YE DOMESDAY BOOKE

A Modern Edition published by ye Class of 1908 of ye Law School of ye Georgetown University Wash D.C.
FOREWORD

EREIN is set down the condition of the Barristers of 1908, not alone as it doth appear in the portrait, but even as it manifests itself to the mind’s eye, which traveling apace explores the inward being. Commissioned under the Great Seal of the Class, the Editors, by diligent research, have brought to light the true reputation of each of our number, and do hereby publish the same in the belief that each should be satisfied with his own and not usurp with impunity what belongs to another. This is the record—exact, fateful, and to remain unquestioned until the memory of man grows weary, whether to the contrary or otherwise. Should treason lurk in his prideful breast, as each scans his list, let him remember that the dragons of St. George can do no more, the chroniclers of the Domesday Booke can do no less than to hold the mirror up to nature. Standing revealed in our separate estates, let us abide by our loyalty to Georgetown, and our allegiance to the Class of Law, 1908.
DAVID HILHOUSE BUEL, S. J.
PRESIDENT OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY.
If any justification is needed for injecting this brief and, as it must seem, slighting account of Georgetown's glorious past into "Ye Domesday Booke," it will be found in the language of the past; "Haec olim meminisse juvabit."

To the Georgetonian, conning the musty tomes which constitute the life and record of his Alma Mater, there is endless profusion of richest treasure. She was conceived, according to some of her most enthusiastic sons, as far back as 1634, before that grand old monument to the Puritans, Harvard, was erected at Cambridge. Howbeit, her real history dates from 1785, when John Carroll first presented to his associates plans for an academy, or perhaps, from 1791, when the first student was received. The distinguished founder, scion of a distinguished family, little dreamed that one day the picturesque heights above the Potomac would be crowned with structures so magnificent, and that so many thousands of graduates would hold his memory dear.

Georgetown's constitution and that of the United States, framed about the same time, were conceived in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. The United States Constitution puts a ban on religious tests, while Georgetown Academy, as it was then called, threw its doors "open to students of every religious profession." In these days of broadening tolerance and closer brotherhood under the same flag, it is inspiring to look back to the twin infancy of this Republic and of our Alma Mater and rejoice in the spirit which consecrated both thus early to political and religious freedom. And, as the years roll on, it is a pleasant retrospect to note how the story of our Country interlinks itself with that of our University; how men like John C. Calhoun fraternized familiarly with the old sages out on the Heights; how Daniel Webster and John Tyler pleaded her cause in the Halls of Congress in those days when Georgetown most needed help.

Alma Mater sent her sons to the War of 1812, and in that dark period which threatened to disrupt this Union for all time, gave her best blood to the North and to the South that freedom might live. In that hour the voice of pleasure was hushed and those well-known haunts and corridors, which now ring with good fellowship, then echoed the rattle of
musketry and the martial tread of armed men. The study halls were converted into barracks, and the camp fire of the New York Regiments usurped the place of the student’s lamp. Those days are happily gone, but their memory lives to hallow the traditions that cluster round Old Georgetown. The College was a modest place when George Washington rode up and hitched his horse to the palings while he returned the visit which the Faculty had paid him at Mount Vernon. Since that memorable visit of the “Father of his Country,” Georgetown has grown steadily to its present majestic proportions, so that no Executive, including the distinguished incumbent of the Presidential office, has deemed it beneath his dignity, and few have found it impossible, to honor her commencements with their presence and to lift their voices in eulogy of her grand achievements.

So well have the great men of the Nation appreciated our Alma Mater that Dr. John Gilmary Shea, that honored alumnus, can write with truth: “Few institutions in the country can boast of having had among the scholars so many students nearly related to those that have filled the Presidential chair. Relatives of Washington, Madison, Jackson, Van Buren, Polk, Tyler, Buchanan, and Johnson, are to be found on the roll of Georgetown University.”

Thus Georgetown has grown up in the heart of the Nation and responded to the Nation’s call, in peace and in war, giving her Gastons, her Wederstrandts, and her Walches; her Kavanaghs and her Randalls; her Whites and her Mallorys, to the service of the public, at home and abroad, in every field of high endeavor.

Georgetown may well be pardoned a touch of pride in the recollection of such traditions. It is in this atmosphere that that intangible something, so deeply felt, yet so hard to define—the Georgetown Spirit—was conceived and born with the dawn of liberty and has since been so faithfully fostered. Who, then, will blame a son of Georgetown if he lifts up his head and glories in his relationship with Alma Mater? Georgetown treasures nothing so much as the genuine University Spirit, which has its roots so firmly fixed in her glorious past. It is this Spirit which manifests itself on the athletic field and on the platform, which animates alike the humblest Prep and the least imaginative Alumnus. It is the generous spirit of close brotherhood which unites us all—College Men, Medical Men, and Law Men—under the standard of Alma Mater. Georgetown Spirit has been a sort of lesser patriotism, and nothing has contributed so much to maintain and strengthen it as contests of all kinds with rival institutions. A detail of them would make inspiring reading, but it would transcend the limits of this sketch.

However, the Historian can not forbear mentioning the first clash between Columbian
and Georgetown, which occurred as far back as 1824. We seem to have been so impressed with the maxim, "Stare Decisis," that those clashes have since been recurring with all the persistency of taxes and financial panics.

It will be remembered, at least by the more ancient of us, that LaFayette visited this country in 1824. The Marquis was endeared to Old Georgetown by the services which he had rendered this Country during the Revolution, and on account of General Washington's high regard for him. There was a magnificent procession in the distinguished Frenchman's honor. Georgetown was in the procession, and was stationed near the triumphal arch, beneath which the Marquis passed with his suite on his way to the Capitol. The students were closing in behind when the older and bigger gentlemen from Columbian attempted to prevent them. In the historic scuffle which ensued, the star on Columbian's flagstaff tore away Georgetown's fine new banner. But Georgetown was not to be thus easily vanquished; for one stalwart son of Alma Mater (without the gallantry of a later graduate, the future General Walker, who, though the first to scale the heights of Chapultepec and within easy reach of the Mexican flag, stepped aside and yielded the honor to his superior officer) bravely rushed in and, seizing the Columbian standard, bore it off in triumph.

Subsequently the Georgetown banner was discovered hanging from a window. A crowd of students entered the building and recovered the same "without a single shot being fired and without a drop of blood being shed." Thereupon the trophies were graciously returned to Columbian with Georgetown's compliments; but in commemoration of the affair an artist named Simpson painted a fine banner bearing the arm of the College on one side and on the other an eagle, with the legend, "Nemini Cedimus." That motto has not been uniformly verified since, however; the inquiring reader is respectfully referred for plausible explanations to that learned historiographer, J. S. Easby-Smith, whose two volumes in full morocco have been an inexhaustible fountain of curious information and inexpressible delight to the writer. Suffice it to say here, that the Marquis was so deeply impressed by his reception at Georgetown on that memorable day—more memorable to us than Austerlitz—that we find it the topic of some remarks made by him in the French National Assembly.

Besides such diverting incidents as have been set down, the above-quoted volumes are authority also for happenings more tragic. For example, we read of the famous fire of December 10, 1836, which might have brought Georgetown to an untimely end, had its destruction extended beyond the humble headquarters of one McFadden, the official tailor of the College.

This fire furnished the inspiration for a Latin Epic by Father Secchi, S. J., which pictures the incident with all the grace and vividness of the Bard of Mantua. We might
well expect such a conflagration to be described in a tone of solemnity appropriate to the Chicago Fire or the great London Plague—and in this fashion the poem begins:

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"Dira cano! Rabiem vulcani ignisque furentis
Exustasque domos McFadden Leiferique."
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But we are greatly relieved to learn that, through the intercession of the Virgin, a greater catastrophe was averted:

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"Nam pluviae magnam celso vim mittit Olympo,
Subsidere faces, extincti ignesque fatiscunt."
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This fire, however, was not an unmixed woe. It had several good results, if historical inferences may be indulged in, for it cured the said McFadden of the atrocious habit of wooing dreamy Morpheus with a clay pipe, and also afforded the youngsters some sort of vicarious revenge for the many grievances they had against him; for it was a notorious complaint that this sartorial artist took fiendish delight in needlessly and wantonly and with malice aforethought appending variegated patches to the Preps' pantaloons, especially in a quarter thereof, "quod versu dicere non est," which interpreted, means "the seat."

Now, the chief virtue of Clio hath ever been veracity, and, however much we might desire it were otherwise respecting what follows, the truth must be adhered to. But Georgetown, it is fondly hoped, shrinks not from the truth, however disagreeable. The unblushing records of Georgetown confront us with the unequivocal and unimpeachable averment that Alma Mater has been most persistently and most invidiously imposed upon, and the culprit no less a personage than the Honorable D. W. Baker. Surely, Georgetown never had reason to suspect that one of her favorites would ever practice anything like fraud upon her, not even a "Fraus pia." Imagine our horror at finding that back in the 18th century, the paternal ancestor of the said D. W. came to these shores and settled in Maryland. Coming not from the Emerald Isle, as he would have us believe, nor yet from Bonnie Scotland, which might still be confessed and avoided, but from the Land of Malt Beverages, Cheese, and Wooden Shoes—Germany. Does the whole range of common law pleading afford a good and sufficient plea to this? We do not call it treason nor yet a felony, nor even a misdemeanor, but we are surely within conservative bounds when we call it a shame. Shakespeare was right: "Murther will out."

And now that the wily D. W. has been found out at last, Georgetown may again pursue the even tenor of her way in sadness, mayhap, and in deep sorrow, but with her lesson learned and with caution in her heart. Nor will the above appear a needless and malicious digression from the story of the University; for the whole Law Department is concerned, and surely the student body would never, had the truth been known, have borne itself so
meekly toward the Honorable D. W. and his outrageous rule in Shelley's Case, with all its horrible exceptions, and the petty tyrannies appurtenant thereto.

Now, having shaken one of our household gods thus rudely from his pedestal, the Historian is content to resume his narrative.

We shall but pause to add our meed of praise for those who have contributed to make the College Journal a success, from its first modest appearance in eight pages to the present time. Nor will the Medical School and its late offshoot, the Dental School, be slighted, if we but state here that we are sincerely proud of them and of their Faculties. We must leave their praises to be sung by lips more eloquent and pass on to the Law School. From the Lawman's point of view, perhaps, the fairest page in the record of the University is the brief, but glorious, history of the Law School. Like the University, like the country itself, it also has grown from small beginnings. Sessions were initiated in 1870 in the old Colonization Building, at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Four-and-One-Half street, with an enrolment of twenty-five men; later, sessions were held in the Gonzaga College Building (since demolished) in F street, between Ninth and Tenth. Here the hard times of that period depleted the attendance so sadly as to compel a reduction in tuition from $75 to $50. Afterwards, when increasing prosperity increased the attendance, justifying the raising of the tuition to $80 and calling for more commodious quarters, the Law Classes were carried on in the Lenman Building, near the Treasury. This was in 1882. In 1884, the large structure at the corner of F and Sixth streets, became the home of the Law School; and here it was expected to remain for many years. But the number of students mounted from 38 in 1880 to 204 in 1888, 219 in 1889, 253 in 1890, and 268 in 1891. October of the year 1892 found the Law School in the splendid new structure occupied at the present time and capable of accommodating some five hundred students. Sanguine as were the hopes of the Faculty when this new building was erected, they did not in their most sanguine moments dream that its capacity would be tested so soon as the year of grace, A. D. 1907. But such is the astounding fact. The Secretary's records show for 1906 an enrolment of 409, and for 1907 an enrolment of 476.

Such has been the remarkable progress of this branch of the University, which, without disparagement to the other departments, whose spirit is just as high, but whose numbers are far less than ours, we fondly believe to be the "Hope of our Alma Mater." The students, and especially we who go forth from the halls of the Law School this year, do not withhold the credit for this progress from those generous men who have given so freely of their time, of their talents, and of their sympathy, to make the Law School what it is today. We look back with something like reverence to that first Faculty which impressed its splendid
character upon the Institution. Great names there are, but not so great as dear: The Rev. John Early, S. J., Judge Charles P. James, Charles C. Hoffman, Mr. Justice Miller of the U. S. Supreme Court, The Hon. J. Hubley Ashton, Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., The Hon. Martin F. Morris. We look back fondly over the roll and bless our Merricks, Richar­dsons, Taggarts, Darlingtons, Wilsons, Staffords, and Perrys—father and son. Such men as these are indeed worthy predecessors of the worthy and distinguished men who now grace our Faculty and make it, we thoroughly believe, unsurpassed by any in the country.

Such, in brief, is the story of the Law School, of which we are justly proud and of which the University, with all her glorious traditions, is justly proud. The day of Georgetown is not past, though she was great in the past, but Georgetown’s day is coming.

Today her sons are a factor to be reckoned with wherever a “Mens Sana” or a “Corpus Sanum” is demanded to battle for the glory of Alma Mater. What Georgetown needs to make her invincible is unity—unity that can break down the barriers of physical separation between the several departments. These natural barriers are now being surmounted by activities of mutual and common concern. Nor is there a healthier sign for the future of the University than the purity of Georgetown College sports. In this field we are pioneers; and it is cheering to note that our fair example is having its effect. Reforms are never accomplished without considerable inconvenience and difficulty. The Faculty deserves every credit for blazing the way in the face of adverse criticism on all sides and many disheartening set-backs. It is, of course, hard to see Georgetown’s colors lowered; but our consolation is that, whatever reverses we may have had, our course is the course of justice and honor, and the memory will be the prouder when Georgetown’s laurels are again restored.

The Law Men have but one prayer and that is for University Spirit—a spirit born of unity. We desire to see Georgetown strong and therefore we pray that she may be one. While the departments are widely separated, it must be hard to keep back little pettinesses; but already the sky is breaking and the day is not far distant when Law School and Medical School will be set up side by side with the old historic towers out in Georgetown, where each may feel the presence of the other and the support and sympathy of the other and all may grow great and strong on the heights above the Potomac, in the atmosphere of inspiring traditions and under the sacred Aegis of Alma Mater.
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WHEN the dome of the Capitol is hidden in haze and when all nearer things loom gray and ghostly through the smoke of a million fires in "ole Virginyeh" and "Prince George's Kyounty"—about the time of year when Washington's coal bins are being replenished via that modern method of black man, shovel, and "wash-biler"—then it was, in the year 1905, that the members of this class first came through the auspicious portals and gathered under the seamy ceilings of the Georgetown University School of Law. To be more explicit, October the Fourth was opening night. The main hall was crowded with men of all ages, some of whom had friends and other acquaintances. We of '08, however, were strangers to each other and to all things else, including study.

Well do we all remember, with the clearness of a first impression, that first evening on E Street. The learned President, the scholarly Dean, the dignified Shepard, the jocular Gould, the eloquent Douglas, the poetic Stafford, the zealous Conrad, each contributed his word of cheer, of hope, of warning, or of inspiration, and each accepted in payment a vociferous "hoya" from the students. To us first year men that yell was as so much gibberish, but we clattered our "one arms" and listened all the more. Then, for a few months, and much to the discomfiture of the lamented Mr. Yeatmen, we practiced that "hoya" on every one that came along.
First mention of us is made in the College Journal of December, 1905. By that time we had become acquainted with “Abe” and heard one thousand or more “Abe” stories from “Abe.” Long before December, too, we came to know the foot-ball qualities of George Dutcher. The newspapers used to keep the line “Dutcher made four” ready for immediate and frequent use after every game. Outside of the Class room we met formally for the first time at a Smoker given at Rauscher’s November 9, 1905. Edmunds was toastmaster, sayeth the chronicle of that happy evening, and toasts were served by Taggart, Burton, West, Mueller, Dutcher and Quinter. Somehow there lingers with us more clearly than all else a memory of the Paderewski efforts of Zatkovich, long since gone from our classic halls. Having broken pretzels together and imbibed in friendly concourse of the bowl of honest amber, we held our Class election. With many a word of praise, many a candidate was brought into the field; but Effler was most eloquent in proposing the name of McManus. So eloquent was Erwin that the assembled multitude cried out for Eff and no other. Thus it came to pass, the other officers chosen being West, R. T. McKenna, Joslin, Dutcher and Kroll.

Let us pass over the varied events of that first year. We had no more social affairs of a strictly Class nature, and the exams, and debates, the fights and the fiascos, fraught with many a ludicrous incident, would be here narrated did not lack of space curb our impetuous pen. We saw our first Law School Commencement June 11, ’06, and learned that West and H. C. McKenna had won the prizes for heavy effort in the Class work. Most of us sneaked to cooler places than Washington for the Summer, there to fabricate a new bunch of tall stories for the ensuing school year.

When we again congregated, in the melancholy season of 1906, we had the honor of organizing the Junior Debating Society, H. C. McKenna being its first President. In due time the Class elected as its chief Ed. Leahy. Carl Mueller was named as Vice-President, and the rest of the slate was made up of Addison, Quinter, Dutcher and Finnerty. Learning the famous rule in the notorious case of Shelley prevented us from meeting socially until the fourth of December when a Smoker was indulged in at a Connecticut Avenue hostelry.

It was one of these enjoyable functions made up of beer and bibulous songs, a pro rata distribution of doubtful cigars with a cork tip cigarette added for good measure. Always on such occasions there is a “punch bowl,” filled, from time to time, with a mixture of crude oil and corn whiskey, and emptied steadily by the most youthful of our students. It was about this time that Robert Edeson came to the National in “Strong Heart.” Captain Dutcher and several of his brave grid-iron gladiators (as the sporting editor would say, and actually does say) went on the stage. They were fine actors, and all ’08 gave them the “glad
hand." No lines had they to speak but they were to look fierce and excited. Well, they looked so fierce that they were afraid of each other. Buck made the hit of the evening when he was led onto the stage by the dog.

When gentle spring of '07 rolled around we saw fit to have a dance at Carroll Hall and it was such an enjoyable one that it was repeated within two weeks. That put a quietus upon everything but study until the '07 Commencement when we gathered to cheer Wood and Effler, who had succeeded in drawing down the coin annually distributed to the most assiduous grinds.

What was it about the boys of our Criterion Class that made them seem so sombre in October of '07, and indeed, through the succeeding months? One fellow, known to be a good guesser, ventured that it was the thought of making a living in the near future which so harassed our youths. Howbeit, we all seemed years older and it was a solemn and quiet aggregation which met in the lower hall and elected Lynch Class President after a lively ballot contest in which Lambert Igoe was his principal opponent. Gaffney, Dutcher, Boland, Macnair, and Mueller were chosen to fill the other offices. Then the Executive Committee ordered and arranged the great Law School Prom at the Arlington, February the fourth.
This was by far the grandest achievement of the Class in such matters, the faculty being on hand to lend the proper degree of dignity to the evening’s enjoyment.

On Saturday, April the twenty-fifth, the Class convened for a final smoker at the New Varnum on Capitol Hill, and on the following Monday occurred the memorable presentation of a loving cup to Prof. Seth Shepard.

With Commencement and its attendant banquets, balls and examinations to engross the present attention of all, and with the Notre Dame debate in which two of our classmates are to participate, occurring in the near future, we may look back on the deeds of our past years but briefly. Sadly we must compare the few things we have done with the many we might have accomplished. Fearfully we must admit that our learning cannot herein or elsewhere be extolled. But there is one boast which '08 has often made and which may, with the reader’s indulgence, be repeated. We are friends. And whether the morning glow of ambition hurries us on to remote fields, or the stress of life’s Winter weather houses our youthful hopes, we all of us believe that “friendship is a sheltering tree” and we each of us leave its peaceful and hallowed shield with sorrow ineffable and with a conviction that the Class of '08 will always be to us more than a memory.
SENIOR ROASTS
ROBERT A. BARBEE,
Prospect Hill, Va.

The man with the remarkable memory. He can remember the name and number of every case decided from Coke to Cooley, and from Sundance to Snohomish, so he thinks that every one ought to be an intellectual giant or not waste time at the Law School.

JOSEPH ADDISON,
Prince George's County, Maryland.
Chairman Executive Committee (1), Second Vice-President (2), Business Manager Domesday Booke.

Perpetual candidate for coxswain on the 'Varsity crew. Has reduced himself to a mere shadow, weighing no more than two hundred pounds. Makes affidavit that the best anti-fat is compounded of "Worry, Study, and the Fifteenth Amendment." A close friend of J. Warren Keifer. Since his early association with Mellen's Food, has always believed in a full dinner pail and calves' brains. Is proud of himself. If lady-killing were a felony, instead of an hallucination, Joseph would get five thousand aeons from any reputable court. Besides being from the "Kyownty," Joe is a Democrat, pronounces R "Ah," is remarkably energetic, and has all the earmarks of a Southern Gentleman.

HORACE BARBER,
Trenton, N. J.

Georgetown's famous stroke. A mighty man of six feet two, with heart and soul to match. An aunt named him Horace. Says the Barbers in the early days were Patrician surgeons instead of Plebeian haircutters, and, with the shorn priests of Egypt, constituted the "400" of the stone age. Horace still wears barber-pole hose in memoriam. Spends his spare time translating Macrobius. Has discovered that "Mac" had a brother Microbius, whose relatives called him Mike. Mike was the first barber of whom history makes mention, having been purveyor of tonsorial comforts at Pharaoh's court, and chief shaver of the sacred cats of Thebes.
J. Bernard Boland,

Class Treasurer (3), an office which requires no bond of the incumbent, whose sole qualification is honesty. However, some wise ones whisper darkly that all this accounts for Bo's swell raiment, etc. But Bo insists that no funds have ever passed into his hands, much less into his pockets. At any rate, J. Bernard is the despair of all rivals, the pride of his sister, and if the suffragettes make any decided progress under the leadership of Mr. Burnstein, he will probably be the successor of Senator Murray Crane. In the interim Bo will devote his energies to his specialty, the Law Relating to Tobacco, which he contends is a growing subject (especially in Kentucky).

Edward Blanchard,
Herndon, Va.

He was born in Old Virginia. His pink complexion and soft tones betoken a fond sister's ministering care. Edward, Holland, and Leahy are corporators of the Skull-cappers' Union. Editor of a revised edition of the Inferno in which the reader is introduced into a new circle where shorn pates are one of the principal torments of the damned. Edward is also preparing a new edition of Greenleaf to change the rule of evidence raising a presumption of residence in Moundsville from absence of hair.

Oliver W. Birckhead,
Washington, D. C.

This exhibit with the smile in abeyance, is a creature of many parts carelessly assembled; one of those creatures of precious design who is uncontrollable by men but who is perfectly docile and content when in the presence of femme. The lines of the forehead indicate legal proclivities, and the adopted classical expression is "Mr. Brickhead's" attempt to prove that a modern Blackstone is among us. "Ollie" reluctantly admits that maidens do wait hours on the street corners to speak to him.
WILLIAM H. BOYD,
Lamar, S. C.

Alias "Equity." Had the temerity after a year of law to start to walk double through life. Success in studies due in large measure to influence of a strong hand to guide him. Favorite recreation, getting through exams in a hurry. Made the highest mark in the Third Year Equity exams, and won the prize book offered by Chief Justice Shepard.

BENJAMIN A. BOWLES,
Washington, D. C.

Banker. Also one of those forlorn creatures whom, according to the dispensers of metric fiction, all the world loves. O lucky Bowles! on whom the brethren and sistern of Venus have smiled, and touched his palate with a taste for Huyler's chocolate instead of the grosser appetites which flesh is commonly heir to. Ben is a strong advocate of prohibition for the D. C. Says love is the only pardonable form of intoxication. After all this, his biographer was not surprised to learn that this youth of many parts is an apologist for that obsolescent and unpopular institution known as marriage. He is also a highly regarded demonstrator of the "American Chicle Co."

LESTER ERNEST BOYKIN, B. S.,
(Clemson), Lamar, S. C.

Was editor-in-chief of the Clemson College Chronicle, President of the Columbia Literary Society, Vice-President of the College Y. M. C. A., and yet has the effrontery to maintain that he does not violate the Constitutional provision respecting titles. Now he is acquiring prescriptive rights to the title of "Senator." We suspect he has a pull with the Hon. Benjamin Tillman; that would also account for the fact that he is at present "hot air" expert for the Bureau of Good Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture. We almost forgot to mention that "Senator" also rooted for Clemson in the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest. He was here sixty-seven days before making a speech (following the rule of Pythagoras), and then was heard to say, "Hello, Abe!"
WILLIAM J. BROWN,
Washington, D. C.

This recent addition to the class came late but he came strong and too strong to classify. He delights in perplexing the quiz master, and upon his brow squats grave care, but behind lurks subtle mischief—perhaps it's Kernan's.

WALTER N. BROWN,
Providence, R. I.

Nothing rough about Walter, Charter resident of the "Tudor Arms." Between the desire to be near "her" and the necessity of cutting down expenses he worried himself hairless. "Where are the hairs of yesterday? The winds have blown them all away" (Kenneth Shaw, Poet). But Walter is there with the goods in all other respects, and says he likes the neighborhood around Mt. Pleasant. The gods smiled upon our hero, and as a result every day is ladies' day with Walter. Believes that all engagements should be in writing and signed by two witnesses. We submit that this may be so in Providence, R. I., but it would be particularly unfair to the girls in Washington.

FULTON BRYLAWSKI,
Baltimore, Md., to wit, Washington, D. C.

When in Wonderful Washington, Fulton resides in the suburbs of the Zoo. Collaborated with Dr. Long on "The Habitat of the Red-headed Woodpecker," sole author of a keen satire entitled "The Hibernation of the Bulls and Bears in Wall street." Has done a mile in four flat, beating it from Flat Six, Florence Court, under the impetus of her father's number twelves. In early life Fulton was President of the Potomac Boat Club, and later quasi-roommate of one Philip Cashmere Joslin, two handicaps which he has had a hard struggle to live down. Despite these woes Fulton has Cincinnati hair and a sunny disposition. A modern example of partial bilocation, being very active in the Washington Y. M. C. A., while his heart is doing stunts out in Indiana.

"Take back your heart, she ordered liver" (Trowbridge).
J. W. BURNS,
East Fremont, Mich.

J. W. is one of the characters of the Class—the original Wilkins Micawber. Came near being Class President in his first year, and again in his second year, and again in his third year. No Herpicide for Brother Jim even if it is a Michigan product. When J. W. begins to tell Kroll in tearful accents how it was a dark and stormy night when a figure clad in white was seen to emerge from a window and slowly mount the fire-escape, etc., Colonel Campbell turns out the lights.

H. RALPH BURTON,
Lewes, Del.

Sojourns at the Oxford; a member of the D. C. bar, a benedict, and a papa, inter alia. Attorney for the Philippine railroad, whose bonds would have formed a splendid basis for emergency currency. H. Ralph was president pro tem of the class in the famous anno domini 1905, but politics was to him simply nauseating; he vows it is no field for a busy lawyer and an honest man. No son of his, if a father’s influence can prevent, will ever repeat the errors of his parental ancestor.

JOHN T. BUCKLEY,
Utica, N. Y.

Varsity Football (1), (2), (3); Law School Representative G. U. A. A. (3); Treasurer Junior Debating Society (2); Public Debate Committee (3).

To the left we see the vast and noble countenance of Buck, familiarly known as Brother Buck, Easby-Smith’s friend. Behind that massive forehead is a complex machine that frames political deals, engineers elections, and places men high in office, while he sleeps. Buck is known to the political world as the author of the two polemical treatises, “How to Tame the Voter; or, Teaching the Constituent to Feed from the Hand,” and “Utica’s Great and Nearly So.”

As large in girth as Bill Taft, as brave as Jack Falstaff, Robert Edeson chose him to play assistant lead in the college play “Strongheart,” Buck taking the part of the Little Elephant.
JAMES P. CAIN,
Clair, Iowa.
Banquet Committee (3).

Won his numerals on many a hard fought field. His choice for President is Jim Wilson—not the high-ball man, but the czar of the free-seed department of the U. S. Says Leslie Shaw and Cannon would make a formidable Presidential team provided they were Democrats and believed in free trade. James subscribes to the Rooseveltian theory that he who speaks gently and carries a big stick will travel far. Has an unobtrusive affection for certain games of chance where hearts figure. A recent convert to the Mueller sluice-gate, flood-tide style of hospitality. Composer of "Where the Trail Divides at 4 A. M.," and "Why Should I Fear When Finnerty is Nigh?"

JOHN F. COSTELLO, "Sallie"
Washington, D. C.

Quondam journalist and lecturer for the Prohibition party in Washington. The busiest man in the class doing nothing. His specialty is ladling out advice to the younger fry at class banquets. They say that he wears that worried look because he is married.

MICHAEL F. COSTELLO, Ph. B.,
Pawtucket, R. I.

This may be ungrammatical but sounds less egotistical than "Pawtucket, 'Am.' I.," for Mike is nothing if not modest. Always has a Brown taste in his mouth, the after effect, we presume, of University spirit—the strongest ever. Deep student of Constitutional Law, which will stand him in good stead when he serves in the tennis cabinet of Governor Higgins if the ball rolls over into Connecticut and Massachusetts.
S. E. DANAHY,
Buffalo, N. Y.

We often wonder if Stephen Edgar believes any of the weird stories he tells. The men he has met have all been giants in whatever kind of talent he has given to them. "He knocked the ball into Lake Erie," cries Danahy. "What do you know about that?" We know it's a —— lie, but we have always been polite heretofore.

RAYMOND G. DANAHY,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Raymond the many-sided. On the athletic field he wins the hearts of the rooters and fair maids by his prowess as a pitcher, shot-putter, and sprinter. Mr. Watkins says he is a student at the law school.

JAMES P. DILLARD,
Lynchburg, Va.

Versatile, athletic, and poly-sided law student. His soft Southern accent and effusive eloquence make him the joy of the quiz class and the terror of the Moot Court. He is the fire works' end of the law firm Elston & Dillard—specializing in Smyrna rugs and tapestries. His hair parted in the middle and his perennial dress collar are the pride of the Paine Studio.
CHARLES HALLECK DOING,
Ammendale, Md.
Class Treasurer (1); Chairman Banquet Committee (3).
Charlie will never be forgotten as the good Samaritan who gave currency to our doubtful "Calls on Father." He is Stein's most engaging ad.—"the glass of fashion and the mold of form, the observed of all observers" (Dillard). It is stated on information and belief that Charlie neither drinks, smokes, nor swears, but it is darkly rumored that he has been seen indulging the Muse of Solitaire. Whatever his virtues and whatever his vices we have a warm spot in our heart for Charlie. The fair ones think he's "awfully nice," and we are not disposed to quarrel with the fair ones.

MICHAEL M. DOYLE, A. B.,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Chairman Executive Committee (2); Editor-in-Chief Domesday Booke (3).
A typical Hibernian from the American Mecca of Dutch beverages. Has the fair hair of a Saxon, and the blue orbs of a Visigoth. Mike's poll, seen in the lecture room, looks like an oasis in a desert of hairlessness. Came to Washington to study but (manlike) remained to woo. Regards courting as a peculiar part of a lawyer's education. Lecturer "Emeritus in Futuro" on Domestic Relations in Georgetown University. Perpetrator of the Georgetown Law Student's Help(h)er entitled "Rules of Court," Leap Year edition. Doyle once sailed before the mast; at present, the genial skipper of the court-ship—"Dan Cupid, pilot."

ROBERT BURNS DOING,
Also of Ammendale, Md. (Wherever that is.)
Lives up to the traditions of his name, ever brimming with mirth and jest and jibe and song. Oft ha' his witty lyrics set the table in a roar. Composer of those innocuously per-verse ditties, "My Neighbor's Big Black Cat," and "With Her I Used to Linger." Lucky at cards, unlucky in love. Like all great men, Robert Burns is modest. "Though he bears his blushing honors thick upon him" (August Millott), including a recent raise, he wants no epitaph but plain "R. B. Doing—hic jacet absque creditoribus." He says that will be more consoling and more charitable and quite as true as "Robert Burns—hic jacet absque creditoribus."
JOSEPH DUFFY,
Akron, Ohio.

Not the least of his many assets is the State of his nativity. Three cheers for the Buckeye State and “Bill” Taft. Jos., not Jos. B. Foraker, but our own Jos., is the advocate of Duffy’s Pure Malt Whiskey, “for strictly medicinal purposes.” Admits reluctantly that it is N. G. as a hair tonic. Mr. Duffy has the serio-comic twinkle of a member from Cork or Belfast. But he knows the law. Charter member of the Y. M. C. A. for the stoppage in transitu of derelict hair.

ERWIN R. EFFLER, A. B., A. M.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Class President (1); Inter-Society Debate Final (3); Notre Dame Intercollegiate (3).

This result of nine sittings shows “Ef” in all his pristine grandeur. He hails from the wienerwursty borough of Toledo on the banks of the Carpy Maumee. Sports several prizes for conduct and courage, both from St. John’s, Toledo, and from Georgetown. His authorship is no improvement on his penmanship (which is unsee-worthy); and his books on “Grammatical Caustic,” “How to be Dutch and Happy,” “Roodles, their Origin, Growth, and Development,” and “Hairless Days,” reflect a mastery of the respective subjects.

GEORGE C. DUTCHER,
“Dutch,” “Clen.”
Appleton, Wis.

Varsity Football (1, 2, 3); Varsity Captain (3); Class Treasurer (1, 2); Second Vice-President (3).

Original member of the Don’t Worry Club. Dutch is always in trouble and when he is not in it, he seeks it. Besides being a hero on the gridiron, he has found time to become engaged. He and Buckley have organized a Reform Club, each trying to reform the other.
ARTHUR G. ELSTON,
Bismark, N. Dak.

And he has much in common with the Iron Chancellor, too; e. g., has joined the Sacred Order of Benedicts and attends the Gayety every week. Arthur is also a charter Knight of the Round Table at Boyd's. Is an expert on Tapestries—but what's the use when you've got Helmus and Hickey and Judge O'Donoghue and the witnesses and the precedents on the other side. "Bismark" is also the senior member of the firm, Elston & Dillard, two of the most formidable antagonists in the Moot Court of Georgetown Law School. "Married," at the Class Banquet by request.

BENIGNO FERNANDEZ,
Lukullo, Porto Rico.

No relative, but a close friend of "Bijou" of lime-light fame. Benigno means "kind," and if he is the kind they have in our new possessions we're strong for Porto Rico. He can't get any quiz-master to explain to him why anybody, not an alien, should not be an American citizen. He and Tuason are unanimous against the Insular cases.

DON CARLOS ELLIS,
A. B., Georgetown; A. M., Gonzaga—honoris causa.
President Senior Debating Society (3), Intersociety Debate.

One of our most active members, in sooth, a veritable storage battery. Ex Lecturer Emeritus on "The Pirates of the Spanish Main," Gonzaga College. Chief Forester in futuro, Department of Agriculture, U. S. A.; Law School scrivener; de facto cheer leader, etc., etc. Don Carlos—whose silken tresses are as black as a Pittsburg raven's wing—plays the title role in Schiller's drama of that name. Author of an apologia pro vita sua, entitled, "It's Hell to be a Republican Among a Lot of Democrats." Don's favorite speech is Webster's Reply to Hayne, especially the tail end about the planets.
WILLIAM MICHAEL FINNERTY,
Denver, Colo.

Class Noise (1), (2), (3).

Pet of Prof. J. S. Easby-Smith; author of "Sanctified, or, From Benning to the Y. M. C. A." Teaches Sunday School, also "The Great American Game" at 1102 L street N. W., which is better attended. Mention Baker and he starts for Denver, which is the "best — town in the world."

E. McHENRY GALLAHER, A. B.,
(Holy Cross) Washington, D. C.


On the market against the Victor Talking Machine. Up to date, his efforts have netted him a gold medal and the admiration of Miss ——. Congratulations! His forte is giving the Honorable Judges a heart-to-heart talk. Favorite expression, "Now listen!" E. McHenry always finds that his opponents' proposition is unnecessary, inexpedient, and unconstitutional. It's hard to differ from him. Author of "A Man Named Jenal."

WARD W. FLEHARTY,
Washington, D. C.

Social lion. Early training in menagerie in Illinois. Despite the handicap, is permitted to perform regularly at the risk of losing all his friends. Not at all ferocious, and will eat ice cream from any fair hand.
JOHN L. GAFFNEY,
Waterbury, Conn.

First Vice-President (3); Law School Cheer Leader (3); Designer
Class Emblem (3); Class Dance Decorator (2).

"Jawn." "Candy."

The inimitable and versatile Jawn. Chief exponent of the
Merry Widow Waltz; the hero of every college dance; the
(broken) bell-voiced singer; the class vaudeville artist; champion
pool shooter, bowler, and chess player. Billiard artist and
candiest dresser in the class. "See me and you will know the
styles." Jawn has the reputation of having the sunniest dis­
position in the class.

WILLIAM D. C. GOODWIN,
Avon, Va.

A dreamy, poetic Southern gentleman, as big-hearted as they
come. His ambitions have never prevented him from securing
any little nap that opportunity offered, and the Dean's lectures
on Pleading never could disturb his pleasant dreams. "Hope
you are looking well this evening," is his favorite greeting for
his friends.

"Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the downy pillow hard."—Ralph Waldo Emerson Norris.

JOHN J. GAUSS,
Kansas City, Mo.

This is the Pat McCarren of the Kaw Village. Yes, he's
from Missouri, and has the unqualified nerve to be proud of it.
Says all wise men come from the Principality of Budweiser, and
the wiser they are the quicker they come. An inveterate foe of
the Beef Trust and of all forms of corruption. Member of the
indomitable firm of Moot Court Trustbusters "Gauss & Barber."
When the Judge allows five minutes, John talks ten, and when
the Judge says ten, John talks twenty. This will perhaps
militate against him at the bar; but we are assured it is a most
desirable asset in Governor Folk's Tennis Cabinet.
JOHN J. GREENE,
Thomaston, Conn.


Member of the Gaffney-Greene Vaudeville Team, Jack and Jack, the inseparables. The man with the profile of Remington's Indian, and the insatiable appetite. Land-ladies who know him always contract to furnish him board at so much per ton. Editor of the *Times* "Query Column on Table Manners." Jack believes that the best way to get to any given point is by reaching. Special advocate of police powers, and when Thomaston sends him to Congress intends to father a bill which will clearly define the limits of police power. Some sage has somewhere said that he wears socks as warm as a house afire.

MORTON C. HARMAN,
South Bend, Ind.

This long, lean, hungry-looking sapling, comes from the State where it is a crime to tell a lie in a horse trade. This State has produced several other great men, including Mr. Fairbanks, James Whitcomb Riley, and Tom Taggart. Harman likes to smoke a good cigar while he sits at ease, with his feet on a level with his head.

"Seldom he smiles."—Duffy.

D. McCARTHY HANGER,
Staunton, Va.

Is a hanger of artificial limbs, and advertises them in the Locomotive Engineer's Journal, thus getting in even before the "res gestae." Such enterprise is becoming in a prospective lawyer, unless it forebodes ambulance-chasing. As long as he doesn't go to the extent of maiming the poor unfortunates in aid of his business, however, he will still be entitled to standing at the bar.

"To gratify stern ambition's whims,
What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs
On a field of battle we scatter!"—Danahy.
HARRY KENDALL HICKEY,
Washington, D. C.

But since his namesake's trial no one called him Harry Kendall without being told to "Thaw" out. Harry will be long remembered as the man who saved the Southern in the panic of 1907. Compared with Harry's most effusive outbursts another man's silence is a positive noise. His ambition is to be silent in several languages. It is matter of record that Harry sits next to Wirt and Helmus in the Baldheaded Row, so that it will be very hard to tell which corrupted which.

VINCENT DUNN HENNESSEY, A. M.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Who said Milwaukee is the German village of this continent? Vin says that to the true Hibernian in Milwaukee familiarity with thirst-cure breeds contempt. V. D. is a model in all things to Brother Dick, except in re the great American Game, and here he would be a model too if he played a more successful game. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is his dream by day and his thought by night, for, Know All Men by These Presents, Vincent is a human owl and a stranger to the sunlight. He has a sad form of insanity called bibliomania, an affliction which causes the victim to spend so much time gathering books that he has no time to peruse them.

JOHN HELMUS,

Signs himself Jno. Helmus, Depy. M. C. Dotes on Richard Wagner and the old masters. Advocates the execution of all modern upstart musicians on the scaffold in preference to the pianola. Also a photographer of great promise and small fulfillment. Jno. among other things studies law, responds gracefully to the toast, "Cupid is a Knavish Lad;" never trips the light fantastic toe, but never missed a class dance. That's the spirit. Keep it up Jno.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."—Henry Wadsworth Goodwin.
JOHN R. HINTON,
Waverley, Mass.

One of Uncle Sam's right-hand men at the Department of Justice. A consistent worker. A benedict. His only weakness is for baseball. In his calendar there are only two seasons—the baseball season and the rest of the year. The following may not be worthy of Schiller, but it's the truth:

"Seelig sind die langsamen, denn sie kommen 'Hinton' nach."

G. WEST HOLLAND,
Washington, D. C.

Tall, blond, and graceful as a fir tree—with the fir omitted—that fronts the sea wind on the coasts of Maine. G. West's dome is worthy of a Michelangelo, and to see it towering above the heads of ordinary mortals is to recall old Roland, the man who blew the horn in the passes of Roncesvalles. Holland says that after a thorough study of human nature he has been forced to the conclusion that Roland never really blew that horn until it burst, but that he emptied that horn until he burst. From this one might get the impression that our Hero is something of a weepy philosopher, but his Biographer avers that he is full of romance; for who could "evolve soft celestial harmonies from the heart-strings of fair maidens without being romantic?"

HENDERSON P. HILL,
Washington, D. C.

A local product, fond of hearing himself talk. He is contemplating continuing his legal education along some particular line, and becoming a specialist, but doesn't seem to know just what he wants to do. "In disposition, talkative." Is a member of the legal firm of Jewett & Hill.

"In all the place, I ween, no greener hill is found."—Jewett.
MICHAEL LAMBERT IGOE,
Chicago, III.

Intercollegiate Debate (1); Intercollegiate Debate, Alternate (3); Toastmaster Class Banquet (3).

At the early age of twenty commenced to orate, and has desisted regularly for meals ever since, which shows that even orators can eat. Once spoke to a crowded hall (someone locked the door). Can more easily change his spots than to forget "I am from Chicago." Copies of the same, set to music, may be had upon application. A great subject for photographers. "Now, isn't he pretty?" (Miss Paine.)

Motto: "I go, but I return."

WILLIAM HORGAN,
Washington, D. C.

Bound to be a brilliant light in the legal profession. He started in wrong at the Washington School of Law, but the co-eds were such a serious distraction, especially as William is a benedict, that Mrs. Horgan favored Georgetown. The change was beneficial, and he occasionally takes the quiz-masters in hand for a little instruction.

"Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest."—Martin.

EDWIN B. HUTCHINSON,
Herndon, Va.

Senior member of the firm of distinguished Moot Courters, Hutchinson & Blanchard. Herndon is indeed well represented at Georgetown. Hutch is reputed to be a Courter of marked ability, also in other and more strenuous fields. Ye Belles of Herndon, beware of Hutch! Beware of his wavy ebon hair and his deep-sea eyes and his siren tones! He will specialize in Breach of Promise cases, as becomes a son of the Old Dominion. He is sure to be successful in this line. Our only prayer is that he keep the old adage ever in mind and never have himself for a client.
JOHN D. JOHNSON,
St. Albans, Vt

Our "Jawn D." is a knight of the dress suit. Very much in demand in social circles, but has undoubtedly made some sacrifices in that line in his third year in order to settle down to assiduous application to Law. His Moot Court work gives indication of success in the future career of this embryo lawyer. He is Elihu Root's right bower. Specializes in letters rogatory.

NELSON J. JEWETT,
Richland, Mich.

From the State of the peach and the health food. Wears a beautiful silky moustache. Married. Will specialize in Patent Law Practice, after taking a course in that particular branch of legal knowledge. Argued the leading case in Moot Court, and convinced the honorable Judge that auctioneers, though bona fide, selling stolen goods, shall be liable in trover.

RAYMOND S. JENNINGS,
New London, Conn.

"Dick." "Jenks."

"He's married now." De mortuis nil nisi bonum. Dick has two claims to fame, being the tallest man in class and wearing the loveliest brown eyes. Early tiring of reading the law, he thought that he would take unto himself a wife and have the law laid down to him. They say he's learning rapidly. Cupid's full-Nelson brought Jenks to the mat, and he gave us a real Georgetown wedding. Author of the famous saying, "See my pines and die." "Hello, Dutch, have you seen Jenks?"
JAMES FUNMAKER KELLY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cheer leader de facto (1-2-3). Trimble Tenor of the University.

Jim is famous for his contribution to “Cyc” on the rule in “Kelly’s Case.” A concise statement of the rule follows:

“Whenever a District Attorney takes a tip on the races the words ‘Sonoma Belle’ are always words of limitation of the running powers of said steed; and as District Attorneys like J. Ps., must be violently presumed to know the law, any loss sustained, ex ignorantia, must be borne in silence.

C. W. JURNEY,
Simply Texas.

Some say he looks like Joe Bailey, some say W. J. Bryan. How be it C. W. J. is an old-line Texas Democrat and a gentleman. Also a globe trotter of note. His European correspondence bound in full morocco and entitled, "A Journey and a Home Coming," is the model of all recent travelogues. Hats off to Texas and C. W. Jurney.

PHILIP C. JOSLIN,
Providence, R. I.

Class Secretary (1).

Phil first saw the light of day in New York, but early emigrated to Little Rhody where he may step into his back yard and be in either Connecticut or Massachusetts. Is walking delegate for Payette’s Hair Hospital, and it is rumored will open a branch establishment in Providence. We are at a loss to explain his magnetism with the ladies. Phil holds the distinction of being the only member of the class whom the fair ones escort to dances. Is author of the treatise now generally adopted, “How far due process requires roodles after a pat hand.”
WILLIAM A. KROLL,
Takoma, Md.

Sergeant-at-Arms (1). Treasurer Debating Society (3).

He of the handsome red moustache, which is the envy of all the class and the despair of Kenneth Shaw. The introducer of Burns, the perpetual candidate. A politician of importance in his State. He will probably break into the General Assembly of Maryland some time in the future. He has an eloquent tongue and knows parliamentary procedure better than any book. Is also an experienced financier, having ably handled the finances of the Senior Debating Society one term.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"—Warren H. Wagner.

ELMER LEE KIRBY,
Baltimore, Md.

Ex-Com. (2).

Elmer's main occupation is asking for a match, and his chief diversion is studying law. He knows Roberts' Rules of Order from the outside very well, and is fond of moving the previous question in class meetings.

JOHN P. KENNEY,
Lowell, Mass.

Punster and class wit. John is wise in his way, but his legal wisdom never seems to appeal to the quiz-master. John thoroughly appreciates a joke when it is on somebody else.
EDWARD A.LaBOSSIÈRE,
Boston, Mass.
Treasurer Debating Society (3).

Edward A., appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, is a charter member of the Norris-Elston-Jennings Benedict Association (Ltd.). His manners are said to be of the French school. He enjoys the distinction of being the first Treasurer of the Debating Society who was not required to furnish bond. Of course he is perfectly honest but candor compels us to state that the members thought best not to put any funds into the coffers during his incumbency. Mrs. LaBossiere will understand that this is no reflection upon her Edward as it is the function of biography not to let a single virtue go unsmirched. Inter alia Bossy is the demonstrator in chief of the American Chicle Co. Also a rag chewer-de-luxe of the Senior Debating Society.

EDWARD LEAHY,
Bristol, R. I.
Class President (2); Crew (3); Asst. Business Manager Domesday Booke.

As a last resort, that he might know at least the outside of law books, was chosen Librarian. The elevation worked as a charm, and now Ed. knows something—almost. He has perfected the supervision of folios by "absent treatment," and can tell off-hand the telephone number of the Law School. Ornament to the Varsity Crew, and expects later to paddle a canoe for two.

IRA LANTZ,
Blackwell, Okla.

Quiet little man from the wilds of Arkansas. Practiced law in Oklahoma several years, then came to Washington to learn something about law. When he has learned all there is to know, will go back to Oklahoma to practice law again and get rich. Though he doesn't look the part, he can make a speech and tell a story.
HENRY LEE,
Washington, D. C.

Not big enough to carry a middle name. Mueller’s guardian angel. Plays little Eva to Carl’s Uncle Tom. Traces his ancestry back to Lilliput. Henry will undertake to cremate all the dead ones around Washington, political and otherwise. Says that mortality of the former variety among M. C.’s is frightful—hence “Hank’s” close proximity to the Capitol, which gives him a practical monopoly of the business. Between Congress and Mueller’s candy establishment business is thriving.

THOMAS LYNCH,
Hyannis, Nebr.

Class President (3); Asst. Editor, Domesday Booke.

We all call him plain “Tom”—Thomas is only his Sunday name in Washington. No man has a Sunday name out where Tom is domiciled. Hyannis sounds like the stage setting for “The Call of the Wild.” Tom is a man of prodigious versatility, writes poetry for the Georgetown Journal, and prose strictures on “The Cowboy in Grand Opera.” Also a social lion of great persistency, as a result of which the powers that be have assigned him a special cage in the most exclusive female seminaries. Author of “The Lover’s Complaint; or, Our Plans Miscarried and She Wasn’t There” (Cf. Finnerty).

AUGUSTINE WALSTON MACNAIR,
Tarboro, N. C.

Class Secretary (3).

The “young fellah” who boards in Alexandria and sleeps everywhere. Mac is a heart crusher and a hat smasher. In the domain of hearts Aug. Wal. employs “Abe” to carry tokens to and from the fair ones of his fancy, but at breaking head-pieces he uses his own husky hands. Record, five hard-shell and two soft-shell hats in one evening.
CLOUD MARSHALL, LL. B.,
New York, N. Y.

If history repeat itself in the case of the great Chief Justice, who will gainsay the name? At an early age knew the law, and is now studying to find out what he knows. Good wishes for his success may be left with Abe. Senior member of the Marshall-Horgan-Thomas Auburn Lock Association.

VILLARD MARTIN,
Allendale, S. C.

Vice-President Junior Debating Society (2); Ex. Com. (3).

In Villard is centered all that is supernal, grand, and free, and thus the gods have named him Fancy's Fairest Child. As soon as reason and discretion attacked him he hibernated from his Tar Heel habitat to Georgetown; coached Professor Douglas in many important cases; is legal sparring partner to Prize Wood; has a mane that is the envy of the hairless element of the Class. Invariably walks on the slippers of the fair ones with whom he dances; and all told he represents a species that is fast disappearing.

"Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?"—Mueller.

E. HALSEY L. MALONE,
Louisville, Ky.

Fondest ambition to emulate Faversham as a matinee idol. From present indications, however, he will more nearly approach Sam Bernard. Approves of the law as a recreation from his social duties. Reserves the right to the publication of this approval as a testimonial for the school. Speakes seven languages—all English.
MICHAEL G. McCORMICK,
Washington, D. C.

The “White Eagle.” His fancy dancing wins the hearts of the ladies. Mike averages seven dates a week. When a man is in love what time has he to study?

ROYAL THOMAS McKENNA,
Albany, N. Y.

Second Vice-President (i).

“Mac” originated in the Dutch settlement of Rensselaer-on-the-Hudson; was warden of the buttry and dispenser of concoctions at Smiley’s during freshmen year; is an animate denial of his pet theory that “Pie is not the Mother of Indigestion;” and of his attitude toward a certain game it is said that “he first endured, then pitied, then embraced.” Is putative author of “The Psychological Relation Between Jack-pots and Moving;” also of an edition de luxe of Hoyle with annotations (dedicated to his creditors); and he invokes the Muse in this wise: “Eo grate, rotten tomatis, Erin go Bragh; to h—l with the Dutch—Rats!”

HENRY C. McKENNA, A. B.,
Boston, Mass.

President Junior Debating Society (2); Assistant Editor, Domeday Booke.

“The McKenna from Boston.” Disclaims all relationship with him of Providence and him of Albany. The herbage on his cranium is very thin in spots, showing him to be a great thinker. He is a debater of the old school. Talking is one of his chief amusements—perfectly harmless, however.

“He will talk—ye gods, how he will talk!”—Pendleton.
AUGUST F. MILLOTT,
Chicago, Ill.

Has a fondness for typewriters—blondes preferred. Writes for Surgeon-General Rixey and for Collier’s. Has his study papered with those neat little stereotyped documents, beginning “The Editor regrets, etc.” Each is endorsed in the Bard’s own hand: “Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air” (John Helmus). We suspect that his lyrics are somewhat too ardent for reputable family magazines, like the Smart Set and the Police Gazette, and suggest that he try the Ladies’ Home Journal.

JOHN A. NASH,

Secretary Junior Debating Society (2).

Not a grasper, though from the City of Graft. Smokes quarter cigars mostly, but says he will smoke whole ones when he can get them. We hope he will have many clients and fat fees, and that he will always be able to maintain a full cigar box.

CARL CENTENNIAL MUELLER,
Washington, D. C.
Vice-President (2).

The candy man. Carl says his middle name is not even a prima facie presumption as to his age—but it’s a cinch the burden of proof is on him. Incidentally Mr. Mueller is the greatest Epicure since Vitellius, and he would certainly have nightingales’ tongues for his guests if that old Roman had not made a glutton of himself to the detriment of posterity. Carl's name will always be associated with “Extra dry” menus, with just sufficient substantials to make a gastronomic splash. The Class takes off its hat to the best-natured, best-intentioned, most-imposed on friend a fellow ever had.
JAMES W. OWEN,
Washington, D. C.

"Frank A. Munsey for President." Giddap! King of the kids. Giddap! Sample copies free to the ladies. Giddap! The fellow who never rides in an automobile and never walks.

ALBERT M. O'NEILL,
Binghamton, N. Y.

"Bertie" he is called by his associates. Champagne at every meal, nightly revels at The Willard, and a trip to New York every fortnight for this handsome fellow. But some one saw him eating a hot "dog" out at Benning.

RALPH WALDO NORRIS,
North Vernon, Ind.

Ex. Com. (3); Secretary Debating Society (3); Assistant Editor, Domesday Booke.

Product of an austere and pie-biting line of Puritans, he stands today the only extant combination of Yankee thrift and Hoosier righteousness. In face, in figure, in speech, in the very manner of his life, he is the nearest approach to personified preciseness. In spite of all this he is going to the wilds of Oklahoma to practice on the unsuspecting Indians.
LEWIS A. PAYNE,
Charles County, Maryland.

"Dutch."

A smiling son of rest who only studies how to be a sport without getting stuck. When "Looie" comes in late to class with his patent leather hair and his "How happy I am" smile, he is the envy of the noisy corner.

WM. J. PHELAN,
New Britain, Conn.
Assistant Business Manager, Domesday Booke.

This is the only authentic representation of the perennial and irrepressible Bill, Esq. May his shadow never grow less! At present, megaphone man for "The Best Typewriter on the Market." What next? Long on College Spirit. Says Equity is a "sweet" subject. If Bill's answers in quiz were subject to the rigid rules of Common Law Pleading, they would be ruled out invariably on the ground of argumentativeness. Georgetown is to be congratulated. What if our Hero had gone to Yale?

FORREST C. PENDLETON,
Cambridge, Mass.
Chairman Ex. Com. (3).

Also high Mogul of the Swampoodle Social Club. "Pendy" leads the cotillion when the aforesaid Club convenes, but goes out to Georgetown on Sunday evenings. (This exposure of his double life will break up the Club.) He is bound for Chicago; so look out, big-footed females, here comes "Pendy."
WILLIAM R. RICE,
Kingston, N. Y.

Crew (1–2–3); Captain Crew (2); Basketball Team (2–3).

Is an athlete, to wit: a bunch of muscles, too strong to shovel snow or sift ashes, but still a handy man to have around the house. Melodious voice—yes; like the other end of a rainstorm. His voice is his fortune. Has been retained to play “The Roaring Lion” in Halsey Malone’s revival of “Quo Vadis?” Now playing Tige in “Buster Brown” to Tighe’s Buster.

EDWARD T. PHILBIN,
Archibald, Pa.

Ex. Com. (3).

Dignified, Jove-like, Edward Thucydides! At the Capitol he is often mistaken for the Senator from South Carolina, and when the inquisitive tourist discovers his (or her) mistake, there is never any disappointment so far as Edward is concerned. We direct attention to the herewith resemblance of E. T. P. and rest our case.

RALPH DeS. QUINTER,
Washington, D. C.

“Ralfie” is the welter-weight blonde of the class. Played Miss Perox in the one act sketch entitled, “Grammatical Caustic.” Known as the “Pioneer Dress Suitor,” which title is variously explained: Some say it is because he owned (and loaned) the primeval dress suit; but according to the weight of authority it is because he took her violets in a dress suit and didn’t suitor. His principal work is “My friends, my feeds, and I.”
KENNETH A. SHAW,
Chillicothe, Mo.

A dashing young chap from Missouri. The Beau Brummel of the class. Never seen without his cane, and nearly always carries his dress suit case with him. Knows all the law, and is able to instruct the instructors. Is suspected of having a fondness for feminine company, and the ladies just simply can’t resist him—but we did not see him at the Senior Prom.

CHARLES H. RODGERS,
Washington, D. C.

As “still waters run deep,” must have a mine of knowledge somewhere. Explosion may happen any day when he will surprise some, but not the neighbors, who will merely say, “I told you so.” Rodgers is pure gold—has no connection with the silverware manufacturers.

FRED D. RICHARDSON,
Fairfax Court House, Va.

Freddie is a loyal son of the Old Dominion, has great reverence for Senator Daniel, the fair sex, and dill pickles. Attends all the Alexandria Germans—by proxy. Freddie knows some old barrister out near Manassas whose weather-beaten tomes he religiously escorts to the quizzes, where he is always on edges pondering unto himself darkly, “Whether it is nobler in the mind to miss the quiz or to miss the last car for the Court House, and incidentally to miss Miss—.” That would indeed be a Mis-fortune, Freddie!
GEORGE R. TAGGART,
Georgetown, D. C.

West-end monologue artist, full of reminiscences. The peripatetic cyclopedia of all the res gestae concerning the District. Knows every D. C. lawyer's standing at the Bar—with them as a text expatiates wisely and at length on the merits of prohibition. His creed is temperateness, not temperance. Also reputed worshiper at the shrine of Eros. His favorite theme is Bob Evans. His chief vice, candor. Regards sex as the fundamental blunder of creation.

CHARLES STEVENSON,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Wonderful to relate in this enlightened age, Charlie started his course at George Washington University. He soon saw the error of his ways, however, and came within the fold in time to join the greatest class ever. Plays baseball, wears a "frat" pin, almost sings, bows to as many as three young ladies, and occasionally reads a law book. Hopes to conquer this last fault.

ERSKINE KENT SIMS,
Linden, Tenn.

A product of the tall and uncut timbers of "Sunny Tennessee," but no moonshiner. Erskine Kent will have a hard time living up to the traditions of his name, but from past performances success is assured. Does not bother the ladies, and the ladies do not bother him very much. Favorite pastime, closing the windows to keep out fresh air.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,
Is an adage oft recalled to mind."—Wood.
EDWARD W. THOMAS,
Washington, D. C.

Despite the fact that "Dad is a lawyer, too," expects to beguile clients in his own sweet way. "Chick" is a great diamond artist—holds down third like a Government clerk does his job. He has sun-kissed hair, such as would gladden Titian's heart.

ALVIN TIGHE.
"Al."
Crew (3).

The College Grind. Al edifies the student around O street by his close application to his studies. Winner of the near-prize 1-2-3. Chief Buyer of the Schlitz Consumers' League. Al never considers his duty well done unless he lectures the debating society once a week.

J. WALDO TAYLOR,
Findlay, Ohio.

A delicate lad, having never been able to tip the scales at more than 225 pounds. Dotes on demurrers and special traverses. Will probably practice in his own State.

"Possession is nine points of the law, and self-possession is the other."—Hickey.
GEORGE E. TROWBRIDGE,
Washington, D. C.

Roll Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, and Woodrow Wilson all in one, then add the gentleness and grace of a sylph, the personality of an Adonis, and the versatility of a Jerry Simpson, and for your result you have "Trow;" a Kansan by birth, a mosquito by adoption, a spoonoid by propensity, and a product of "Old Nassau" by divine permission, he stands alone the Beau Brummel, the ne plus ultra, of the class. The hearts of feme soles are mere playthings to "Trow," and when he hits high C with his diseased tenor voice even song birds keep quiet.

PEDRO TUASON,
Balanga, P. I.

Vice-President Senior Debating Society (3).

A stern critic of the Administration. Thinks Bryan should be the next President on the Anti-Imperialism Issue alone. Says the Insular cases are "bum law." Pedro mastered the English language in three months, smiles just often enough and does not talk too much. Let him stay in the United States, change his name to "Peter Toohey," and become a politician.

WILLIAM G. TODD,
Scotdale, Pa.

Varsity Football Team (3); Banquet Committee (3).

The "Piper Heidsick" contralto. When Bill Todd sings the neighbors rouse from slumber sweet. The people in Bill's boarding house, and those who pass along the street, near William's window stop and stay and tribute to his warbling pay, when Bill Todd sings. Tenth street is filled to Boland's door, and M is crowded even Moore, when Bill Todd sings. The throng is waiting there to see our uncrowned king of Harmony. They like Bill's melodies so much that they have asked Devine and Dutch to throw the bricks and eggs and such, when Bill Todd sings.
VERNON E. WEST,
Washington, D. C.

This delineation shows Vernon, the untamed original fusser of the District of Columbia; famous for his shrieks of silence; at law, a giant; at love, a tyrant. Wrote a special article for "Great American Fraud Series," Colliers, on "Hair Tonics I Have Tried." His hirsute covering perhaps accounts for his cool-headedness. When Vernon plays "Sons of Georgetown" it has been said that his interpretation resembles that of the composer as a timid onion resembles the violet. And if you are a girl and he ever said anything like "Honest, Edna, I must study; won't you forgive me for not coming?" just you take our advice and demur.

EUGENE H. WATERS,
Germantown, Md.

A loyal son of Montgomery "Kyownty." He is loyal to D. W. Baker and to W. J. Bryan. Author of "Single Sight vs. Double Sight, with Special Reference to the Bryan Banquet." His favorite play is "Juleo and Romiet." A great lover is Eugene, but the other fellow's girl always looks best to him. But being loyal to the traditions of the "Kyownty," as aforesaid, a Southern gentleman and a Democrat, he never attempts to cut the other fellow out, but waits philosophically for his courtship to go upon the rocks, then Eugene rushes in and purloins the lady fair.

WARREN H. WAGNER,
Bernville, Pa.

Commonly known as "Noisy Wagner." Is guaranteed not to say over half a dozen words in any two consecutive days. Attends strictly to his own business. Legal adviser to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Martin's chief rival for the Clarence Wilson Victoria Cross.

"Nil dicit."
RICHARD W. WIRT,
Alexandria, Va.

Is the bald-headedest man in bald-head row. Has a melodious voice, and sings in a church choir in Alexandria. Nothing small about him but his feet, and they are still growing. He will probably practice law in Washington, but—

"Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men
And scrawl strange things with a barbarous pen,
Will often come to this quiet place—Alexandria."—Shaw.

EDWARD B. WICKHAM,
Elmira, N. Y.

"Hope you get ar-rest-ed!" The gun factory humorist who always hits the mark. Does the Damon and Pythias stunt with Kirby as Pyth. They eat together, like "Crab-Feast," "Wood," and "Hot Dog" Martin, or together they starve, even as Buck and Addison; they do battle one by each, all samee Castor and Pollux; they room together, like Jack Greene and Kelly; they even work together, thereby resembling Cas-caret atque Slumber.

ELMER C. WOOD,
New York City.
First Prize (2).

This is "Prize" Wood, a very superior kind of wood, being greatly in demand in the social market of Washington, D. C. There are many Woods, but only one Elm-er—got that "nominal" handicap from a humorous relative who did not suffer the acquaintanceship of Joe Addison, and therefore could scarcely know that "a pun is the lowest form of wit." In spite of this, however, Elmer has mastered law in all its branches. Successful in love and successful in law, he should have no trouble with his mother-in-law.
Editorial Staff

Michael M. Doyle - - Editor-in-Chief
Joseph Addison - - Business Manager

Associate Editors

Erwin R. Effler
Thomas Lynch
Henry C. McKenna
Ralph W. Norris

Assistant Business Managers

William J. Phelan
Edward L. Leahy
John L. Gaffney
The Team that Defeated Notre Dame at South Bend, Indiana
May 1, 1908

Erwin R. Effler, '08 L.
Thomas F. O'Mara, '10 L.
James Spiller, '09 L.
Lambert Igoe, '08 L., Alternate
Officers Senior Debating Society, 1908

President, DON CARLOS ELLIS
Vice-President, PEDRO TUASON
Treasurer, EDWARD A. LABOSSIERE
Secretary, RALPH W. NORRIS

Law School Debate Committee, JOHN T. BUCKLEY
Officers of the Second Year Class

President - Chas. A. Lether
Vice-President - William O’Hearn
Secretary - George Melling
Treasurer - Horace J. Donnelly
Sergeant-at-Arms - Zed H. Copp
THE FIRST YEAR CLASS
## Officers of the First Year Class

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>J. Frank Sullivan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>Morton E. Burdick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>John L. Curran</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>G. Rex Frye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sergeant-at-Arms</td>
<td>D. J. O'Neal</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE GATE.
Baseball

Officers

GERHARD SIMON - - - - - - - - Captain
HUGHES SPALDING - - - - - - - - Manager
THOMAS STEWART - - - - - - - - Assistant Manager
J. ED. GRILLO - - - - - - - - Coach

Batting Order

H. F. Mess - - - - '10 D. - - - Third Base
J. A. Courtney - - - - '09 L. - - - Left Field
A. McDonald - - - - '10 L. - - - First Base
J. J. Schlafly - - - - '09 L. - - - Right Field
T. Mayock - - - - '09 D. - - - Second Base
G. J. Simon - - - - '09 L. - - - Center Field
C. A. Duffy - - - - '10 M. - - - Catch
J. Eckenrode - - - - '09 C. - - - Catch
H. G. Smith - - - - '08 C. - - - Short Stop
J. W. Montgomery - - - - '09 C. - - - Pitch
H. J. Devine - - - - '09 L. - - - Pitch
D. B. Diamond - - - - '11 C. - - - Pitch
T. A. Cantwell - - - - '08 C. - - - Pitch
'07 VARSITY
Football

Officers

GEORGE C. DUTCHER - Captain
EDMUND FITZGERALD, JR. - Manager
PETER NOLAN, JR. - Assistant Manager
DR. JOSEPH A. REILLY - Coach

E. L. Miller - '10 C. - Right End
H. Munhall - '09 C. - Right Tackle
C. F. Woods - '08 C. - Right Guard
J. T. Buckley - '08 L. - Center
A. J. Glennon - '09 C. - Left Guard
L. J. Cullen - '09 C. - Left Tackle
W. G. Todd - '08 L. - Left Tackle
G. J. Simon - '09 L. - Left End
E. T. Thompson - '10 L. - Left Half
H. J. Devine - '09 L. - Left Half
J. D. McNulty - '10 C. - Right Half
J. McLaughlin - '08 C. - Right Half
T. A. Stewart - '10 C. - Quarter Back
J. B. Cohen - '10 C. - Quarter Back
G. C. Dutcher - '08 L. - Full Back
A FOOTBALL GAME
Crew on the Hudson

**Naval Officers**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Edmund Fitzgerald, Jr.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>C. F. Woods</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Manager</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>J. B. La Plante</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Assistant Manager</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Harry Vail</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Coach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following were seated in the boat that defeated the New York University over the Henley Course:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. P. Bringardner</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. P. Fitzpatrick</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. J. Leahy</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Powers</td>
<td>'11</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. D. Murray</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alvin Tighe</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wm. R. Rice</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edmund Fitzgerald, Jr.</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leo Kelly</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE RYAN GYMNASIUM.
# Track Squad

**Officers**

- Captain: H. J. Devine
- Manager: J. L. Moran
- Assistant Manager: V. A. Corcoran
- Coach: Dr. Joseph A. Reilly

**Squad**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Class</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. J. Baillargeau</td>
<td>'10 C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Brylawski</td>
<td>'08 L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Cohen</td>
<td>'10 C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. Curran</td>
<td>'10 L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. J. Devine</td>
<td>'09 L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. R. Gibbs</td>
<td>'11 C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. J. Glennon</td>
<td>'09 C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Martin</td>
<td>'11 C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. J. Mohn</td>
<td>'10 L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. N. Munhall</td>
<td>'09 C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. J. Rice</td>
<td>'10 L.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BASKETBALL TEAM
CHAMPIONS OF THE SOUTH
## Basketball

### Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. J. Downey</td>
<td>Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. O'Neill, Jr.</td>
<td>Manager</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. D. Murray</td>
<td>Assistant Manager</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prof. Maurice Joyce</td>
<td>Coach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Team

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. J. Downey</td>
<td>'09</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. R. Rice</td>
<td>'08</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. C. Colliflower</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. J. Rice</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. Crogan</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Colliflower</td>
<td>'10</td>
<td>Forward</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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