Vol. 48

CONTENTS

Kindred (Verse) ......................... James J. Sweeney, '22 387
The Storm .......................... Frank S. Easby-Smith, '23 388
Odes of Horace (Translation) ............. Thomas D. Kernan, '23 392
Struggles .......................... Oswald C. McCarthy, '20 394
Commencement (Chronicle) ............ 401
The Cohonguroton Oration ............... Robert J. Riley, '20 403
Class Ode .......................... James B. Keily, '20 406
Honorary Degrees .................... 407
Address to Graduates .................. Senator Henry F. Ashurst 409
Editorials .......................... Editor 414
Chronicle ............................ 416
Alumni Notes ......................... Eugene B. English, '21 422
Journal Book Shelf .................... 426
Athletic Notes ...................... Michael J. Bruder, '22 428

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 EDITOR,
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL
Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington as Second-Class Matter.
Henry F. Ashurst, LL.D., '20

U. S. Senator from Arizona

who addressed the Graduates at the Commencement Exercises of Georgetown University, June 8, 1920.
Kindred

High o'er the reeking city street
A 'prisoned warbler weaves
A plaintive lay, soul-laden, sweet
As April's smile when sunbeams greet
Her tear-drops on the leaves.

A longing cry for spring-gay meads,
For azure deeps to rove,
The sweet-sung sigh a heart that bleeds,
Breathes from its cage of woven reeds,
For freedom and for love.

Below a maiden pauses,—frail
And wan as a white rose
On silver mirror'd, and as pale
As ghostly sheets of moon-drench'd sail,
Stops, sighs, then onward goes.

JAMES J. Sweeney, '22.
BLACK war-like cloud slid over the shining moon blotting out its beaming face as the small boat made its way through the oily waters to the landing. Jimmie's grip tightened on the tiny hand of his sweetheart. They had rather a long journey back to Washington and especially at that time of the night with a storm approaching. He was worried for her.

They had had a wonderful time on the ship. The people had been splendid in trying to make their last night together a pleasant one. And they had rather succeeded, Jimmie thought.

They had reached the landing and the gig was again making off for the great battleship, when the first drops of rain began to fall. Jimmie hurried the girl along the empty street to the low roadster and it was only a matter of seconds before they were speeding along the smooth road toward home. But it was a forty-five mile stretch with the storm already breaking overhead.

Swiftly and noisily the car sped over the South River bridge the speedometer ticking off the miles in rapid succession. Further on as they rounded a sharp right-angle curve the storm burst upon them in all its fury. The lightning crashed through the trees lighting up the country for a few brief seconds like a star shell in "no man's land." The comparison fled through Jimmie's mind and he wished now as he would have wished on the battle-fields of France, that Julia was in a safer place.

Suddenly, as the storm grew in volume, he remembered the Woods. Their place could not be so far now, and why not stop there while the storm lasted. They had come down to their country place a week ago, he knew, and would be only too glad to keep them for the night. A steep hill rolled off to the right. He swung the speedster into the drive and stopped before the old colonial porch of the mansion.

There was not a light in the place. Jimmie thought perhaps that some of the more timid ones would be up. But no doubt they were used to these storms and had long gotten over their fear for them. He lifted the girl from the streaming car and ran up the steps. Clanging the heavy knocker until it was clearly audible above the roar of the storm, he waited for someone to answer. Two minutes passed in dreary waiting. Again he pounded upon the massive door but again there was no answer. He tried the handle and
putting his weight against the great door it softly swung in. They entered and quickly shut it behind them.

He halloed through the house but there was no answer. Could he be mistaken about the Woods being there? If they were not, he and Julia would have to go out again into the storm and make the best of it. In vain he called. He wondered why the front door was unlocked. It had almost seemed to be ajar. There was something strange about the whole situation.

He struck a match in an effort to see about him. As it burned to his fingers he dropped it and when the last faint glow went out a cold gust of wind blew across his face. He glanced at the door behind him. It was closed. Julia clung tightly to his arm. She was frightened.

Again he struck a match but this time before it had fairly burst into flame a second gust of wind extinguished it. He made for the dining room on the left of the wide hall, whence the wind seemed to come, and as a flash of lightning gleamed through the windows he could see that none were open. But out upon the wet lawn he clearly saw the ghostly figure of a man. It was ghostly for the simple reason that it appeared to be white—and transparent. He crept to the window, the frightened girl shrinking more closely to his side.

"What was it?" she whispered in a terrified voice.

"Nothing," he answered quite steadily. But he had no sooner gotten the word from his mouth before another flash again showed them the form on the lawn outside, this time its arms stretched heavenward as though in anguish.

He carried the girl, fainting, out onto the porch. The storm was abating somewhat when they turned out of the drive into the Washington pike. It was not long before they were at the big stone house on the circle. Julia had somewhat recovered from the shock of the whole affair and bade Jimmie good-night. She would see him in the morning before she left for the South.

Jimmie was puzzled for he couldn’t quite make out what the form on the lawn had been. Of course, it might have been his imagination but Julia had seen the thing too. Surely it was something. Perhaps, after all, not really a ghost (he could hardly make himself believe that), but some prowler about the place. He would see the Woods tomorrow and tell them of the incident. The house might even have been robbed. He was an ass not to have looked further into the matter. But then, there was Julia. He had to take her into consideration.

And on the morrow when he called upon the Woods much to his amazement he found that, as far as the caretaker of their city house knew, they were at their country place. On further inquiry he was told that they had been
there some ten days past. Then, perhaps, they had been spending the night with some of their neighbors. But that was not likely. Or possibly they had run up to Baltimore for a day or two. He was now all the more determined to find out where they had been and he would not rest until he had solved the mystery of the deserted house and the strange figure on the lawn.

It was later in the day that Jimmie decided to go as far as Baltimore with Julia on the St. Louis train. They left in the afternoon and it was five-thirty before he told her goodbye for the last time.

As he passed through the gate at the top of the steps leading into the waiting room, he saw one of the Woods’ girls seated on a bench reading a paper and apparently waiting for a train. He had expected to go back to Washington on the next train but he forgot that now as he saw the girl. She would be able to tell him where they had all been the night before.

When he had greeted her and put his question, she told him quite frankly that they had been at their country place where he and Julia had stopped the night before. He told her their experience, how they had stopped at the Woods’ country house and had been unable to find anyone, how they had seen the strange figure on the lawn and had returned home through the abating storm.

Jimmie noticed the handsome mouth of the girl contract, but as she laughed she gave no other sign that she was worried.

“Well,” she said, “that’s one on both of us. You see the fact is that mother and father are at Atlantic City for a week and for some ridiculous reason they didn’t want anyone to know. So Mary and Frank and I are the only ones at the ‘Treetop.’ We heard you all last night and I was so frightened that I wouldn’t let Frank go down to the door. But he insisted and finally put on a rain-coat over his pajamas (he did look too absurd) and went out the back way so as to come up behind whoever was on the porch. I was sure it was some evil-doer. The first time you saw him,” the girl was running on in feverish haste, “he must have just gotten under my window and no doubt the second time he was holding up his arms to catch the old rifle which is in my room and which I was going to throw to him. He forgot to take it and I called to him to catch it. I’m terribly sorry that we acted that way. I know it was awfully foolish of me. And to think that you were actually in the house. Poor Julia must have been scared to death. But you see we were way up on the top floor, locked in, and we couldn’t have heard a cannon if it had gone off. Frank saw you drive off and wondered who it could have
been. When he saw the front door unlocked he thought perhaps he would find all the silver gone. But he didn’t,” and her laugh was almost natural.

Instinctively Jimmie knew that she had lied. And he wondered why. He wished her a good day, promising to come to see her soon, and made for the gate which marked a southbound train.

That night the “Treetop” burned to the ground. It was thought that the fire was started by a mouse gnawing at some matches. The family had not been there. They were all at Atlantic City except Mary. It was supposed that she was visiting friends in Baltimore. Among the ashes of the once beautiful old colonial home her remains were found. And even in this day of enlightenment if anyone wishes to visit the site of the tragedy on a stormy night, it is most certain that he will see the shadowy forms of a man and woman walking hand in hand on the lawn. Mary’s fiance was killed in France.
Prize Translation of the Odes of Horace

Liber II—Carmen X.

"AD LICINIUM"

Yours is the better course who neither keep
Forever on the deep,
Nor, when you dread the roar
Of ocean storms, steer toward the fatal shore.
The lover of the golden mean, no more
Will haunt an aged cell,
Nor, in his wisdom, dwell
In golden courts, the envy of the poor.
Thus have we seen the towering pine tree bowed
Beneath each fierce storm cloud;
Thus with a graver fall
Crash down the aspiring tower and lofty wall,
And thunderbolts assail the mountain tall.
He of the prudent mind,
When lowly, hope will find,
When charged with wealth, guard lest he lose it all.
The god whose powers the hideous winters bring,
Brings, too, the spring.
If life seem ill today,
We must not believe that thus 'twill be for aye.
At times Apollo bids the Muse to play
Her silent harp, and so
Bends not his silver bow.
In hours of trial, undaunted seem, and gay;
But, should a prosperous gale
Swell out your loosened sail,
’Tis good to draw it in, and wise to sail away.
The mighty son of Alceus shall I name
And the twin sons whom Leda gave to fame,
(The one to curb the steeds, and one to war
In manly fight,) when whose propitious star
Gleams o'er the sea to mariners afar,
Down from the rocks the broken waters flow,
The clouds dissolve, the gentler breezes blow,
And, at their will, the raging billows lie
Upon the ocean's bosom, there to die;
First after these, our Quiris' name is high.
Where shall I name Pompilius' peaceful reign
Or Tarquin's pride drawn up in gleaming train,
Or Cato's glorious ruin? Yet shall I tell
Of Regulus, the Scauri, he who fell,
So free with life, when Carthage overcame.
Thanks to a gracious Muse, yet shall I name
The conquering Fabricius, he who came,
Like Curius unshorn, from hardship's mould,
From rugged hut and farm that made him bold.
Marcellus' fame, like some strong tree will grow
On with the silent flight of Time—but lo!
'Mong all on high the Julian planets glow;
As moons, 'mid lesser lights, thus have they shined.
Thou author and preserver of mankind—
Thou Son of Saturn, thine are Caesar's ways;
Thou art supreme—as second Caesar sways.
Whether in righteous victory he flays
The Medes that threaten Rome; whether he lords
O'er Ind and Seres with their conquered hordes,
With justice shall he rule, beneath thy hand,
With justice far and wide, o'er sea and land;
Thou with thy wheels wilt quake the realm divine
And hurl dire thunderbolts against thy shameless shrine.
HE war is over and won. As yet the affair is not definitely settled but to History the World War of 1914-18 is a closed book, to become more coherent, more lucid with the mellowing passage of time. The big issues, however, are still at stake. The results of this period which will radically affect posterity are still undecided. The triumph of victory, the ignominy of defeat, these affect a people more or less. But the curb or rise of extravagance, the thrift attendant upon a large war debt, the making of little peoples free, the smashing of tyrannous authority, the moral uplift of the weak, the invigorating confidence given the down-trodden, the newly ambitious slave, these are the things which will determine the world's future. It is not the worst possible world nor will we agree with Nietzsche and say that bad as it is, none better could be had. We will never realize an Utopia. Evil will ever stalk rampant to punish man for sin. But the sooner selfish cares are set aside for the common good, the sooner adoration is paid God rather than the eternal dollar, the sooner will everybody become more happy and care seem less burdensome.

Lest in proceeding, our ideas are confounded with the theory of Materialistic Evolution expounded by Karl Marx, or his New Socialistic Order, let it be said that we don't think this war with its attendant dissatisfaction, strife and rebellion is the great revolutionary war predicted by Marx. Since some who chance upon this article may be as yet unacquainted with the three theories on which this Apostle of Socialism bases his arguments, permit us to say a word concerning two of them, for now Socialism is much embroiled with Capital and Labor.

Theory of Materialistic Evolution.—In the struggle for existence, the weaker are being pushed to the wall and are being crowded into the ranks of the proletariat, so also is the smaller capitalist, skilled laborer and the farmer. All this tends to the elimination of the middle class which is the backbone of the nation. However, when this comes to pass there will be, according to the socialists, a revolution and the poor will rob the robbers. Out of this will come great changes in the moral, religious, political and social ideas of all the people. This they say has been proved by past experience in History. History shows that every age fashioned its own religions, etc., and in all cases these have sprung from economic changes.
Theory of the New Socialistic Order—or the Socialistic State democratically organized.—The result of this great revolution will be that all the productive goods of the world will be given over to the inalienable possession of civil society. All privileges must be abandoned and there must exist an absolute equality among men. The people will elect certain magistrates by vote and will keep an eye on them. The people personally will make the laws and execute them.

So now with these ideas set clearly before us we will proceed to the actual conditions confronting Capital and Labor today. But we must fully realize that the theory of Materialistic Evolution is founded on false ideas and that History or Experience does not bear out that doctrine. Nor will conditions result in the morally impossible New Socialistic Order. But a refutation of the doctrines of Marx would be a thesis in itself and belongs rather to the province of Ethics than Sociology.

However, this recent war is not the stimulant of Marx's great revolution but rather its antidote, if we may still rely on the public sanity. The war was not the work of Wilhelm II, of Germany, nor Eitel Friedrich, Kron Prinz des Deutschen Reich, nor Nicholas, Czar of the Russias, but was rather the natural outgrowth of a general dissatisfaction. Everywhere the public was grasping, greedy and selfish; godless, vain and pleasure-loving. As on a murky day the atmosphere does seem to weigh heavily on the brow and crush the lungs, just so were these qualities grinding their very existence out of the people. An outlet must be found in some unexpected relief was had. The crisis had come, untimely 'tis true, but yet finding the people more prepared to meet it than any other future period could find them. The war is the poultice bringing all our troubles to a head. If they be met with, one at a time, judiciously considered, and well taken care of, the cruel war will be a thing for which we should thank God. Socialism will be averted, revolution, poverty and anarchy, if only the people will become aware of themselves and realize that the most momentous questions of time must be dealt with today and if they are well met, what a good old earth this will be! Fearlessly we can tread the path of life, working out our salvation, glorifying God and basking in the very joy of living.

And now an irrelevant thought arises—Has every age thought the same?

But the war has brought about new economic and sociological difficulties and given to the people a new responsibility. Men from Australia fought in Flanders Fields, Tommy Atkins put down rebellion in India or attempted to
force the Dardanelles and the doughboy froze an ear or a foot occasionally in the frozen bleaks of Siberia. Tom ate rice with Lu Wang and absorbed a timely respect for his own ancestors. Lu Wang learned to "shimmy" and drank in England's glorious drama. Viewpoints changed. Insularity was lost. Fresh ideas of life arose. No longer would the same things content Dick. Enthusiasm was worked up by all. Each and everyone wanted to make everyone else appreciate his viewpoint. Some, most thoughtlessly, have made manifest their enthusiasm in an undisciplined manner. If such is their intention, it certainly gains notoriety but worthy supporters are seldom gained by such means. But there is unrest and it must be mollified. So let us look coolly into the whys and wherefores. If we are to be a deciding factor let us not join the peoples who form hasty ideas as how best to satisfy their longings.

But of all today's problems the strife between Capital and Labor interests us, in America, the most. We are all of us with few exceptions in either one of the two great classes and each is selfishly interested in his own preservation. * * * Yet without the one how can the other exist? * * * Labor is the backbone of the nation. Do not think that in any way we are departing from the spirit of our prologue. Because we are treating of this subject as it exists in America, do not think that we are fleeting past more important world problems. The Labor problem is vital the world over and if we in America can settle it satisfactorily then will the great problem now troubling the world be at an end.

Strange as it may seem the interest of the general public is always with the working-man. It is always a one-sided viewpoint. Impartially will we attempt to treat the subject in this brief article. When all the glamour of propaganda is swept away, is the working-man so badly situated? And if so in the main, where does the fault lie? If we may be permitted to suggest, the object of the public's solicitude should rather be the man compelled to live on a small salary * * * but more of that later.

Capital is defined by Webster's New International Dictionary as "an aggregation of (economic) goods used to promote the production of other goods, instead of being valuable for purposes of immediate enjoyment" and later "Capital is divided into fixed Capital, which is invested for recurrent use in a particular manner, and in circulating Capital, which is consumed in production, but is constantly recovered." The man possessing this Capital is a Capitalist. To take the words as they are used in the general vernacular,
STRUGGLES.

Capital represents the employer, the man who owns the business * * * the man who reaps the profits.

Of all capitalists very few of them are so by inheritance, more of them by dint of hard labor, initiative and ambition have risen from the ranks of the ordinary and have, financially speaking, made of themselves a success. But their obligations are not only to themselves. As Confucius says, "The perfecting of oneself is the fundamental base of all progress and of all moral development: the perfect man strives to perfect others also." That is the point. The self-made Capitalist, knowing well the hardships and trials attendant upon success in life, should foster worthy ambition and pluck in his employees. But by no means should he be absolutely altruistic. For his brain work, nervous strain, foresight, executive ability, etc., in running a business, a man should receive a good recompense. Then, too, on his money invested he should get a fair return. A fair return! Will that be four per cent? No, a working man himself is not content with that. Six per cent? No, a mortgage or a note would give the same return and the risk would be far less. Ten per cent? A man dealing in developed real estate must get a return that great or he will go to the wall. Then if ten per cent be the minimum what is the maximum return actively engaged capital should expect? To us it would appear too autocratic to set either a minimum or a maximum return on one's invested money. We have merely shown what a man should get to cover himself and a man ought to be allowed to get as much more as he can * * * giving in equal proportion to Labor. So if a man, after giving good wages, good housing conditions, good working conditions and a fair amount of time for rest and recreation to his employees, can make fifty per cent on his invested capital, he is fully entitled to it. But by profit sharing or other means must he give proportionately to labor for as he is the brain, labor is the brawn. To Capital is entrusted the obligation of giving Labor a good chance to rise.

But of late Labor has been clamoring for representation in the administrative department of Capital. It is a question on which the most orthodox readily become socialistic. And it seems, indeed, that the advocates of this system are playing to the grandstand or are mere theorists. Since this paper is intended for schoolmen permit us to strike a parallel. In the running of a school the Regents or Trustees and Faculty direct the school as they see fit. Suggestions from the student body are out of order though they may be in truth good ideas. If the school is not liked, there are others and discipline
must be maintained. If one point were conceded where might the matter end? Though we do not agree with this idea in its entirety it should appeal to schoolmen and they are the most rabid, next to Labor leaders, in pushing this plan. Labor, in mass, is not better fitted to judge for itself than a pack of schoolboys. Indeed the sportsmanship of the latter would seem to give them the preference. But rather would we suggest that Labor be taught and encouraged to save and invest this accumulation in their own work. Then allow Labor to have representatives on the Board of Managers—with the basis of representation one-half or one-fourth that required for ordinary stockholders. Then would Labor be less ready to dissipate the interests of Capital for they would then be both Capital and Labor. Then they would see to what use their earnings were being put and would be better able to ameliorate conditions.

However, Labor is ever grasping, never conceding. Has it ever occurred to Labor that with every grant that it receives its obligations become so much greater; that the State will not permit such dealings now as made Rockefeller the world's most wealthy man and built the Carnegie libraries countrywide; that there is a God in heaven? If she has, Labor is so used to playing games of chance that she retains an immobile countenance and grasps * * * and grasps * * * and grasps, while according to her propaganda disseminated among the people, she gasps * * * and gasps * * * and gasps for life.

Nevertheless Labor must gasp for life, not existence, until she can alter or shake off the trade unions. The Union or Federation of Labor is known to all. Yet its day of real usefulness is past and as is usually the case in such instances, the Union is now becoming tyrannical. The Union has righted many Labor conditions all over the United States and in a great many different fields. Now it is not merely trying to be a power to bring about right, it is beginning to dictate. The Union heads are unscrupulous advocates. Today the Union is trying to become the government of the United States. It is attempting to push its candidate into the Presidency. It would thrust a socialistic-ridden rule upon the people. The Unions are human and do not realize when they have gone far enough.

Another demand of Labor is more pay and less work. The people are afraid to work. The general public is either personally interested or silently acquiescent. Continually do wages soar and proportionately does the time of Labor decrease. In Chicago carpenters, painters, lathers, etc., are now getting two dollars an hour. The consequence is that building stopped and
STRUGGLES.

work is scarce. Would it not be better for these men to have continual work at the old wages—one dollar and a quarter an hour. This is an example of how Labor has of its own accord thrown itself out of employment. But among the coal workers, where there has lately been so much agitation the men just naturally quit. The wages of the miners have soared immensely, so much so that some miners only work two days a week and Sunday (they receive double pay to work on Sunday.) Formerly the two days and a half at the week-end was the only time that the men laid off. Now they work when tired of playing—just for a diversion—when their money is gone and they need drink.

During the war the Remington Arms Plant at Ilion, New York, paid seventy dollars a week to mere unskilled youths. The wages were enormous but the work had to be done. Then the armistice was signed and overnight contracts were cancelled. The next day at noon the men were laid off and some did not have enough money for carfare to Utica, but fifteen miles distant. If high wages encourage such extravagance and shiftless ideas in people, should they be paid? No, because it is just such extravagance that will bring on ruin and disaster. If wages go higher the winter of 1920-21 will be the worst in the history of the United States. A break must come and with such tendencies to soar only a panic can save the situation. Now is the time when the Union could prove its true worth, curb these tendencies and save the day. But rather the “Union leaders meet to determine on a candidate for Presidency” is the bold black type which addles our breakfast coffee as we read the morning paper. The hundred per cent American Union! Always grasping for the hundred per cent.

Since Labor is the backbone of the Nation, the State must be very solicitous in looking after the working-man. But it must not do so much that Labor will lack confidence in itself and become dependent on the State. We fought an autocratic bureaucracy that the world might be saved from such a condition. Yet with our state insurance premiums, old age and mother’s pensions, etc., we are becoming more paternal than Germany ever was. If these things must be given to the people, make the people earn them. Labor, Capital, and all peoples, if they are to amount to anything must live by the product of their own work.

We have obtained a glimpse of the troubles between Capital and Labor, its cause and means of relief. On each side there must be a whole-hearted confidence with both working to the same end and each with the others good at heart. As the old master, in feudal times, would take the apprentice to
his heart, teach him the trade and the secret of his own skill and superiority, then would the apprentice be sent forth as a journeyman to learn all he could in foreign climes and later to return and permit the old master to glory in the perpetuity of his own work. This was the system in vogue in the guilds. They believed in each other and in God.

"God's in heaven, all's well with the world, let us not contrive to keep them separate."
Commencement Exercises, June 8th, 1920
Commencement

COMMENCEMENT Week did not begin this year with the usual smokes, speeches and the quality that tickles, but instead the National Alumni Society held a lengthy meeting at which school activities were discussed. Hon. Martin Conboy, '98, stressed the importance of the Hoya, the new university weekly, as a medium through which alumni could be kept in touch with the doings of the university and of each other.

The following day, Sunday, June 6, solemn high mass was celebrated in Dahlgren Chapel. This ceremony was scheduled to take place in “The Walks,” but owing to the heavy downpour of rain on the previous day had to be held indoors. Rev. Francis E. Keenan, S.J., ex-'07, was celebrant. Rev. Herman Storck, S.J., deacon, Mr. John Grattan, S.J., sub-deacon. Rt. Rev. Denis O'Connell, Bishop of Richmond, Va., preached the baccalaureate sermon. The bishop clearly distinguished between the democracy of Thomas Jefferson and the democracy of Bolshevism rampant today, and he urged the graduates to be firm in choosing the democracy of Jefferson as they entered upon life.

Later in the day the Regents met in the Hirst Library where they reviewed the work of the various departments of the University. At this session it was announced that J. Lynch Pendergast of New York, Clement Manley, '76, of Winston-Salem, N. C., Charles L. Palms, '89, of Detroit and Walter S. Martin, '96, of San Francisco, had been re-elected to the Board of Regents.

In the evening there was a reception by the Faculty to the friends and relatives of the graduates and later a band concert in the quadrangle.

Monday afternoon, June 7, the alumni and college seniors combined to defeat the law graduates at the national game. “Jack” Breslin, of Varsity fame, came along in time to strike out a few Law School stars. In the evening class-day exercises were held on the North porch. A novel number on the program was a trial in the Georgetown supreme court of an action of ejectment of '21 vs. '20 for the title of the old North porch. Aside from the arguments brought forth the spot in dispute was well chosen, for around the “North” cling the happiest memories and traditions of the College. The closing event of the evening was the delivery of the Cohonguroton Oration from the Healy balcony. Robert J. Riley, '20, gave this address, attired in the full regalia of an Indian Chief.
On Tuesday at 4.30 P. M. the 121st Commencement was held on the front lawn. Four hundred and five degrees were conferred. Two of these were the honorary degrees of doctor of laws, conferred upon Senator Ashurst of Arizona, the speaker of the occasion, and James H. Dooley, A.B., ’60, one of the oldest living alumni. "The opening address, delivered by the President of the University, was a review of the work of the past year and an earnest of the plans of the future. The university possessed, declared the President, not only a record attendance roll of 2,200, but also the largest school of law in the world with an attendance of 1,165. The university has added a new department to her list in the Foreign Service School, whose personnel has been in such demand that it was feared at one time that the roster would be seriously diminished. Plans for a new dormitory for the college were to be definitely decided upon in July, as well as ways and means of obtaining funds for Senior Hall, as the applications for admission to the college were so numerous that over one hundred were refused last year. Addressing the graduates the President said that never during his experience have college men been held in such high esteem, and he exhorted them to be in the world the leaders in social and business affairs for which their training has fitted them."
The Cohonguroton Oration

ROBERT J. RILEY, '20.

OHONGUROT ON, River of Swans, like unrippled silver speeds your flow between giant-shadowed hills on towards the great ocean. For ages have your waters passed thus in endless succession; for ages have your waves whispered inspiration and counsel. So tonight we are assembled to pay you homage, and to send far into the distant night, far into the dark hills of your source, our last word, the swan song of the Class of '20.

Cohonguroton! What river more closely bound to the heart of this great nation? What river more rich in wealth of history's undying splendor? What spot more sanctified by deeds of noble patriots, than this on the banks of the Potomac? And great has been our inspiration to tread the ground made holy by these deeds and these men, to live where they have lived, to feel their hands guiding and directing that we too may seek the right path.

Only a short distance from here lived the first and greatest of all Americans, the guiding star for generations of soldiers and statesmen. Here dwelt Jefferson and Marshall, master minds, whose stern characters formed the safe guardian of our national infancy. This ground has felt the tread of Lincoln, modest and unassuming; Lincoln, who matched in the sympathy and understanding of his heart, years of successful government. Beside this stream have walked Lafayette, Jackson, Sherman and Grant, great soldiers, victorious generals. While hardly a mile from here lived and died that immortal son and soldier of the South, Robert E. Lee. Beneath a carpet of green on yonder bank, rest thousands of the brave, thousands of those who have pledged, aye, and even given their life blood that America might live.

Within view is Congress, where our national destiny has been wrought, Congress moved by the eloquence of Sumner, Randolph, and Everett; Congress shaken by the power of Calhoun, Clay and Webster; men whose voices not only filled the halls of the Capitol, but whose words bursting these walls, will ring and resound forever down the long corridors of time; men who by the iron strength of their wills have molded the weak clay of the Confederation into the solidity of this great Republic.

Surely if ever man were inspired to higher achievements, we as sons of Georgetown, should be, by the sacredness of this spot, by the example of these men. This institution has grown and expanded side by side with the
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

republic. It has felt and sympathized with every throb of the nation's heart. And forth from her walls Georgetown has sent a stream of manhood taught ever to live and die for God and country. What spirit, more noble, to inspire? What better citizens can you conceive, than these? What institution endowed with a more noble purpose, a more illustrious name, what heart more keen in national service than the heart that beats within these gray walls—the heart of our own Alma Mater?

We should and are proud to be Sons of Georgetown. Truly her history is one to thrill the heart, to add, if possible, to our love and veneration for this, our Mother.

In 1789, here on the heights of Potomac, Archbishop Carroll laid the foundation of this memorial of learning,—thus completing a plan instituted with the coming of Lord Baltimore to Maryland in distant 1634. The first student to be enrolled was William Gaston of North Carolina, a man who attained prominence not only within the confines of his native State, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but who was nationally recognized as a leader of the Federal party. Here, in 1814, the faculty and students saw with saddened eyes the failure of our arms, the fall of Washington, the destruction of the Capitol by vandal hands. In its need Congress turned to Georgetown and designated the old North Building as the temporary Capitol of the United States. In subsequent years, Daniel Webster paid tribute to this institution with his eloquence; and Lafayette, after his visit here, praised the name of Georgetown even in far France. When the Civil War placed its blight upon the land, Alma Mater again suffered severe trial. She saw her sons leave, many never to return, saw friends part beyond these gates to turn to the North and to the South, as duty called, saw friends part to meet again as foes, with gleaming bayonet in the death-sodden trenches before Richmond. Later these buildings served as a barracks and hospital, thus and with the blood of her sons Georgetown filled her quota of service.

But what of her record in the conflict just ended? Alma Mater points with pride to fifty-four golden stars, fifty-four sons who made the supreme sacrifice. Should we not boast this glorious history, this memorable record? What more illustrious sons of a celebrated mother? For Georgetown men have fought in every battle from New Orleans to Belleau Wood and Verdun; have bled and died in every cause that America has undertaken. No institution can show greater deeds, nobler achievements, no university is more rich in tradition, more famous in history, than this edifice on the banks of the Potomac.
THE COHONGUROTON ORATION.

Cohonguroton, tonight we sing our swan song, for with the morrow we depart. And when our eyes are turned for the last time towards these gray towers, will they not speak of sadness? Will they not mirror years of pleasure, the dream years of life gone forever? Those greater in years alone know the sorrow soon to be ours, the longing for familiar places, the yearning for distant friends. Tomorrow we part, but though the seas divide us, O River of Swans, let the invisible bonds of friendship remain unbroken. Let our hearts beat in unison, not only with each other, but ever in unison with the heart of Georgetown.

With the conferring of degrees we are made in a special manner sons of this institution, we are raised to knighthood in her service, her honor is placed in our hands. Only now do the true responsibilities of this trust appear. Forth from these walls in a grand unbroken procession, measuring back for 130 years, march the classes that have gone before. Honor and success have been theirs, may the Class of Twenty join this train of triumph. May we prove worthy of this trust. May our garments remain unsoiled and un tarnished. May the great men who have consecrated these halls and corridors; may those giant patriots who molded this nation and hallowed this ground; may you, Cohonguroton, guide us in the years to come, that we may follow the path to fame and success, and by the honor of our lives add to the greater glory of a noble Alma Mater.
Class Ode

The story ends—the fleeting quill has earned
   Its moment's rest. Now stands the author's work
In calm magnificence, and he has learned
   To revel in the treasured thoughts which lurk
Amid the lines. All thoughts of moil and murk
   And tired persistency are swept away.
For Fortune's smile which favors not the shirk
   Rests on his brow, a sentinel to stay
The troubled morrow and gladden yesterday.

So may she be with us—so may we strive
   Always to merit opportunity,
To be the first of those who keep alive
   God's faith and man's integrity, that we
May add to our bright heritage and be
   As worthy of reward as any man,
That time may yield us true nobility
   Of soul, and peace unto eternity.

Nor shall we fail, not even in the hour
   When all is dark, when trouble's crushing stream
Around us frets, for we shall still have power
   To summon memory—once more to dream
Of sunny days, to see again the gleam
   Of friendly eyes and harken in delight
While comrade voices whisper. Cares will seem
   To disappear—grim fortitude shall quite
Possess our hearts—our eyes shall find the light.

And as the summer sun when darkness falls
   Its treasured tones and sheerest hues display,
May we when unrelenting duty calls
   Remember well that other hearts and other days
With ours are bound—that friendship best portrays
   Itself in needy hours. What worry then
For the tomorrow? A glowing past arrays
   Each coming morn in gold and saffron, when
In serving God we gain the praise of men.

James B. Kiely, '20.
Honorary Degrees

HENRY F. ASHURST

It is admitted by all that in the government of every commonwealth, the office of legislator is both honorable and of paramount importance. It behooves him who discharges its duties, in addition to his proficiency in jurisprudence, to be well versed in political economy and to be possessed of sagacity and skill in business affairs. He breathes the love of country and seeks her preeminence, he devotes the best that is in him to the service of his fellow citizens; with all the powers of his political wisdom, with his eloquence exercised in the forensic arts, he ever strives after the supreme good of the commonwealth. As such in the senatorial order Henry Fountain Ashurst stands before the American people. Scarcely had he completed his twenty-fifth year when in the assembly of his adopted State of Arizona he was elected Speaker, the youngest, it is thought, who occupied this chair. On the admission of Arizona into the Federal Union, he was the first to be voted in as Senator in the National Capital where he is retained for a second term. A man thus gifted by nature, adorned with the highest moral principles and already recognized by his legislative achievements, confirms us in the expectation that he will continue to institute and to promote such counsels or measures as will raise our America to be the standard-bearer of justice, of liberty and of civilization for all the world.

Wherefore, in virtue of the authority vested in us by the Congress of these United States of America, we have decreed that the laurel of Jurisprudence be conferred upon Henry Fountain Ashurst and we hereby pronounce and create him Doctor of Laws.

In testimony whereof, we hand him, with congratulations, these letters patent signed by our own hand and sealed with the great seal of the University, on this, the eighth day of June, in the year of Grace, one thousand nine hundred and twenty.

JAMES H. DOOLEY

Whereas nothing contributes more to the strength and glory of a country than to bestow due recognition and praise upon eminent and worthy citizens,—Georgetown University has ever made it a principle of action to award academic honors to those of her sons who, following the standards here inculcated,
have by their conspicuous virtues, by their profound knowledge, by their ardent love of country or by their deeds of signal beneficence distinguished themselves as effective helpers of society and safe leaders of men. Wherefore it is meet and just that the signal merits of James H. Dooley, a brilliant member of the class of 1860, should receive public recognition and well-deserved fame. This prominent citizen of Virginia, a state unusually prolific in great men, has won from the days of his youth the boundless admiration of all who have examined his remarkable career. As a student in these halls, he not only surpassed others by his mental gifts and by his unflagging industry, but, what is most unusual, in each year of his college course, he was unanimously awarded the highest honors. Leaving the quiet precincts of academic seclusion, he entered military life at a period when the country was in the throes of a vigorous and sanguinary war. In the camp, on sentry duty, and on the field of stern warfare, he showed himself worthy of his illustrious ancestry. To this his wounds received in open battle bear abundant testimony. When peace had been established, he devoted his life and his ability to the study and practice of law. For more than a half a century he has been a leader in his native state by his profound knowledge of law and equity, by his activity in matters of general welfare, by his patronage of art and letters and by his many sterling civic virtues. Nor can we pass over in silence his goodness and liberality to the helpless and the suffering, as is abundantly evidenced by his generous gifts to hospitals and to homes for neglected children. Having in mind these manifestations of solid virtue and of civic devotion, the President and Professors of Georgetown University have decided to bestow the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon the aforesaid James H. Dooley upon this day, which is the sixtieth anniversary of the first academic honor of Bachelor of Arts won by him.

Wherefore in virtue of the power vested in us by the Congress of these United States, we the President and Directors of Georgetown University hereby create James H. Dooley, of the State of Virginia, Doctor of Laws with all the rights and privileges attached to that exalted dignity. In testimony whereof we present to him with our deep congratulations a formal document signed by the President and stamped with the great seal of the University.
Address of Senator Henry F. Ashurst
To the Graduating Class of Georgetown University.
June 8, 1920

Father Rector and Gentlemen of the Graduating Classes of Georgetown University:

My first duty is to return my thanks for the honors that have been conferred upon me today and my next duty is to assure you that I am aware of the responsibility assumed by one who attempts to speak the final words to graduating classes.

Today you will pass out of the zone within which the voices of your teachers may be heard, but this class will never journey to a region so remote that it will go beyond the circle of the ennobling influence of the Faculty of Georgetown University.

After three years of labor here, you now emerge from the teacher's hand bearing largely the impress, the tone and the gradations of character which this temple of learning has stamped upon you.

At this juncture, when you are about to plunge into contest with a reluctant and obdurate world, I am invited and expected to stand here and utter words that may sustain and encourage you and be a talisman for you in the days to come when possibly your riches may take wings, when defeat may come by some sudden unforeseen stroke, and your finest plans and prospects evaporate and disappear.

You therefore doubtless perceive not only the colossal proportions of such a task, but also the presumption of a person who believes he can perform it.

I would be content—indeed, happy—were I persuaded that I might today utter one sentence that in the silent years to come will sustain and comfort even one of your number.

At such a time a thronging tumult of thoughts and emotions arises to my lips and clamors for expression, but brevity is a golden virtue, so let us without more circumlocution ascertain what sort of a world this is upon whose threshold you are now standing and of whose events and duties you are so soon to become a part.

Reuben's observation to Cynthia that "Every one is crazy but thee and me, and at times thee is a little queer," could aptly be quoted in these troublous days. The world has had a severe strain during the past six years, and during the past three years the pressure has been heavier than the ordinary human
being could withstand, hence there is an abnormal mind pervading all civilized peoples. The ouija board is working overtime; the philosopher is rare; vast unrest makes itself manifest everywhere. The ranks of the pessimists are daily securing recruits. The poor are crushed by the high prices they must pay for the merest subsistence, whilst the wealthy are timid and fearful as they perceive their savings, incomes and increments depleted by enormous taxes and other demands.

During the great war the earth was practically a runaway orb, the nerves of the people were frayed and grew doubly sensitive, the excitements were so intense and the drafts upon nervous systems were so inveterate that human arteries which engorged with blood during the day refused to contract at night and honest and reasonable men were frequently provoked into bizarre performances. So, young gentlemen, remember that you are taking up your life’s work in an abnormal and unsteady world, hence I conjure you be of good humor amidst these strident voices, and to remember that if a soft drink don’t turn away wrath, a soft answer will.

Mankind is much discomposed now, especially amongst these nations like our own, whose civilization is geared to such high speed; therefore, cultivate large charity and, if possible, large respect for the opinions of other people, no matter how much at variance with your own opinion, theirs may be. Our land is filled with discord and dissension; views upon various questions that relate to vital and pressing subjects are as “thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa.”

There is the Society for the Prevention of Pelmanism; the Society to Encourage the Deciphering of the Chiseled Symbols of the Cosmos; the Society to Provide Acoustic Facilities for the Transmission of Voices of the Air; the Bureau of Astrological Research, and a thousand other organizations each of which believes its particular plan will save the life of the Republic, when in truth the things we now need most are rigid economy, honesty and hard work.

All the histories that may be consulted, whether cuneiform inscriptions, Egyptian hieroglyphics, ancient Chinese ideographs, and whether on brick, inked paper or printed page, or written on brazen scroll with Clio’s iron pen, unite in declaring that unrest is a phenomenon and back-wash of every great war, because a war of vast proportions arouses the expective faculties of the human race, and these aroused expectations and incited ambitions sometimes enlarge into fantastic hopes, whose baleful influences, clear-headed citizens now and then do not escape.
ADDRESS OF SENATOR H. F. ASHURST.

For example: The avaricious man hears of a million dollars made in war contracts and, hoping to repeat the dubious performance, he abandons his useful and lucrative business. This politician sees another politician projected to high office and he says “Why not I?” This citizen imagines he perceives an unimpeded path to the White House, only to learn later that his lenses were blurred and his vision was indistinct. This citizen desires honor. This one seeks publicity. Another glimpses a day soon dawning when he will be placed into a position of distinction and power, and still another citizen thinks he can find a short cut to ease and comfort. And these persons of aroused expectations and luminous hopes follow the fatal ignis fatuus and postpone settling down to hard labor and rigid economy.

Superimposed upon this unhealthy posture of present affairs is the fact that a large proportion of our citizens have reached a condition where self-denial is an unknown quantity and luxuries with them have become a necessity.

As a people we ignore, if not despise, any person who deliberately chooses to be poor in purse. We have lost the power of even imagining what wondrously useful lessons self-denial teaches. We have forgotten that honorable poverty means a liberation from material attachments, and that it gives us a manly indifference to the gewgaws and trappings of this world.

Thus, having visualized the condition of the society into which you are so soon to enter, the question is, “Will you, as you develop, become a steadying influence to human society, or will you emphasize and make more acute society’s gyrations.”

Religion, love of fellow-men, patriotism, hope of material success, duty to family, reverence for the glorious traditions of our Republic, and your duty to transmit to posterity the blessings of freedom, all cry out to you today. When you are so young and pure and fresh and strong, to lend your clear vision and your bounding energy to tranquilizing the nation’s life. And how will you do this? You will do this by becoming a worker, not a drone. By producing as well as consuming. By living a life of truth, and by standing for justice, law and order. By remembering that labor is life’s purifier.

When in the brass-tack, work-a-day world you commence to feel the hidden yet sharp injustices which some men, in the pursuit of “success,” cruelly impose upon others, there will come moments when you will be tempted to say that all the fine talk you have heard here and the beautiful philosophy of noblesse oblige inculcated by college professors and by those who sit in academic chairs seem to be forgotten and abandoned by a cynical world, but at such a time cling to your high ideals with a persevering faith.
Set a high standard and live up to that standard no matter how many furies frown or how severe the "bludgeonings of fate" may be. If you will cling to your high ideals there is no joy that will not shed its sunshine on your face, and you will be more successful than if the Goddess of Fortune had lit a lamp of genius in your brain.

He who does not throw himself into his work as earnestly as does a soldier who leads a forlorn hope, or as earnestly as does a miner who digs when the earth has fallen in on him, will be outdistanced. He who pauses to contemplate the difficulties before him or who slackens in his painful and laborious efforts to conquer one by one those difficulties, will not survive in the fierce struggle, as the world is wide and it has no time to hear petitions for redress of individual grievances.

Young man, would you become a scientist and thrust the keen and glittering sword of investigation into the bowels of mystery? *Exacting labor is indispensable.*

Would you lift ponderous telescopes to the skies, detect new planets and waylay fugitive comets and elusive derelict worlds? *Industry is indispensable.*

Would you become a physician, paint the rose upon the invalid's pallid cheek and soothe ache with air and agony with ether? *Industry is indispensable.*

Would you become a weaver of beautiful thoughts and then write them out with ductility and charm? *Years of labor are necessary.*

The Law. Would you become a minister of justice and assist in preserving those Constitutional rights our forefathers set up for the safety and repose of the people of this Republic? Then I welcome you to a calling of incessant labor, one of the most arduous of all the secular professions, and as lawyer you must have the courage of your retainer once you have accepted it. *You will never be a lawyer if you permit sloth and comfort to dull your aggressive faculties.*

Would you be a public man and stand forth as a champion of the people's rights? Would you essay to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves? *I reply that neither a laggard nor a sluggard can guard the people's rights nor redress their wrongs.*

Would you become a merchant prince, a captain of industry? Would you sail fair argosies on the seas of commerce? *Solomon, the world's wisest man, said: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings."

Those tremendously useful men, those powerful and invincible men, Marconi, Edison, Orville Wright and Luther Burbank, who sit wrapped in pur-
ple robes of creative genius, are simply men who are capable of striking reiterated blows. They are men who reached success because they subjected their lives to the fierce fires of intellectual and physical endeavor. Men never ascend to eminence and strength by a single leap or by growth overnight. It is only by steady tread that a man moves up the rough and rugged path to success. Efficiency comes only after many years of anxious striving and long-sustained effort. Luck is a fiction which failures invent to explain the success of others. You can build up character while building up a fortune, and it is no more of a crime to be rich than it is to be poor. Everything depends upon the manner in which you become rich or poor.

So, you perceive, young gentlemen, I point out to you the same old formula for success that has been tried and proved by the wisdom of the ages.

And, in conclusion, remember that there is not anyone, howsoever wise he be, that may not learn something from you. Young people are frequently admonished to be somebody; but I say, you are already somebody if you are faithfully fulfilling the duties of your present job.

We cannot all be rich and great, nor was it ever designed that we should be. The nightingale does not cease its song because it lacks the wings of an eagle, nor does the ant work any the less contentedly because it cannot gather honey as the bee. In the mechanism of the universe there are no useless and no unworthy parts; each in its place is a master.

When we go out into a cloudless night we see the floor of Heaven thick inlaid with patines of bright gold, we see above us in eternal space; the serene, unnumbered, and quenchless stars that have for another night resumed their vigils of the sky. We call some of them by their names—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Pleiades, Castor and Pollux, Arcturus, Uranus, Neptune. We think they shed the light on our pathway, and so they do, but not all of it. Astronomers tell us that more than one-half of all the blended radiance of the sky falls from stars we cannot see. To us they have no name on earth, and they seem to have no place in heaven; yet they light us on our way. So it is with human life; a few persons may become bright, particular stars in the political, industrial or social firmament, but we all are, or may be if we will, a part of that invisible host of stars that shed their kindly light on the path of all mankind.
EDITORIALS

According to the law of compensation every achievement is followed by a failure, every pleasure by a pain, every fulfillment by a disappointment. It is depressing therefore to assume the editorial chair just vacated by Mr. Mickler, who did achieve, who brought pleasure to and fulfilled the expectations of his readers. What believer in the truth of the above law, then, would not be filled with mild despair, at least, in attaining editorship when the balanced needle of compensation starts to swing back? If we were certain that it would swing as far to the “inferiority” side in this administration as it did to the “excellence” side in Mr. Mickler’s, we should fling down the pen in utter despair, but there is a spark of hope that the needle will swing no lower than mediocrity, so we plod forward.
EDITORIALS.

In reading an account of our own commencement and of others in various parts of the country, it is interesting to note that in most cases the class of 1920 is the largest in the history of the respective colleges. This is owing in a large measure to postponements made necessary by the war but it also shows that more parents and young men are coming to realize that the one great factor for the attainment of success in the world of tomorrow is a trained intellect. In spite of the enormous returns offered for mere manual labor, the far-sighted appreciate the need of mental discipline and are out to get it.

Colleges will have the chance to expand and will do so. But let them beware lest they be drawn too far into the maelstrom of building campaigns and forget the higher things of education. Let the expansion be in the intellects of the present number rather than in the roster and in buildings. Any school that has a few generous friends can stretch itself over a larger area, but a school's worth is measured only by what is in the heads and hearts of the men it sends out.
At its last meeting of the year, held on May 3, the Philodemic Society chose the following members as officers for the first term of next year: President, Meredith Reid; Vice-President, Paul J. Etzel; Recording Secretary, Edward T. Butler; Corresponding Secretary, John F. Brooke; Treasurer, Thomas A. Kane; Censor, Paul De Witt Page.

The officers for the Gaston Society for the coming year were elected on May 24. They are: President, Sylvan J. Pauly; Vice-President Thomas White; Secretary, Thomas Corbett; Treasurer, Donald E. McGuire; Censor, Robert C. McCann. Those chosen for the White Society are: President, William J. McGuire; Vice-President, John J. Dolan; Secretary, Charles J. Coniff; Treasurer, Dennis Harrington; Censor, Thomas A. Mahoney.

The Gaston Debating Society triumphed over the White in the annual inter-society debate on May 16, the subject of which was: "Resolved, That Equal Suffrage Be Granted to Women Otherwise Than by Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." The Gaston Society upheld the negative side of the dispute. Those appearing for the Gaston were: Jeffery Sullivan, '22; Joseph McDonough, '22, and John O'Neill, '22. The White team was composed of Michael Bruder, '22; Joseph Little, '22, and William McGuire, '23.

The members of the Alumni Sodality, at the meeting of May 22, elected the following officers for the coming year: Prefect, Hon. William H. Delacey, '83; Assistant Prefects, Mr. Francis Roach, '07, and Dr. John A. Foote, '06; Treasurer, Mr. Robert McNamara, '05; Secretary, Mr. T. Henry Healy, '14; Sacristan, Mr. John B. Saul, '18.


Through the zealous efforts of Paul J. Murphy, '20, a Foreign Mission Section of the Sodality was recently formed. This section has been affiliated.
to the Catholic Students’ Mission Crusade. This new but now nationally known organization will hold a convention August 6th to 8th at Washington, D.C., and Georgetown will be represented by Mr. Robert W. C. Wimsatt, '21, Second Assistant Prefect of the Sodality.

That the Sodalists and students in general are enthusiastic over the idea of helping the foreign missions is evidenced first by their persevering efforts in collecting large quantities of cancelled postage stamps and tin foil, the proceeds of which are to help our struggling missionaries, and secondly by the contribution of twenty-five dollars voted by the Sodality to the Rev. Mark J. McNeal, S.J., former student and professor at Georgetown, for the advancement of Catholic education in Japan.

NEW COURSES

According to an announcement of the Dean, Social Pathology and the History and Appreciation of Art will be among the new elective courses for next year. The lectures on these subjects, which will be given three hours a week, will have as their purpose the development of a general appreciation of music, painting and architecture.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Gaston Hall was the scene of an interesting exhibition on May 30, when the Garvan Oratorical Contest was held. John J. Jacobs, '20, of Montana, carried away the honors, though all the speakers merited much praise for their excellent speeches. The contestants were John J. Jacobs, Charles A. Williams, Paul De Witt Page, Jr., Joseph A. McDonough, John S. McCann.

SENIOR BANQUET

The farewell banquet to the Senior Class was held on May 23 in Ryan Hall. In response to the request of the toastmaster, Mr. O'Donoghue of the class of '97 gave an excellent speech, and one that contained no little friendly and sincere advice. Tommy Dean spoke for the Seniors. After the banquet a well arranged program was given on the North Porch.

ORDINATIONS

**Medical School**

Matthias Donnelly, Edmund D. Welch, Raymond Osborne and Matthew Donohue have started their internship at the Georgetown University Hospital. Ernest L. Yost and George J. Allen will serve as interns at the Providence Hospital, and David Gardiner and Leo Bartemeir will be interns at the Ford Hospital in Detroit.

Dr. Ewing of last year’s class, is going to take a special course at the Mayo clinic.

Dr. Shugrue and Dr. McEnerney have just finished their internship at the Georgetown University Hospital. Dr. Shugrue will be assistant to Dr. Vaughan in post-graduate work in surgery and Dr. McEnerney expects to open an office in the District.

Rev. Francis A. Tondorf, S.J., is editing the lectures on Vivisection delivered in Gaston Hall. They will be published in the near future.

The Medical School thankfully acknowledges the gift of Dr. G. Clark Ober, Jr., of his father’s medical library consisting of 300 volumes and his surgical instruments. Dr. Ober, Sr., was graduated from the Medical School in ’82.

Dr. Moran has opened a new obstetrical ward at the Georgetown University Hospital. This ward will be for colored patients.


**Law School**

**AWARD OF PRIZES, COMMENCEMENT DAY**

**PRIZES FOR CLASS STANDING**

**Senior Class.**—The Faculty Prize of seventy-five dollars offered to the student in the Senior Class maintaining the best average in examinations and recitations during the year was awarded to George Ernest Hamilton, Jr.; general average 97.

The Faculty Prize of forty dollars, offered to the student in the Senior Class maintaining the next best average in examinations and recitations during the year was awarded to Joseph Donald Brady; general average 95.63.

**Second Year Class.**—The Faculty Prize of fifty dollars, offered to the student in the Second Year Class maintaining the best average in examinations and recitations during the year was awarded to William Nicholas Manger; general average 95.78.
The Faculty Prize of twenty-five dollars, offered to the student in the Second Year Class, maintaining the next best average in examinations and recitations during the year was awarded *ex aequo* to George Washington Carr; general average 94.33, and to Simon Hirshman, general average 94.33.

**First Year Class.**—The Faculty Prize of fifty dollars, offered to the student in the First Year Class maintaining the best average in examinations and recitations during the year was awarded to George D. Horning, Jr.; general average 94.11.

The Faculty Prize of twenty-five dollars, offered to the student in the First Year Class maintaining the next best average in examinations and recitations during the year was awarded to Cornelius Michael Colbert; general average 93.

**PRIZES FOR DEBATING**

The Faculty Prizes of twenty-five dollars each, offered to the winner of each of the four preliminary debates between representatives of the Senior and Junior Debating Societies were awarded to John Joseph Darby, Jr., John Emmet O'Neil, Warren P. Hunnicutt, John Joseph O'Day.

The Faculty Prize of fifty dollars, offered to the winner of the Final Debate was awarded to John Allan Thames.

**PRIZES FOR ESSAYS**

The Hamilton Prize of fifty dollars, offered by George E. Hamilton, LL.D., Dean of the Law School, to the student in the Post-Graduate Class submitting the best essay upon a topic of Legal Ethics was awarded by a committee consisting of Jesse C. Adkins, Lucian H. Van Doren, Frederick Stohlman and Milton W. King, of the District of Columbia Bar, to Henry Clyde Clark. Honorable mention, Lodwick Crary Davis.

The Faculty Prize of forty dollars, offered to the student in the Postgraduate Class submitting the best graduation thesis was awarded by a committee consisting of Jesse C. Adkins, Lucian Van Doren, Frederick Stohlman and Milton W. King, to Lodwick Crary Davis. The subject of the essay was "The Treaty Making Power of the United States." Honorable mention Peter S. Twitty.

The Faculty Prize of forty dollars, offered to the student in the Third Year Class submitting the best essay upon a legal subject was awarded by a committee consisting of Chief Justice Constantine J. Smyth, G. Thomas Dunlop, and H. Prescott Gatley, to Joseph Donald Brady. The subject of his essay was "The Doctrine of Ultra Vires, Its Nature, Elements and Modern Application."
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

A prize of a set of the Legal Classics Series, offered by John Byrne and Company to the student in the First or Second Year Class submitting the best essay on a legal subject, was awarded by a committee consisting of Daniel W. O'Donoghue, Arthur A. Alexander and Hugh J. Fegan, of the Law Faculty, to Archie K. Shipe. Honorable mention, Elgin H. Blalock. The subject of Mr. Shipe's essay was "The Law Merchant, Its Effect Upon the Development of the Common Law.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Law School Faculty held early in June, tentative plans were drawn up for the Golden Jubilee Celebration to take place in November. These plans include academic exercises and a reunion banquet of all the alumni.

U. S. Attorney John E. Laskey, professor of Criminal Law, presented the diplomas at the recent graduation exercises of Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.

Dental School

Dr. Hoofnagle, professor of the Practice of Dental Medicine recently underwent an operation at the Georgetown Hospital.

Dr. Ellis, professor of Physiology, has returned from Jamaica where he visited his father.

The Dental Infirmary has been reopened.

Major Hart, of the class of '17, has been retired from the service owing to ill health.

Foreign Service School

The following awards were made at the Commencement Exercises: Knights of Columbus Scholars who have been awarded an extension course in Latin America during the summer: J. Homer Butler, Massachusetts; James T. Costello, Wisconsin; Walter J. Donnelly, Connecticut; William C. Frazee, Ohio; Matthew I. Heiler, Massachusetts; Nelson Hopkins, New Jersey; George E. McKenna, Massachusetts; Edward L. Murphy, Pennsylvania; James J. O'Neil, Massachusetts; Joseph C. Quinlan, Massachusetts; Phil D. Sullivan, Massachusetts, and George A. Townsend, Maryland.

A prize of seventy-five dollars in gold for the best essay on the subject "International Commerce and National Prosperity," was awarded to John T. Quinn of Connecticut.
A prize of seventy-five dollars in gold for the best essay on the subject “The Restoration and Maintenance of the Merchant Marine” was awarded ex aequo to George Townsend of Maryland and Raymond Worsham, District of Columbia.

Kappa Alpha Phi banqueted at the Willard on June 5. Many prominent speakers, among them Senator Walsh of Massachusetts and Joshua Alexander, Secretary of Commerce, addressed the members of the fraternity. John J. Mullen was the chairman of the committee in charge of the banquet. The committee consisted of Arthur Welch, James C. Fitzgibbons, D. M. Flynn, J. Howard Melican and George Keeley.
Alumni Notes

'62. It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Brig.-Gen. John M. K. Davis, one of our oldest alumni. General Davis was a native of Washington and was graduated from the University at eighteen. He was appointed to West Point the following September. He received his commission from the Military Academy with honors.

'81. Francis J. Adams, M.D., '81, was recently killed by the upset of his automobile at Great Falls, Montana.

'91. Col. Anton Stephan has been appointed commander of the District National Guard of Washington, D. C.
Col. Stephan is a veteran of both the Spanish-American and the World Wars and as a reward for his services in the recent war he was given the order of the Black Star decoration.

'96. Dick Harley, coach of the University of Pittsburgh baseball team, was glad to be back at the "old place" for a day even though his charges did lose to Alma Mater.
While at college Dick played excellent baseball and after leaving school played right field for Detroit for twelve seasons.

'96. Mr. J. Enos Ray of Chillum, Md., has recently been appointed by the governor of that state as a member of the state tax committee for a six-year term. Mr. Ray, who is a Law School graduate, has been very prominent in Maryland politics, having been a member of the State House of Delegates and later State Auditor.

Ex-'99. Howard Harrington is the head of one of the largest admiralty firms of the world with offices in New York and London. He has offices at 5 Paper Building, Inner Temple, London, E. C., England.

'01. Among the Georgetown men at the San Francisco Convention are Thomas J. Spellacy, '01, and John F. Crosby, '12.

'04. Two Georgetown men were in charge of the Fordham baseball team, Arthur Devlin, '04, and Bernie Wefers, '97, of track fame.

'04. The faculty extend their heartfelt condolences to Dr. Ralph Hamilton on the sudden death of his mother.
It is the sad duty of the Journal to chronicle the untimely death of Harry A. Orme of Washington, D. C. Harry was connected with the Air Service during the late war.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. Paul B. Cromlin, LL.B., '12, and LL.M., '13, who was recently appointed to the position of assistant U. S. Attorney of the District of Columbia. During his last year at the Law School Mr. Cromlin was winner of the faculty prize.

The Journal has received an announcement of the marriage of James K. Lynch of Canton, Ohio, to Dorothy McLaughlin, which took place on May 15th.

Mr. Stephen W. Carroll is Assistant Admiralty Counsel for the Shipping Board and is stationed in New York City.

Bert Hunt, who was one of the active organizers of the Georgetown men in France, has accepted an important position with William R. Grace & Company, New York.

Tom Harrington has resigned from The United Trust Company and is with the Mercantile Banks of the Americas in New York.

Ed. Heiskell has returned from Africa.

The Journal congratulates Dr. and Mrs. Brison Norris on the birth of a baby boy.

The Journal takes this opportunity to congratulate John G. Carter and Miss Celina Calvo on their recent marriage. The following account of the wedding was taken from the Washington Post.

"The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, the Spanish Ambassador and Senora de Riano, the Peruvian Ambassador and Senora de Pezet were among the distinguished guests at the wedding yesterday morning of Miss Celina Calvo and Mr. John Galen Carter. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mme. Joaquin B. Calvo and the late Minister from Costa Rica, and the bridegroom is the oldest son of Mrs. Thomas H. Carter and the late senator from Montana. The ceremony was performed at 11 o'clock in St. Paul's Church by Mgr. James F. Mackin and was followed by a nuptial mass, and in the chancel was the president of Georgetown University, from which institution Mr. Carter graduated, and several of the priests under whom he studied. Mr. Luis G. Calvo and Mr. Rafael C. Calvo, brothers of the bride, served as
acolytes. The church was decorated with tall Australian ferns and palms, the pink roses and larkspur giving a dainty touch of color to the background of green and slender lighted tapers. Mrs. Thomas B. Harrington, of Boston, sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and Miss Maria Calvo, another sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Edith Heiskell, of Maryland; Miss Rita Weller, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Lucille Johnson. Little Miss Alicia Calvo and Miss Maria Harrington, nieces of the bride, were flower girls. Mr. Bernard Brady, of Cleveland, Ohio, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Hugh Charles McCarthy, of Helena, Mont.; Mr. Thomas B. Harrington, of Boston; Mr. Donald McKnew, Mr. Edward Heiskell, Mr. M. A. Weller and Mr. Harold O'Connell. Mr. and Mrs. Carter left later in the day for a wedding trip, and on their return they will be at home at 1528 Sixteenth Street."

'15. It is with pleasure that the JOURNAL announces the recent marriage of Dr. William P. Herbst and Miss Catherine M. Arnold.

'16. Gardner L. Duffy writes that he is still touring the Golden West. "Have bumped into quite a few G. U’ers including Lou Dillon, Nelson Plamondon, Golden, Charley Duffy, Charles Stegmaier and several others." Gardner's mail is received at the Farmer’s Loan and Trust Co., New York.

'16. Dr. Joseph P. Madigan just completed a post-graduate course at the Army Medical School and has been assigned to Walter Reed Hospital.

'17. Word has just come to the editor of the marriage of Cornelius L. Norris to Caroline P. Kieffer, of Philadelphia. Congratulations and best wishes.

'17. The JOURNAL wishes to congratulate Mr. Thomas G. Walsh upon his appointment as Assistant Corporation Counsel. Mr. Walsh becomes Seventh Assistant in charge of condemnation proceedings. He received his early education at Gonzaga College and studied law at Georgetown University.

'17. The following account of the marriage of Mr. Thomas Prendergast and Miss Marjorie Simpson, which was solemnized in Dahlgren Chapel, was taken from the Washington Post.

"The marriage of Miss Marjorie V. Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Simpson, to Mr. Thomas E. Prendergast, of Pascoag, R. I., took place Saturday morning, May 29, in Dahlgren Chapel of Georgetown University. The Rev. Father John B. Creeden, S.J., president of the University performed
ALUMNI.

the ceremony at 11 o'clock, which was followed by a nuptial mass. A reception and breakfast followed the mass in the home of the bride's parents on N street. The sanctuary was beautiful in its decoration of pink roses, azalias and ferns. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Helen Simpson, and the bridegroom's sister, Mill Eileen Prendergast. Little Miss Edith Simpson, niece of the bride, was the flower girl. Mr. William Prendergast, of Rhode Island, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. John Prendergast, another brother; Mr. John Beatty and Mr. William Martens, both of New York, and Mr. Edward Callahan, of Maine. After the breakfast the bride and bridegroom left for a wedding trip."

'17. Tom Prendergast has been made manager of a Baltimore branch of an auto accessories company. He is living at the Homewood Apartments.

'17. Congratulations are in order to Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kennedy on the birth of a baby boy.

'18. Billy Bache writes from Leon, Nicaragua, that he is just about an expert in the banking business and hopes to see the states before many moons.

Information has just come to the Alumni Editor that J. Edwin Albinson died on September 12, 1917.

Rev. John J. Thompkins, S.J., who taught at Georgetown in the nineties, is at present in the States. He was doing missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

Some of the older alumni will be grieved to learn of the death of their former professor and Prefect of Discipline, Rev. William M. McDonough, S.J. He died recently in the Philippine Islands where he was serving as a missionary.
THREE PLAYS: "ALL CLEAR," "GOD OF MY FAITH," AND "GOD'S OUTCAST."

Although by no means comparable to the more celebrated efforts of the distinguished dramatist, these are leisurely little plays and will warrant anyone's reading. Much of the horror of the German outrages throughout the recent war (and this is what the author aimed to impress upon us) is best brought out by "All Clear," by far the most appealing of the three plays.


This book will increase the admiration which many readers already hold for this widely-known author, and ought to win the admiration of the still larger legions that do not. Certainly, few have the intimate insight into human characters that Ayscough has, but few, however, can consciously inject into their works so much dryness and uninteresting details that cause the reader to pass over the greater parts of his productions. But in "Abbotts-court," the author has, as it were, come into his own, and given us a surprisingly good book. Eleanor Abbot, the daughter of a reckless baronet is the appealing heroine whose love affair we take interest in. It is well executed with fine passages of contrast, and charming on the whole.


We have already become enthusiastic over the works of this clever writer, but even more so over his recent novel, "Luca Sarto," an adventurous tale of the fifteenth century. Sarto, the hero, relates the history of his dangerous journey into the Paris of Villon and the dungeons of Louis XI. There are thrills aplenty in the absorbing story, which, once having taken it up, the reader willingly gives up everything else to enjoy the exciting experiences of the hero.


It is a clear, interesting exposition of Catholic Doctrine. The author has in this as in his other works found a pleasant way of enunciating truth.
THE JOURNAL BOOK SHELF.

An Irishman Looks at His World.—By George A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Co., New York.

This book contains what is usually difficult to find, a calm, unprejudiced account of Ireland by an Irish author.


The clearness, brevity and completeness of this work are worthy of the highest commendation. It is invaluable for reference.
Athletics

Baseball

GEORGETOWN vs. GEORGE WASHINGTON

On May 18, Georgetown overwhelmed her old rival, George Washington, by a 19 to 3 count. The Blue and Gray sluggers amassed fifteen hits, three of them circuit clouts.

Fitzgerald, pitching for Georgetown, twirled good ball, allowing the visitors but three scattered hits. Coach O'Reilly rushed in many substitutes during the fray.

GEORGETOWN vs. GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

On Wednesday, May 17, the Hilltoppers whitewashed the Gettysburg College nine, 8–0. Reynolds, holding the slab for the Blue and Gray, allowed but four hits and struck out twelve of the opposing batters.

Gettysburg had but one opportunity to score and that came in the third after two errors and a base on balls. Reynolds then showed himself master of the situation and fanned the next three men that faced him.

Georgetown garnered eight hits in all, H. Sullivan, Hyman and Reynolds leading the attack with two hits apiece.

GEORGETOWN vs. JOHNS HOPKINS

With the Blue and Gray hammering the offerings of Owings and Williver for fifteen hits and with Reynolds pitching hitless ball, Georgetown completely outclassed the baseball team of Johns Hopkins, defeating the Baltimoreans 19–0.

Reynolds was in great form and allowed but four balls to be hit beyond the infield and these were promptly fielded by the fast garden men.

Before the third inning was over, Georgetown had gathered fifteen runs. Owings, who started for Hopkins, was nicked for nine runs and was relieved in the third by Williver, who proved slightly better.

The Hilltoppers hit hard, three of the fifteen safeties being circuit drives by Flavin, Kenyon and Maloney. H. Sullivan also did well at bat, clouting out a triple and two singles.

GEORGETOWN vs. PITTSBURGH

Sam Hyman never pitched better than against the strong Pittsburgh nine, beating them 5—1. He allowed but one fluke hit and struck out 11 batters.
ATHLETICS.

Georgetown lost no time in achieving victory for in the very first inning H. Sullivan singled, was sacrificed to second and scored on Kenyon's double to left. In the third, the Hilltoppers scored three runs. H. Sullivan scored the final run in the seventh on a squeeze play.

The Panthers got their lone tally in the eighth when a short hit to right by Bloom resulted in a safety as first was left uncovered.

GEORGETOWN vs. PRINCETON

Georgetown initiated its annual trip by nosing out the Princeton University nine, at Princeton, in a closely contested game. The final score was 6—5. This was the seventeenth consecutive victory for the Hilltoppers and practically made them undisputed collegiate baseball champions of the East.

Georgetown began to pave its way to victory when Dudack came across with the first tally of the game in the second inning. The Blue and Gray scored another when Harry Sullivan came home on Bill Kenyon's three-base hit. In the sixth, four more were scored when Jimmie Sullivan, Bill Kenyon and Sam Hyman scored on Maloney's triple. Maloney scored the winning run on a squeeze play.

Only in the ninth, with the score 6—5 in favor of Georgetown, did the Tigers threaten the Blue and Gray. Cook, the first man up, was hit by a pitched ball. Strubing singled but Lee grounded out. Trimble was also struck by a pitched ball. With three men on base and one out McNamara hit into a double play when he grounded to Reynolds, who tossed the ball to Longshak, who in turn threw the man out at first, and thus ended the rally and Princeton's hope of victory. Kenyon was forced to retire in the sixth when he had his hand split by a foul tip.

GEORGETOWN vs. FORDHAM

After decisively defeating Fordham earlier in the season the Blue and Gray lost its last game to the New Yorkers by a 5—2 count.

Reynolds, who pitched for the Hilltoppers, was nicked for only four hits, but they were made at opportune times.

The Hilltoppers scored their runs in the seventh inning. Dudack led off with a single and was advanced to second when Walters walked Walsh. Dudack then stole third and both men scored when Cousineau threw wild to second.
The Bronx team scored in the first session. Halloran doubled and scored on Finn's single. In the sixth inning Buckley beat out an infield hit, stole second and crossed the plate on Lefever's single. Lefever scored when Cousineau made a circuit drive. Fordham's final count came in the eighth.

A. A. Elections

Murray MacElhinny, '21, was unanimously elected president of the Athletic Association and Charles Regan, '21, secretary. Paul Carlin, '21, defeated Joseph Sisk, '21, for treasurer.

Dobel Anderson, '22, and Edward McCormick, '23, were elected assistant managers of baseball. Bill Kenyon will captain next year's team.

John Connolly, '22, and James Hanlon, '22, were elected assistant managers of basketball for the coming year. Zazzali is captain.

Owen Conners, '22, and Michael Bruder, '22, were elected assistant managers of track. Bob LeGendre is captain for another year.

John O'Neill, '22, and Raymond Kunkel, '22, were chosen to handle minor sports.