."

"But it isn't a 'life' as you call it, Sid!" she protested. "You attach an artificiality to it that doesn't exist! Wealth—if we must speak of it—demands a large amount of social activity. One cannot evade the duties of one's station!"

"You plead your cause well—and I'm not quarrelling with you about it. Only I can't help thinking that our lives are running in sad obliquity!"

He had brushed a sheaf of manuscripts from a corner of the table and seated himself, one foot swinging idly, his gaze a little sadly on the floor and a tired sag to his broad shoulders. At his last words she arose and stepped swiftly to his side, one gloved hand resting affectionately on his arm.

"Ah! But they are running oblique, Sid! And the pity is, it is all so unnecessary! Why will you continue to chase your literary phantoms, and live in this—this awful place?"

Her eyes swept the shabby room with its rickety furniture, bare walls and floor, and an involuntary shudder passed over her beautiful shoulders. A beseeching look came into her eyes as she turned them again on Sidney's kindly face, barely discernible now in the almost complete darkness.

"Sid! Please!" she begged him. "I have so much! It—it isn't right! Come home with me! If you must spend your life writing, at least let me give you some environment and atmosphere that will help your inspiration!"

He covered her hand with his own, his gaze still on the floor.

"I'm not stubborn about this, Peggy," he replied, quietly. "And in view of your ease and comfort, I can't consider myself selfish. There's a principle involved, as you know. I've fought it all out and settled it in the only way that will give me peace—even if not happiness. I cannot be a parasite on your—your money. If I could have known that an obscure relative would leave you such great wealth, then I wouldn't have married you."

"Sid!" It was almost a sob, so deep was the reproach in her voice. Her hand slipped from under his and dropped listlessly to her side. There was genuine suffering in her eyes.

"That doesn't mean, of course, that I didn't love you." His avowal was not hasty in self-justification; but in his eyes there was a childlike, infinite tenderness. "That" he breathed "was eternally ordained!"
A silence followed. The room was now totally dark save for the reflected glare of street and automobile lights. In a half-dreamy way, Sidney heard the muffled humming of motors carrying their impatient passengers home to cheery dinners and cozy firesides. He remembered his dreams of these things when Youth believed so joyously in the consummation of such dreams. A swift panorama of his life flashed before him from the time six years before when he had met Margaret Colby, loved her and married her; of the hopes he had builded, of the ideal life he had planned; of the fierce joy in the power of his pen, the clarity of his brain, the certainty of his success; then of Margaret's unexpected inheritance of great wealth; of her social ambitions; of her separation from him and the crucifixion of his hopes. Literary success was long, sickeningly long in coming. Now when it had come he must hide it. For Alston Hamilton had loved Margaret too. And now, Alston Hamilton, fabulously rich, stood in the offing, waiting. He, Sidney, wanted Margaret, not as a fly in the social dragnet, not aimlessly led on through life by money for luxury's sake, but sweet, nobly humble, as he had known and loved her. And he had waited for her to tire of it all before disclosing his own success to her. But she had not tired of it. And her name was mentioned with Alston Hamilton's very often. And now he wondered dreamily if, after all, privation, devotion to a principle, a terrific struggle with his chosen work and success—all notes of huge denomination in the price of his happiness, were to be blown to the four winds like rusted Autumn leaves that were so great in the Spring-time!

Of a sudden he was conscious that she was speaking. The low, vibrant timbre of her voice was never more magnetic.

"Sid, dear," she was saying, "Shouldn't we be just a little more fair in this matter? If a sacrifice is necessary on your part or mine, shouldn't we consider the nature of it and its consequences? If I should give up my wealth—"

"I have never asked you to do that!" he cut in quickly.

"No! No! I didn't mean that you had! I'm just asking you to share it with me! Since it was acquired through pure good fortune, couldn't you use it to further your own ambitions? Oh! I respect your principles, Boy, even though I can't quite understand them! But it does seem so foolish!" she finished, impatiently.

He slid from the table, groped for a match, and lit the single gas jet, which flared brazenly shadeless. It made strange whistling noises and cast a weird, even more desolate look over the shabby room. Dropping the burnt match into an empty tumbler, he faced her and laid both hands on her shoulders.

"Peggy" he began, deep longing and affection in his levelled gray eyes, "why do you do it! Why do you bother your lovely head with me? Since
Chance, or Fate, or whatever you wish to call it, has brought about this circumstance, and we consider neither of us at fault, it seems that you should have the happy life which was meant for you! Even were I to sell my birthright and accept your—charity”—he laid a tiny bitter emphasis on the word—“it would not mean happiness for either of us! To me your world is artificial and always will be. Yet it is your world—and it gives you happiness—and I feel that I am somehow—a superfluous.”

She seemed to be pondering a moment on the full purport of his words. Then, turning the full power of her luminous eyes fearlessly into his: “Are you asking me to divorce you, Sid?”

He looked away; but his tone was gentle and sincere. “When I married you, Girl, it was to make you happy. I have not thought of any means—only the end.”

The suggestion of a chill enveloped her heart. She withdrew his hands from her shoulders and walking slowly to the window looked unseeingly into the damp, arc-lit street below. So he would sacrifice even her to his ambition! And she had waited so long, so patiently! These piles of dusty books and scattered sheets of manuscript were, after all, the entire object of his love! He wanted to be alone with them, to think of, dream of, and live for nothing but them! And to do it this way, under the guise of devotion to a principle! Oh! It was not like Sid! but * * * The seeds of misunderstanding were taking rapid root.

She turned her head half over her shoulder. “You know I have never believed in divorce!” she said, almost coldly.

“Nor would I ever have entertained the thought of it, did it not seem to be essential to your happiness,” he returned, quickly. He was thinking hard of Alston Hamilton.

She had left the window and was standing near him, absently adjusting her furs. The wave of coldness had left her, and in her voice was a remote sadness.

“Did I flatter myself too much, Sid, when I thought you might like me to wait for you?” she asked.

“Your sense of duty was always high,” he replied briefly.

“Sense of duty?” she repeated, perplexity springing into her eyes. “Sense of duty? What do you mean?”

He was silent—the silence of a fine, sensitive nature which would not, could not wantonly wound. He had determined never to let her know that he doubted her love. He passionately pledged himself to at least belief in the essence of his dreams. When the time definitely came for him to cede his place in her life to Alston Hamilton, the transition would come quietly and
with no premature pain on her part. For he knew her nature well; and even if love had gone, he knew that she would sorrow in his sorrow. Blinded as he was in his own self-abnegation, he could not see that instead of sparing her, he was leading her into cross-currents of doubt—doubt of his love for her, doubt of his trust in her, doubt of her own wisdom in continuing to believe that there could be, after all, real happiness for them. Their intercourse had always been so simple—just believing, trusting, loving—that he was wholly unprepared to follow the intricate line of reasoning in her feminine mind. A woman’s man would have known that such an attitude at such a time would be likely to drive her to a fatal step. But Sidney lived in a world of many men and one woman. And so he was silent when he should have spoken.

She waited long for his answer; but none came. He was absently tearing up bits of paper and watching them where they fell on the floor.

When he looked up she had gone.

II

Mrs. Wentworth glanced up from her novel with a flicker of maternal interest as Alston Hamilton’s name was announced. And when that almost too-handsome young man entered her library, she did him the grace to extend a languid left hand without arising. Mrs. Wentworth was not only a woman of the world: she was a worldly woman. To the discriminating, there is a difference, with the woman of the world having a slight advantage from a moral—a not too-moral, mind you—standpoint. But to be kind to Mrs. Wentworth, it was perhaps a wholly laudable motherly interest and affection for Hamilton which caused her to condone his little misdeeds—and even to aid him in them if the object was very near to his heart. He was all that her very material standard of men required: handsome, well-bred, well-groomed and well-educated. Besides, he possessed enough riches and family back of him to eliminate any suggestion of patronizing on her part, and of fawning, on his. To be the intimate friend and even the confidante of this extremely eligible young man was quite as it should be. No woman of her age, her position and her social triumphs could forbear to indulge in the very comforting interest in such a man—particularly in such a young and polished one. She was at that particular age when a woman of her type feels herself slipping, in spite of all the arts of preservation by which the present day cheats, or tries to cheat time. And feeling the sands shifting rapidly beneath her feet, she clutches at some subject which will at least keep her in the atmosphere of Youth—in spite of senile obesity and a disheartening necessity for slippers and an easy chair.
Today, Hamilton appeared unusually elastic, vital, young. And the brilliant sunshine of a winter afternoon flowing radiantly upon Mrs. Wentworth through the long French windows may have supplied some of the warmth that the dying fires of Youth could not kindle in her.

"If it were necessary, I'd ask you to sit down," she said. "But you make an admirable picture standing."

Hamilton had an effective manner of accepting a compliment with a boy's confusion. "Must I be subject to this on a friendly call?" he demanded, trying to appear ill at ease—and as a consequence making himself more charming.

"Nonsense!" she laughed with a wave of her hand. "You know it as well as I do! I wouldn't like you as much as I do, if you didn't! Where's Margaret?"

"I left her at her dressmaker's."

"Did she know you were coming here?"

"I didn't tell her so."

"That's another way of saying that you wanted to see me without her, isn't it? You may smoke, if you want to. Must I always tell you that!"

This last in interpretation of an absent move of his hand into his pocket. He produced a very expensive cigarette case—a gift from her—and carefully selecting a cigarette, lit it, and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Are you as infatuated as ever?" she smiled half-humorously, half-indulgently.

"Why will you insist on calling a life-long devotion an infatuation! I have loved Margaret Ellis for years!" Many a younger lad has used the same tone of voice in pleading with his mother.

"It has been my experience," she replied sagely, "that men love unmarried women: they are infatuated with married ones. However, the distinction is of no consequence, I suppose, since you've set your heart on her. She must be almost ready to take you, isn't she?"

"That's what I came to see you about. I've waited long enough! I'm ready to lay my cards on the table!"

"What do you mean—proclaim yourself a cheat before her eyes and lose whatever hold you have upon her? Very nice! I gave you credit for more sense!"

"What's the odds?" he countered, doggedly. "It will come to that anyway!"

"School-boy logic! And you claim to know the world!" she exclaimed. "She has been away from that penny-a-line husband for nearly five years! He will never be able to give her what she has now—and she likes money and what it means to her! She'll never go back to him! Besides, do you
think I'd ever let her? I made her socially! She owes something to me!"
He slumped into a chair, sulkily. "She may not ever go back to him—but she won't divorce him!"

"How many times have I told you to leave this thing to me! You asked me to help you; now are you going to undo all that I've done?" Mrs. Wentworth was petulant. "When you are dealing with Margaret Ellis, you are dealing with no ordinary woman, Alston! Whether or not she still loves Sidney Ellis is a question. But you can rest assured that only her own heart will know whether she does or not. As for divorce, that's a question of time and whether she can make herself believe she loves you."

"You don't even admit the possibility of her really loving me!" he complained.

Mrs. Wentworth was thoughtful. "That wasn't said to be unkind to you," she soothed him. "I was thinking of her. Her devotion to her grubbing over-conscious husband, in spite of its idiotic foolishness, has been the only thing which sometimes makes me believe there may be such a thing as real love." She stopped a moment, a ghost of girlhood sentiment flitting through the empty chambers of her soul. Then, pulling herself together, almost by physical effort: "But that has nothing to do with her marrying you. At least, I've never suspected you of being ultra-sentimental! Have you spoken to her?"

"Of course not! But I've done a lot of acting, and been with her as much as I could! That's what you told me to do!"

"Good. Above all things, have you covered your tracks well? She does not suspect—anything?"

She looked hard at him and he returned her gaze evenly. A world of understanding flowed between them. "I do not employ bungling lawyers," he assured her.

"So far your case is progressing well. Curb your impatience for a few weeks. In the meantime I shall see her. Directly afterward I shall give a small party here. I'll see to it that you are practically alone with her the entire evening. I think then you may play your cards. Mind, I say play them—not lay them on the table!"

She yawned slightly and he arose. At the door he looked back at her. "This is the only game I ever played in which I wasn't dead sure of winning!" he said.

"You couldn't win without me," she answered. And I never lose!"

He remembered long after, the odd, worldly-wise smile on her face.
Margaret sat dressed for the evening before her miniature fireplace, where little dwarf flames were leaping and subsiding with a merry crackle and sputter; while, as if in mockery of them, equally exaggerated shadows were playing on the walls and ceiling of her dainty, pink boudoir. Somewhere in the soft-lighted background a maid was moving noiselessly about the room. It was eight o'clock, and early yet for her motor to come. She leaned back, resting her goddess' head against the cushioned softness of the divan, and gazed with troubled eyes into the fire. Mrs. Wentworth had spoken well. In her gentle feminine persuasion had been real eloquence. With her inborn sagacity, she had rounded off the sharp corners of Margaret's problem. And upon learning of her estrangement from her husband through an unintentional slip on the part of the younger woman, she had wisely said kind words of him; which had the very natural effect of increasing the other's sense of martyrdom. She did not talk too much of Hamilton. But with all her worldly ingenuity she had succeeded in throwing him into favorable contrast with Sidney Ellis. Above all, she had played shrewdly to innoculate her with the virulent germ of self-injustice. And when she had finished, the spirit-level of Margaret's emotions was in agitation—with the bubble swinging ever further toward Alston Hamilton.

Of Sidney, she had seen nor heard nothing since their unsatisfactory meeting of six weeks before. In her pique, his absence and silence, ordinarily to be taken for granted, now assumed offensive proportions. What at first had been but a suspicion of his disinterest had developed almost into a conviction. And she saw little chance for any future for them. It had been easy to maintain a contemptuous attitude toward divorce and remarriage when life held no other problem for either of them but to drink to its dregs their chalice of happiness. But in the present crisis she felt poignantly her youth and vitality. And she shuddered and turned closed eyes from a future draped with the tragic purple of disappointment. The battle in her mind had been tumultuous and unremitting. She was wearied—wearied beyond words, and Alston Hamilton appeared on her blurred vision as the mirage of a haven. It was not an unpleasant thought, once the shock of meeting it had worn off. And it took a scenic course and ran smoothly. As the wife of one of the richest, the handsomest, the most desired young man, her path in life, while artificially trimmed, would be pleasingly level, and free from the uncertainties lying around each turn of a more rustic one. What, after all, had given her more pleasure than money? And what would be
likely to give her still more pleasure than more money? Perhaps, in the end, Sidney was right. His own words came back forcefully to her: "To me your world is artificial and always will be. Yet it is your world—and it gives you happiness—and I feel that I am somehow a—a superfluity."

It did give her happiness—and Alston Hamilton stood immovably in the center of it. She must meet him face to face before she passed him—and would she pass him?

Her maid was leaning over the divan. "The machine is waiting, Miss," she was saying.

Margaret arose and submitted her shoulders to the soft luxury of an evening wrap. "You need not wait up, Nina," she said briefly; and Nina nodded gratefully as she closed the door behind an exquisite picture of silks, sables and loveliness.

The drive to Mrs. Wentworth’s was not long. Her hostess was awaiting her with a smile in which there was potency as well as benignity. "What a really beautiful woman you are!" she exclaimed with a sincerity that was unmistakable. "Oh! My dear, you don’t know to what heights you might rise!"

Margaret smiled back at her—but with sombre eyes. "You always say nice things to me," she returned, almost mechanically. She felt turbulently the proximity of Hamilton—and possibly that of a crisis. She was oppressed by the uncertain pregnancy of the evening. And her mind was in a state of almost desperate abandon—altogether the most favorable in which Hamilton had ever found her.

He came to her soon. Subconsciously she took in the trim cut of his evening clothes, the power and perfection of his magnificent physique, and the undaunted assurance of the man. Yet there was a restless excitement about him that communicated itself to her electrically. And so, Mrs. Wentworth having been as good as her word, it was not unnatural that they should find themselves shortly in a secluded spot, carefully, though not manifestly, screened by palms.

"May I tell you how very beautiful you look?" he asked, seating himself beside her. Something in his low, earnest tone made her glance up quickly. She found his eyes burning, and his face colorless. The woman in her retreated into its primitive shell, and she smiled at him with wide-eyed humor.

"That was clever, as well as pretty. You pay a compliment while asking permission to do so!" Her tone was bantering—but her heart-beats quickened, and their acceleration was constant.

"It was not a compliment. It is the truth!" he said, tensely.
"My! What a fatal distinction! You admit, then, that all compliments are not the truth!" His manner frightened her a little, and she strove desperately to steer their conversation into shallower channels.

He mastered his forces for an intensive siege. "I never pay compliments as such. And I never was more sincere nor serious in my life!" The words were cut off with dynamic incisiveness—as if he would drive them home through the armor of her lightness by dominant, masculine strokes of accent.

She felt her defenses crumbling, but bravely held out. "Let me see! Haven't I heard those words before?—'I never was more sincere nor—'

"Margaret!" His hand covered hers where it lay. She sat rigid, paralyzed, her eyes straight before her on the floor, her breast rising and falling to the accompaniment of deep, frightened breaths. A crimson wave rose from her neck and flowed over her face to the roots of her hair; and she was conscious of a hot, tingling sensation. Somewhere in the distance the subdued music of strings and the echo of soft voices and laughter fell indistinctly on her numbed ear. An increasing, painful consciousness that he was holding her hand in a vice of iron came back to her, and she could feel the staccato hammering of his pulse. Slowly she raised her head, only to stare terrified into two burning lakes of fire—for his face, white with passion, had drawn ever nearer until she could feel his hot, quick breath on her neck. Swiftly she turned away—and mistaking the movement for one of capitulation, he swept her into his arms with a giant's strength and pressed his lips to hers until she could have cried out with pain.

With a mighty effort she tore herself free and slowly retreated from him, the back of her hand covering her bruised lips, while she excoriated him with chaotic eyes in which blazing anger, reproach, shame, indignation and sorrow vied for domination.

"Are you a man or a—a beast!" she flashed. The epithet was, for the moment a deserving one. For the Alston Hamilton that stood before her was not the impassive, blase "homme du monde" toward whom she had been gravitating for the past few years. His hair was tousled and had fallen into his eyes. His breath came with panting irregularity and his fists were knotted until the whites of his knuckles showed ghastly. All the primitive baseness of an uncontrolled passion was stamped in his every feature.

He strode toward her unsteadily, reaching for her hand. With almost loathing, she shrank back and involuntarily shuddered.

"Margaret! God! You beautiful woman!" he cried hoarsely.

She stood her ground and levelled her eyes piercingly at him. "Don't come near me! Don't touch me!"
Her gaze stayed him and caused the first breath of reason to return. In a flash he had realized the damage done. But if there was any compunction in him, it was for the injury to his own pride. His sense of refinement was wholly external.

"Can you forgive me?"

She stood coldly silent, immovable.

"You must have known—you must have seen all these years how I have loved you!" he persisted pitifully.

"You have shown it, indeed!"

"I have made a mistake, I know," he confessed, humbly. "But I have only asked your forgiveness!"

Steely coldness and fine contempt set her features; and she spoke with a metallic voice. "Whatever there was—whatever might have been between us—is ended. You may consider yourself forgiven, if you wish. It doesn't matter either way."

He sprang to his full height, enraged. "You mean you are going to drop me like this!"

"I did not put it that way. I mean that whatever friendship existed between us is ended." She spoke in the same even, frigid voice.

"Friendship!" he repeated, a fierce, impotent anger undulating his soul. "Friendship! You talk to me of friendship! You attempt to overshadow me with your haughtiness! Who are you? The wife of a pauperized literary grubworm! a parvenue in the circle of your betters, defrauding the world with a false devotion to your husband that makes social capital for you!"

The words were spat from his mouth like the snappings of powder from a fuse. She turned to go, but he caught her roughly by the arm and whirled her back to face him.

"You'll listen to me if it's the last thing you ever do!" he cried. The man's anger had passed all bounds of control.

Margaret paled, and felt her knees tremble. "Haven't you insulted me enough?" she asked, trying to control her voice.

"Oh! You haven't heard it all yet! Why, everything you ever had came from me!"

"I owe you nothing!"

"You owe me everything! Where did you get your ease, your luxury, your wealth?"

"It was an inheritance, of course!"

"And from whom?"

"From Chester Ellis, my grandfather's brother."

He laughed at her mockingly. "Chester Ellis! No such man ever lived!"
"I—I don't understand you." She assumed courage, but a cold fear settled over her.

"Then I'll make myself clear!" He rose to his triumph. That inheritance was a fraud! It is my money you have been living on!"

In a flash it was all clear to her—the obscurity of Chester Ellis' life; the strangely uncontested will; the estrangement from Sidney; Mrs. Wentworth's assumed fondness for her—every step leading down to the momentous present! It had been a patient, deliberate game to steal her—and through her own weakness and vanity she had been an easy dupe! An overpowering sense of shame poured over her. It would have been so easy to die then! And Sidney—!

She looked at him, helpless, bewildered, stunned. There was a roaring in her ears and she felt faint and weak. Somehow, words finally came.

"If my husband ever learns of this he will kill you," she said in a dead voice. "I will pay you back every cent—if it takes a life's labor!"

She stumbled away, and slipped out unseen into the cold, clear night.

IV

It was midnight when she toiled up the four flights of battered, creaking stairs to Sidney's attic. She had walked far and swiftly, the crisp night air whipping cold and keen against burning cheeks and forehead. This, together with exhaustion and weariness succeeded after a time in quelling a little the tumult of her bruised senses. Gradually she brought herself around to face the question of what to do. What she had said was true: if Sidney should learn the truth he would kill Hamilton without a moment's hesitation. She knew her husband well on any question of principle. To go of her free will to Hamilton was one thing; to have her stolen by dastardly fraud was another. But in her own stinging self-denunciation she could not help feeling a sense of partial guilt. She had deliberately, selfishly cast aside the love of a good man for the baubles of a world that was not her own. She had deserted him in poverty, in loneliness, when he had needed her most! A wave of tenderness for him flooded her heart, and she uttered his name with a quick little sob. He must never know! She would spare him that! There would be a way—some way—

The door opened and Sidney thrust out a questioning head. His hair was in a state of violent eruption, and he had a pen between his teeth. On recognizing her he grabbed the pen from his mouth. "Why, Margaret! What in the world—"

219
Her head drooped and she twisted her fingers. "Sid," she asked humbly, "may—may I share your attic?"

A flash of almost beatific happiness crossed his face. Silently he drew her into the room, closed the door, and folded her tenderly in his arms. Neither spoke for several moments. Then he said, softly: "So you've tired of it at last, Peggy?"

"Yes, I have tired of it, Boy. I want to live now."

"And you are ready to lay aside money for real happiness with me?"

"I—I haven't any money, Sid! It was all a mistake. The will has been—has been contested."

He laughed a happy boyish laugh. "Never mind. We have plenty." His eyes danced as he held her from him. "Did you ever hear of Anthony Duane?"

"The novelist? Why, yes, of course."

"Behold the man!" He pointed a stiff, proud fore finger at his waistcoat. "That's my pen name!"

"You! And you've lived like this, waiting for me?" She could have kneeled to him. And when she suddenly realized that Hamilton could be paid, a great peace came into her heart.

"I only wanted your love, Peggy," he said, very tenderly.

There came another blissful silence. Then, as if recalling her words:

"What became of your—of what was your fortune, dear?"

She clung to him, and pillowed her head on his shoulder. "It went to—to an institution for—women!"

The flaring gaslight whistled mysteriously—and Sidney never knew!
Castaway Hearts

There are some hearts that long for quiet things
For fragrant meadow-land and summer sun
And little silver waterways that run
Down smiling hills where one bird always sings.

Sad hearts that sigh for solitude and rest
Before the ember's dying glow, the flame
Of one tall taper flickering—and fame
A thing that sinks with sunset in the west.

And hearts like this are cast into the strife
To toil and moil, to walk the fevered ways
Of this uneasy, passion-driven life,
To fight and lose and win, till all ablaze
They hate their very selves for greed and lust,
Because through use, they've come to love the dust.

PAUL DeWitt Page, Jr., '21.
HEN a man stops you on the streets of Algiers and inquires of you where Sidi-Bel-Abbes is and what is there, you wonder. Certainly! If you are of the Legion you wonder still more, for Bel-Abbes is the northernmost home of the Legion, headquarters of the First Regiment and associated with many things dear to us. It is linked with—but I forget myself. This is not so much a tale of the Legion. It is of what we call coincidence; it is of Fate; it is of the hand of God; it is of a man without a memory—without a country—without many things that we expect to find in a man. But I should begin at the beginning.

Business of the Legion takes us to many strange places; and so it was that one late afternoon in February found me in one of the meanest sections of the city of Algiers. Behind the town the mountains stood out in bold relief against the sky. The slanting rays of the sun flooded the upper stories of the houses across the street with a mellow light, leaving me to find my way in the shadow. All was quiet and I walked along, busy with my thoughts. The street grew narrower and, if possible, dirtier; and the houses across the way now had only a golden border at the top which seemed to accentuate the squalor. Ahead of me from the dark shadow of a doorway there emerged the darker form of a man. I watched him and it struck me that he was a stranger to that section. There was an air of furtiveness about him, too, that puzzled me. He slunk along ahead of me, keeping close to the hovels that lined the way, and ever and again he started, surprised at some idiosyncracy of the Moorish builder—a door concealed in a corner, a low window. I was close to him by this time, for he went but slowly, and I was about to call to him when he faced about and saw me. For the least fraction of a minute he gazed at me stupidly, then with an air of almost abject deference he stepped aside into the deeper sand near the middle of the street. Now I can see there was a certain military preciseness about that action, but then my attention was held by the man's expression. He was livid and a deep hate seemed to smoulder in the eyes that were set in a countenance as impassive as a death-mask. I moved to pass on for I had involuntarily stopped.
when with a gesture vaguely commanding he held up his hand. I faced him and he addressed me. My wonder grew so that when he finished I was scarcely able to answer him, for he wanted to know what Sidi-Bel-Abbes was, where it was and what was there. I explained briefly and when I left him he was muttering in thick, rumbling French, "La Legion Etrangere! La Legion Etrangere!"

This incident quickly passed from my mind and until I again reached Sidi-Bel-Abbes I thought no more of it. The Legion keeps men too busy for dreaming.

Perhaps you do not know just what our Legion is? It is recruited from men of all countries, from men in all walks of life. To us a man is not an Italian, a Spaniard, an American—he has no past—he is a Legionnaire. When he joins we ask not his motives, as to his name that is a mere formality. The Legion has business to do and that business is to fight and we have no qualms as to whom our fighters may be. In our ranks may be found men of culture, men of the slums, street singers, concert singers, fugitives from justice, victims of misfortune—and the motto of these men is "My past is my own." And so it was I was not surprised when I saw this man in the ranks of the First Regiment. He had enlisted about two weeks before I returned to the post. As a "bleu," he had shown such aptitude that even the old Legionnaires had admitted that he was a good soldier. There was none of the "gaucherie" of the raw recruit about him. It was rumored that he had been an officer in one of the European armies, probably the Russian, and had been cashiered. This in a way explained his accent and also seemed to give his motive for joining the Legion. What could be more natural than that a soldier disgraced should seek to vindicate himself in his own profession? The men of the Legion do not ask questions, they make suppositions to explain things that are a mystery to them. And yet the mystery which clung to the soldier, Jean Lefevre, as he was known was in no wise dissipated by these various suppositions. He was taciturn, grim and sought no companions. But he was thorough and admired as a soldier—not liked.

Now, monseurs, perhaps you have heard of the Cohort of the Damned, perhaps not. I shall tell of it briefly for one of its members has much to do with this tale, and of him also must I tell.

The men in the Cohort are all aviators who served for France throughout the war just ended. Theirs was a nerve-racking life. Day after day, keyed to the highest pitch, they darted across the skies of France, sometimes to return, sometimes to fall—for France. Great was the strain they were under, too great for humans to endure. And some could not endure. The lust
for battle had become an obsession and so when the war ended many of these poor men, deprived of what had been the only outlet for a tremendous nervous force, became morose, morbid, a seething volcano of desire—the desire to kill. Some few of these returned to civil life, brooded, ran amuck—Sapristi! they are more to be pitied than blamed! Then our government realized what was needed—and so we have the Cohort of the Damned, an adjunct to our Legion.

Pierre Loubet was of the Cohort. Young and newly married, he was living in a small town in northern France when the German scourge fell on the land. The mobilization order sent him to his regiment but he was soon transferred to the aviation section and in the course of time became a chasseur pilot. While in the school the little town from which he came was overrun by the Prussian horde, his wife—he had heard nothing of her. Was she dead or alive? He knew not. And so he studied with a mad fervor and later ranged the skies like some fierce hawk driving all before him, and then one day, Pierre was brought down. Behind the German lines he fell but not to his death. They extricated him from the wreck of his plane and sent him to a hospital. Gradually his wounds healed and then one day he was sent with many of his compatriots to a prison camp in interior Germany. It would have been better for him had he died instead of ever having seen that place. I shall not give any details, monsieurs, you all know the Hun beast. Pierre found Marie—dejected, broken in spirit, she was but the slave of the prison commander. I cannot tell what our poor aviator suffered. For days he was as a mad man, thinking only of revenge—of some terrible revenge that could be visited on this fiend. He planned and in time there came a scheme, desperate, but a scheme. And later was its fruition. Pierre had schemed well and the Hun was before him begging pitifully, slavering, blubbering—ah! his revenge was sweet, he would draw it out, make it last, for there were long years of agony ahead for him. He would play with this man as the cat plays with a mouse. He would—but he was overpowered, his plan had failed almost at the consummation. Pierre was thrown into a dungeon, fiendish tortures were devised to be inflicted upon him—and then came the end of the war. A short time after, he was repatriated and later came to the Cohort. He was like an ember spewed from the fiery mouth of War and his hate smoldered within him.

And now my friends, let us speak of coincidence. What is it? Strange things happen and someone says, “It is only a coincidence.” Why should they say only? For to me it seems that in coincidence, as they call it, you can see the workings of Providence with somewhat less of obscurity than
in the ordinary events of life. It is like a warning voice that says, “Beware! All things are ordered.” Coincidence brings surprise, sometimes remorse or Conscience: it always brings thought. And so it was that coincidence should bring Pierre Loubet face to face with Jean Lefèvre.

Now I must return to Jean Lefèvre; there are things I know concerning him now which I did not know then—things which no one knew except Pierre Loubet. Lefèvre was suffering from amnesia; he was truly a man without a past. It might be said that he lived only from that day in February when I met him in Algiers. Lefèvre had been an army officer—in the Prussian army. He had been a prison commander, he was the prison commander. * * * And Fate, in the guise of an Arab chieftan, was working for Coincidence.

Far to the south in the Great Stony Desert rose the faint rumbling of a tribal war. The Legion heard. For days the men of the First went about their duties in a fever of hope and excitement. If they were only ordered out! And then came the long awaited day. The long column swung out of the parade where the regiment had been formed for its final inspection and off they went to entrain for the South. Many weary days followed; days of long marches and burning heat and nights of danger. At Agades they were to be met by the Third Squadron of the Cohort of the Damned—in the Third Squadron was Pierre Loubet. Fate was drawing the net closer and closer. On the night of the fifteenth of April, the First Regiment bivouacked outside the town. On the morning of the sixteenth the Third Squadron appeared in the sky. At ten o'clock Captain Loubet went to report to the colonel of the First Regiment. At five minutes after Captain Loubet stood facing the colonel's orderly—Lefèvre. And in Lefèvre's mind there came pictures of the past, the past that he had once wished to know, the past that he now wished had never been; for there were pictures, hideous pictures of deeds too terrible to give utterance to, flashing through his mind. And again he saw Loubet, the prisoner, pale and emaciated with eyes of flame standing before him—to kill him—and there was no guard to save him now. The colonel entered. Loubet whirled about, saluted and made his report; the orderly retired. The colonel issued orders and soon Loubet left.

That afternoon the First Regiment left Agades and marched to the southwest. At noon next day the battle was on. Before night it was over. The Arabs had been dispersed and the regiment returned to Agades. Again Captain Loubet sought the colonel—but there was a different orderly. To a question the orderly replied, “Dead”—and then Loubet told his colonel the whole story. And the colonel, who was as a father to his men, said, “Mine is revenge, saith the Lord.”
Epode XIII--Horace

The slag-gray skies contract in stormy frown,
The billows scream, the moaning woods bow down
In terror of the blast that whirls
The rain in sheets, the snow in eddying swirls.
Now is the day, the hour, ere hasting Time
Shall cloud our brows, and pale our locks with rime.
When all the world without is dun and drear
To mock its sadness with convivial cheer.
 Fill high the flowing bowl and steep dull Care
Deep in some spicy vintage, sparkling, rare,
Some musty heirloom of Torquatus' time.
Forget thy plaints of trouble, tales of pain
Amid the banquet cheer and lilting songs,
And Jove compassionate will right thy wrongs.
With musk and oils sweet-scented bathe thy brow
And hearken to the throbbing harp-strings low
And aching music burdened with the lay
Sage Chiron sang in the dim yesterday.

O earth-born son of Thetis, though each scene,
The brimming brook, the grassy-vestured green,
Thou lovedst in youth, must ever stranger be
Unto those eyes that look so longingly
Toward the horizon dim, let not Despair
Darken thy smiling brow, nor pallid Care
Blanch glowing cheeks, but with a blushful draught
Age-cooled in deep-delved earth, joyfully waft
Thy spirit Lethe-ward upon the wings
Of carefree song, and friendly gossipings.

James J. Sweeney, '22.
YOU may perhaps have heard of the Stagirite, but it is almost certain that you have never heard him mentioned among the great biologists for, although “Aristotle the Philosopher” is common enough, it will undoubtedly seem strange to hear the name of Aristotle connected with the title of “Biologist.” Indeed Aristotle and the classical authors in general are but little studied now and so it is not surprising to find that there are few men who know Aristotle's works or the scope of his studies.

But this sage, the greatest scholar of ancient Greece and the bright light of the dawn of knowledge, was far more than merely a philosopher and, in fact, his fame as a natural scientist has continued and grown even to this day. For besides building up a system of philosophy which is still extant and whose principles are taught even today, Aristotle also laid the foundations for the study and development of the sciences of Physics and Biology. Indeed as regards the question of his being as true a biologist as he was a philosopher, it is important to note that Aristotle is regarded as the greatest biologist of all antiquity, and Thompson in his article on Aristotle's biological work is led to remark, “Aristotle seems to me to have been first and foremost a biologist.”

If for no other reason than because of the amount of work which he must have done in that field, Aristotle's biological researches would be noteworthy. As indicative of his industry in this line a list has been made of the animals which he must have dissected. This list numbers forty-nine different animals, ranging from the mouse to the elephant and including among others the bat, the dolphin, horse, dove, owl, chameleon, grass snake, frog, eel, lobster and octopus. The scope of his studies in the natural sciences is shown by the number of his writings on biological subjects. Bearing directly on animals and animal life are his “History of Animals,” “On the Parts of Animals,” “On the Progressive Motion of Animals,” and “On the Generation of Animals.” Aristotle also wrote other treatises dealing with life in a more abstract way. Among them are: “On the Vital Principle,” “On Life and Death,” “On the Length and Shortness of Life,” “On Respiration,” “On Sleep and Wakefulness.” The enumeration could be continued but this much suf-
fices to show that Aristotle devoted a large amount of time and energy to
the study of subjects biological.

Not only was he familiar with a thousand forms of natural life but he
was also a careful observer of the details of structure. For example, he
describes in one place the habits, development and internal as well as external
structures of the cuttlefish and also its organs of reproduction and embryo,
all in an orderly thesis. He made a study, too, of the anatomy and mode of
reproduction of the cartilaginous fishes, particularly the shark and the ray.
In the case of one species of shark, the “galeos leios” as he called it, the egg-
shell breaks and the delicate membrane of the egg-shell, the yolk-sac of the
embryo, becomes united with the parental tissue as in mammals, this temporary union becoming the medium of nourishment for the young. Aristotle
observed and explained this phenomenon which was not again noted until the
seventeenth century by Steno and somewhat later by Johannes Miller. Aris-
totle also describes the development of a chick from the first indication of
the embryo as a speck, through the formation of the heart and so on until
the bird begins to chip the shell.

Moreover, Aristotle was not only a close observer and a careful recorder
of what he saw but he was also one to arrange and classify the phenomena
he found. Thus he conceived an ascending complexity in the vital phenomena
from plants to man. Instead of the three kingdoms, the animal, vegetable
and mineral, he divided all creation into inorganic and organic parts. The
first step in his ascending scale of living matter is the plant, which, since it has
a soul, is animate; the next step is the plant-animal or zoophyte; the third
is the animal whose existence is due to the increased activity of the vital
principle. At the head of all creation is man. Aristotle also had a definite
and scientific classification of animals by which he divided all living beings
into bloodless and blood-holding animals; a division corresponding roughly
to the division between bloodless and blood-holding animals.

It is only natural, however, that Aristotle inasmuch as he was laying the
foundations of a great science should have made many mistakes; of which some
of the most striking are here recorded. Aristotle thought that the lion had, in-
stead of vertebrae, a single bone in its neck. He also said that man has only
eight ribs, that the heart is above the lungs, and the stomach is not much wider
than the intestines. Further he stated that females have fewer teeth than
males and that cartilage is the same as bone differing only in degree. Again,
he concluded that blood is an earthy and watery composition containing fibers
and needing heat and moisture to keep it liquid and he thought the blood
only went out from the heart and did not return to be sent out again but
instead was transformed into flesh, sweat, skin, feathers, scales, etc. Another curious opinion of his was that the brain was a cooling medium to moderate the heat of the body, while the spinal cord, being of a hot nature counterbalanced the action of the brain.

These mistakes, however, are to be expected in a pioneer in science and it should be a matter of astonishment, not that he made mistakes but rather that he made so few. Without any of the modern instruments of science, not having even a simple lens, without the advantage of all the principles of science now known, it is a marvel that he could do so much and all the greater credit is due him for the difficulties under which he labored. Aristotle was not only a great philosopher but he was an equally noteworthy scientist and to him belongs the honor of being the first student and pioneer scientist of biology.
RS. MALONE was singing as she wrestled with the wash. Her voice poured from her mouth like water from a tap. The building quivered in sympathy with her sonorous tones, somewhat as the fog horn at the pier sends shivers through the lighthouse behind it.

A familiar step on the stair interrupted her carol. She pounced upon the door and jerked it open upon a swiftly departing back.

"O, ye spalpeen! Ye'd better be gettin' to work," she cried. "It's two hours gone ye should 'a been away, and ye just now gettin' up. And ye wid a son in the army! If I wasn't so happy, I'd be droppin' a skittle on y'r head to help ye start!"

The back disappeared with silence and speed, and as Mr. Malone reached the sidewalk, he breathed a sigh of relief. While he was at his work as head valet to the Rialto Building Furnaces, he moved with confident and conscious authority, but in the presence of his wife, he was more meek than Dr. Chillip, more humble than Smike.

His late starts were usually hastened by various comments on his despicable character, but Mrs. Malone was too happy this morning to stoop to diatribe. In her present mood, the dank smell of the faded violets she had rescued from the debris of a last week's wedding was like the odor of wet fern and shy flowerets in the hedgerows. The sparrows that fought among the ash heaps of the yard, or quarreled along the fence tops caroled like the meadow-larks of a summer day in Westmeath. The clash and clatter from the sweaty street below came to her ears with a pleasant hum. She paused over her tub, and the dingy room faded from sight. She saw a land of bright fields and glistening white roads, torn by guns and men into pitiful ruin. In the midst of it all, her Danny was fighting, the bravest and the best of all that host of warriors. And he was coming home soon, for he had written of his appointment as instructor in a home camp. It would be good to know he was safe again, good to know—

A knock at the door destroyed her dream. Mrs. McCarty entered with a letter.

"'Tis dreamin' ye are this fine mornin'," said Mrs. McCarty, "I've brought ye a letter." A sharp retort died on her lips as Mrs. Malone reached for the missive.
"'Tis from my Danny. He's comin' home nixt month. Shure 'tis like hearin' the stories of the Little People to read his letters, he's that smart. He wrote us last week about a 'Black Maria' that almost got him wan day. I'd like to see any of those French hussies get my Danny away from Judy Ahearn. 'Tis too bad ye haven't a son in the arrmy, Mrs. McCarty." Mrs. McCarty was moved to reply, but could find no suitable aspersion to cast, so retreated instead.

That night Mr. Malone was absolved from his penance at the dish-pan in consideration of the letter. Tonight he stood in the position of a Homer. Instead of a lyre he had the letter from which to sing the deeds of a hero in a far country. Danny Malone had been well educated in the public schools of Chicago, so besides his expert knowledge of raffia work and embroidery, he could write quite legibly. He used this art to sing at every opportunity the praises and deeds of his own regiment, which like each of the other regiments in France, was "the finest outfit in the army."

For an hour, while his fingers laboriously traced out the words, Malone laboriously traced out the words, Malone led his wife through adventures that rivalled those of the Madison Street emergency patrol.

At the finish Mrs. Malone drew a long sigh, and turned to the dishes.

"There's suthin' about a victory in the paper tonight," said Malone, for he was unwilling to bring his temporary sway to an end. Mrs. Malone sat and waited; her mind was far away. Below from the street came the night voices of the doorsteps; of crying children, of wagons wheeling by, with now and then a strident phonograph to vex its restful hum. She thought of Danny, and what he might be doing. He was coming home this month, he said; his last letter had been written from his camp the night before he was to leave the front.

Mr. Malone was reading, "A signal victory was gained last night in an unnamed sector, when a patrol captured two German staff officers and six machine guns with the loss of only one man killed." Mr. Malone stopped suddenly.

"Is that all," asked his wife.

"No," he replied, in a suddenly aged voice, and started to read, and faltered.

"Go on, man, finish it," she cried impatiently, for her dishes were waiting.

"The dead man is Daniel Malone, of — Robey street, this city."

... ...

Below from the streets came the night voices of the door steps, of crying children, of wagons wheeling by, with now and then a strident phonograph to vex its restful hum.
Heigh ho! the maids are fair
And spring is drawing nigh,
When birds begin to pair
And lovers start to sigh.
Ah! well for those that try,
A word to all, "Beware,"
For that the maids are fair
And spring is drawing nigh.
Of love shall each man share,
(Altho some maids be shy)
With most to them that dare
And none to them that die;
Heigh ho! the maids are fair
And spring is drawing nigh.

School of Foreign Service.
Rev. Edward J. Devitt, S. J.
Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S. J.

T WAS only three months ago that Georgetown celebrated, with great rejoicing, the diamond jubilee of the Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S.J., and so excellent was his health and vigorous his enjoyment upon that occasion that despite his seventy-nine years of age the news of his death on January 26th comes as a surprise to the many generations of the sons of Georgetown to whom his earnest labors and kindly disposition have been a boon.

We cannot term his death untimely because, when it is the hand of God that acts nothing can be untimely; but otherwise, although Father Devitt has been a member of the Society of Jesus for sixty years, we would be inclined to call it so, for even to the last he labored, and the ebbing tide of life never removed his energy, his ability or his desire for new and greater accomplishments, and although as a historian he loved to contemplate the pages of the past, his mind was ever alive to the present, and he greeted with favor and interest every development of the Today.

It was on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg that Father Devitt first came to Georgetown. The great University of today comprised merely a handful of students, and was sorely torn by the strife of the Civil War. The School of Medicine was in its childhood, and the School of Law had not yet been founded. Only the North Building, and what is now the Community Building were standing at that time, and the “city of magnificent distances” was a straggling community of but fifty thousand inhabitants.

After a brief sojourn at Georgetown, Father Devitt was transferred to Gonzaga College, then known as the Washington Seminary, where he taught another of Georgetown’s best beloved and most venerable Fathers, the Rev. James B. Becker, S.J., whose sudden death was announced in the last issue of the Journal. Father Devitt taught at Gonzaga for six years before being sent to Woodstock to complete his study of Theology and Philosophy, where he was one of the first editors of the Woodstock Letters, that remarkable chronicle of religious activity in the Americas as recorded by the epistles of the Jesuit Fathers.

After seven years at Woodstock, Father Devitt was removed to other and wider fields of labor. He taught at Holy Cross, Woodstock and Boston College, and his zeal and ability were recognized when he was appointed
Rector of Boston College, and afterwards sent to the Procuratorial Congregation in Rome.

For the past twenty-five years Father Devitt has been connected with Georgetown. Until a few years ago he taught Philosophy, but at the time of his death was Archivist of the University, an office for which his accurate memory and long years of devoted service fitted him admirably. Even to his last days he worked upon a remarkable history of the Maryland-New York province of the Society of Jesus, having completed the records of every institution save Georgetown.

Father Devitt's decease, so close upon the death of his former pupil and life-long friend, Father Becker, leaves a great void in the heart of Georgetown; but his life records a shining example in the minds of the many upon whom his presence bestowed its calm benediction.
EDITORIALS

Glancing through the files of the Journal for years that are gone, we came across an editorial by a former editor which had to do with what we are pleased to call "the golden age of Georgetown." And the thought suggests itself that the expression is as applicable now as then, if not more so. For the substance of his story then was altogether of the new buildings which had been erected, of material improvements being made on every hand. There was reference, of course, to things other than material, but these were kept in the background. The writer's main contention was that Georgetown's big boom was due to the improvements in the matter of buildings. These improvements, he argued, would be conducive to better things.

Perhaps so; perhaps not. Who shall say? It is a fact worthy of note that the finest samples of college spirit are usually not found in colleges where many mansions be. But that is getting a little off the track we mapped out for ourselves a moment ago. What we started out to say was that now seems to be the time above all others of Georgetown's golden age. There is more whole-souled activity on the part of the entire student body than we
can recall seeing before. There are few men in the college who are not actively interested in something besides themselves. Their activities are varied, and may lie in athletics or debating or literature. There is talk of reviving the crew. A new weekly paper has come into being. On every hand one may see men who are doing things for Georgetown, who take pride in their work, and feel repaid by the college's pride in them. This condition, as we see it, marks the arrival of the true golden age.

It is hoped that with the arrival of the spring months there may be no flagging of industry and enthusiasm. It is often a difficult thing to end a college year with that strong driving finish that is so eminently desirable. Indeed, it is a difficult thing to keep enthusiasm at a proper pitch over more race courses than are found at college; which is the reason why many of the big things in the world have yet been left undone.

"A new weekly paper has come into being." This is the first issue of the Journal to go to press since the Hoya made its appearance. In the January number, we hinted at the possibility of The Hilltopper's withdrawal from the field to make room for a larger publication. Between then and now the college has witnessed the advent of a lively publication which has already come to mean a great deal to Georgetown. Breezy, light, and published weekly, it fills a want that the Journal left unsatisfied. The editor of the Hoya, of whom we have the honor to be whom, has succeeded in getting his paper recognized as a force in the college, to say the very least. He assures us, however, that he is thoroughly in sympathy with a college glee club—under certain restraints.

Certainly, The Hoya has so far been free from the criticism of being too soft spoken. It has said whatever it has had to say in no uncertain terms, and there can be no censure for that. If a college paper is to be worth its salt, it should never allow itself to be accused of pussyfooting. This need not mean that it must be malignant; merely that it should be conducted in a vigorous fashion, but with utmost fairness to all. We are sure that this has been the object of all connected with the Hoya, and that whatever may be said for or against its policy, no one will be tempted to assert that it is guilty of favoritism. Otherwise it would not be worthy of Georgetown's standards, and the sooner its publication was discontinued, the better it would be for all concerned.
On Tuesday, February 3rd, 1920, the marks for the first term of the academic year 1919-1920 were read in Gaston Hall at 10 A.M.

In his speech commenting on the work done during the half year, Father Rector touched upon a very timely subject. He pointed out with remarkable felicity the fact that the practice of indiscriminate criticism constitutes the root of practically all our present day Bolshevik movements and all movements against lawfully constituted authority. Father Rector suggested that our criticism of the College as well as the Government take on the nature of constructive and not destructive remarks, advocating with great verve the emulation of Washington, a shining example of a man that employed constructive criticism to a wonderful advantage.

**HONORS**

Those on the Honor List for obtaining an average of 95% and over for the work done in the first half year are:

**Junior Philosophy:** Charles F. McIsaac, '21.

**Physics:** James A. Butler, '21.

**Analytical Chemistry:** John J. Lynch, '22; G. Thomas Strother, '22; Robert S. York, '22.

**General Chemistry:** Edward D. Murphy, '23; Martin E. Maloney, '23; Thomas E. Mattingly, '23.

**Biology:** Ignatius Murnane, '23; Thomas E. Mattingly, '23; Neil O'Keefe, '23.


**REMARKABLE RECORD**

Though the marks of the Seniors are ordinarily read to them in the privacy of their own classroom, nevertheless the Dean of Studies thought that an exception should be made in the case of John I. Bradley, of California. Out of a possible 2,000 points for the first half-year, John received 1,946 points, and out of a possible aggregate of 1,400 points in Philosophy he received 1,383. This is not only an astounding record, but one that has rarely been equalled or surpassed.

**Medical School**

Dr. John Foote, associate professor of Diseases of Children, has been appointed editor of the Pediatric Department of International Clinics and also one of the editors of the new *American Journal of Child Hygiene*.

Dr. John Moran is now chief of staff at the Georgetown University Hospital.

Dr. Paul Deurney, '09, from Honolulu, is visiting relatives in the city.

Dr. J. Ryan Devereux, professor of Pharmacology and Therapeutics, has accepted a position with the United States Public Health Service as an inspector of hospitals, connected with the War Risk Bureau.

Dr. Wilfred M. Barton has been chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by Dr. Devereux's resignation.

Dr. Paul Leo Mahoney was married to Miss Gladys Reed on Wednesday, January 7, at Little Rock, Arkansas. We take this occasion to extend to them our heartiest congratulations.

Drs. Ralph Carbo, Walter Rappaport and Frank Eichenlaub, all of the class of '18, have successfully passed the District Board examination.

Inspectors from the Rockefeller Endowment Fund paid us a visit recently and a few months ago Drs. Caldwell and Pepper, inspectors for the American Medical Association visited the school.

**Law School**

The second semester began on February 2nd. The lecture hours were changed to begin at ten minutes after five and continue until seven o'clock. This was a most notable change but is looked upon with favor. The new hours make it more convenient for many of the students who are employed with the Government. It also enhances the school rating, giving it a day school classification.

A special class was organized to study the code of the District of Columbia in preparation for the bar examination to be held in June. This course will be conducted by instructors James Toomey and Howard Boyd.

A plan has been started by several of the live wires in the Senior Class to have all the classes unite and give an entertainment. The best talent will be selected from each class and under the efficient management of Durant it is hoped preparations will be completed for a public performance some time in the spring. The profits of this performance will be used to buy a piano for the school auditorium.
The past month has been featured with many social activities in the various clubs and fraternities as well as in the classes in general. The annual Freshman smoker was held on January 31st at the Lafayette Hotel and was the largest smoker ever held by any class at the Law School. The Junior Prom took place on Monday, February 16th, at the Washington Hotel.

A letter has been received at the Dean's office in which it is stated that the Lone Star State has given official recognition to the Law Department of Georgetown. In the future all graduates will be able to secure admission to the bar of the State of Texas upon motion, thereby not necessitating the taking of an examination. This is a much coveted honor and is only enjoyed by six other law schools in the United States. Much credit is due Mr. Hallie McGrath, a graduate and former editor of the *Domesday Booke*, in securing it for Georgetown.

**Dental School**

Colonel Book, D.D.S., of Walter Reid Hospital, a class-mate of Dean Taylor, has promised to give a short series of lectures on Oral Manifestation of Systemic Diseases.

Dean Taylor attended the meeting of dental teachers held at Detroit on February 6th, 7th and 8th. His itinerary included visits to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and to the Buffalo Dental College.

The Navy Dental Board examinations for Naval Reserve officers was held at the Dental School on January 16th and 17th. Twelve candidates presented themselves, several of whom were from the Georgetown Dental School.

Dr. Bain, professor of Prosthetic Dentistry, will conduct a series of demonstrations every Saturday in the "House" technique for plate work.

Dr. Frank Quille, '19, qualified in the recent New Jersey Dental State Board examinations.

**Foreign Service School**

The Foreign Service School held its first smoker, January 24th. The affair drew nearly all the men of the class and they, together with the many guests, managed to keep the Elk's Hall in a high state of merriment till well past the witching hour.

The musical end of the program included a violin solo by George Kramer, and songs by Philip Black, and by the Law School quartet. The Foreign Service School orchestra injected much spirit into the affair with an entirely popular program. Joseph Weisberger gave a novel and very entertaining song and dance act.
On the more serious side Maj. C. P. Wood, U. S. Trade Commissioner, a Croix de Guerre veteran of the war, spoke on "Some Aspects of the Reconstruction Work in France and Belgium." He discussed the humorous and pathetic side of rehabilitating the devastated countries. He caused considerable applause when, in referring to the statement of the actor Raymond Hitchcock concerning the "lazy attitude of the Belgians" he declared that in Belgium there were thousands of women who had done more work since they were sixty years of age than Mr. Hitchcock had done in all his life.

U. S. Consul George D. Hopper spoke on "Scandinavian Trade Relations." He was introduced by President Sandiger as a former half-back of the Center College Football Team. He recounted many personal experiences in Stockholm with the Bolsheviki and enemy spies during the war and gave a comprehensive insight into the great field of consular work.

The committee in charge, which was responsible for the smoker's success, included Thomas F. Dolan, chairman, Matthew J. Heiler, John J. Connolly, and Leontine A. Walsh.

On January 22nd, Dr. McElvy gave the first of a series of illustrated lectures on Ports and Terminal Facilities.

The Regent has been very busy lately entertaining distinguished guests from the Pan-American Financial Conference.

Mr. Archibald Wolfe, an international authority on foreign trade, and Mr. O'Reilly, of the Irving National Bank, recently paid the School a visit.

The second semester of the academic year, which began February 9th, 1920, brought several important changes. New courses were added, including "Documentary Technique of Foreign Trade," under P. J. Stevenson, Chief, Commercial Attache Division, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Trade, Department of Commerce; "American and Foreign Business Law," under Mr. Robert M. Hughes, of the Norfolk Bar; and "The Far East," under Mr. W. F. Willoughby, former constitutional advisor to the Chinese Republic.
The recent meeting of the Executive Board of the National Alumni Association was attended by John J. Hamilton, '91, Dr. John A. Foote, '06, Barry Mohun, '96, Hugh J. Fegan, '01, Henry K. Gower, '98, John O. La Gore, '17, and Martin Conboy, '98. General affairs were discussed and it was planned to have a banquet here in Washington after Easter.

The annual banquet of the Philadelphia Alumni was held on February 10, 1920, in Philadelphia.

The annual banquet of the Boston Alumni Association was held at the Hotel Bellevue in Boston, on February 14, 1920.

Ex-'71. Brigadier-General Nicholson, a former Georgetown student, has retired from the army. The Baltimore Sun of January 17, 1920, printed the following short eulogy:

"Brigadier-General Nicholson retires from the army after a longer period of service than any other commissioned officer. And his service is not measured merely by the forty-four years he has worn the uniform of his country. It is made up of varied and substantial performances of which any man might be proud. He has figured in nearly every form of military activity in his day, from repressing Indian savages and Mexican outlaws, to curbing the Hohenzollern expressions of savagery in France; and everywhere, in camp or field, he more than made good. As commander of Camp Meade and abroad of a brigade of the Seventy-ninth Division, which included our Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry, we may almost claim him as a Marylander—at least as one whom the war has made an adopted son. Maryland and Baltimore will always be glad to welcome him and to do him honor. If all of Uncle Sam's servants could retire with such a fine and unblemished record, their retirement would never be accompanied by anything but 'bravos' and 'well done'."

Ex-'77. Bernard Doherty, of Melrose, Mass., dined with the Faculty on January 8, 1920. Mr. Doherty was a member of the College Band during his school days in the seventies and he had many interesting stories to tell about the night excursions of the twelve musicians.

'88. Francis A. Brogan, winner of the Merrick Medal and many other honors while at Georgetown, has been elected chairman of the Chamber of Commerce of Omaha, Nebraska.
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

'07. It is the sad duty of the JOURNAL to chronicle the death of Mr. Charles M. Kelley, a former student of the Law School. His death occurred in Baltimore on November 15, 1919.

'01. Richard B. Cavanaugh of the New York Bar has entered into partnership with Messrs. Meyers and Hyde to form the firm of Meyers, Cavanaugh and Hyde for the practice of Patent and Trade Mark Laws. The firm has its main offices in New York with a branch in Washington, D. C.

'03. Albert E. Berry, LL.B., '03, and LL.M., '04, has been appointed president of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. Mr. Berry, whose birthplace was Washington, entered the C. & P. offices a couple of years after his graduation from Georgetown and has risen rapidly through many departments to reach his present position as president.

'08. George LeGuere, a former Associate Editor of the JOURNAL, recently appeared in Washington in "Mamma's Affair" and during his stay paid a visit to the college.

'12. Mr. Rafael R. Rivera, at present Fiscal-at-Large of Porto Rico—which position is equivalent to that of District Attorney—has been appointed president of the Mediation and Conciliation Commission by the Governor of Porto Rico.

'13. Milton A. Kaufman, of Washington, D. C., LL.B., '13, died February. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his parents.

'14. Here is a bit of news from the Washington Times:
   "A publicity campaign for Philippine Independence will be directed by Maximo M. Kalaw, chief of the department of Political Sciences, University of the Philippines, and an alumnus of both Georgetown and George Washington Universities, who arrived here yesterday from the Eastern colony. Expressing the belief that there is less social unrest in the islands than any other place in the world, Mr. Kalaw said the islanders feel they have complied with all conditions necessary for their emancipation from a foreign yoke. He described a great patriotic demonstration, just before his departure, which was incited by restoration of the Philippine flag."

'15. Hugh Thomas Carter writes the following from Helena, Montana:
   "I may come to Washington in the spring of 1920 and I will most certainly
endeavor to be on time for the graduation ceremonies and the class reunions. I was only admitted to the Bar here a week ago and I have already had the pleasure of sending a bill to my first client.”

'16. John Francis Weiser has been admitted into the firm of Bayly, Simmons & DeWitt, attorneys-at-law in Cleveland, Ohio.

'17. Ray Devlin is in business with his father at Matteawan, N. J.

'17. John J. Darby, Jr., one of Georgetown’s best debaters, has become a member of the Patent Law firm of Cushman, Bryant & Darby. Georgetown should indeed be proud of Mr. Darby’s success and the Journal takes this opportunity to congratulate him.

Ex-'18. The Journal takes great pleasure in announcing the birth of a son, Robert Wymard, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Berberich, of Washington, D. C.

There were many Georgetown men present when Father John H. O’Rourke, S.J., preached recently in the Cathedral of Little Rock, Arkansas. Among those present were Asa C. Gracie, John P. Gracie, James A. Gray, Joseph G. Quinn, W. G. Street, W. S. Boone and Thomas Smallwood. Father O’Rourke taught at Georgetown in ’83 and ’84.
The Journal Book Shelf


“When the trumpet sounds at Armageddon, only those win the undying honor and glory who stand where the danger is sorest.” This would seem to be the keynote of young Roosevelt's success in whatever he undertakes. In this book of a soldier's experiences in the late war, we see for the first time a vivid and clear picture of war-time conditions. Simply and forcefully the author repeats his journey into France, the battles, the victories, and finally the aftermath of that great struggle, where the powers of men came to test. Personal touches of humor abound in the work, which help to lighten the stirring narration of simple events. This is a refreshing relief to other books of experience in the late war, which sometimes prove so tiresome to the average reader. Here is a delightful and thrilling story, charmingly told by this well-known American who is rapidly advancing to prominence.


An interesting and timely book by the author of “The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries,” and other equally well-known productions. “Success in a New Era” is an important bit of instruction. The various elements which contribute towards success are treated in full. The author dwells at some length on morale, and other essentials of success. Admirable examples are brought forth to vivify the subjects under consideration. Napoleon, Foch, Mercier, and numerous others afford interesting reading. The book is never dull, although it is purely a work of instruction. Absorbing chapters, interesting examples, helpful advice all make towards a happy result. The entire series of timely topics will warrant the reader's most careful perusal. A needed and delightful book of instruction and help.


“Blue Smoke” is a unique book—verses picked off from the everyday run of events, and from common situations, but unusually well-told. Karle Wil-
son Baker has taken from nature images which signify for her the experiences of a human heart. Some of them are light and playful—as for instance “The Family,” and other joyful rhymes, which are genuinely delightful and carefree. Others are of a more serious vein, and it is in these that the author reveals a clever style. Mrs. Baker possesses a sympathetic knowledge of human nature and is to be congratulated on the excellent result she has obtained. One and all, the verses are of the kind that admirers of this gifted poetess expect as easements for their idle hours. Some of the poems first appeared in popular magazines, but a careful reading of the entire collection cannot be too strongly recommended. You will find a very satisfying, intimate and wholesome account of life in these beautiful poems, by this well-known writer whose ability is not to be gainsaid.
On Tuesday evening, January 13, the Varsity basketball team completely outclassed the St. John's College of Annapolis quint in Ryan Gymnasium. From the very start the visitors were unable to cope with the speed and lightning passwork of the Blue and Gray, and before the final whistle had blown, the Hilltoppers under an attack led by Jack Flavin, had rolled up a 40 to 4 score. The invaders were unable to score from the field getting all their points via the fifteen foot mark. Jack Flavin and acting captain Fees played a stellar game for Georgetown the former getting seven field goals and the latter five. Joe O'Connell, the big Blue and Gray pivot, played a great defensive game while George Carney, substituting for Flavin, treated the spectators to a few spectacular shots

GEORGETOWN vs. DELAWARE

Handicapped by the absence of its star center, Joe O'Connell, the Varsity, before a large crowd of basketball enthusiasts, broke the winning streak of the famed Delaware College quint, by a 40 to 26 count. Before meeting the Hilltoppers, the visitors had humbled such teams as Navy and Catholic University and intended to meet with as much success against the Blue and Gray, but were disappointed. Jack Flavin shifting from forward to center was the outstanding feature of the game. So strong was the defense of the Delaware team that the Hilltoppers were unable to work the ball down under the basket and shoot from close formation. Flavin, however, proved the medium for overcoming this obstacle, thrilling the spectators with spectacular shots from all angles of the court. He accounted for eighteen of his teams points. Joe Lonschak played a great guarding game, intercepting many long passes as well as scoring three times from the floor. The Delaware team fought gallantly 'till the last and it was only superior team-work and accuracy
ATHLETICS.

in locating the net, that brought about their defeat. Alexander, right for­ward, starred for the vistiors, caging four field goals.

GEORGETOWN vs. CAMP HUMPHREYS

The Georgetown five took the fast Camp Humphreys basketers into camp by a 39 to 21 score. The visiting team was composed of former West Point men, now officers in the army. Throughout the first period it was nip and tuck all the way with Georgetown having the edge by a 19 to 13 count. In the second half the Blue and Gray developed an attack that put the soldiers entirely on the defensive. Towards the end the game was marred by roughness on both sides and many fouls were called.

Zazzali and Lonschak played well for the Hilltoppers while Shrader played a good game for the visitors.

GEORGETOWN vs. GEORGE WASHINGTON

In the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, on Saturday, January 31, the Blue and Gray quintet humbled for a second time this season the George Washington five of this city. The Hatchetites were out to avenge the previous defeat suffered on the Hilltop court some weeks earlier and started out with a rush, scoring three field goals before the Blue and Gray realized a point. A field goal by Lonschak and four free throws by Captain Fees tied the score. From then on the Georgetown players settled down and had things their own way, the half ending in our favor 23—11. In the second half the Hilltoppers continued to roll up the score, and the final whistle found them far in the lead. Joe Lonschak, the clever little guard, was a potent factor in the victory. He not only prevented many baskets by his air-tight guarding, but caged three pretty field goals from difficult angles. Carney substituting for O'Connell, played a clean and fast game.

GEORGETOWN vs. WEST VIRGINIA WESLEYAN

On Tuesday evening, February 3, Georgetown triumphed over the West Virginia Wesleyan quint by a 36 to 18 score in one of the liveliest and hardest fought games played in Ryan Gym this year. Jack Flavin and Joe O'Connell were the stars in the victory, the former caging six field goals and the latter four. The visitors guarded so closely that the termination of the first half found the Hilltoppers ahead by a slight margin of three points. In the second half the superior pass work of the Blue and Gray proved too much for the Virginia team, and they were forced to succumb. Fees caged twelve free
throws out of fifteen attempts but was so closely guarded by Roborough, that he was unable to display his ability at field shooting. Lonschak and Zazzali both played a good defensive game for the Hilltoppers while Sneider, center, was the best of the invaders, shooting three baskets from the center of the floor.

**Track**

**BUFFALO MEET**

Georgetown began its long list of track activities on Saturday, January 17, when its track team journeyed to Buffalo and competed against several of the crack teams of that section. The University relay team consisting of Le Gendre, Auray, McDonough and Griffith lost to an all-Buffalo team, Hobart College, the conquerors of Yale, finishing in third place. It was a blanket finish, the Hilltoppers losing by a little over a yard. Had the Blue and Gray been able to hold the post on the curves, the result might have been different.

In the mile, Connolly, running from scratch, was forced to overcome handicaps of more than 100 yards. On the third lap the Varsity star, brought the spectators to their feet by overtaking the entire field in a brilliant run, and was ahead of the world’s record at that time. The lack of training, however, proved his undoing, and he was unable to finish the fourth lap. Before the meet the members of the track team were the guests of the Georgetown Alumni of Buffalo, who held a banquet in their honor.

**BROOKLYN MEET**

On Saturday evening, January 31, the Gotham track enthusiasts had an opportunity of seeing Captain Bob LeGendre, inter-allied Pentathlon Champion and his track team perform, when Coach O'Reilly sent his charges to compete in the Brooklyn College Athletic Carnival, held in the Fourteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn. Nor were the New Yorkers surprised when the Blue and Gray pilot, after driving his men through four gruelling laps, led the Hilltoppers into second place, losing to the much touted University of Pennsylvania team, composed of Eby, Davis, Maxim and Smith. The Georgetown team, Auray, Griffith, LeGendre and McDonough, led the field for the first two laps, but in the third the experienced Quakers jumped in the lead and held it. Rutgers came in third with Columbia, New York University and Boston College following in order. In the 1,000-yard run, Jim Connolly lined up against such reputed men as Homer Baker of the Glencoe A. C., Earl Eby and Lawrence Brown, both of U. of P., E. G. Driscoll, of Yale, Mike Devanney, of the Millrose A. A., and John Sellers, of the New York A. C. Connolly, after leading the field for two laps, was forced to retire from pure exhaustion.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

W.B. Moses & Sons
Furniture,
Draperies
and Linens
School Chairs
Desks, Etc.

4 convenient corners
4 clothing, hats, shoes and furnishings
4 men and boys

Special “Shopping Service” for orders by mail.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
Broadway at 13th St. “Four Convenient Corners”
Broadway at Warren
Fifth Ave.

NEW YORK CITY.

Put It Right Here!
GOOD FELLOWS WITH CHEER
WE APPRECIATE YOUR GENEROUS CO-OPERATION AND
PATRONAGE BY DEALING AT THE
Georgetown College Store
YOU HAVE HELPED THE TEAMS TO VICTORY

Please Patronize Advertisers and Mention The JOURNAL.
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Black and White Serges, Worsted
Nuns' Veilings, Linens, &c.
FOR RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS

O'NEILL & CO.
112 to 118 N. CHARLES ST.
3 and 5 W. LEXINGTON ST.
BALTIMORE, MD.

WE HAVE MADE AND KEEP IN STOCK EVERY CLASS OF GOODS
REQUIRED BY DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES

Serges
Diagonals
Shawl Cloths
Veilings
Merinos
Cashmeres
Habit cloth
Drap d'Ete
Dimity
Linens
Flannels
Blankets
Spreads
Towels
Toweling
Hosiery
Nankeen
Gingham
Ticking
Handkerchiefs
Napkins

CROSSES, SILKS AND GALLOONS FOR VESTMENTS,
LACE ALBS AND SURPLICES

LIBERAL TERMS AND LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES

Please Patronize Advertisers and Mention THE JOURNAL.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers.

CLOTHING
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone Murray Hill 8800

Clothing Ready made or to Measure for Spring
Evening Clothes, Cutaways, Sack Suits
Sporting Clothes and Light-Weight Overcoats
English and Domestic Hats and Furnishings
Boots and Shoes for Dress, Street and Outdoor Sport
Trunks, Bags and Leather Goods
Send for Illustrated Catalogue

FRANKLIN SIMON MEN'S SHOPS 2 to 8 WEST 38th STREET

OUTFITTING AUTHORITIES
FOR COLLEGE MEN

Embracing Hand-Tailored Clothes, London-made Aquascutum Topcoats,
Furnishings, Hats and Shoes

SPECIALIZING

In the Staples and Novelties of Men's Attire and deriving its intelligence and its
merchandise from exclusive and authoritative sources in London, Paris and New York.

Our representative will show in the Journal Room on April 13th and 14th

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Please Patronize Advertisers and Mention THE JOURNAL.