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Vanities

As in her youth my lady loves
   Her beauty to array
In brilliant scarfs and lily gloves
   And silks from far Cathay;
In bangles, gems, and flimsy lace
   Of gossamer design,
So too in spring all forms of grace,
All tints, all hues light Nature's face,
   And fringe her robe divine.

The aurore tinge of sunset skies,
   The glowing rose of dawn,
The nodding daisies starry-eyes
   On the lush verdant lawn,
The burgeoning hawthornes pink and white,
   The gorse's gleaming gold,
Each 'broidered delicate and bright
On Springtime's robe is a delight
   For gentle Nature to behold.

James J. Sweeney, '22.
FRANK S. EASBY-SMITH, '23.

**The Amulet of Gold**

ARDON, monsieur, quelle est cette station?"

The Paris train had come to a jerky stop, and as Jack waked from a brief nap, he realized that they had arrived at another town. All the occupants of the compartment, except the sleepy French officer opposite, had gone into the corridor preparatory to getting off the train. Jack put his question to the remaining Frenchman.

"Châlons-sur-Marne," and the blue back of the officer became conspicuous as he stretched out on the vacant seats.

So it was at least an hour before they would reach Bar-le-Duc. Jack was very sleepy and the Frenchman looked immensely comfortable. He quietly raised the two arms dividing his section into three seats, and using his coat as a pillow, realized his last luxury for some time to come. He was going back to duty, near Verdun, after a week's leave in Paris. What a contrast, Paris and Verdun! Would the world forget? And as the wheels creaked once more, he slept.

Minutes passed. The rocking, swaying train, tore on through open country, towns and villages. The tiny engine puffed and blew, dragging its heavy burden along at a remarkable speed for so small a thing. Around a corner loomed a light; around another a few more lights, and the train began to slow down.

Jack awoke with a start. Had he passed his station? There was no conductor, as on the good old American trains, to wake him when he did come to his destination, but—ah, the Frenchman still slept, and he was getting off at Bar-le-Duc too. He had read the name on the slip over his seat, and these Frenchmen never passed their stations. He felt the train slowing up, and simultaneously the French officer sat up, rubbed his eyes, and put on his heavy coat. In a minute they entered the station at Bar-le-Duc.

What a place at midnight! A few dim lights made the platform partially visible, while at one end could be seen a gate with a railroad official already
collecting tickets. Beyond was a window where the passes of all officers and men of the American army, coming or going on leave or official business, were examined and stamped.

Jack turned from the window in time to see his traveling companion disappear into the blackness of the street. "About two blocks up, cross the tracks and turn to the left," said the M. P. directing him to the narrow-gauge train for Verdun. He turned into the night. It was all he could do to see his hand before him. The town was black, absolutely black. Why, the war might be on in full force if this lack of light was any sign. Jack had been there many times before, but he could recognize nothing in this total darkness.

He walked cautiously to the left in search of something to guide him, and his hand suddenly came into cold contact with an iron fence. He felt his way along some hundred feet, and perceiving a dim light further off to the left, made for it.

A railroad employee was talking quietly to a French soldier and a woman. Jack could not catch what they were saying, but for that matter he did not try. The train was there. It would leave at three o'clock and in the meantime—. Jack passed two of the filthy third class coaches. At the second compartment of the fourth car he stopped and, turning the handle, opened the door and stumbled in. He fell headlong over something soft lying on the floor, struck his head on the opposite door and fell in a senseless heap, half on the floor and half on the uncushioned seat.

How long he lay in that position he did not know. But presently he felt a warm, thick liquid slowly trickling through his fingers. In this half-conscious condition he could not make out what it was. An age seemed to pass and gathering strength, he drew his hand away and dragged himself to the seat. His eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and on the floor of the coach he could faintly make out a blue uniformed figure. The face was turned away but instinctively he knew it was his traveling companion from Paris.

Quickly he stooped over the prostrate form and dragged it to an upright position. Blood was flowing freely from a wound in the Frenchman's neck, but, as Jack looked at him, his eyes slowly opened and with a feeble effort, he made a sign for silence.

Outside the night reigned supreme. There was not a sound. He remembered the two men and the woman he had passed. Had they anything to do with this man's condition? What did it all mean anyway?
"Monsieur," the officer spoke in his native tongue, "do you—understand French?" The words came with difficulty, but were plainly audible to the listener. He nodded assent.

"Then listen, Monsieur. First—in case," there was a gurgling sound in his throat, but he found his voice again, "in case—I do not last so—long, take this," and he drew from an inner pocket, an amulet of carved gold, about the size of a walnut. "You will soon be going home—to America. Monsieur, by the Holy Virgin, swear to me that you will take this charm to—." His throat filled with blood. He gasped out a few broken sentences, and fell dead upon the floor.

* * * *

The great car sped down the avenue through a cold, misty rain which filled the air and penetrated to the vary marrow of one's bones. Jack shivered as he glanced at the numbers on the houses he was passing. They were great houses with pretentious fronts, which spoke of money and perhaps aristocracy which had not yet, through loss of its money, become middle-class. Then he passed a row of apartments, and before the last in the street, brought his car to a stop.

A huge man in purple livery stood waiting at the door, and Jack could not keep the old thought from his mind: Why would any self-respecting man, especially of such physical proportions as this man, consent to occupy menial position? But as usual the question went unanswered.

"Madame Tiberge, please," said Jack to the painted telephone operator. The girl looked queerly at him for an instant, simultaneously making her connection. Jack gave his name, which she repeated, and then followed her direction to the elevator. He ascended to the third floor and before the lights had disappeared in the shaft the large oak door in front of him swung in. He followed the white-capped maid, who had taken his card, and passed into a spacious drawing room where he sank into a soft-velvet chair and waited.

As the large clock over the glowing fireplace struck the half hour there was a faint rustle of silk, the odor of a summer garden, and at once Jack knew that he was not alone. He rose quickly and grasped the hand proffered him.

"Pardon, monsieur," said a feeble old voice. "So you have come? Le bon Dieu will bless you, mon ami, for surely 'twas He Who sent so faithful a man to my son on that dreadful night." The old lady sank into a seat by the fireplace, the flowing skirt of her simple black dress billowing about her feet.
THE AMULET OF GOLD.

"I—I beg your pardon, madame, but—you are—Madame Tiberge?" stuttered Jack. "You must pardon me for my stupidity, but somehow I had gotten the notion into my head that you were a younger woman—the wife—of Monsieur l’Officier, whom he had left here in New York when he went back to France. There was really no way of my knowing—just your name—where you lived—and—that I was to give you this." He drew out the golden trinket. "It was all he had time to tell me before he died—all, except that I must not be seen in that fatal spot. I suppose he thought I might be suspected of his murder, for even he did not know by what means he had died and it was not until days later that I heard how his death had occurred. And to think that but for a fraction of an inch I too would have shared his fate. A sharp, jagged hook on the side of that filthy compartment. He stumbled—and fell against it with his full force and—"

So vivid was the scene which Jack brought before his mind, that he forgot for the moment that he was not alone. The old lady was quietly brushing a tear from her eye as he became conscious of her presence.

"I am sorry, madame. I really did not mean to hurt you. He was your—your son, then? I am indeed sorry, and now that I have delivered the amulet safely in your keeping, I will trouble you no longer—unless I could be of further service to you."

She was quite calm by now and rose and placed a steady hand upon his arm.

"But, monsieur, surely you have some curiosity as to what this token means," and she glanced at the lump of gold lying in her hand. "It would take but a few moments to tell and—I should like you to hear. Will you not listen?"

"If you would really care to tell me I should indeed be glad to hear your story," replied Jack, "for surely there is another reason besides the sentiment of the amulet, why your son wished you to have it."

And so they seated themselves, the old lady on one side of the crackling logs, the young man on the other, and the story was told.

"It was in 1914, two months before the war. My sister’s daughter had married a German officer a few years before, and he had taken her back to his country. My niece and I had always been very devoted, and I had hoped that she might marry my son some day. But the German had come along and had won her, and, mon Dieu, for what devilish purpose!

"My husband was rich, while the others of my family were in but moderate circumstances. It was well known, too, that Monsieur Tiberge had put nearly a quarter of his fortune in a famous diamond. I had implored him at the
time not to do it, but he seemed to be possessed by the idea and would not listen to me. But when he had gotten it he was in constant fear of losing it or having it stolen. And so we devised the plan of hiding it in this amulet. No one would ever have suspected that it was hidden there and he had me wear it always so that it would never fall into other hands than my own.

"In June, my niece and her German husband were visiting us at our chateau near Vitre-le-François. One night, during their stay, my room was entered, I myself was gagged, and the amulet snatched from my throat. I grabbed at the thief in an effort to stop him and as he threw me off I brushed a flower, which he was wearing in the lapel of his coat, from its button-hole. It was the same which, earlier in the evening, I myself had placed in the lapel of my German nephew's coat. I said nothing of my discovery, however, until two months later, when my son returned from America in answer to his country's call. I had been so devoted to my niece that I would have lost all the diamonds in the world rather than grieve her and degrade her by exposing her husband as a thief.

"So when my son returned, I told him all, for by then we had lost nearly all our fortune and my husband had died a month before. He was furious that I had not exposed the German, but swore that he would do all he could to regain the diamond if it were not too late.

"Three weeks before I heard of his death I received a letter from him. It was written from a town in Germany and he said that he had accomplished what he had gone for. So when you wrote to me, monsieur, and said that you had the amulet of gold which my dying son had entrusted you with, I knew that at last I was to see the diamond again and that I should be able to die in the comfort which I have always been used to. For you see, monsieur, I am but a servant here. Oh, do not start. These people are very good to me and no one outside dreams that I am other than a member of the family. But my son sent me here to America soon after the war started. They are friends of his and I act as their housekeeper. But now—come, let us open the amulet together so that you may share my joy in my recovery."

Jack took the ivory-handled paper-cutter which she handed him from a small table. Quickly and deftly he divided the amulet into two pieces. The old lady gave a gasp and sank back into her chair. Upon the thick Persian carpet there rolled a tiny piece of folded paper. The diamond was gone.

Swiftly Jack reached for the paper and spreading it out found that it was extremely thin. He glanced at the closely written words and handed the
THE AMULET OF GOLD.

sheet to the old lady. She took it with a trembling hand and with a more trembling voice read aloud the following.

"Dearest Mother: I am putting this letter in the amulet in case something should happen to me before I see you. Somehow I feel God’s hand near, but I also feel that He will watch over you and will allow no harm to come to you.

"I found my cousin in the German town where I wrote you last, and I told her all. She said that her husband had acquired wealth in a most mysterious manner after their visit to you and that she had never been able to find out how he had become rich so suddenly. When she heard my story she realized how it had happened. She was dying, mother, from a bullet wound which he had inflicted when he was home last. There had been a quarrel over some slight matter. He was killed on the day the armistice was signed. We found the amulet where he had hidden it in a trunk. She turned over to me all the money she had. It amounts to about five hundred thousand francs, or half what the diamond was worth, and I have safely deposited it in the Banc de Paris. I am going back to duty near Verdun now. Perhaps I shall see you soon. Who knows? But until then and always, God bless you."

The old lady this time did not try to restrain her weeping. The tears came freely and her long pent-up grief seemed to have broken its dam. And so it was that Jack, finding his mission fulfilled and the story told, went his way.

The Past

The past is the receding present rushing onward to achieve the future. In its somnolent wake it leaves experience as the testimony of its endeavor. Upon its musty pages are the scarlet stains of the wayward and the regrets of the penitent. The recurring echo of its drowsy voice chants deeds of valor and sings the praises of inevitable justice. Like the course of a swiftly flowing stream it cuts its gap in the crumbling cliffs of time, while its waves cast the driftwood of wisdom upon the shores of the present. With it hidden, some dare face the future with hope, knowing its revelations could sever the rungs of ambition’s lofty ladder. With others it is the food of success, the nourishment from which they obtain the strength to answer the clarion call of duty. For the past is the heritage of the present and the present the maze of the future.
The Garden

My weary heart was like a garden bare
Of flowers, 'til you came like one red rose
To gladden it, and as a spring wind blows
Elusive fragrance with it, all the air
Grew sweet, and bird-songs trembled on my ear,
I cast out doubt, the garden was a-bloom
With hearts of incense and I had no room
For melancholy thoughts and chilling fear.

And then you left me. In one summer night
I fell from Heaven to Hell, and fear crept in.
I was in shadow, I had lost the light
Of love that kept my careless feet from sin.
The scented breeze was still, the birds were fled,
The garden desolate. My rose was dead.

Paul DeWitt Page, Jr., '21.
T is a truth that a very useful and exceedingly entertaining form of reading is sadly neglected by the world at large and almost entirely ignored by college students. All of us find the time and the desire to read fiction in its many forms, and poetry, or even essays, but it is seldom indeed that even the most enthusiastic devotees of culture bother to read the manuscript of a play.

This neglect finds its inception in the literary curricula of many schools. A work or two of Shakespeare constitute the entire play-reading of the average English course. A Greek tragedy, and a drama of Racine or Goethe are sometimes accomplished, but these are considered rather as models of literary Greek, French or German than as models of Greek, French or German literature. Time is perhaps too limited to permit a study of other dramas, but surely some encouragement and direction should be given to reading plays out of class, even as we are told to read certain novels, romances and short stories. As matters now stand many of us, having never been accustomed earlier in life to read manuscripts, become bored at the first attempt and never try again; but it is the test of experience that, once having read through several good plays, those very qualities which make a well-constructed drama rather difficult to follow render it the most fascinating form of reading.

Once having acquired a liking for the technique of the drama, we should find nothing more delightful than to capture a book of plays and spend an hour or two with it in a comfortable chair. Unhampered by the "bourne of time and space" we may truly make the world our stage. Against a blank wall, or in the embers of a fireplace can be erected our cyclorama and proscenium. We need not regard the expense either of scenery or actors; we cast in each role a star of the first magnitude and raise palaces in the air through which distressed heroines and brave heroes pass in state. We imagine in the stellar roles the graceful figure and melodious voice of some admired actress, and the rich intonations and finished gestures of our favorite
actor. We construct our own scenes—more magnificent than even Reinhardt ever placed behind the footlights; we plan our own “stage business” and there is no possibility of disappointment.

Aside from the pleasure which we can thus secure from reading plays, there is an absolute necessity of it when we consider how few worthy works are even occasionally presented to the modern audience. Shakespeare, the least neglected of the great dramatists, is at present being acted in America by only two companies with decidedly limited repertoires. All the splendid dramas of Ben Johnson, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Goldsmith and Sheridan, to mention a few familiar English names, have as much chance of being produced publicly in these days of bedroom farces as would a Dialogue of Plato, and are consequently unknown save to the readers of plays. This lamentable situation is even more evident when we consider the monumental works of other tongues. Save for Miss Margaret Anglin’s revivals a few years ago, and an occasional amateur performance, the Greek tragedies have been sunk into theatrical oblivion for many a decade. The Latin drama is hardly known beyond the lecture halls of Oxford. The great European dramatists such as Goethe and Schiller, Racine and Moliere, Lope de la Vega and Calderon have shared no better fate, and later plays of merit have been crowded from the boards by farces which are silly when not salacious and comedies which are ephemeral when not risqué.

Even were it possible to see the plays of the classical writers on the stage, they are all of a kind which, like great paintings, can best be appreciated by a careful study of detail. Apart from the increased aesthetic enjoyment, the study of the drama is incumbent upon the student of the Fine Arts; for among the Muses Melpomone is facile princeps, and every moment in social and intellectual life finds its highest exposition in the drama. But Drama should not, and indeed cannot be defined in terms of footlights and matinees; the true theatre lies in books—a world of beauty and brilliancy, sympathy and passion, laughter and tears between the lines. Its joys are perennial and its glory eternal. Whatever Bastilles may fall, the Theatre will stand. We see empires and palaces crumble into dust, while apostolic emperors and heaven-descended kings languish in exile. Every institution of science and government is sooner or later perverted and decays; but not so the Drama. Wilson and Clemenceau, Foch and Pershing, Hapsburg and Hohenzollern may sink into the swift oblivion of barbarian kings; but Sophocles and Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Goethe, Sheridan and Moliere stand steadfast on their everlasting thrones.
The Sun

I shed my rays
Through countless days
On the whirling world below.
I send my light
To scatter the night
And kindle the world aglow.

From my throne on high
In the azure sky
The warmth of my heart each day
Flows out from my breast
To a world hard prest
And drives bleak winter away.

In the season of spring
When the skylarks sing
Of the heavenly joy of life,
The fields of flowers
And dreamy bowers
I deck with foliage rife.
In summer the lass,
As she trips o'er the grass
And butterflies round her hover,
Then sings in glee
Her thanks to me
And happily greets her lover.

In autumn the last
Of the seasons is past
And yet, this is the best,
For my generous care
With harvests rare
The storehouse of man has blest.

Forever so,
I come and go,
From East to West sail I
To cheer the sad,
To make man glad,
His needs to satisfy.

Sylvan J. Pauly, '23.
John Carroll and the American Revolution

HENRY D. GASSON, '23.

S THE visitor to the artistic group of buildings belonging to Georgetown University approaches the main entrance his attention is drawn to a circular grassy mound upon which has been erected a striking bronze statue of the far-sighted churchman who chose this beautiful spot for a home of learning and a shrine of piety. At the base of this statue are inscribed the words: Priest—Prelate—Patriot. These significant titles give the keynote to the life of a most remarkable leader of men, a real živář živěpův and many an interesting paper could be written about the achievements of John Carroll in these varied phases of his life. However, the subject assigned: "John Carroll and the American Revolution," necessarily limits our consideration of his many-sided career to his deeds as they affected the civil and political destiny of this country during the fateful years of the struggle for emancipation from the tyranny of misguided rulers. We must, consequently, pass over in silence the eventful years spent by Maryland's most distinguished son at St. Omer's, at Watten, Bruges and Liège and the quiet months at Wardour Castle in England with Lord Arundel after the suppression of the religious order to which he was so devoted.

Father John Carroll returned to the new world from his studies in Europe in June, 1774. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since he had sailed abroad to acquire knowledge and training in the old world. Yet what a change had come over the face of the country! He had left it a peaceful colony of Great Britain; he found it, upon his return, a land in the violent throes of a revolution, its citizens firmly resolved to break the bonds which bound it to the mother-country. In this momentous crisis, John Carroll espoused the cause of humanity, of self-government and of emancipation with such ardor, that, in devotion to his country's welfare and in readiness to make every sacrifice for its liberation, he may justly be compared with such illustrious patriots as Washington and Franklin.

Now this whole-souled and unselfish patriotism is all the more remarkable, because there were many reasons why he might naturally have displayed but
little interest in the conflict. In the first place, the colonies had, as a rule, signalized themselves by iniquitous laws against Catholics. Even Maryland, which had been settled by Catholics, and where the earliest legislation had been in favor of religious toleration, had so far lost sight of the spirit which had animated its founders as to enact severe and absolutely unjust statutes against Catholics. To such extremes did the legislators proceed that members of the Catholic Church were debarred from voting, unless they qualified by taking oaths which were tantamount to a denial of their faith. A further step in this inhuman cruelty was taken when the Council issued orders to take children "from the pernicious influence of Catholic parents." As though this diabolical procedure were not sufficient, the animosity against Catholics was at one period carried to such an extent that they were excluded from all social intercourse with non-Catholics, they were not permitted to walk in front of the State House and they were actually obliged to carry swords for their personal protection. In consequence of these intolerable conditions, there was no public church for Catholic worship in Maryland or in Virginia at the time under consideration. It is evident to every reflecting man that such treatment could scarcely be regarded as an incentive for the persecuted to show enthusiasm for those who manifested this narrow, partisan, bigoted prejudice, unworthy of liberty-seeking people.

Secondly, when the so-called Quebec Act, guaranteeing to the Catholics of Canada full rights of conscience and the free exercise of their religion, was passed, the Provincial Congress which sat in Boston in 1773 expressed in brutally abusive language the pronounced and unequivocal disapproval of the people of Massachusetts against it. This gratuitous insult to the Catholics of both countries and this arrogant attempt to obstruct fair legislation in another country were certainly not deeds calculated to inspire the Catholics of the Colonies with much confidence in the code of justice which might be followed by their non-Catholic countrymen.

Thirdly, the personal friendship that existed between John Carroll and many of the English clergy, the generous kindness which he had received from the English nobility, naturally inclined him to entertain feelings of affectionate gratitude and of deep esteem for England and her people. We are all aware that personal attachments exercise a most profound influence upon men's judgments and that we are irresistibly drawn to favor the views of our friends, just as we instinctively recoil from the plans of those who have incurred our enmity.
Yet in spite of these grounds which would assuredly have exercised a pre-dominating influence upon a man of dwarfed vision and of personal aims, we find the freedom-loving, generous-hearted, broad-visioned John Carroll, throwing not only his own energies and influence, but also the influence of his fellow-workers in the ministry, to the side of the colonists, so that they rose in resistance against the unprincipled exactions of their rulers.

Now it seems to me that we may consider the policy of Archbishop Carroll towards the American Revolution from a threefold standpoint, namely, from his mental attitude, from his actions and from the results brought about by his words and counsels.

His mental attitude we can best glean from his letters to his personal friends. An examination of a man's personal correspondence is the surest way to gain absolutely reliable information on his real sentiments. In personal letters the writer unveils his secret thoughts and plans, his inmost desires, his doubts, his fears, his hopes, his plain, unvarnished judgments; through them we gain entrance into the deep recesses of his mind, and we see there the stand that he really takes before the Most High. Tested by this standard, what verdict shall we pass upon John Carroll? One and one only—and that is to the effect that he was absolutely and unreservedly, utterly and entirely devoted to the aims and aspirations of his countrymen for complete emancipation from the tyranny of England. This stand is clearly shown by many letters, still extant, written to close friends in Great Britain. As a sample of this correspondence, let me quote from a reply sent to Father Charles Plowden, then a leader among the English clergy. This reverend gentleman had evidently written in very disparaging terms about the leaders of the American revolution and about the noble Frenchmen who had so generously aided the cause of liberty. The taunt aroused the deepest indignation in the breast of John Carroll and he replied in terms of unmistakable vigor as follows:

“You tell me that you perceived that in my last letter I was afraid of entering into politics; but that you will force me into the subject. I had no such fears about me. I have the happiness to live under a government very different from that I have just been talking of (the Austrian), and I have never had any cause to fear speaking my sentiments with the utmost freedom. But when I was writing to you, I had so many other objects nearer to my heart to talk of, that I suppose I left them to the public papers. You have adopted some of the language of the prints on your side of the water, by representing us under imperious leaders and the trammels of France; but, alas, our imper-
ious leaders, by whom I suppose you mean Congress, were at all times amenable to our popular assemblies, elected by them every year, often turned out of their seats and so little envied, that as their expenses were often unavoidably greater than their profits, it had at all times been a difficult matter to get men disinterested and patriotic enough to accept the charge; and as to the trammels of France, we certainly have never worn her chains, but have treated with her as equals; have experienced from her the greatest magnanimity and moderation, and have repaid it by an honorable fidelity to our engagements. By both of us proceeding on these principles the war has been brought to an issue with which, if you are pleased, all is well, for we are certainly satisfied.”

Is it possible to express in clearer and manlier words an unconditional devotion to the American struggle and a resolute endeavor to uphold those views in the face of every critic, whether friend or foe.

In another letter, an answer apparently to certain violent attacks upon the leaders and supporters of the revolt against England's tyrannical policy, we read the following: “If your other kind letters never came to hand, you have only to blame the unsleeping avidity of your own cruisers, whom I should call pirates were I inclined to follow your example of abusing the political measures of your adversaries. For since the object of the war on your side, the right of Parliamentary taxation is now confessedly and by every moderate man on both continents acknowledged to have been unjust, surely every measure to attain that object must have likewise been unjust; and consequently, your cruisers, with all their commissions, were nothing more than pirates. Thus much to retaliate for your stroke at our faithless leaders and faithless allies.”

It was this spirit of loyalty to the movement for relief from oppression that led Archbishop Carroll to conceive the warmest admiration for Lord Chatham, the dauntless defender of the constitutional rights of British subjects in the colonies. It was the same spirit that caused him to regard with horror the shameless disregard of truth exhibited by many British journals. Hence, hearing both of the promising career of Chatham’s son and of the reports spread by many English papers, he gave voice to his sentiments in the following trenchant fashion: “I sincerely rejoice that the son of my favorite, the late Lord Chatham, conducts himself with such ability and integrity. You did not expect so much, perhaps, from an American, and, indeed, we should be excusable (if not as Christians, at least, politically) for not bearing you much good-will in return for all the lies and misrepresentations which many of your soured and indignant countrymen are every day coining about us.
JOHN CARROLL.

You have certainly cramped our trade by regulations not merely selfish, but revengeful. Your merchants will find that without warfare we have immense resources and the means of redress in our power, as soon as the establishment of our new federal government will allow these means to be called forth.”

A fair gauge of the Archbishop's sentiments can be gathered from his regard for the Father of his Country. What this regard was, we learn from the remarkable funeral panegyric delivered in St. Peter's Cathedral, Baltimore, on the 22nd of February, 1800. Knowing as we do John Carroll’s contempt for hypocrisy and fawning language, this eulogy unfolds to us the sincere and cordial appreciation which he entertained of Washington’s eminent virtues and his unselfish plans in his country’s welfare. “Whether we consult our own experience by bringing into comparison with Washington any of our contemporaries most eminent for their talents, virtues and services, or whether we search the pages of history to discover in them a character of equal fame,—justice and truth will acknowledge that he stands supereminent and unrivalled in the annals of mankind; and that no one before him acting in such a variety of new and arduous situations, bore with him to the grave a reputation as clear from lawless ambition, and as undefiled by injustice or oppression; a reputation neither depressed by indolence, nor weakened by irresolution, nor shadowed by those imperfections which seemed to be essential appendages of human nature till Providence exhibited in Washington this extraordinary phenomenon.”

Should a lengthier profession of John Carroll’s views be sought, what better document could be adduced in evidence than the splendid address presented to George Washington in behalf of American Catholics by their spokesman and his lay advisers, Charles Carroll, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch? The credit of this historic paper belongs to Father Carroll and its language is so vigorous and convincing that it is fitting to give the complete text thereof:

ADDRESS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF AMERICA TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“Sir:—We have long been impatient to testify our joy and unbounded confidence on your being called by an unanimous vote to the first station of a country in which that unanimity could not have been obtained without the previous event of unexampled services of eminent wisdom, and unblemished virtue. Our congratulations have not reached you sooner, because our scattered situation prevented the communication and collecting of these sentiments which warmed every breast. But delay has furnished us with the opportunity,
not only of presaging the happiness to be expected under your administration, but of bearing testimony to that which we experience. It is your peculiar talent, in war and peace, to afford security to those who commit their protection into your hands. In war you shield them from the ravages of armed hostility; in peace you establish public tranquility by the justice and moderation not less than by the vigor of your government. By example as well as by vigilance, you extend the influence of laws on the manners of our fellow-citizens. You encourage respect for religion, and inculcate, by words and actions, that principle on which the welfare of the nation so much depends—that a superintending Providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men. Your exalted maxims and unwearied attention to the moral and physical improvement of your country have produced already the happiest effects. Under your administration, America is animated with zeal for the attainment and encouragement of useful literature; she improves agriculture, extends her commerce, and acquires with foreign nations a dignity unknown to her before. From these happy events, in which none can feel a warmer interest than ourselves, we derive pleasure by recollecting that you, Sir, have been the principal instrument to effect so rapid a change in our political situation. This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account, because whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence under your auspicious conduct—rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships. When we pray for the preservation of them where they have been granted, and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those States which restrict them,—when we solicit the protection of Heaven over our common country, we neither omit, nor can omit, recommending your preservation to the singular care of Divine Providence, because we conceive that no human means are so available to promote the welfare of the United States as the prolongation of your health and life, in which are included the energy of your example, the wisdom of your counsels, and the persuasive eloquence of your virtues."

Were no other writings of his in existence to show the inner convictions of John Carroll, this document alone would afford unassailable proof that he was heart and soul in absolute and enthusiastic accord with Washington and with the designs and intentions of the colonists. As a confirmation, however, of the sentiments expressed in the letters to his English friends, it
JOHN CARROLL.

gives overwhelming evidence of John Carroll's loyalty to the cause of American independence.

But actions, we are told, are the true manifestation of a man's opinions. Let us apply this standard to the first archbishop of Baltimore, and we shall find that herein also his patriotism was true and genuine in the highest degree. No matter to what part of the country he journeyed, his voice was always lifted in favor of America's aspirations and of America's principles; the languid and laggard were aroused from their lethargy; the earnest were urged to action, while the enthusiasts were emboldened by his eloquence to deeds of heroic sacrifice and endeavor. His readiness to give practical and personal assistance was conclusively shown, when he left for a time his apostolic labors in Maryland and Virginia in order to undertake a toilsome journey to Canada in company with Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll. To understand the difficulty of this mission, we must bear in mind, first of all, that the Colonists had many reasons to fear an invasion from Canada, their northern neighbor. The mother-country had treated Canada with the greatest indulgence and through royal and local legislation, especially through the Quebec Act, the people of Canada had been assured, not only of equality in civil rights and political powers, but also of perfect liberty and protection in matters of religion. These measures had naturally aroused in Canada deep affection for English rule and English rulers. By a strange fatuity, certain fanatical Americans attacked this reasonable legislation, and hostile criticisms were stupidly and openly uttered, both by the Provincial Congress of Boston and by legislative bodies in other parts of the country. The result of this unfriendly attitude was to strengthen the Catholic clergy and people of Canada in their devotion to the royal government and in their opposition to any resistance against the same. Congress saw the danger and realized the necessity either of winning the active co-operation or of securing, at least, the neutrality of the Canadians. In consequence, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll were sent as commissioners to gain over our Northern neighbors. Charles Carroll was requested by Congress to prevail upon his cousin, the Reverend John Carroll, to accompany the committee, as his power of persuasion, his patriotism and his influence were universally admitted. It was felt that the eloquent churchman would be the one best qualified to give assurance to his Canadian co-religionists of the sound views of the American Congress on civil and religious liberty.

John Carroll joined the Commissioners at Philadelphia and proceeded with them to New York, which city they found in dread of a bombardment from
the British fleet. On the second of April, 1776, the party started on an eventful sail up the Hudson River. Unusually severe storms so retarded their ship that four and a half days were consumed in the trip from New York to Albany. Delays beset them at every point and they were not able to leave Saratoga until the sixteenth of the month. It took them until the evening of the twentieth to reach the northern end of Lake George, and after many vexations and disappointments the party arrived at Montreal on the night of the twenty-ninth of April, having spent about four weeks in covering the distance from New York. They were received with many demonstrations of joy and the commissioners were led to hope that their mission would be successful. Those were busy days for John Carroll. He soon learned that there was a remarkably strong feeling in favor of the crown and that the movements of the Americans were looked upon with open suspicion. It then devolved upon him to explain to the Canadians and especially the clergy, the real nature of the differences between the colonies and England, and that the revolution was the result of long-standing violations of their charters and constitutional rights. To the clear and masterly exposition of the wrongs so shamelessly perpetrated against the colonies, the Canadians replied that whatever grievances the Americans might have against the throne, they had none; that the British government had scrupulously observed the ancient French customs and laws and that the continuance of certain forms of Gallic law had been so generously sanctioned that the British government had won the warm gratitude of the people of Canada. They represented to the future Archbishop that there was every reason to entertain grave doubts about religious toleration by the Americans since the statute books of many colonies had been marred by unwholesome and prejudiced legislation. It was in vain that John Carroll represented to the Canadians that Congress had solemnly promised that, in the event of the Canadians joining the cause of the union their religion, their institutions, their property would be fully protected and that the members of the Catholic Church would be placed on the same footing with the members of other religious creeds. To this just offer, the answer was given that the British government had left nothing to be desired on the score of religious liberty, since all the property held at the time of the surrender of Canada to England had been left untouched, that the many missions, both among the people and among the Indians, were in an extremely flourishing condition; that the various religious orders had implicit trust in the crown's protection; and that from all standpoints existence under the fostering care of a powerful nation like Great Britain was far more desirable than existence.
under a feeble republic still in its infancy, which could not for many years be in a condition to give adequate protection to its citizens.

The final outcome of all the negotiations was a flat refusal to join the struggle for independence. It was evident to the commissioners that further parley was useless and accordingly preparations were made for their return journey, John Carroll setting out first with Benjamin Franklin whose poor health necessitated a speedy return and special care on the way. The homeward trip was made much more speedily, for Carroll and Franklin reached New York on the evening of the 26th of May, having left St. John's Canada, on the 13th of the same month. Having reached Maryland in the following month, Father Carroll resumed his indefatigable labors, toiling ceaselessly for his flock and for his country's welfare.

How nobly the young men of his flock responded to the eloquent appeals of the patriot-priest to defend the sacred cause of freedom is evidenced by the eagerness with which they flocked to the famous Smallwood regiment. This brave band of fervid warriors, the flower of the youth of Maryland, achieved imperishable fame by its gallant deeds. Well equipped and splendidly organized under Colonel William Smallwood, they were incorporated when they reached New York, into Stirling's brigade. Being young and spirited and excellently drilled they were employed as advance guards. At the battle of Brooklyn Heights four hundred of them were ordered to stay the progress of the enemy. Five times they charged the powerful forces of Cornwallis and five times they were driven back by overwhelmingly superior numbers. Once more, a sixth time, they rallied to press back the foe and the British columns began to give way under their desperate onslaught. A glorious triumph would have crowned their bravery, had not the enemy sent a detachment to cut them down from the rear. Caught between two fires, one-half their force was annihilated, and the spot where they fell, hallowed by Maryland blood, is still pointed out as the place where half the Maryland contingent stayed the advance of the left wing of the British army. When General Washington decided to withdraw the troops defending New York City to the lines below Fort Washington, he ordered the Maryland regiment to cover their retreat, knowing that they could be relied upon to hold out against all odds. All through the New Jersey campaign they sustained their reputation for courage and effective work. Their blood left an unbroken trail from Brooklyn to Princeton, and when the roll was read (after the battle of Princeton) only sixty men answered, the others had passed to the God of armies to receive from Him the crown of loyalty and of patriotism.
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Thus the dauntless John Carroll could point with pride to many a battlefield, incarnadined by the blood of his youthful disciples and exclaim: "These are my disciples who rejoiced to surrender their lives in order that their country might be saved."

BOOKS CONSULTED.

Biographical Sketch of the Most Rev. John Carroll—Edited by John Carroll Brent.
The Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll—by J. Gilmary Shea.
Articles on Archbishop Carroll in the United States Catholic Magazine, 1843, 1844.
History of Maryland—by James McSherry.

Death

Death is the ultimate purifier of Life. Through its refining meshes the spirit is cleansed of its carnal impediments and on it rushes to achieve immortality. Within its melting pot the extremes of humanity meet upon the level of common dust. We behold its approach with dread and feel its nearness with fast ebbing pulse and gasping breath. With it comes the memory of misspent days, vain ambitions, and the desire for a strengthened grip upon that which we are about to lose. The mortal eye, unable to pierce the depths beyond, falsely avers "'Tis the end, 'tis the end"; but faith as the harbinger of the great unknown whispers its consolation. We hear her voice with hope while Peace casts its mantle of trust over the fast dying embers of consumed mortality.
The sun had set, and 'neath the dark'ning sky,
That seemed from brightsome mood to cheerless grown,
There sat a patriarch of many years;
A man of wisdom, past the bounds of men,
With knowledge of the things that are to be;
To whom I came, perplexed with nameless fears.
In silence for a time we sat, and watched
The Evening Star, as, like a holy thought,
It broke upon the sullen mind of night;
And then I spoke, and told him of my fears:
"In mundane paths we crave the things of earth;
Our souls attach themselves to worldly ways.
I fear lest, in the life that is to come,
Some memory of the things that are no more,
But brought delight on earth, may cast a shade
Upon the pleasures of that heavenly realm."
To which the sage with sympathetic smile
And kindly tone in cryptic words replied:
"I sat at even underneath the sky,
A darkling sky, but gem embedded, too;
There wondering, I watched Orion's flight,
And traced the path of Sirius through the sky.
An hour perchance, with admiration filled,
I gazed upon the beauty of the stars,
And felt them weave a web about my soul.
Till gloriously, as though aroused from sleep,
Above a distant hill, the silver moon,
The ghostly goddess of the night, uprose;
My eye, enchanted by its splendid sheen,
In perfect peace, gazed long upon its face.
So hours passed by; nor knew I aught of time,
Nor gazed I once upon the lesser stars.
Then dawn appeared, and so the vision passed."
Thus having spoke, the holy man of God
Departed thence, and left me with my thoughts.

ALBERT MAY, '21.
Some two years ago this spring, when Georgetown dedicated a service flag to those sons of hers who had answered the call of duty in the hour of their country's need, an invitation was issued to the Chief Executive of the nation to be present at the ceremonies. This invitation Mr. Wilson refused to accept, offering instead some more or less shallow excuse which we were forced to receive, though not without a measure of real regret. The Vice-President, Mr. Marshall, was not so retiring. With a pleasing promptness, he accepted the invitation which was extended to him when Mr. Wilson had declined it, and acquitted himself ably and well as the principal speaker at the dedication exercises.

And now Mr. Wilson's term of office seems to be drawing to a close amid widespread rejoicing. Less than a year separates him from that fatal March 4th, from whose bourne no traveler ought to return. But this is no political
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propaganda. All that is desired here is to point out that if Mr. Wilson goes out of office without paying at least a short visit to the College, he will be breaking a precedent long established by residents of the Mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, that of getting out to the Hilltop for a little chat with the boys.

Since George Washington came out in 1797, it has been almost an unbroken tradition that each of his successors must do likewise. Andrew Jackson presided at Georgetown's first commencement. President Tyler was a frequent visitor, having had the good sense to enter his son as a student. Millard Fillmore, we are informed, used to hang around the pressing club, and talk over old times with Brother McFadden, with whom he had formerly been associated as a tailor. Mr. Buchanan, indeed, if we may believe a former editor of the Journal, was such a familiar figure around the College that he was wont to call every student by his first name. Death alone prevented William Harrison and James A. Garfield from following suit, while doubts of the validity of Mr. Hayes' election were so strong during his incumbency that the College authorities thought it the wiser course to withhold an open invitation to him. Previously, no invitation had been issued to President Lincoln, because of the fact that during his term of office the student body was so emphatically Southern as to cause the faculty to fear an unfavorable demonstration if the President of the Union were to make his appearance.

Aside from these few exceptions, Presidents have come and gone but not without associating themselves at some time or other with Georgetown. It is in keeping with Mr. Wilson's flamboyant egoism, of course, that he should have small regard for this precedent, since he has on innumerable occasions been utterly unmindful of other precedents of more sweeping application. But, frankly, it rankles to be thus ignored, and to know that his term of office has come so near to its close without any effort on his part to get in touch with us, even over the telephone.
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Chronicle

DEBATE

College  Georgetown won the important debate of the year in defeating Columbia University in Gaston Hall on March 14. The New York University took the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, that the Plumb plan should be adopted as the solution of the railroad problem."

Columbia's speakers, Mr. Francis W. Hettfield, Mr. Ronald N. Craigmyle and Mr. Archie O. Dawson, presented their arguments very ably and eloquently, but the excellent rebuttals of the Georgetown representatives defeated them. Mr. John J. Darby, Jr., Mr. Edward J. Callahan and Mr. William J. Cullinan debated for Georgetown.

This debate was the first with Columbia since 1905, and the first time in the history of the school that Columbia has come to Washington. The audience was the largest and most appreciative that has attended a debate at Georgetown in years.

HONOR ROLL

LECTURES

A series of lectures defending vivisection commenced on Sunday, March 28, when Dr. Simon Flexner delivered a lecture in Gaston Hall on the value of animal experimentation in isolating disease germs. Dr. Flexner, who is the Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, where a great deal of work in preparing curative for yellow fever and infantile paralysis has been done, said that the discoveries made in these connections would have been impossible without the use of animal experimentation. Dr. William S. Woodward, of Boston, also spoke on the legislation regarding vivisection.

Other lecturers in the series will be Gen. William H. Arthur, U. S. A., Rev. Richard H. Tierney, Editor of America, Colonel Foster, of the Army Medical School, and other eminent professional men.

CONDOLENCES

Whereas, Almighty God has, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, seen fit to call unto Himself the father of our friend and classmate Dobel Anderson; and

Whereas, the deceased was most dear to our classmate; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the Class of 1922, offer our heartfelt condolences to him in his bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, that we attend Mass and Holy Communion in a body for the soul of the deceased, and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Georgetown College Journal and a copy sent to our classmate.

Joseph A. McDonough
Joseph J. O'Connell
Joseph A. McGowan
Edward T. Burke

Medical School

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Richard Anderson, '22, on the death of his father.

Dr. Arthur F. Roche, '17, was married on April 5th. We extend to him and his bride our heartiest congratulations.

The Public Health Report, issued weekly by the United States Public Health Service, recently contained an article by Dean Kober on “Occupation in Relation to Tuberculosis.”

Dr. Roy G. Adams has been appointed a clinical Professor in Medicine.

A banquet was tendered to Dean Kober by the Georgetown Clinical Society on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. It was held at the University Club.
on March 16. Dr. Reginald Walker acted as toastmaster and addresses were delivered by Rev. John B. Creeden, S.J., President of the University, Dr. John A. Foote and Dr. James A. Gannon.

Law School The fourth Prize Debate of the year was held on the evening of April 6th. The question was "Resolved, That the United States Government Should Subsidize the American Merchant Marine" and was very ably discussed. The question was upheld by Joseph Antoine Cantrel, '22, of New Jersey and Howard Fletcher Brecht, '22, of Washington, while the negative side was defended by Edward Francis Barry of Tennessee and John O' Day of the District of Columbia, both members of the Senior Debating Society. After a hard-fought contest it was decided that the negative side won, individual honors being conferred on John O'Day. Joseph C. Cantrel of the affirmative side received honorable mention. The judges of the debate were Hon. Walter I. McCoy, Chief Justice Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Hon. Cornelius A. McGlennon, Representative from New Jersey, Hon. Wayne Johnson, Solicitor of Internal Revenue, Hon. Robert T. Scott, Assistant to the Attorney-General, and Percival S. Ridsdale, Executive Secretary American Forestry Association.

The Annual Senior University Prom was held Thursday evening, April 15th, in the large ballroom of the New Willard. It was well attended and proved a great success. The dancing began at nine-thirty and lasted until two o'clock. Between eleven and twelve, supper was served in the Red Room downstairs and in the interim the orchestra played extras.

Dental School The formation of a Dental Society in honor of Dean Bruce Taylor, to be known as the Bruce Taylor Dental Society, took place the latter part of March. The purpose of the society is the advancement of the dental profession and the promotion of the general welfare of the student body. The officers elected are: President, James J. Ross; Vice-President, Harry Nalebuff; Secretary, Francis L. Golden. The Board of Directors are David G. Creamer, James H. Sharkey, Virginius Mattia, of the Junior Class; Stephen C. Hopkins, William J. Buyatt, Paul McLaren of the Sophomore Class; James E. Mahoney, Thomas O'Brien, Clarence Schweikhart of the Freshman Class. Dr. George R. Ellis will act as Faculty Adviser.

Lectures on three of the leading topics of the day in the dental world were given on the last Tuesday of March. The Senior Class received an invitation from the Dental Society and attended in a body. Dr. Weinstein lec-
tured on removable bridge work; Dr. Best, root and canal work, and Dr. House, prosthetic technique. On April 1, Dr. Webster lectured on the technique of teaching dentistry.

Dr. Michael L. Mullany conducted a clinic during the month on X-Ray work.


Dr. F. Michael Murray, '18, reports progress in his new and extended experiments on root canal technique.

Psi Omega Fraternity held a dance at the Lafayette Hotel, St. Patrick's night. The committee consisted of D. J. O'Donnell, Chairman, J. P. Burke, A. G. Miller, J. J. McGuirk, J. E. Mahoney.

Xi Psi Phi Fraternity gave a dance St. Patrick's evening at the Dewey Hotel. The committee: J. F. Murphy, chairman, F. M. Anastasios, R. C. Dove and L. W. Davis.

A clinic will be held in the near future at Walter Reid Hospital for the benefit of the Senior Class. Dr. H. Janney Nichols, M.D., D.D.S., professor of Oral Surgery, arranged with the hospital authorities to bring his class out for a demonstration in Oral Surgery.

Foreign Service School

The First Annual Prom of the School of Foreign Service given at Wardman Park Inn, April 9th, was a splendid success. Seldom has Georgetown witnessed an affair arranged and carried out more elaborately. The large ballroom was rich in its decorations and presented a beautiful sight with its brilliantly gowned ladies and distinguished guests. Dancing lasted till one, while the buffet supper was served from midnight on.

Señora Juan Riano y Gayangos headed the notable list of patronesses, which included Señora J. E. Lefevre, Princess Casimir Lubomirska, Mrs. Newton D. Baker, Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, Mrs. Joseph Walsh, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mrs. William S. Culbertson, Mrs. Wesley Frost, Mrs. Loren Johnson, Mrs. William Kearney Carr and Mrs. Richard C. Harvey.

Particular credit for the success of the Prom is due to the committee, composed of E. P. Walsh, chairman, Fred O. Arseneau, Ralph C. Driscoll, Philip D. Sullivan, and Frank Kelly. Commendation is also due Julian Dorr for his fine artistic work.
Alumni Notes

'76. Quite an honor has been accorded to John G. Agar, of New York, upon his election to membership on the Rockefeller Endowment Fund Committee.

Ex-'95. Brig.-Gen. Malin Craig has recently been appointed a member of the Army War College Faculty. During the war General Craig served as Chief of Staff to an army, a corps and a division.

'01. The wedding of Mr. George Moore Brady and Miss Ellen Latimer Atkinson took place on April 7th, in Baltimore, Md. Mr. Brady, who won two prizes for law essays while at Georgetown, gave the Doctor’s oration at the commencement in 1903.

'02. Conrad Reid, who has just recently returned to this city, has joined the large number of Georgetown men in the Department of Justice.

'06. The JOURNAL takes this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Robert Maurer on his appointment as principal of Central High School, Washington, D. C. Mr. Maurer was acting principal for many months prior to his appointment.

Ex-'08. One of the visitors to the College during the past month was Harry Kelly, of Rochester, New York.

'09. The JOURNAL has the pleasure of announcing that a second son, Robert Joseph, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert N. Munhall. Mr. Munhall has engaged a double room at the new Prep School for the two boys in 1935.

'10. Frank Carlin, one-time President of the Yard and half-back on the football team, visited the School on March 23.

Ex-'12. Aloysius Mahoney was in Washington on March 24 and 25 as a delegate to the Nautical Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association. He escaped from the meetings long enough to visit the College and tell some interesting
episodes of the North Building fire. Maloney, who is married and has two children, is with the Leatherbee Lumber Company of Boston.

'12. John F. Crosby has resigned from the U. S. District Attorneyship of Connecticut and will spend a few months with the Department of Justice in Washington. Mr. Crosby is living at Wardman Park Hotel.

Ex-'13. Dr. John T. Malone recently sailed from this country with a Red Cross Unit to engage in Polish welfare work.

'13. Mayor McKenna of Englewood, New Jersey, announces that Frank C. McCormack has become one of the leading physicians of that city.

'14. Edward V. Heiskell is representing a mahogany importing firm in Seecondee, W. C., Africa.

'14. Hugh Carter is a candidate for the position of County Attorney in Helena, Montana. From his record in College activities it is rather safe to predict that he will be successful in the elections.

'15. Anthony Grasso has opened an office at 729 15th Street, Washington, D. C. He has been appointed a Special United States Attorney.

'15. The Journal has the sad duty of announcing the death of Earl Cam­pazzi, a graduate of the Law School. His death was due to a cancer which originated in an airplane accident while he was serving in Naval Aviation.

'15. John G. Carter has secured his release from the army and has begun the practice of law with Cooke and Beneman in the Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

'16. St. Clair Hertel, who will be graduated this spring from Fordham Law School, has recently been admitted to the New York Bar.

'17. The following account of the Hughes-Burlee wedding, which took place on Wednesday, April 7, 1920, is taken from one of the local newspapers.

"The wedding of Miss Margaret May Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William James Hughes, to William J. Burlee, of New York and Richmond,
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Va., took place yesterday morning amidst a setting of Easter lilies intermingled with white spring flowers and ferns in Dahlgren Chapel, at Georgetown University. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Hannigan, of Richmond, Va., assisted by the Rev. John B. Creeden, President of the University, and the Rev. Thomas A. Walsh. Mr. Ashley, organist, with a string orchestra, played the wedding music. Miss Josephine A. Hughes, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. Capt. William J. Hughes, Jr., brother of the bride and a classmate of the bridegroom at Georgetown University, was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Joseph D. Velasco, of Havana; Mr. Edward J. Callahan, of Lewiston, Me.; Mr. Thomas J. Clark, of Richmond, Va., and Mr. William J. Cullinan, of this city. A breakfast for the relatives and intimate friends at Rauscher's followed the wedding Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Burlee left after for their wedding trip. They will reside at Tree Hill, in Richmond, Va., on their return from their wedding trip. The bridegroom was the honor man of the class of 1917 at Georgetown University."

18. The JOURNAL extends heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William A. Barry on the birth of a daughter, Grace Patricia, March 4th. Mr. Barry is teaching at Danvers, Massachusetts.

18. Gene Finnegan, a former star twirler for the Blue and Gray, was back in Washington for a few days the early part of April. Gene’s regular occupations are banking and advertising.

19. John G. Brunini, former editor of the JOURNAL, has received a promotion from the United Fruit Company, in New York.
The Journal Book Shelf


This is a brilliantly written narrative of events connected with the life of Cardinal Mercier, those of young manhood, to the prominent part he played in the late war. The work is brightly colored by an intimate insight into the heart of the great man. Quite different from other accounts of the Cardinal's life, this story is intelligently told, and the result shows the most careful preparation. To be able to free such a production from a certain "dryness" was difficult, but it has been done by the authoress, so that no trace of this unpleasant defect can be found.

Mrs. Kellogg's work with the Commission for Relief in Belgium brought her a very keen knowledge of her subject, and a deeper sympathy with it. Her personal meetings with the Hero Prelate enabled her to obtain accurate information, and in transferring it to appreciating readers, the authoress has contributed a book of no little value. It is characterized by the finest authenticity of small details, and an absolute accuracy. The work is a happy result of the most diligent and patient research. The Cardinal's life before the war, the great promise displayed in his early career as both scholar and priest, and his well-known and untiring efforts during the days of bloodshed, are treated in a very interesting way. The entire lack of fear in whatever he undertook, and the hardships the venerable prelate endured in carrying them to a successful termination, cannot but be admired. With the assistance of such a book as this, the name of Mercier will go down in history as one of the really great men of the century.


Milton Dale was a man of the great outdoors. He loved the wide forests of the West, and the creatures of the wild. Critical circumstances, whose solution would have proved difficult to most men, were easily met by him. Consequently, when a great opportunity was afforded him, he grasped it. The opportunity happened to be the arrival of Helen Rayner at her uncle's
ranch. Dale was favored by the uncle, Mr. Auchincloss, who had all the requisites of a wealthy old man. Dale wins the girl, but not without a struggle; for Helen, besides being sought by the usual villain from "back home," is confronted by more treacherous ones in the West. It is Milton's work to defeat them, and this he does. He proves himself a hero who outwits all with characteristic completeness. The uncle dies, all the villains are conveniently disposed of, and Helen and Milton live happily ever after.

Zane Grey has thus added another worth-while contribution to that romantic field of literature in which he long ago made himself a master. This is not only a story of love, but of life, the vivid, colorful western outdoors. The adventure, the daring come into the tale of great joy. Breathless moments of suspense, and interesting climaxes abound in the story. The book is an entertaining one, and we lose our guess if it does not take its place among the better works of this popular writer.
Captain Bob LeGendre and his Blue and Gray track team made a clean sweep in the South Atlantics at the Fifth Regiment Armory, at Baltimore, on Saturday, February 28. All eyes were focussed upon the Blue and Gray captain, as great things were expected of him. Nor were the spectators disappointed, for the big Pentathlon Champion, running from scratch in the South Atlantic 100-yard hurdles did the remarkable time of 11 4-5 seconds, while he easily won the 16-pound shot-put with a heave of 39 feet, 3 inches. Dorsey Griffith, who is expected to make a strong bid for the intercollegiate century this year, ran the South Atlantic hundred in ten flat, equalling the time made in the open hundred. Jimmie Connolly not only won the mile but shattered the South Atlantic record with a mark of 4:30 flat. Fitzgerald was nosed out of second place by Mullikan of Hopkins in a blanket finish, with Scalley of Georgetown right behind Fitzgerald.

The feature of the program was the South Atlantic relay in which were represented Johns Hopkins, Washington and Lee and the Blue and Gray's old rival, Virginia. Griffith, lead-off man for Georgetown, opened up a 20-yard lead, which Sheehan, running second, held. The third Hilltop flier, Auray, handicapped by a strained ligament, added two more yards, while LeGendre, anchor man, burnt up the track, finishing twenty-two yards ahead of his nearest rival.

John Bradley proved the dark horse in the pole-vault, clearing 12 feet, 3 inches with a handicap of 2 feet, 6 inches. Nobody knew of Bradley's ability as a pole-vaulter previous to this meet and Coach O'Reilly claims that his protege has more surprises in store.

Feeney, Junior National A. A. U. Champion, was unable to place in the high jump, due to poor judgment on the part of officials in giving handicaps.
Men capable of jumping 5 feet 10 inches were given from 5 to 7 inches handicaps, while the Blue and Gray star received but a half inch.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS MEET

Georgetown’s crack relay team invaded the West for the first time since 1904, and, at the annual intercollegiate meet of the University of Illinois, held at Urbana, Ill., walked away with the two-mile medley relay, the feature event of the carnival. The Blue and Gray team composed of Captain LeGendre, Griffith, Auray and Connolly, led to the tape the cream of the western athletes. Griffith, who ran the first quarter, lost two yards to Emery of Illinois. LeGendre ran a brilliant 440, giving Auray a 6-yard lead to start his half mile. Auray, a 440 man, ran a good race but was unable to cope with his fast opponent, who specialized in the half mile. Connolly, running anchor, started his mile with a heavy handicap but steadily closed up on the leaders. In the last lap, the Blue and Gray lad, with a burst of speed, flashed across the line in front of his opponents, in the fast time of 4:26. The University of Illinois won second honors, with Notre Dame third.

Captain LeGendre also ran in the 75-yard hurdles, losing in a blanket finish only after forcing Johnson of Michigan to break the local record by two-fifths of a second.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY MEET

In their first appearance in this city in quite some time, the Blue and Gray track athletes carried away first honors in both the open and South Atlantic events at the first Athletic Carnival held by the Catholic University Athletic Association in the C. U. Gym on Saturday evening, March 13.

Out of a possible 60 points of the South Atlantic events, the Hilltoppers gathered in 33, while Catholic University was second with 10. In the open events, Georgetown captured 22 points out of 40, while Hopkins, its nearest rival, only had 12 points.

Georgetown, with Captain LeGendre and Griffith dividing the spoils, won every event in which it was entered. Bob easily won the 75-yard low hurdles and in the South Atlantic 440, after colliding with Griffith, causing both to fall, the big Pentathlon star, quickly recovering himself, flashed across the tape ahead of a Hopkins athlete. Griffith came in third.

Griffith, as usual, had a very successful evening. In the open and invitation 50-yard dashes, he crossed the tape in the fast time of 5 3-5 seconds. Getting off to a fast start, Griffith took the lead in the 440 open, which he never relinquished, winning by a large margin with McNamara a close second.
ATHLETICS.

As no other teams entered, Georgetown won the South Atlantic Relay by default.

Fitzgerald, running in place of Jimmie Connolly, who was unable to compete on account of sickness, won second place in the open mile. Fitz made an uphill fight for first honors but was forced to succumb to a more experienced runner.

John Feeney, the Blue and Gray high jumper, tied for first place with Archer of Virginia and won the toss. Bradley won third place. Bradley also placed second in the South Atlantic pole vault.

Baseball

GEORGETOWN vs. ROCK HILL

Georgetown opened its baseball season on Monday, March 22, with a clean-cut victory over the Rock Hill College nine by a 7 to 0 count. The visitors were unable to touch the offerings of the Blue and Gray pitchers, with Fitzgerald, Reynolds and Hyman serving in the order mentioned. Reynolds, who relieved Fitzgerald in the fourth, pitched a calibre of ball that would do justice to any big leaguer, getting six strike-outs in three innings. Coach O'Reilly sent Hyman to the slab in the seventh and this southpaw also kept the invaders bewildered with his fast shooting curves and speedy delivery. Kenyon, catcher, and Harry Sullivan, playing first base, divided honors at the bat, the former getting two hits and the latter three safeties.

GEORGETOWN vs. MARYLAND STATE

With the breaks against them, Georgetown's baseball team lost to its old rival, Maryland State, in a closely contested game by a 3 to 2 score. After holding State scoreless for the first seven innings and with a comfortable lead of 2 to 0, the Blue and Gray infield weakened and the visitors took the game. The first man to face Reynolds in the eighth was hit with the ball, getting free passage; the second reached first when Harry Sullivan fell while fielding the ball. Then Heinie Coughlin ran in on a slow hit ball and in his eagerness to throw the man out, threw wide to first and three runs crossed the plate. Georgetown scored all her runs in the fifth inning when Dudack singled to center, Jimmie Sullivan walked and Heinie Coughlin drove the ball into the right field bleachers for two bases, scoring Dudack. Sullivan was thrown out stealing home, but Reynolds scored Coughlin with a sharp single to right field.
Art Reynolds, who held the slab for the Blue and Gray, pitched superb ball and, had he received proper support, would have led his team to victory.

GEORGETOWN vs. ST. JOHNS

Hitting the ball at opportune moments and quick to take advantage of their opponents’ errors, Georgetown scored an easy victory over the St. Johns College nine, of Annapolis, 6—0. Hyman and Fitzgerald held the opposing team to three scattered hits while the Hilltoppers clouted eight safeties from the offerings of Roberts, the visiting pitcher. Harry Sullivan hit in his usually consistent manner, getting two hits and accounting for as many runs. Towards the middle of the game Coach O’Reilly rushed in many reserves in order to get a line on his men. Grove, a substitute fielder, played a good game in the outer garden, making spectacular catches.

GEORGETOWN vs. VERMONT

On Monday, March 29, the Blue and Gray lost 5—4 to the University of Vermont team in a keenly fought thirteen-inning contest. Both Reynolds and Hyman pitched excellent ball but errors and poor umpiring caused the downfall of the Hilltoppers. Vermont started right out in the opening frame and with the aid of miscues, errors and one hit managed to realize four runs. Hamilton led off with a two-base clout and Brock was safe when Reynolds threw wild to first, both men scoring. Conlin hit to Fees, who fumbled, and McGinnis also got on base through another infield error. A double steal scored Brock and McGinnis crossed the plate on a squeeze play.

Georgetown also scored in the first inning, when the opposing pitcher threw Gilhooley’s infield hit to first, the Blue and Gray outfielder reaching third and scoring on J. Sullivan’s hit to the outfield. The Varsity tied the score in the sixth. Gilhooley drove a smashing three-bagger to center while J. Sullivan was hit by a pitched ball. H. Sullivan and Kenyon hit infield drives for easy outs. Maloney, with three balls and two strikes, drove the sphere far over the left fielder’s head for a home run, clearing the bases and tying the score.

Although both teams were in positions to score several times it was not until the unlucky thirteenth that Vermont was able to win. With one out Harris doubled. Dooley, substituting at third, fumbled a slow hit ball and mistaking the visitors’ coach for a Blue and Gray player tossed the ball to third. The ball rolled into the stands and Harris scored the winning run.
ATHLETICS.

GEORGETOWN vs. YALE

Georgetown’s baseball team revenged the recent defeat of the basketball squad at the hands of Yale by giving the proud sons of old Eli a sound trouncing. The final score was 8—1.

Reynolds, pitching for the Blue and Gray, struck out seven and allowed but three hits. The Hilltop twirler also starred at bat, getting two hits, one a double which accounted for a brace of runs.

Georgetown scored five runs in the sixth frame, when Fees led off with a double, advanced to third on Walsh’s sacrifice fly and scored on Reynolds’ double. Gilhooley hit to the infield for an easy out, and Reynolds was advanced to third, scoring on J. Sullivan’s single. H. Sullivan got on when Murphy fumbled a hot grounder and J. Sullivan crossed the plate on Kenyon’s sharp single to right. Maloney walked and H. Sullivan scored on Dudack’s long single. Fees flied out.

GEORGETOWN vs. CORNELL

After routing Yale in the morning game, the Blue and Gray lost its afternoon fray to Cornell by the close score of 5—4. Although the Hilltoppers outhit the Ithacans, getting 11 hits to their opponents 8, their inability to hit with men on the bases cost them the game.

Cornell scored two runs in the first inning. Hyman walked the first man up and the next three men nicked the Blue and Gray twirler for three safeties, scoring two runs. In the fourth, the New Yorkers scored another on Cross’ triple and Gilhooley’s wide throw-in of Mayer’s fly to right. Another free passage to first, a triple and a double scored Cornell’s last two runs in the sixth.

Georgetown was unable to score until the fifth, when a triple by Hyman and a double by Gilhooley scored the first run. A pair of singles netted the Hilltoppers another run in the sixth. Maloney started the eighth with a crashing single to center and Dudack smashed the ball into the stands for two bases. Ormsby struck out, and Walsh popped to the Ithacans’ first baseman. Bill Kenyon, batting for Shugrue, poled a double, scoring Maloney and Dudack. Hyman, however, was retired on strikes and Georgetown’s chances of victory vanished.

GEORGETOWN vs. HOLY CROSS

Art Reynolds, the Blue and Gray pitching ace, twirled his way to victory over Holy Cross, the 1919 Eastern collegiate champions, to a tune of 7—3. The Hilltop team played superb ball behind their pitcher, pounding the offerings of McLoughlin for twelve hits and realizing six runs.
Gill, who succeeded McLoughlin, managed to keep the Blue and Gray hits scattered until the eighth inning, when Maloney's double, followed by Ormsby's single scored the final run for the Hilltoppers.

Georgetown scored two runs in the initial inning on two singles, a base on balls and Kenyon's double. McLoughlin started the second rally by passing Reynolds, who advanced to third on Gilhooley's sacrifice and scored on Jimmie Sullivan's long fly to the outfield. Kenyon opened the third with a long drive over center field for a home run. Maloney walked and Dudack and Ormsby singled. Walsh flied out, but Reynolds and Gilhooley singled, scoring Maloney and Dudack.

Holy Cross scored its first run in the third on McGuire's triple, followed by Walsh's error, while the Worcester lads scored two more in the fourth on three base hits by O'Connor, McGuire and E. Walsh.

**GEORGETOWN vs. BOSTON COLLEGE**

On Thursday, April 8, the Boston College nine, conquerors of Fordham and Catholic University, were routed by the overwhelming score of 12 to 2. The Blue and Gray batters drove Fitzpatrick, the New Englander's star pitcher, out of the box in the fifth inning. Maloney, who succeeded him, was very wild and no more effective.

The Hilltoppers started right off in the second and garnered five runs on hits by Maloney, Dudack, Ormsby, H. Sullivan and Reynolds' drive into the stands for two bases. In the sixth, the Blue and Gray netted five more off Maloney on four passes, four stolen bases, a wild pitch and singles by Reynolds and Gilhooley.

Reynolds pitched excellent ball for the Varsity, keeping the seven hits well scattered, while Maloney, playing shortstop, accepted eight chances without an error and made three hits in five times at bat.

**GEORGETOWN vs. FORDHAM**

On Friday, April 9, Fordham University, the ancient rival of the Blue and Gray, invaded the Hilltop, confident of victory since they had defeated the formidable Vermont College team, which in turn had beaten Georgetown and Princeton earlier in the season. But in this they were sadly disappointed for the final score stood 4—0 against them.

From the outset it was obvious that a pitchers' battle would ensue between Hyman and Culloton, the Gothamites star hurler. The Blue and Gray pitcher, however, managed to keep the edge on Culloton, allowing but four
scattered hits and striking out six men, while the visiting pitcher fanned but four, walked two and allowed five safeties.

Georgetown scored three runs in the sixth, when J. Sullivan walked and was advanced to second on H. Sullivan’s single. Both men scored when McLoughlin juggled Lefevre’s throw to first on Maloney’s grounder. Maloney stole second and scored on Dudack’s timely single.

In the eighth, Gilhooley singled, reaching second on Keough’s error, J. Sullivan’s sacrifice advanced him to third and he scored on H. Sullivan’s long sacrifice fly.

Fordham threatened to score in the fourth when McLoughlin led off with a single and Halloran followed with a long hit advancing his teammate to third. Keough, endeavoring to squeeze, flied out. Lefevre hit to Hyman who caught McLoughlin at the plate and Kenyon’s quick throw to first completed the double play, and smashed the New Yorkers’ hope of victory.

GEORGETOWN VS. LEHIGH

In an erratically played ten-inning contest, Georgetown won its seventh baseball victory of the season, nosing out Lehigh by an 8 to 7 score. In the eighth inning, with the score 7 to 5 in favor of the visitors, Coach O’Reilly sent Longshak in as a pinch hitter. He smashed out a single and Reynolds drove the ball high over the stands for a home run, tying the score and saving the day for the Blue and Gray. In the tenth, Dooley doubled and crossed the plate on Jimmie Sullivan’s single with the winning run.

Fitzgerald, who started for the Hilltoppers, was hit freely in the fifth and a passed ball together with a pair of errors gave the invaders four runs. Reynolds was sent into the box at this juncture and held the Pennsylvanians to one hit for the remaining innings.

Basketball

The following were awarded “Gs” in basketball: William Dudack, Fred Fees, Joseph Longshak, Oswald McCarthy (manager), Joseph O’Connell and Andrew Zazzali. Zazzali, ’22, was elected captain of next year’s team.
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