ARCHIVES
Georgetown University
Washington, D. C. 20007
YE DOMESDAY BOOKE
1911
GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL
PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
We, the Class of Nineteen Eleven, dedicate this Book to our beloved Dean, Harry M. Clabaugh, in recognition of his sincere efforts to cultivate an abiding love of honor and integrity among this student body, his earnest labor to advance the welfare of this University, his eager desire to elevate the personnel and the standards of his profession. May this small work serve as a token of our appreciation of his worth as a man, whose ideals are lofty and whose spirit, pure.
To the Class of Nineteen Eleven, Greeting:

We, the Editors of the Domesday Booke, have endeavored to portray, as best we may, the happenings of the past three years; we have sought to photograph the Class upon the pages of this Booke. If, at times, we have erred, it is an error of judgment, not of intention. If, at times, we have painted roughly, it is a defect of technique, not of spirit. We, hereby, complete our final writing, and 'lie down to pleasant dreams.'
Lecturers

HON. HARRY M. CLABAUGH, LL.D.
Dean of the Faculty, Lecturer on Common Law Pleading and Practice, and Equity Pleading and Practice

GEORGE E. HAMILTON, LL.D.
Lecturer on the Law of Wills

HON. SETH SHEPARD, LL.D.
Lecturer on Constitutional Law and Equity Jurisprudence

HON. ASHLEY M. GOULD
Lecturer on the Law of Contracts, Persons and Domestic Relations, and Insurance

HON. DANIEL THEW WRIGHT
Lecturer on the Law of Corporations and Criminal Law

CHARLES A. DOUGLAS, A.B., LL.B.
Lecturer on the Law of Torts, Negotiable Paper and Elementary Law

MICHAEL J. COLBERT, A.M., LL.M.
Lecturer on the Law of Personal Property and Partnership

HON. D. W. BAKER, A.M., LL.D.
Lecturer on the Law of Real Estate and Evidence

HON. CLARENCE R. WILSON, A.B., LL.M.
Lecturer on the Law of Agency and Pleading

JOHN J. HAMILTON, A.B., LL.M.
Lecturer on the Law of Bankruptcy and Real Estate

ADOLPH A. HOEHLING, LL.M.
Lecturer on the Law of Evidence

J. NOTA McGUIRE, LL.M.
Lecturer on Patent Law and Practice

Lecturers in the Post-Graduate Course

HON. HOLMES CONRAD
On the History and Development of Law and Comparative Jurisprudence, and on the History of the English Law

REV. JOHN A. CONWAY, S.J.
On Natural Law and Canon Law

MUNROE SMITH, LL.D.
On Civil Law

HON. HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D.
On International Law and Foreign Relations of the United States, and History of Constitutional Government

RALPH C. MINOR, LL.D.
On Conflict of Laws

ADAM B. BROWNE, LL.D.
On Jurisprudence Practice of United States Courts

WILLIAM C. WOODWARD, M.D., LL.M.
On Medical Jurisprudence

GEORGE E. HAMILTON, LL.D.
On Legal Ethics

HON. D. W. BAKER, A.M., LL.D.
On General Practice and Exercises in Pleading and Evidence

JOHN W. YERKES, LL.D.
On Railroad Law
Officers and Instructors

RICHARD J. WATKINS, A.B., LL.M.
Secretary and Treasurer

FRANK E. CUNNINGHAM
RALPH D. QUINTER, LL.M.
Assistant Secretaries

DANIEL W. O'DONOGHUE, A.M., Ph.D., LL.M.
JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH, A.M. LL.M.
LEIGH ROBINSON, LL.M.
J. NOTA McGILL, LL.M.

Judges of Moot Court

CHARLES E. ROACH, A.B., LL.M.
JESSE C. ADKINS, LL.M.
HOWARD BOYD, LL.M.
EDMUND BRADY, A.B. LL.B.
W. CLEARY SULLIVAN, LL.B.
JOHN F. LASKEY, LL.M.
WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, LL.M.
GEORGE E. SULLIVAN, LL.B.
FRANK J. HOGAN, LL.M.
CHARLES J. MURPHY, LL.M.
J. D. SULLIVAN, A.B., LL.M.

Instructors
Board of Editors

Donald B. Creecey
Editor-in-Chief

Nelson M. McKernan
Business Manager

Francis G. Addison
Assistant Business Manager

Michael H. Cahill
Robert A. Cony
William G. Feely
Joseph C. Guilfoile
Joseph J. Walsh
William A. Woodruff
Associate Editors

Albert L. Clothier
Charles E. Cotterill
Raymond S. Tompkins
Art Editors

The Board of Editors acknowledges the drawings of Jay Newton Baker, LL.B., M.L., J.D.
Seniors

Thomas J. Fitzgerald, President .......................... New York
Richard D. Daniels, First Vice-President ................ Massachusetts
Samuel O. Hargus, Second Vice-President ............... Missouri
Michael A. Rattigan, Secretary ......................... Rhode Island
Robert J. Curran, Treasurer .............................. Maine
Albert M. Freeman, Sergeant-at-Arms .................... South Dakota
JOSEPH FLORENCE ABBOTT, A.B., Δ X

Clarksville, Tenn.

The doughty lance of Clarksville, the Terror of the Night-Rider. He was born in the backwoods and several years of life in civilization have not deprived him of the insinuating suggestion of new cut-pine.

Ten to one says he can talk louder than O'Leary and out-laugh Esher; therefore we pick him for a statesman. "Holler loud if you want to be great." We expect him to become a political John the Baptist, "a voice crying in the wilderness" among the backwoodsmen of Tennessee.

Joe takes himself most seriously, his earnestness is appalling; he even carries it into courtship and plays that light, fantastic, amusing game, as if he were a participant in a Tennessee dog-fight.

FRANCIS G. ADDISON, JR

Prince George County, Md.

Everywhere known as the "Pride of Prince George County." Before he came to town, farming was his principal industry, and he never quite recovered. While it is not marked, yet if you will notice closely, even on the asphalt, he still steps high, trying to get over the furrows.

Is a nice-looking boy, and considered home-broke and gentle. Has a girl, and will tell you all about it, if you have time.

Here's the secret, and must be considered a privileged communication: He is in love with this girl. (Sh! don't say a word, hasn't told her as yet himself, but he is now at the performing stage; stands in the corner, rolls over and plays dead, jumps through a hoop, and eats right out of her hand.)
Louis A. Babcock.................................................. Waldwick, N. J.

Some say "Louie" is a pessimist, and that his one delightful pursuit in life is finding exceptions to the general rule. This may be so, but we doubt it.

"Babb's" wonderful feat of attending the driest set of quizzes ever originated by any of the would-be solons of the class has been widely commented upon. The harm it has done him, however, he expects to overcome, before going to Bermuda to practice, by spending the summer on a house-boat and digesting Blackstone.

"Louie" is best known as the running mate of our original "fan" Lainhart. This love of his for "Lain" is remarkable because it came into existence and ripened in "cold storage." As to whether it will continue when they begin to thaw remains to be seen. Both are good students, but most of their studious moments have been spent in an endeavor to keep the bottom of the class from falling out.

Alfred B. Baker................................................... Hyattsville, Md.

He is merely living because of his belief that the law needs to be uplifted. At present, however, his efforts in this direction have been confined to the members of the class; and they resent the idea, preferring to themselves reform Alfred, rather than have Alfred reform them.

He is possessed of a plaster-paris grin, which he acquired in the workshop at Technical High School, and brought with him when he left there to arrive amongst us. This is worn by him for the sake of a pleased appearance; and, while we, being of a rather aedic disposition, do not appreciate its value as we might, it appeals, so we understand, to the Sweet Natures. They give him purple ties and pink socks, and such things, and say, "Isn't he a Dear?"
"Smoke," "Speed," "Curly Top," "Smiling Sam," and Balzer are synonymous. Our kinky headed wonder was dubbed "Speed" in 1905 by the young fans of the East Side, when he pitched a fourteen inning, no hit, no run game for the Messenger Boys' Union against the Bricklayers' Helpers.

"Speed" is not a misnomer, because if "Smoke" has anything in the baseball line, it is speed. Ever since entering the University he has been on the Varsity pitching staff. He was one of the first in '11 to earn a "G" and has all the earmarks of a pitcher.

If "Smoke" sticks to baseball, we have hopes of him doing better than a Bush League, because he indulges in high-balls very seldom during a game and never before or after. (The last sentence is inserted by request.)

ROBERT L. BARNES, B.S. ........................................... Prentiss, Ky.

Y'ars and y'ars ago from the little town of Prentiss came Robert L., the pride of a certain section of "Old Kaintuck." The cause of Bob's leaving what he is pleased to call "The Feudist's Paradise" is a matter of conjecture. By some it is claimed that Bob's faction has become the under dog in Ohio County, and that as soon as the Barnes "ketch holt," his stay in Washington will be terminated.

Upon the truth of this we refuse to comment, because we have no desire to be "shot up." Among his other exploits this near dignified gentleman matriculated at the University Dental School but whether he found the pulling too hard or suffered a cerebral reaction, we do not know. At all events, he wandered in among us and remained.
FREDERICK F. BELLER
Washington, D.C.

Beller is the most erratic of our somewhat erratic bunch. He is on the whole one of those characters of whom the least said the better. We call him one of our bunch, but whether he is or not is a debatable question.

Sometimes he comes to lectures and recitations, but more often he does not. Sometimes he makes a recitation, but more often he does not. You can never tell where to find him at any time. He may be in New York, for he makes trips for Uncle Sam as a railway mail clerk, or he may be in Sing Sing.

Beller likes baseball. Beller is also reputed to like the opposite sex. Sometimes his affection is reciprocated; more often it is not. But as already stated—the least said the better.

WILLIAM T. BIRKBY
Leesburg, Va.

"Birk" is a great lover of the young and the beautiful; to him a girlish giggle is the sweetest of all music. This young Romeo purrs and gurgles sweet nothings into the ears of innocent females in a manner which would do credit to a "10, 20 and 30" matinee idol, but this he says is a failing and not a fault.

In referring to a "F. F. V." representative it is well to remember, "discretion is the better part of valor." The writer on account of never having drawn a sword or shot a gun has no desire to be called out, so a number of things which might be said about the illustrious "Birk" must remain unsaid. It may be mentioned however that Virginia has been blamed for many, many things but only one "Birk"—Lucky Virginia.
E. Murray Blanford, A.B. ........................................ Irvington, Ky.

Blanford is the Beau Brummel of 1911. With coal black eyes and raven locks he is easily the fairest of the many fair included in our number. He is also modest, which is an added charm.

Blanford is, however, a great bluffer. So far as we have ever been able to discover he never knows what he is talking about; but he nevertheless seems to get along pretty well. In recitation he usually gives the quiz master a pleasant smile, along with some questionable statements anent the law, and the two seem to mix very nicely.

There's more than one advantage in being the handsome man of the class. Blanford got married lately. His beauty is appreciated outside. He comes from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky.

G. Bealle Bloomer ........................................ Washington, D. C.

"The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice an arrow for the heart like a sweet voice." Thus spake the poet, and from his words we have the secret of Bealle's success among the fairest. But hush, Bealle's married now. No longer may he charm the ears of the nearest and loveliest charmer with those soft, low, cooing notes. His roaming fancy is confined at home; and, shall we confess his lost spirit of roving independence, happily confined.

He now reserves those gentle tones for the delectation of the quiz masters and the indignation of his classmates. There is invariably an angry and outraged protest from the crew when Bealle arises to expose the law, and unhinges his stentorian base.

Someone once said that Bealle married his father-in-law's voice. Good-by, Old Demosthenes. Have another pebble?
As near as can be determined by the investigation of the editors Ivan is a living sphynx. We do not make this as a statement of fact, but merely as an opinion based on careful observation and study.

When he is called on he always scowls savagely, and continues to do so until told to be seated. Whether this is done because he needs glasses, or to lend an air of dignity and learning to his recitation we are unable to say.

He is authority for the great discovery in anatomy that there are three bones in the upper arm, which announcement he made to the world in a recent Moot Court trial where he was an expert witness. Bowen is nothing if not original.

"How much easier it is to state tangible facts than to communicate impressions." Apostle of all that is conservative, exponent of the truth that hurts, glorified with a halo of mystery, and cursed with an unmentionable middle name, Tom stands forth as a promising candidate for the office of a Gas Trust magnate.

A student the like of whom has ne'er been seen before, but smokes one cigar each day and "calls" at a different seminary every Friday evening. Brad has a voice like a 14th street car "picking up" on the hill, and a figure that makes Maude Adams sigh with regret every time she beholds it. Having feebly endeavored to describe this Junior Aldrich, we invite the next gentleman to step right up, please.
Burlingame. Noun, bûr-lîng-găm. (From English, "bur" meaning sleep, snooze; passing away; that state of the body in which the voluntary exercise of the powers of body and mind is suspended during lectures; a peculiar vital effect produced upon a certain person by which eyes are closed, and arms folded, at the beginning of recitations — — — from American, líng, meaning alert; on one's guard; watchful; sprightly; nimble; on the job; a wiseguy; hustler when matters of business are involved. — — — from Washington, game, meaning bound à la Rockville; married; hooked; spliced; tied up; suburbanite, a government clerk.) A mass of living substance. Kind reader, if you would care to learn what is in a name, call upon our Harry.

Adrien F. Busick..................................................Louisa County, Va.

Here is perhaps the "marriest" Benedict of them all. Busick gives one the impression that the woes of the world bear heavily upon him. He is self-contained and now quiet; he is "great deal older than most of the fellows, you know."

Since the opening day of law-school, he has taken shelter behind that admirable windshield, Jack Carmody. Busick used to be one of our penny-in-the-slot-and-you-get-a-question quizzers of quiz masters.

He was going good for quite a while as an independent concern, until O'Leary and Ottenberg perfected their organization. By well concentrated action they used up all the quiz master's time, and drove Busick out of the query business.
It has been said that Michael is handsome, and at times we are almost inclined to partially agree. Not that he partakes of the soft, soothing, pale handsomeness of Bill Edgar, nor yet does he approach the fiery manliness of Reddington; he is differently handsome, he is an austere "father of his country" type of beauty, one that you could associate with an ardent interest in the abolishment of capital punishment or in prohibition.

As a matter of fact, a great many of us at times call him the Prohibitionist. He affects an owlish expression, and seeks to obtain a reputation for wisdom by continual silence. We might here recall an old proverb, "The still fowl blinking without remark may all the while be seated on a china egg."

Poor "Cam"! His troubles began with the first quiz and they have lasted ever since because his name is never pronounced twice alike. Aside from that he gets along as well as can be expected. During our first year he took quite an interest in class politics, and at one time it was confidently thought that as a leader he had any Tammany chieftain beaten to a frazzle. The result of the first election, however, somewhat blighted his political career.

In our second year, "Sandy" MacDonald came along and "Cam" tied up to him. Since then the glare and excitement of amateur politics offer no inducement to him, and he now takes pride in being known as a "grind."
Charles J. Callahan ............................... Lowell, Mass.

Ever since one of the palatial B. & O. cars brought him to Washington, "Cal" has been detailing the beauties of Rhode Island. This to the vociferous vociferation of the men from the Lilliputian state. His chief duty has been in organizing the Rhody Club with his co-conspirator Rattigan. "Cal" has been a member of the varsity baseball nine and is a crack bowler.

His future, he declares, lies in Texas where he intends to dazzle the natives by his forensic merits. He has a penchant for quizzing before exams, in the public parks with McKenna.

J. Percy Campbell, FA5 ............................... Washington, D. C.

In spite of a slight irregularity of features, Percy is really, taking a composite look at him, a pleasing figure. There is, however, an air of mystery about Percy. A resemblance to something familiar, yet half-forgotten, puzzles the observer.

At first blush, there is a haunting suggestion about him of the Mamma Kangaroo, loping through the forest with her young. But closer observation removes this impression and replaces it with the opinion that, after all, Percy is a presentable and domestic individual.

Before entering law-school his reputation was unassailable. Soon after entrance, however, he contracted the habit of bumming around with John Lang. Immediately his character was impeached. Like all bad habits this one has a tendency to stick by the habitué, and moreover, Johnnie is a most entertaining vice.
JOHN DOYLE CARMODY, A.M., ΦΔΔ...........................................Washington, D. C.

"Honest John," "Captain Jack," "The Plumed Knight," "The Beribboned Gallant," "Seer of Carmody Row," Jack is neither an Old Master nor a Unique Cameo, but we feel sure that he is a Work of Art. Perhaps he might best be described as a Half-hour Classic.

To the welfare of his country he has devoted long years of arduous service, so it is with merited applause and shouts of approbation that the multitudes greet him when with all the utter fearlessness of the warriors of old he leads his brave and gallant band in a sham battle on the Mall.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and his own house," but this cannot be said in connection with "Johnnie" for he reaped the reward of merit in law school harvest time and garnered in the grain as Sergeant-at-Arms of the Junior Debating Society.

EDWARD I. CARNES.............................................Jersey City, N. J.

One of the elect who has never bothered making his voice heard above the rabble. His friends say he is the man who invented the lather which issues from shaving soaps.

"Ed" states that there would be one-tenth of the present amount of litigation if people would learn to mind their own business. Has steadily frequented Jefferson Market Court in New York and will take up criminal law as a specialty.

He has socialistic leanings and is one of the authorities on the moot question of government control of biplanes. Can scent "exam" questions a month in advance and never missed a session of Moot Court.
Casey is one of the “honey boys” of the class. He has an ever-ready smile which he doubtless acquired in the gumshoe politics of the Third Massachusetts District, whence he comes as a Private Secretary. But the smile counts for much with the ladies, and when the suffragettes vote Casey will come to Congress a-flying.

We don’t know of anything really bad about Casey with the single exception of the fact that he chums around and rooms with Baldheaded White—a pretty serious charge to make against any man. However he may be able to live this down in later years. Casey gives his residence as Webster, Mass., wherever that is.

In his youthful days this agile hippopotamus indulged in the gentle sport of football, but, in time, his weight increasing to two hundred and forty pounds, no campus could be found large enough to hold so ponderous a mass. No! he has not been suggested as the ultimate hope of the White Race for he modestly aspires to become only a legal featherweight.

Cline thinks the class room would be a delightful place to sink into the arms of Morpheus were it not for the long and protracted vocal ebullitions of Kelly and Regan on the rights of the poor downtrodden C.P. Roy was born in White Heath, Illinois, but no one holds that against him. He expects to settle in Champaign because he likes it.
A real true Southern gentleman, Sah! describes "The Grand Old Man" more accurately than anything else could. His two hundred and odd pounds of avoirdupois he carries with all the dignity and grace of the knights of old, while his gallantry and chivalry were never more than equaled.

He claims the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky as his stamping grounds, and it is worth any one's time to spend an hour or two listening to "Mark" tell of its beautiful women and fine horses. He can give an accurate list and minute description of every distillery in the state. He has never been accused of moonshinery, but he bears an unenviable reputation as a star-gazer.

Gladys is the name of a quaint little miss who cautiously stepped into a post-office:
"A two-cent stamp," she softly sighed.
"Only one?" the clerk replied.
"Can I buy three stamps for five cents," said she.
"Certainly, two twos, and a one," quoth he.

Cohen is effeminate only to the extent of his nickname, "Gladys," and his craze for bargain hunting. "Gladys" was given him on account of his Madonna-like features and baby skin and his second trouble came from associating with Reddington. These are but temporary afflictions, however, for within a short time Morris will be old enough to grow a beard and "Red" will leave Washington to become a squaw-man in Oklahoma.
You may not believe it, but Martin has a nickname; and of all the nicknames, this is the most unsuited for our subject. Gentle readers, it is “Dummy.” How he ever acquired this we can’t understand, and it must be said for Martin that he can’t say himself.

We will vouch that he is a good student and very bright (at times); he also has two college degrees and this ought to satisfy the most exacting. Still the name clings as names will, and we can’t explain it. Martin is a hard student, and burns much midnight oil, i.e., about three nights before the examinations.

He has everything, latest fashion and all that, wears his watch chain on the outside of his coat, hanging down “kind of cute like.” Martin is justly famous among us for His Style.

ROBERT A. CONY

Augusta, Me.

Being somewhat accustomed to foreigners, excitement did not run very high when this prodigy from Augusta, Me., was discovered among us. Notice was first taken of the “Pilgrim’s” grin which is a cross between the varieties used by “Sunny Jim” and “Punch,” of Punch and Judy fame. After the grin came the always-present green bag, the unused notebook and the somewhat crimson “beak”—due entirely to lighting and relighting cigar stubs.

Six days a week “Bob” gives to law but the seventh he spends discussing alfalfa with a Western heiress. Some of his friends expect the newspapers will proclaim early in June, “Title and Wealth Meet at Altar.”

Before entering Georgetown “Buko” was exposed for four years to an educational environment at Bowdoin, but according to the French attaché, “Pat” Curran, either education is not contagious or “Buko” is immune.
EDWIN P. CORBETT..............................................Washington, D. C.

Has an extensive acquaintance, especially on Ninth Street, but attended school regularly. Was a favorite at smokers and managed the last smoker in the spring of 1910 very capably. Another habitue of the "Amen Corner," but very quiet. His pet hobby is sleeping during one of Ottenberg's question tests.

During the first year it was believed that he had become a Benedict; and there are still a few who still believe that he took a flight in the realms of Hymen.

He has compiled a list of questions relating to the law of tripe manufacturers which have been used in the Azores with much effect.

Having a tendency toward oratory he intends to devote the entire summer to voice culture under the tuition of an animal trainer. Corbett is very modest and has never worn a mustache.

HENRY E. CORCORAN.........................................Reading, Pa.

Behold in "Cork" the Keystone State wonder. To look upon the calm and subdued features of this individual and realize the amount of disturbance he can create is something which no one has as yet accomplished.

Who would have thought "Cork" was the mysterious "Mr. O'Leary" who, under false pretenses, obtained our ever-disappearing class banner from "Red's" house? Who would recognize "Stopper" the rival of castoria? (Babies and sombrerettes cry for it.)

Who would recognize in the quiet and unassuming companion of "Saint" Birkby the official cheer leader of Gaiety revivals? Who would recognize, in the individual who sleeps through all lectures, the gay "live-wire" of "The Midnight Sons?" Who could—but here let us stop and say no more about the only and original Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Martin C. Cornell, Erie, Pa.

Cornell is a husky Pennsylvanian who became notorious, in his Junior year, by waging war for the purpose of ridding himself of the company of his fraternal brethren and a few unoffensive barbs—he succeeded handsomely and, for the space of a week, was Lord Paramount of a dozen empty seats. Later he let in a few tenants by sufferance.

At the annual class soirées the attendance of Martin is necessary to the maintenance of order. He requires so much attention himself that no one else finds time to create the least semblance of a disturbance.

He is a student of the Common Law and is ever ready to enlighten the "profs" on some ancient principle laid down by Coke. He is extremely happy with a smoke (excuse the rhyme) and with other things.

Charles E. Cotterill, Detroit, Mich.

Charley's hair is the pride and delight of the class. Its color is really delicious; just like taffy, you know; and he brushes it straight back from his pure, white brow. When he raises his hat (which he does, oh, many, many times in the course of the day) he gives it a little backward shove. This preserves the appearance of the coiffure and prevents its becoming disarranged.

A red necktie harmonizes remarkably well with Charley's hair. He has quite a bit of the artistic temperament, too, and it is perhaps because of this affliction that he frequents F Street on Saturday afternoons.

He hails from Detroit, Mich., where they make automobiles, so, of course, he is quite at home in one. A little argument between a street car and a machine in which Charley was disporting himself a short time ago doesn't appear to have dampened his ardor for joy-riding.
Kentucky took a long breath of relief when Judge Cox laid aside his trusty 45 and repaired to the Capital of the Nation. The Judge came not to terrorize or shoot up the town, but meekly made a special appearance to get a better grasp of the law, and at the same time serve his country in one of the departments.

Down in "Ole Kaintuck" the law, as laid down in the statute books, is seldom used, but we opine that the Judge expects to widen out and become a national figure. We have only had Judge one year but he has made good use of his advantages, and may yet become a Justice of the Peace.

DONALD B. CREECY, ΔN.................................................. Ilchester, Md.

This inoffensive looking youth with the face of a Brinkley girl has the temperament of a fighting Zouave. His motto is "Argue forever and fight eternally." Previous to becoming a member of 1911 "Don" attended Princeton long enough to recuperate from the work done in the academic department of our Alma Mater. In our Junior Year he got away with first money in the Inter-Class Debating Society contests, but as "Steve" Elliott says, "He has a monopoly on redundant verbosity," whatever that may mean.

The advance copy of DOMESDAY resulted in our "Little Editor" being besieged with flattering offers from all the leading periodicals of the day. His decision to go with the OUTLOOK, however, was not prompted by any mercenary motives but solely by his desire to be ever-near his one ideal, the late but not lamented Theodorus I.
Claire B. Crossfield, B.L.

Claire B—, sounds like the name of a trotter, and Claire is some trotter, too, he set such a pace among the fillies of the Junior Class that he easily annexed the first prize, pulled up. Claire, a man of many parts, came all the way from the University of California, but now he wears a dress suit and goes calling just like anybody else.

Out of school his favorite amusements are rolling duck pins and smoking a pipe. As expected, he does both well, that is, he smokes good tobacco and doesn’t have to pay for bowling.

But when Claire dons his dress suit and his best grin, ladies beware, for of all the Lochinvars that came out of the West, Claire is the Lochinvarcest.

C. Edward Crump

It is discouraging to attempt to write of C. Edward. Discouraging when it is realized what can be written about him and still what little may be written.

Putting aside his few (thousand) faults and escapades, attention will simply be drawn to one of his hobbies and that is "manicured nails." Eddie goes the great philosopher who said, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," one better, and says, "Show me a man’s nails and I will tell you what he is."

In the words of "Sherlocko," let it be said, "Marvelous! Marvelous! A wonderful intellect Swatson—A wonderful, wonderful intellect."
GEORGETOWN, 1910.

From festive board,
Let's praise the Lord,
Student labors are ended.
The last handshake,
The heart makes ache,
But all to good has tended.

Ambition bent,
Three years we've spent,
Mates in common endeavor.
The books we've delved
All now are shelved,
Those ties we now must sever.
The lore amassed,
The "goat" harassed
In lecture and in quiz;
The nights we gave
As Blackstone's slave,
Mean now we turn to biz.

To South and North
Georgetown sends forth,
Her students, sturdy, bright;
To East and West,
Our strength to test,
Gladiators bedight.

As forth we go
Our way to sow,
Honor worship and prize;
Whether we earn
The laurel; spurn
Success by schemes and lies.

As from Life's field
We draw its yield,
At it let's go like men!
Let credit fall
On each and all
Of GEORGETOWN, 1910!

H. F.
ROBERT J. CURRAN
Lewiston, Maine.

The dark horse in our political handicap. He took the warpath against the Fitz-bund as eagerly as La Follette ever waved his pompadour against the special interests. When not running for office he is peaceable, pleasant and quite genial.

When he put in his initial appearance as a student, a casual glance at his attire would have revealed the fact that he came not from Paris. No, indeed. An intelligent observer, seeing the fresh pine needles concealed about his clothes, could have laid a safe bet that he hailed from the backwoods of Maine.

After his arrival here, excited by the lights of a big city, which appeared to him as a new world, Bobby laid aside his country toggery, and to the surprise of all became a blossoming F Street butterfly.

RICHARD D. DANIELS
Northampton, Mass.

Georgetown took on a brighter air when "Genial Dick" entered its portals. "Dick" has been one of the Chesterfields of the class and more than one girl in Huyler's has gurgled to her sister suffragette over her sundae that he would make the best looking matinee hero in the world.

Indeed, "Dick" is not averse to feminine charms and states that he would like to be coach on the Wellesley crew. He has been a faithful student and might have been seen any day in the school year with a set of "Thayer's Cases" under his arm.

Such titles as "Handsome" and "D. D." have been gratuitously bestowed upon him. "Dick" says that smoking in the lecture room is not part of the res gestae, and any way, he would rather talk about Brookland and other things.
W. J. Davis, A.B. .................................................. Front Royal, Va.

Warren Jefferson Davis, better known as W. Jefferson Davis, best known as Young Jeff Davis. No mention will be made of the colleges which he has attended, other than he has been a University of Virginia man by birth, a George Washington man by mistake and a Georgetown man by choice. With him politics is a vocation, the Association of Democratic College Clubs an avocation and law a diversion.

In the fall of 1908 he made his memorable address on "Democratic College Clubs" and "The Infamy of Republicanism." It lasted three or four hours and when it came to an end, the silence of death rested upon the crowded class room. "Hands remained clasped, faces fixed and rigid and eyes tearful, while the sharp rap of the President's gavel could not awaken the assembly from the condition into which the orator had thrown it." Alas! all but the President and Young Jeff were dead.

Louis C. Dismer .............................................. Washington, D. C.

Joined the class in its Senior year, and has been patting himself on the ear ever since. Is a raving blonde with a voice that reaches high C when he whispers. It occurred to "Dizzy" in 1909 that he was cut out for a lawyer, and he says he has not changed his mind yet. His recalcitrant disposition has saved him from many an argument, for few hold forth against him unless they are not familiar with his method of proving facts.

He is a frequenter of the speedway, but believes the day of the horse has gone. "Dizzy" is in search of a place to locate as a practitioner. He prefers a small town like Boyds, Md., to a big city, believing the successful man should grow up with the people.
James E. Dodge

Washington, D.C.

Likes quiz classes and held one of the attendance records. The "Dodger" sat in the "Amen Corner" and was one of the first to insist that the gentlemen in front should study the text in lieu of asking so many foolish questions.

Is a favorite at dances and took in all the social events in Alexandria during his course. Is also an advocate of more hours of study for the student body, and claims that lawyers have a habit of charging their clients too much.

"Dodger" is never seen without a book, even when he makes a social call. We are not positive, but we believe that he has a high appreciation of the value of appearances.

James E. Dooley

Providence, R.I.

He was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he spent his early boyhood. When old enough to take notice of the surroundings, he longed to abandon the woods, and see the lights of a village, so he moved to Providence, R.I.

Shortly thereafter he heard the call of the law. Jim labored under a disadvantage early in the course, being retarded somewhat by a peculiar dialect, which only McCanna, Feely and others of the Providence delegation were able to fathom.

By Senior year, however, he had become intelligible outside of the exclusive circle of the ultra-Irish. Why it was that he should be selected to defend a divorce suit, for his first Moot Court case, is not known, but it is considered significant.
JOSEPH DUDICK
Rolling Prairie, Ind.

Science tells us that the time consumed by the light of some of the stars in reaching the earth is thirty years, some a hundred, some a thousand years. It also takes an almost equal length of time for the light of some of the world's greatest geniuses to meet real, seeing eyes.

This is applicable to one Dudeck, who, for three years, has calmly kept from the knowledge of his needy and less fortunate classmates the fact that he is a financier, handling daily from two to five millions: Don't faint; he handles it for the Government.

His mission in life is to be a lawyer; his exalted aim to be a good lawyer, and his supreme object to be an honest lawyer.

MARTON J. DUNSWORTH
Carrollton, Ill.

One of the hard working members of the class. "Dun" dislikes nicknames, but has had a variety. His movements in the class were not tabulated as were those of the high brows, but he was on deck when some of the steeple lifters were trying to touch dry land.

Despite his aversion to a great deal of social life, he is said to be a better dancer than Sprowls, a statement widely discussed among the sulphides and strongly disputed. "Mart" has only one failing, and that is a bad one.

He believes that Illinois was the original Eden and carries a picture of the "Windy City" in his vest pocket. He has recently been blessed by the stork, and now he devotes his evenings to walking the floor with the little lady.
FRANK EARNshaw, ΦΔΔ .................................................. Earnshaw, West Va.

Frank has not been with us long enough to make him a fruitful source of dissertation, but his hair seems to present at least an opportunity for discussion, which we will begin by quoting: "Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright."

We might interject a little expression of opinion ourselves on the color of the hair, but must save some space for his physiognomy, for "Eamie" has a face that has "a movement all its own." "How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date." Frank's face is not troubled with silence, it stands up in front of the quiz master and speaks.

RICHARD T. EDDY .................................................. Los Angeles, Cal.

He hath the demeanor of a politician and the sagacity of a circuit judge. His critical faculties are abnormally developed. Besides his foray into the realms of law, he ventures into innumerable other fields; and particularly has evolved into a wizard gardener.

He claims to have raised sweet lemons and peelless oranges from one tree. He never has given free rein to his imagination; but he is still a young man.

Eddy is fond of dancing, and, barring the hurdy-gurdy, delights in music in all its infinite varieties.

Has a distrust for modern corporations, and believes in a trust busting campaign in 1911. He is a great admirer of the legal system of Haiti, and states his intention of studying the history of San Domingo.
Stuart Francis Elliott, ΔΧ

Have you ever heard him make one of his famous speeches? There have been many illustrious men who have possessed the gift of tying themselves up in speech like a ball of worsted, notably Emerson and Browning; but Steve is the only one, as yet, to succeed in so entangling his language that there remains no loose end to be grasped by even the most industrious listener.

A Scandinavian in his appearance and an Englishman in his jokes. Yet we believe he is an Irishman, for he has the battling instinct; and, in truth, he is a mighty warrior, who at the sound of the trumpet crieth, "Ha, Ha!" Like Job's war-horse, "he smelleth the battle afar off." In this respect his olfactory powers are great, but his eye-sight is poor; he never knows who hit him.

Frank Erwin, Jr

Always assuming the aspect of one whose mind is on anything but the subject under discussion, "Noisy" has gained a reputation in class of silently acquiescing in any conclusion, however erroneous, agreed to by "Silence Regan" his confidant from Indiana.

It would not be doing this young man justice to say that he will become anything but a shining star in his profession; yet, at the same time, with his ever peaceful, quiet, reverend and docile look, he might have followed a different course, and made a hit, laying before the public the difference between right and wrong, and the penalties attached to the latter, in the hereafter. He is by no means a living dead man, but simply a dead live one.
Minnie-ha-ha, laughing water. Let anyone furnish a joke or a pretended joke and Esher contracts to supply the laugh. He thus becomes the mainstay and aide-de-camp of Judge Clabaugh. His laugh is individual and we may even say unique; he has a monopoly on his particular brand as exclusive as if it were a patented commodity.

We would like to describe his laugh—but the power of words—you know. It is not a chuckle, it is not a gurgle, nor yet is it a shortle. It comes within none of the recognized heads of jurisprudence.

We find no precedents to aid us in our decision, but we would say at first blush that it approximates to a cross between the rebel yell and high G on a steam calliope.

"Hans mit der grin." Our most perfect specimen of a national caricature. He is dumpy and chubby, possessed of lovely, round, pink cheeks and a vague, stolid, all-embracing, uncomprehending Holland grin.

Being Dutch, of course, he has no sense of humor. He wears his facial contortion at all times as a sort of a residuary clause for jokes, so that when a funny occurrence take place, he may not be caught without the proper expression of appreciation for its humorous qualities.

On reliable authority his present position is that of background in the Dutch Room of the Ebbitt House, where he supplies local coloring for the guests.
Bill hails from Providence where he served an apprenticeship of several years as Jester of the Rubber King. He is inclined to be a little obstinate and insist on his royal rights. If these are threatened, he immediately musters the Rhode Island dwarfs into martial array for the smokeless fray of a class meeting! "In tasks so great can little men engage and in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage."

Under Woodruff's administration we made him Class Treasurer and we are genuinely sorry that Class Treasurers cannot succeed themselves, for "Bill's" annual report written on a lecture card showed a balance of $11.11.

He always has a raft of nice stories, some of which we would like to print, but the Ed. says "No."

Some one has said Philadelphia went to sleep a long time ago and never awakened. This may be so, but if it is, the good old Quaker town in its slumber at least rolled over and pushed "John" in on us. "Jack" in his early Freshman days was all smiles but these soon gave way to what are really frowns. He says the intricacies and dignity of the law demand it.

Sunday night always finds him hovering about some tender and young feminine creature. According to Goggin and O'Leary, who through John's help have become great society favorites, it is a wonderful sight to see the pink appendages upon the side of the girls' heads wave and bend in order to get every word that "John" utters. Shame on you, you cruel thing, for making all the girls love you.
Virginia, some say, is envious of her sister state Kentucky, because she cannot claim to be the mother of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. (Ed. Note: This startlingly original thought is the sentiment of a New York Yankee who wrote this article.)

But why? Is not our own Abe a rail-splitter, and does he not pore over his law-books by the light of brush pile? Also, does he not wear a hat, suggestive of hog-rafting down the Mississippi?

Look, see the Fennell. Cast your eyes upon him in earnest contemplation for five minutes, and you must conclude that in this slim, lean, lank and shivering youth you have indeed found a diamond swathed in homespun.

Arthur P. Fenton is a product of Rutland, Vt. The perpetual smile, a sign of his disposition is always apparent. He is a shrewd politician, a great admirer of the ladies, and always ready with an answer for the quiz master, whether he knows the question propounded or not.

He gives every day in the week to his studies with the exception of five or six (including Sundays) when he has other business of an important nature. He is very fond of outdoor sports, especially walking on Sunday afternoon. While a great pedestrian, he never goes unattended. We are led to believe that his first pleading was not drawn in a court of law or equity.
JOHN F. L. FITZGERALD
Washington, D. C.

Fitz, the human sign-board, the sandwich man, the walking advertisement for Georgetown. The thought which we are attempting to convey is that he believes in displaying the colors of Georgetown on every conceivable occasion and wears as an every-day suit a harlequin garb of Blue and Gray.

He has already succeeded in distributing over his anatomy a blue and gray hat-band, tie, scarf-pin, watch-fob and shirt, and now threatens to invest in blue and gray socks to the irreparable damage of the failing eye-sight of his associates.

Fitz does not intend to practice. He will use a mixture of law and real estate and by that happy combination will, we trust, attain a position of eminence where he may realize the ambition of his life, to make Capitol Heights the "suburb beautiful" of Anacostia.

THOMAS J. FITZGERALD
Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Pompeius Woodruff sent forth his edict that oratorical games should be given for the delectation of his subjects, unwittingly he played into the hands of fate, that sinister goddess who has no sympathy for third term ambitions.

Upon the night of "The Big Wind" Fitz Caesar laid firm hold upon the calcium and, thereafter, basked continually in its lime-light. And now, like Julius of old, he crosses the Rubicon; and now, the cohorts of Pompeius fly from the field of Pharsalia.

But unlike Julius Caesar, when Mark Antony Kelly did thrice offer him the Imperial Crown on E Street, he spurned it not but modestly and gracefully assumed the onerous burden. Hail Fitz Caesar, tribune of the people!
You are conscious of his gracious consideration if he opposes you upon any argument. "Flat" disapproves of any system of law which will revive common law pleading in its original form in code States. He declares the law is technical enough. The business man of the class and a judge of human nature.

A hand-shaker and a believer in the principles of Confucius. He has been an active contestant for honors in the social field, out-distancing even the illustrious John Doyle Carmody. "Flat" has a truculent disposition and maintains his stand in the face of the fiercest opposition. He has a leaning toward the missionary life and may yet grace the dinner of some South Pacific chief.

First said, "In my opinion, Professor, the point involved is this," at Fitchburg, Mass. His years at Holt Cross made him a confirmed student, and besides his legal studies he has devoted much time to Persian and Sanscrit literature.

Although a very young man he has read every case upon the subject of damage in breach of promise suits; but this does not presage anything concerning his future legal career, he says. He has taken an active interest in the political life of the capital and has danced attendance upon the Senators of his native State.

Despite a decided leaning toward the fair sex he is not an exponent of woman's suffrage and declares that woman's place is in the home or in a box at the Gaiety.
Jardine Carter Fort ΔT.......................... Washington, D. C.

A loose-limbed, long-drawn-out Georgia cracker, the personification of gentleness and premier artist of the sadly-sweet-though-injured expression. To see the "gazelle" nourishing a grouch or some such kindred malady would delight the soul of an artist, who sought the embodiment of that protesting innocence commonly attributed to St. Joseph, Job, and similar meek and uninteresting characters of Biblical history.

And yet his sense of humor he has always with him; he carries it continually in his vest pocket under a cloak of religious solemnity.

His speech is soft, low and subdued; he has learnt "to wag his high top and to make no noise."

Thomas L. Fortune.............................. Washington, D. C.

"Mr. President, I object." Once more our apprentice parliamentarian throws himself into the breach and quarries out a few verbal rocks for the benefit of his assailants.

We would like to run our meetings in an orderly and parliamentary manner; we would enjoy having a chronic Asher Hinds to watch in a fatherly manner over our class deliberations; but we prefer a more gentle consideration for our ignorance, when our erring feet wander from the paths of order and good government. Why this harsh disapproval, this indignant glare?

We assure you, Thomas L., that we do not intend to violate the established rules of legislative procedure. Be patient with our shortcomings, Thomas L. Show us the kind tolerance with which, for the past three years, we have endured you.
You have undoubtedly read of "Mutt" and "Jeff," but have you ever met them personally. If not, come up to the Law School some time and we will show you these two celebrities included among us. "Mutt's" real name is Freeman, and his greatest weakness is an affinity for Lilliputians. Formerly in addition to "Jeff" McCullough he had another member of the tribe for a crony—the late lamented Chavis—and the three of them made a great combination as they traveled back and forth from the Northeast and indulged in legal discussions.

Freeman's bassoprofundo resounded for blocks, while McCullough and Chavis would be heard piping at the other end of the scale. We would present their pictures together, but we could not find a photographer to show "Jeff" at all, and at the same time include the goodly proportions of "Mutt."

Reese P. Fullerton
Denton, Md.

Reese says that "life is one dem'd grind." He has eschewed the "light fantastic" and cares little for the friction centers, attending few class elections. But he knows much legal lore and intends to act as advisor for several philanthropic societies who believe he wants to do a whole lot for nothing. He is very quiet but his temper when aroused has the effect of a Kentucky feudist's "brainstorm."

Despite an aversion for the society of the fair sex, he has never left the portals of school without rendering the whistling classic, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." During the final months of the school term he has been working on a patent which will teach law without subjecting the recipient to too much inconvenient study.
THOMAS D. GANNAWAY
Dayton, Tenn.

Gannaway is a disciple of the great William Jennings Bryan; he is an advocate, not of the “third term,” but of the “fourth and last chance.” Gannaway knows more about the mysteries of politics than he ever will about the law. His interpretation of the tariff would stand comparison with Blackstone’s interpretation of the law.

While he has not as yet succeeded in mastering the principles of common law pleading sufficiently to enable him to join issue, he has mastered the art of joining issue in any argument that has a political phase.

‘Tis said, we vouch not for the truth, that Thomas was scheduled to drive Champ Clark’s mules when that gentleman assumed the role of Speaker.

HOMER E. GEIS
Lincoln, Neb.

So distinguished a character should not be passed over sparingly if the demands of his friends and the public generally would be satisfied even in a moderate degree, but the inexorable limitations of space prevent us from giving more than a glimpse into his character.

He is the great digester, having synopsized every opinion in Thayer’s Case Book on Evidence. No one should fail to see the author of this stupendous task and congratulate him on the magnitude of his work.

We trust we have succeeded in suggesting something of the character and power of the young man who achieved this heroic enterprise. If not we beg the reader to exercise his imagination. Geis will recuperate in Lincoln, Neb., with an old political friend.
This is Leonard the Whispering Raconteur; this translated means a silent teller of tales. Leonard is an inveterate talker, and it must be said for him that occasionally he tells a new story. When not telling stories he remains silent, never moves, keeps his feet still and coughs silently behind his hand. He stays for all the quizzes; and for this reason we know he is trying to learn. Nobody knows his favorite study; but it is said to be one which is not in the course.

Leonard at one time was noted for his power to charm the ladies fair; but alas he has his quietus made, for Leonard is married. In his silent way he convinced one girl that he had something on Daniel Webster.

History states that “Gil” was the inspiration for that beautiful and very touching popular melody, “Red Head.”

Few, if any, class propositions were advanced that didn’t meet with opposition from our friend “Sandy” and the gentlemen from Pennsylvania with the LaFollettistic tendencies.

The expressing of any point of view in a class meeting was the signal for two red heads to simultaneously bob in the air and their owners clamor for recognition to oppose it. They have opposed everything since “time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.” In justice to “Gil,” however, it is but fair to state that he doesn’t “insurge” from a matter of choice but simply for insurgency’s sake. To use his own words, “insurgency is all that stands between me and going to work, so give me credit, boys.”
Mark Hanna, Matthew Quay, Frank Hitchcock, all of you campaign managers past, present and to come, step this way, please. Here is one of your own ilk, the Honorable George F. Goggin, of Gardner, Mass.

When the old war horse "Fitz" started to make his run in the Great Presidential Handicap of the Third Year Class, he threw the lines to little George, and little Georgie did the rest. He gathered under his wing the powerful, potential political engines, Kelly, Pelzman, Rattigan, Reddington and O'Leary.

It was a campaign of education and elucidation, the distinctions of race, color and previous condition of servitude were totally obliterated. Q. E. D. Fitz was handed the plum. Georgie also shook the tree. He is a life chairman of the Committee on Razzle-dazzles.

WALTER S. GREENWOOD .................................. Breckenridge, Mo.

"Green" is one of the rare—not raw—products of the plains of Missouri. As to how he managed to get so far East no one seems to know.

Early in life "Old Green" determined to become a lawyer of renown and incidentally a statesman. Having chosen his career the next thing he did was to split several logs of wood and sell seven copies of "The Breckenridge Scream."

He says he did this in order to truthfully include it in the biography which he has written of himself, and which he confidently expects to some day see in "The Lives of Great Men"—more familiarly known as the Congressional Directory.

In the words of Beatrice Fairwax, "Dream on, fair one, dream on."
Selbie D. Grove ........................................ Detroit, Mich.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." This somewhat antiquated wooer of Blackstone is noted for his serenity, and his friends say he has no real faults, but rather a multitude of virtues, except perhaps those shortcomings always incident to advanced years. Although serene and calm, he is nevertheless a noted debater and shines more than once on the Law School steps in this connection.

It is an open secret that he intends to come to Congress later on, but we feel that he will need to hasten his plans or else Father Time will gather him in before they are consummated. Groves has a regular pew in the "Amen Corner," in which his opinion on any subject carries great weight.

Joseph C. Guilfoile .................................. Waterbury, Conn.

Joseph is chiefly noted for his peculiar and startling habit of reciting Neapolitan episodes in a rich Killarney brogue. The result is as interesting and paradoxical as a selection from Cavalleria Rusticana on the harp or a hand-organ rendition of the "Wearing of the Green." Otherwise Guilfoile is not only unobjectionable, but highly desirable, especially at our smokers or at Trinity.

During the last year he has acquired a somewhat liberal education by contemplating the outside of the law books in the library, and is now familiar with all the authors and titles, even of such obscure works as Elliott on "Illiteracy," Speight on "Sprite," and Shine on "Harvest Moon." Several villages have invited him to do the legal honors, but the "attraction" in Waterbury is too strong; eh, Joe?

49
"Hall, the genial Hall, the lovable Hall, the Lilly Lad of Michigan." With apologies to Mr. Tennyson, we are obliged to use the above language in order to adequately describe the most genial of our number. Hall is an optimist of the first magnitude and is a living example of the advantage of being such. Life looks good to him always, and hard luck is a joke.

He is popular always, without discrimination as to time, place and the girl, and we are bound to add that he is equally popular with the sterner sex. They say there is a young lady with an automobile who takes him out driving whenever he has the time to spare. Keep 'em trained, Frankie.

Leonard T. Haney
Washington, D.C.

His smile has the "Jamaica" in it. From too close attention to study his hearing was slightly affected, rendering it impossible for him to hear his name called at quizzes. Has come to the opinion that demurrers are nuisances and should be made obsolete. Says his best mark was made in Domestic Relations, due, so he believed, to his study of the marital relation. He is one of the class Beneficients.

The only fault he has to find with Georgetown is the lack of couches in the library. He has tried to lure "Jack" Lane into a law partnership on an equitable basis. As yet the proposition has not been accepted. He is also called the class Adonis.
"Coffee, which makes the politician wise, And see through all things with his half-shut eyes." "The gentleman from Missouri has the floor!" Personification of the Senator's Secretary, Sam earnestly insists there are several things in St. Louis which make Milwaukee jealous; Sam also insists, like all Senator's Secretaries, that he is the Senator and the Senator is the Secretary.

When Sam laughs, which is mostly all the time, we are transported to the barnyard dictionary for a simile to portray it. He hates extra sessions like a Southern Democrat, but believes politics to be an honest profession. Sam's favorite pastime is in encouraging "Cornie" to "rough" somebody. "Hey, fellers, come 'ere, John's going to buy!"

WALTER P. HARMAN, A.B............................... Rutland, Vt.

A consistent delver in the mines of Blackstone, a hustler, thinker and "high brow." Walt is authority for the adage that "he who sleeps during a lecture will never go into a state of somnolence during an examination." Notwithstanding his close application to study his presence at class functions has always been demanded.

No one who has ever heard him deliver one of Daniel Webster's orations will ever forget how vividly he portrayed the dead statesman's address, with tears streaming down his face. Afterwards he claimed a cold was responsible but his friends knew better. He is called the hat smasher, never having been known to pass the row of hats near the door without knocking down several. "Harmony" is also a quartette organizer but says there are few good singers nowadays. He is one of them.
RINGGOLD HART, ΦΔΔ ........................................ Washington, D. C

This is a strange manner of man, poet, scholar and last but not least, orator. At times he pleases you with a recitation of Bobby Burns, at others he startles you with assertions from the realms of science, and at others awes you with his forensic power. Among the nuggets of wisdom that have fallen from his lips is this: "Life is a kaleidoscope of actions, legal and otherwise, all emanating from the heart."

Then (as an illustration of his versatility) he has said that the pebbles along the Potomac are poisonous, and has fortified his position with scientific data. He believes that the jury system is archaic; for, he asserts, you might get a glimmer of intelligence into a judge's head but you couldn't so succeed with twelve men. He's a strange, strange creature. We shall watch his career with interest and with awe.

WILBUR HARTLEY ........................................ Mankato, Minn.

"Willie" the peacemaker; the possessor of all medals for quietness, the lord of that section of the class-room from which no whisper has ever been known to emanate. "Hart" has become known as a Hornbook "shark" and according to some "as a 'stude' he is there." His favorite subject is Torts, the reading of which he supplements with the adventures of Western heroes as depicted upon moving picture films.

Within a short time "Hart" fell for the wiles of Dan Cupid and as a result he has been advocating the suffragette movement. His "case" is a bad one as he is opposed by another member of the class, with the odds in favor of Bowen. Although we can't imagine "Willie" as being a very ardent wooer, we nevertheless believe he will get rid of his only rival. More power to you, Old Man, stick to it.
Juan Herrero
Humacao, P. R.

Our one and only from Porto Rico. He is little, but a student from away back in the cane-brakes. We have heard it rumored that he followed Aguinaldo in the palmy days of the insurrectos. If this is true, every vestige of the warrior has since disappeared, Ames’ Cases has replaced the machete, and he has perfectly acquired the innocuous air of an Angel of Peace.

We understand that he is only sojourning here, and that a fair señorita awaits him in the tropical isles. Well, our Little Brown Brother, as the backwoods statesmen insist upon calling you, when you reach again the land where the bananas grow (perhaps they do), where the banyan tree luxuriates (we are not so sure about this either), and where the caribou wallows (here at last we are certain of our ground), give her our regards.

Andrew J. Hickey
Washington, D. C.


At the first class-meetings, with hickory stick in hand and backed by a solid phalanx of stand-patters, Andrew seized upon the chair and elected himself Secretary. When presiding over our first assembly, he appropriated the gavel and has been wielding it continuously ever since that time. It is understood that, when this political star arose from oblivion and flamed meteor-like across the firmament, wee Palmer murmured, “My word,” his summum ultimum of disapproval.
Hodgson the omnipresent, the unofficial but officious cheer-leader de facto of the Class of 1911. His first two years of school were spent in winning a beautiful maiden's heart, and his third in milking cows, running lawn mowers, and staying "home" nights.

"Sir Reginald" as he is sometimes called was the most persistently, if not the best, dressed man in the class before his marriage. The excessive carrying of bundles (not the packages some of you are thinking of) has made him a trifle careless but he still puts up a fair front.

"Red" they used to call him, until the fiery locks of Reddington obtained that debonair gentleman a monopoly upon the name. Now Hodgson is "Sir Reginald." Reginald! Ye Gods! We know lots of things that Hodgson is, but he is most assuredly not Reginald.

Decided law was better than hard work when four years old. Like many more who have delightful remembrances, he believes the Equity Procedure exam was the most unpleasant event in his course.

We do not exaggerate when we say we believe he should have entered grand opera, for he has a fine voice. He has hard work getting others to sympathize with him in his campaign for more studies in the law schools of the nation. Last fall he wrestled Cox for the lightweight championship.

He maintains that Washington is the educational center of the world, not even barring Pekin. Is a crank on health questions, and does not expect to leave the earthly circuit until 2008, when he believes his aide-de-camp, Wood, will be reincarnated.
He first blossomed forth verdantly in that portion of this fair metropolis which is bounded on the north by Oak Hill Cemetery, on the south by the canal, on the east by Rock Creek, on the west by the Thirty-fifth street toughs, and which is officially designated as Georgetown, and unofficially, but familiarly, as Herring Hill.

Early in life he acquired a tough-fibred mind and body from association with the wild denizens of those parts; and participated with them in the joyous daily pastime of waging race-wars and baiting cops. Later on, with the redoubtable Corbett, he journeyed through Kansas and assisted that state in raising "more hay, and less hell." Or was it the other way around? Although still able to digest wire nails, he has settled into the peaceful practice of patent law, and become a reserved and sedate member of the body politic.

Mr. Thomas J. Hurney........................................Washington, D. C.

Tom is a fine Irishman as Irishmen come, and some of them come a long way; for it is quite a distance from the peat-bogs of Ireland.

To digress from the above. There are some persons who are born to fit into a prepared niche in the universe, who have already carved for them the couch on which to recline, the chair in which to sit, the rostrum from which to speak; these are the favored few, for whom the future is an open book, for whom the steam roller of Fate has evened the path of circumstance. And Tom is one of them. His ultimate destination, the prepared niche, is the faculty of Georgetown University. He is connected with the firm of Hamilton, Colbert, Yerkes and Hamilton—and Brady.
Benjamin L. Jacobson  
San Francisco, Cal.

“Cherub” is not a member of any local bar, the statements of various members of the class to the contrary notwithstanding. He does not imbibe, except at class smokers. His motto has been to let the other chap do the talking; yet he has not been found wanting in rebuttal, when his pet subject, bachelorhood, is under fire.

The first man, mentioned for the quartet, when the hours get mellow. By the unanimous vote of the “Amen Corner,” Cherub has been selected to constitute a committee of one, when St. Peter needs another legal light in Paradise. He has taken this honor modestly, though the skies etch the limit of his ambition.

He will make a specialty of bankruptcy law.

Joseph J. Kelly  
Washington, D.C.

Kelly is the ward politician of the whole crew. We have many parliamentarians or would-be parliamentarians; we also have many politicians or would-be politicians, but Kelly is not one of these. He’s just a ward heeler. He shines best at class elections or similar occasions, and is strong on counting ballots or passing the hat.

A lineal descendant of a famous house, numbering among his ancestors such historical characters as King Kelly, Speed Kelly and the no less famous Kelly whom nobody ever saw. Knowing that his progenitors would turn over in their graves should he prove unworthy of the name, Kel moved across the creek and elected himself Mayor of Georgetown. Kelly’s first copy of Tiedman’s Cases on Real Property was bound in orange; and he immediately conceived a deadly animosity towards the work.
The pompadour personified. The ex­
tenuating circumstance. He offers him­
self continually in evidence, not realizing
that he is immaterial to the issue, and irrel­
evant in the extreme. Yet we believe
him affirmatively unobjectionable.

Whoever invented "innocuous des­
uetude" meant it for Kennedy.

He is an habitue of Carmody Row, and
in that line of incongruous individualities,
his lack of individuality stands out so
prominently that a few of us have been
deceived and have attributed to him a
strikingly original personality.

His past is fleckless, and there is no
cloud upon the horizon of his future, but
the gentleman himself is a pale gray mist.

They say, "best men are molded out
of faults; and, for the most, become much
more the better for being a little bad." Tiring of the quiet shores of the Pacific,
Mark blew over the continent to take a
chance near our more turbulent waters.

No sooner arrived than he was "taken
up" and proceeded to cut quizzes for three
weeks. Says late to bed, late to rise,
makes a man feel like a sport. "Lies ten
nights awake, carving the fashion of a
new doublet." Mark likes the pavement
on "F," and may be found in that
locality frequently, wearing a dip that
makes Palmer green with jealousy. He is
what is popularly termed a blond beauty,
and was a member of the original Flori­
dora Sextette.
Personally we do not like the Dutch; we have no sympathy for their ideals, their ambitions, their aspirations, their thrift, or their sauerkraut. We deem it an intrusion upon good Celtic ground when they place their wooden shoes within these halls; and here we state our hearty approval of race riots, especially when they are sanctioned by tradition.

However, this particular Dutchman is all right. He labors under the misfortune of having spent four years at Penn; but bears up manfully under it. Altogether we would say that he is a man, “Who fortune’s buffets and rewards has ta’en with equal thanks.” What were the rewards? Let us see—Ah! we have it: first honors in Freshman year. And fortune’s buffets? That’s easy. He was born Dutch and sent by unkind fate to Penn.

Morris didn’t come into the lime-light until he moved into “Carmody Row.” His career there has been meteoric. Going in as an apprentice he served the Seer well. He carried about at all times a digest of the questions asked by the luminaries of the Row and made himself generally useful. By sheer pluck and determination he has forged ahead until today he is recognized by each and every man in the class as one of the most brilliant and capable of that most august body.

From the beginning he firmly believed he would reach the top. The struggle to attain his ideal was not in vain. No one can question the courage and devotion which he displayed in the effort to demonstrate the truth of his convictions. His career and rise to fame is a great lesson to every American boy.
JOHN W. LAIHART
Washington, D. C.

He is the youngest member of our ranks. Much credit is due him for crowding into his brain the various difficult subjects and progressing so rapidly. One of his peculiarities is being heard from at all times, even during lecture, without being called upon to express his views, but, on the other hand, escaping the ever watchful eye of the professor while doing so.

One who has had the pleasure of watching Jack at a baseball game, when he becomes enthused, would readily come to the conclusion that if, in the future, he should take to law as he does to baseball, our posterity will be reading law books edited by John W. Lainhart, Jr. He grows about an inch a month and if we had another year before graduation, he might make a strong candidate to oppose lengthy Freeman, for Sergeant-at-Arms.

CHARLES E. LANE, ΦΔ
Cheyenne, Wyo.

This tall, gaunt young man's symmetry of form is undoubtedly due to frequent exhibitions on the hurricane deck of a pitching cayuse. When Charles exchanged romance for law, he left behind him his cowboy accoutrements of chaps, gun and bowie knife. This occasioned no little surprise and when asked for an explanation he gave in true Western style, "You son-of-a-gun, we're civilized."

Through innate modesty, so often found in the Westerner, Lane denies that ex-President Roosevelt complimented him at the Frontier Day Celebration last summer on his work with the lariat rope. While "in transitu" to Wyoming, Lane acts as the genial chaperon of an indefinite number of seminary girls, but thanks to the indefiniteness he is still in a state of single blessedness.
Look who's here! Never before hath there been seen the like of John R., the boy lawyer. Words can not describe him, no eloquence portray him. Not exactly an atheist, for he modestly concedes that "prayers are be-u-tiful things," but discredits the efficacy of prayer to relieve a headache.

Hob-nobs with those "higher up," and regularly attends all social functions attired in an arraignment distinctly "ae plus ultra" (meaning a velvet collar). Should one perchance happen to stroll over to Connecticut Avenue any bright Sunday "awfternoon, John will surely be seen cavorting up and down, a Palmer stick in his hand and a Lew Weber dip over his porcupine cranium. "Say, kid, whatchergoinerdothisevening?"

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Like the Daniel of Old we have in this Daniel a wonderful and exceptional man; for he never reads law and sleeps through the lectures (at least he says this and so we must believe), but when it comes to a decision of a question of law Dan is just as much there as his famous namesake ever was in his old lions' den. Dan is modest and unassuming when not in argument; but he is never out of one, for this is his favorite sport.

He is justly famous for two things: First: his one-time athletic prowess, and, Secondly, his present power to charm at the dance, for once turn Dan loose at a party of Young Things and he owns the entertainment.

He stepped quietly into school during the first days of October, 1907, and he has made a deep impression as a walking "Egyptian Encycloped'a." His advice to 1912 men is that they study hard and keep away from the moving picture shows. He is the only member of the class who can quote extemporaneously all the jokes given out by "Daddy" Baker in conjunction with his first year lectures on real property.

"Mike" shines at banquets and little spreads and is of a jovial temperament. It was he who discovered that Morris Cohen had a remarkable voice and at one time thought of giving up Blackstone to manage his "find." He may be seen any Sunday afternoon on Connecticut Avenue.

MAURICE J. McAULIFFE ..................................... St. Paul, Minn.

First dipped the oar of mirth and sadness away back in the eighties, and has been shouting for tariff revision ever since. He also believes in war. It doesn't matter with what nation. Mac is strongly inoculated with martial spirit, and delighteth in gore on general principles. His gentle manner hideth a fiery temperament, and he does not sleep on his rights.

Though a Doubting Thomas on certain hide-bound legal texts preached by the lecturers, he has an unquenchable desire for law. He intends to pursue special paths of learning for next four years, and then may perhaps begin all over again; for, he never lets the dope creep into his system.
GEORGE F. McCANNA

He was born in the rubber city, Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in the early 80's. He migrated from that berg, at the call of Uncle Sam, and landed in the Capital City. Endowed with confidence, he entered Georgetown with the view of obtaining a degree, that he might return to his native city and lay down principles of law before unheard. As a student George has made a tremendous hit.

At breakfast he fairly devours absque hoes and quare clausum fregits, lunches on non obstante veredictos and in the evening fills up on replications de injuria; and even then, when called upon by the quiz-master, his perception of the law when expounded has been amusing.

HARRY E. MCCULLOUGH

The door opens: first we see a monster, readily recognized by all as "Buck Freeman," and after the closest inspection we at last find his little colleague, Harry E. McCullough, more familiarly known as Jeff. Jeff comes trotting along at the heels of his "big brother." When Mac first blew in, wearing a large sombrero and incidentally letting it be known that he hailed from the Bad-Man's-Land part of New Mexico, a number of "Tenderfoots" took to the hills. "Jeff's" abbreviated stature, however, didn't seem to justify the great fear and eventually they returned. When called upon in class, Mac discloses a Bloomerlike voice, and the question, "Is he married, too?" is answered in the affirmative. What will become of him when he returns to Santa Fe, we dare not predict.
He prides himself on a fancied resemblance to Henry Clay. Never having had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Ancient and Honorable Henry we cannot speak authoritatively as to the resemblance. Yet it is admitted that Mac has an intellectual air, a look only acquired by persistent attention to the mirror.

Mac is bright. We cast no reflection upon the roseate tinting of his locks; but speak in earnest, having heard him, assisted by his brother benedict, Dooley, defend a fair divorce suit client against the bitter attacks of our marital cynic, Pop Wood.

Mac has a peculiar fondness for the front seat in the lecture hall. We are uncertain whether to ascribe this to a perverted desire for prominence or to an affinity for Ottenberg.

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave and I will wear him in my heart's core, aye in my heart of hearts." In all the emotions of life, save one, Walter exhibits an angelic innocence that would entitle him to become an inhabitant of one's "heart of hearts."

But verily is he a slave to "le grande Passion." Mild as a summer zephyr, soft as the gentle rippling of a woodland stream, yielding and pliant as the quivering aspen; such is the Walter that we know, but in love he is "bold lak a lion" and persevering as the lion-hunter.

The sylvan haunts of Rock Creek Park know him well, and the birds of the woods hearken to his coming. His Sunday afternoon address is "picking daisies in the Park."
Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia of the United States of America. Oh, yes, Mac has a title, gentle reader, please bear in mind that important fact. Mac is not only a titled gentleman, but he is also distinguished (looking). He has white, pure white, snowy white, yea, silky white hair; and he carries a ton or two of Class-A dignity about his august personage with becoming grace. Mac will make a great lawyer, all right, all right, because he's a mighty handy man when it comes to making exhibits for Moot Court work, and his versatility as a jack-of-all-trades will stand him in good stead when he hangs out his shingle.

Mac is one of the most versatile members of our class; and, by the way, is business manager of this book. Could you from a casual glance at his picture doubt his debility? Then, again, Mac is a debater. He is not a mere speaker or a spell-binder or anything like that; he's a debater. A debater, you know, is one who has a most vivid imagination and a firmly rooted idea that the judges have just as vivid an imagination and as little common sense. Mac is just like that.

Mac dances, too. When his sylph-like form is enveloped in a dress suit, he is the envy of all his fellows and the delight of all the girls. He's also going to be quite some lawyer, too, if signs count for anything. Take a look at those on the advertising board of the book. Mac lettered 'em.
ARCHIBALD McNAUGHT

Baraboo, Wis.

McNaught is one man who has many important plans for the future; but he is very reticent when approached on the subject, and confides only in his closest friends. It has leaked out, however, notwithstanding his guarded attitude, that he intends to carry on the great work started by Carrie Nation.

"Mac" has never become closely affiliated with the law, preferring to glide smoothly over the surface rather than delve in the depths looking for trouble. He is a great believer in Judge Cox, and has occupied a seat in the Cox row so long that he has become imbued with the political atmosphere which ever surrounds that glistening celebrity.

CHARLES J. MAHAN
Bordentown, N. J.

This colossus did not come from Rhodes, but he would travel there at this date to attend lectures if he thought it owned a better school than Georgetown. Has a decided aversion to publicity in any form, but would not deter the press from printing obituaries of some of the malcontents in the "Amen Corner."

He is the only member of the class who has already ordered his shingle, and it is highly ornamented with gold leaf. At present he is undecided where to practice, having glittering inducements to locate in Alaska and upon the equator. His thoughts are directed upon Mexico, however, and he may yet be the first "gringo" president of the land of the deathless Diaz.
HENRY E. MANGHUM, ΔΧ.........................................................Washington, D. C.

His chief ambition is to be inside the pearly gates to discover whether or not Daniel W. gets to heaven, and why. He blushes on the slightest occasion, especially when you mention Chevy Chase. Within these sacred precincts, where our unallowed feet have never trod, he strolls nonchalantly, as one to the manner born, and monarch of all he surveys.

His occupation for the past year has been gathering condensed knowledge from the congested encyclopedia Boyd, and distributing it in type written form for the mental edification of his friends. Early in youth, he acquired the rather descriptive title of "Possum." His assertion that the Class of '11 is preeminent for pure American bluff, though hearsay, is permitted in evidence as an admission against interest.

MASON MANGHUM............................................................Washington, D. C.

Earlier in life he attended the city's post-graduate high school, George Washington. Three years in our midst, however, have proved of great benefit to him and he has almost convalesced from the sickness of his youth. He still retains a suggestion of the tripping walk and inane expression peculiarly cultivated by the insects from that particular hive of quasi-education.

In our hearing he has been called good-looking. We will not deny it here, since we have no desire to enter into a dispute with him as to a subject on which he has such firm convictions. It would be like arguing religion with a hard-shell Baptist. We'll be polite and say that he was elected in his second year to the office of Vice-President, where ornamental qualities are the only necessary qualifications—witness Steve Elliott and Dick Daniels.
Tench T. Marye

Washington, D. C.

One more shining light of the row in the hall of fame. He believes in answering the quiz master’s questions in a distinct and incisive manner calculated to convey the impression that he is a Strong Man. Nevertheless he is inordinately modest.

The worst thing we can say about Tench is that he is a woman-hater, without the courage of his convictions. He is not fond of the appellation in spite of its association with Lord Kitchener.

Having been a star student and prize pupil at Western High School and George Washington, he came to Georgetown seeking for more worlds to conquer. Here, however, he ran foul of our child wonders, Crossfield and Elliott, and the best he could go was to trail them to a finish.

Anthony J. Meyer

Jersey City, N. J.

Meyer, the Hercules of the class. Gog and Magog had nothing on him for immensity. Given the humble handicap of three-inch heeled shoes, he towers to the altitude of an even five feet.

On account of his ponderosity, he has been often deputized by Tom Thumb Freeman, and thus has proven a mighty power for peace during voting times, the times that try men’s souls.

He does duty as our most perfect specimen of a real, live graven-image. This gravity is of such an enduring and permanent character that his risibles are unexcited even by his own mistakes. He wears an enameled, waxed, plaster of Paris expression of seriousness that would be a credit to the woe-begone bust of Lincoln in Statuary Hall.
"Oh, the pretty, pretty creature!" Please excuse us for becoming enthusiastic, but really we cannot help it whenever we think of the subject of this sketch. Milburn is a genuine beauty. Six feet in stature, coal black hair and coal black eyes! Add to these the bearing of a prince and a royal presence and you have a vague idea of Milburn.

Another delightful thing is an entire unconsciousness of his many and varied charms. Milburn does not pay much attention to his Law School course, and comes only occasionally, when he is the envy of us all. Therefore if you wish to be sure to see him it will be necessary for you to go down to the little Café Republic where he passes much of his time, and where he is at his best.

Moore, Everett F.........................................................Front Royal, Va.

He is not entirely satisfied with the Law of the Land as it exists today; and this has brought him into disrepute with the professors, who mistake conscientious conviction for ignorance. In Moot Court, he has taken the judge and his adversary frequently by surprise, his nimble reasoning cantering in several miles ahead of the authorities.

We understand that, in emulation of his Irish namesake, he has contracted the poetry habit, and will soon publish a ballad, entitled "They Are Hanging Jim O'Leary in the Morning." While he is a strict Prohibitionist, he has been heard to claim that the study of Jurisprudence is very dry, and he has endeavored to moisten it a little by mixing his courses.
In the fall of 1909 a fine specimen blew into school, threw his carpet bag at "Abe," brushed some hayseed from his coat, kicked some Virginia mud from his boots and exclaimed, "Wall, here I be, and here I stay until I get one of them sheepskins.

Although it is not generally known our friend John W. was the man.

Probably he would have made good his threat if it had not been for the versatile "Abe," who told him that the hash emporium on the corner was one of the dormitories. Thither he hied himself, and, though the ruse was soon discovered, there he has remained. It is rumored that he has succumbed to the wiles of a petite, blonde waitress, a modern Ulysses at the Shrine of Calypso.

He has won his laurels as champion hoaxer of the class. He is also one of the most verdant critics on the roster. With a felicitous and persistent manner of extracting information, his efforts in the future will, undoubtedly, be concentrated on investigating criminal proceedings.

He is a consistent worker and believes in the principles of pleading, despite the famous struggles with Ames' cases. "Murph" is very bashful, although thoroughly unconscious of the fact. "Fearless" has no aversion to letting the whole world know that he intends to run a cash law office after graduation. A most democratic spirit, he does not harbor disdain for the least of fellows. He has the earmarks of a politician. "Murph" says the people will rule in the end. Passed unanimously.
MICHAEL J. MURPHY........................................................................ Providence, R. I.

There is no disguising the fact that Michael J. Murphy is an artist. Have we not witnessed those whom University Punch, at a banquet, with its monkeyfying influence has failed to pacify, literally hypnotized with the charming Carusonian refrains of this young man? "Murph" was told when quite young that the voice of law was the harmony of the world, and possessing the harmony, he began a three years' pursuit for the law.

The frenzied solicitude, with which the sturdies from Rhode Island guard their brilliant artist, is due to the paternal instinct each one takes in the career of the other. "Murph" is unlike the true artist, for he is of a retiring disposition and the company of the fair ones disturb his aesthetic sensibilities—therefore, he is as yet single.

HELGE O. H. MURRAY........................................................................ Washington, D. C.

The third or first of the unrelated family of Murrays who abide with us. We suppose that he is the prior Murray since we have in mind that ancient saw, "The first in order of time shall prevail." However to make the maxim apply there should be equal equities, and on more mature deliberation we put H. O. H. last. He chews cloves. This perhaps brings him within the operation of that other equitable proverb, "He who comes into equity must come with perfumed breath."

He has never been closely allied with any hide-bound aggregation; but, during the three years, he has loitered more or less around the outer fringes of that exclusive society known as the "Hurney Sewing Circle."
After studying for two years in the Monumental City, Reece determined to complete his course in law at Georgetown. This, however, was but a means to an end. Upon good authority it has been learned that we would never have had the pleasure of calling this little jewel Classmate, if it had not been for his uncontrollable desire to bask in the sunshine of the smiles at Chevy Chase College.

As a "fusser" he has all the other members of the class "beat a city block" and as an athlete, Walter Camp gives him the credit of being the only undefeated heavy-weight "Bull-thower" in the world. Baron Beau Brammel Munchausen is dead, long live the Baron.

The biographer and law-partner of L. Lee Parsons, the valiant. Verily is he a Boswell and sprouts and grows beneath the shadow of a mighty oak. Percy nominated L. Lee for Treasurer, out of the admiration of his heart, says Percy, but slander has rumored that he hoped to share the perquisites of office.

He is already engaged in active practice and is prosecuting a suit that seems to be of the utmost importance. We understand, however, that he has violated all known rules of procedure, and puts in an appearance every evening. The prosecuted party has hitherto been content with filing dilatory pleas, but she now threatens to demur to his pleadings as multifarious. Go ahead "Cookie"; you've already suffered a couple of non-suits, try a few more before you enter a nolle pros.
PETER J. NOONAN

With a rumbling voice that is only outclassed by Freeman's, Peter J. Noonan is looked upon as our "Professional Idol." When we say professional, we do not refer to Pete as a lawyer, far be it from such, but merely idolize him as our baseball king. Frequently this young man will attend lecture, togged out like a Beau Brummel, in spats, departing about 7 o'clock for parts unknown.

The question, "Where does he go?" is still unanswered, but it may be said that he is not a member of the married men's club. Doc Flynn contends that professional baseball players are inclined to have weak optics, but judging from the scenery Pete produced at the Senior Prom, his are perfectly normal.

RAYMOND S. NORRIS

Boyds, Md.

This little bundle of nerves joined us at the beginning of our Junior Year. The next day a section of the class which had until then been noted for its quiet and orderly conduct suddenly found itself in the lime-light. "Judge" Shaw once said, "It might be conquered but it could never be tamed."

Shortly after entering the class "Runt" mysteriously disappeared. In about ten days he was back as immaculate as ever but his eyes sparkled more than usual and his ever-present good natured grin was broader. Before being asked for an explanation he started to sing that popular song "I'm Married Now." The first to recover from the shock and surprise asked him how he accounted for any young lady marrying him; in his characteristic way he answered, "The fact that I am a lawyer helped a lot."
L. FRANK NYE
Hummelstown, Pa.

Nye is perfectly harmless, gentle and mild. He is an example of human personality approaching the vanishing point. He never says or does anything. He is listless and lifeless. We do not say this in a spirit of criticism. Indeed, there's merit in it and we wish that Betsy Reddington and two or three others were similarly afflicted.

We mention it rather as an excuse for not being able to say anything about him. He is simply a perfect little gentleman, and the only manifestation of life we have ever seen in three years' time is an apologetic smile which he has exhibited to us on two distinct occasions. He'll never do much harm—and there's virtue in that.

JAMES J. O'LEARY
Wheeling, W. Va.

To say that James is a Wild-Eye is to be guilty of a misnomer; for, in repose, he affects the expression of a nice, peaceful, hard-boiled egg, and a voice that is as gentle as the first spring zephyr. But let him become aroused, and all this mask is then thrown to the wind; the expression once passive, now becomes ferocious, and his voice once mild, now resembles the howling of a troubled seal. To all intents and purposes he becomes reincarnated into a "Vandal at the Gates of Rome."

When James first came among us he insisted on "The God-given Rights of American Citizens." Since then he has become a demagogue, and, after the manner of demagogues, he has organized a Noise Trust and cornered the market. His charm consists in asking questions of the lecturer on the night of a review lecture, this is not the only time James asks questions, but this is the time we Love him most for it.
Always assuming a gentlemanly aspect and possessing a disposition that harmonizes perfectly with such a characteristic, William J. is looked upon by his colleagues as being a true specimen of modesty and refinement. It is seldom Bill is heard from in discussing minor questions; but start something which incites the wrath of this ever docile “Buckeye;” for instance, make an attack upon his associate, the notorious J. J., and simultaneously the sleeping William awakes, and the lamb evolves into a lion.

The eloquence that follows is convincing, that, when Bill returns to his native state, or Tennessee (as the case may be), should he defend a murder case, he will have no trouble whatsoever in convincing a jury that his client should be hanged instead of sentenced to life imprisonment.

J. J. O’Neill is the style of signature used by the “Gentleman from Dunkirk, Indiana.” No one is really prepared to say whether or not the J. J. stands for Jesse James. As O’Neill is strongly opposed to the proposed legislation in Indiana, which if enacted will require every law-abiding citizen therein to procure a state license before enjoying the right to imbibe, no one seems to doubt his assertion that Dunkirk is in Indiana and that he is from Dunkirk.

Be that as it may, the son from the state where the sycamores grow tallest, says the time is now ripe, since the Democratic party has come into its own, to amend the Bill of Rights so as to provide for equal suffrage and also to equalize the right of free speech in Moot Court.
Louis Ottenberg

What is a quiz without our Louis? After a careful analysis, Louis can only be placed in that exclusive set known as "The Bright Lights." As an investigator of original and obsolete questions of law, Louis is a Bear. He reclines in the front-most seat with an Easy and Confident Grace, and openly astounds lecturers with his learning. It was for his benefit that Judge Wright invented the famous classic, "I was just coming to that, young man."

He is also some business man, being constantly seen in the teeming circles of trade, ever on the lookout for the elusive ducat.

It is rumored that he will compile a treatise on "Dower in Joint Tenancy, and Why There is None."

James A. C. Palmer

"Look, Pearl," "Oh! Mamie, ain't he g-r-a-n-d?" Occasionally Jimmie decides to give the F Street girls a treat; and when he does, he promenades up and down that thoroughfare for an hour or two.

Whenever this occurs, stroll along behind any two of the fair sex and something similar to the above may be heard. It is no idle jest to say the girls are not to blame for they really can't help it.

In fact, when our young Prince Charm- ing swaggers along, wearing the latest Scotch plaid, a cockney hat, broadcloth spats, French-heeled boots and a creation cravat, swinging his bamboo cane and saturating the atmosphere with sweet-evening-breeze fragrance, he seems in truth to be "A violet in the youth of primy nature. The perfume and suppli- ance of a moment—nothing more."
He slithers into the room with a swinging rubber stride. "Shock" is one of those persons popularly termed a slinker. He has the ambition of a well-fed tomcat and the mind of a Choate (or shoat). His resemblance to the inhabitants of a certain thriving village gained him the name of "Harlem" in his first year among us.

By attempting to divide his time between quarter-mileing, the law and femininity, he has acquired a vague expression that would do credit to Diogenes under his tub; and quarter-mileing, the law and genus feminarum have suffered proportionately and correspondingly. He has taken an active interest in the professors, and knows them each by name.

This is his real name and if his horoscope is willing it will some day adorn a frosted plate glass door or a laundry sign. Lee has had designs on the chair of cheer leader during the three years we have had him in our midst, and if the present incumbent had not been right on the job and held on with such bulldog tenacity, he would have had the one great ambition of his life fulfilled.

His voice is soft and purring and has swayed the multitudes in many a hoy for good old Georgetown. In summing up what posterity will say of this young man, we wish to call attention to the fact that the subject of this sketch combines three of the greatest virtues known to Georgetown—he stands preeminent as the only student of the Class of 1911 who will step from out these portals un-kissed, undrunken and unsophisticated.
Peter C. Paulson, A.B. Ashby, Minn.

"Aspen Leaf" Paulson, the world's greatest trembler, is one of our number. In direct contrast to the remainder of the class (who have plenty of nerve) Paulson is very shaky.

He frequently faints when called to recite and once when testifying as a witness in Moot Court fell from the platform, and had not Birkby been present with some of his restorative it is believed the attack would have been fatal. Paulson is an Insurgent and believes everybody else to be undesirable citizens, which may account for his nervousness.

It would be worth while for him to train with Kennedys and Ottenberg and cultivate more nerve. As it is he needs to consult Dr. Munyon or Lydia Pinkham.

A. McBride Peeples Varnville, S. C.

Peeples by name but not by nature. Judging from the few ripples which he has caused upon the smooth surface of our class-room tranquility one would hardly consider him a real live person.

The quiet and unassuming manner of "Mack" has made life for the Domesday biographer a burden. Little, if anything, has been discovered that could be called good material and what little we did learn of him was blue-penciled by "T. W." Norris, who considers him his protégé.

"Runt" explained his action by saying "Mack" was the personification of all that was good and the antithesis of all that wasn't. It is hoped that this is so, and no doubt it would be believed to be so, if it were not the custom of his sponsor to "spread the salve" when referring to his friends.
FREDERICK M. PELZMAN

Fritz is a man occupying a somewhat unusual position in life; that is, he has a triple personality. Fritz is a Soldier, Business Man and Student, all at the same time. When studies and business bore him, he simply tucks on his sword and does Deeds.

He alleges that he got a certain Medal for Soldiering, but his friends say that he was awarded it in a pie eating contest at River View. Fritz’s business ability is pronounced, and came out strongly at the time of the Virginia game, when he plastered the line of march with Uncle’s circulars.

Ah, we forgot an additional attainment: Fritz is also a Politician. But so is and was T. J. Fitz and a better one. We subscribe to the doctrine of the last laugh.

FRED H. POWELL, Ph.B

The earliest account we have of Powell is, that he was entered a student at the Union University and received his Ph.B., of which no record exists—none at least has been discovered. But from his very accurate description of the locality of the place we have concluded that he speaks the truth.

He is a nice fellow, but is inclined to be bashful and much prefers the chirping of the little birdies and the lowing of the bossy cows in the front row, to the company of the stragglers who handle the hammer in the rear of the lecture room.

He prescribes philosophy and law as a panacea for all ills; and for the irritation induced by a Hamiltonian Bankruptcy lecture he advises comfort in a volume of Plato.
In John one sees the legal visage and the indomitable will. He intends to force the federal authorities to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners. They should have more freedom, air, light, violets, and Pall Mall cigarettes. Opposed to the untoward machinations of party leaders, he keeps in view a new political organization.

Withal he takes his honors modestly. And the honors are manifold. Like the Bard of Avon, we wonder how such a little head can contain so much wisdom. One friend of John's is already booming him for a place in the District Judiciary. With due respect to our bar and bench, it would not be amiss to state that a great honor waits the legal band of this glorious capital. What?

Robert E. Purcell .......................... Monticello, N. Y.

Notice, please, Robert E. is to be taken seriously. That is, he sincerely desires and believes that he should be so taken; and it is a safe bet that there is no one of our number, with the possible exception of Brad and Kennedy, who takes himself more seriously than the aforesaid Robert E.

He is the proud possessor of a Bill Nye Adam's Apple; and, by wearing a Piccadilly collar, he displays its dimpled beauty for the delight of all beholders. Whereat they marvel exceedingly. Robert E. has of late been exalted to the position of chairman of the Prom Committee; and his light is no longer hid beneath a bushel basket. This of course is the most important committee appointment of the whole three (3) (III) years. Eh? Certainly, says Robert E.
MICHAEL A. RATTIGAN

Providence, R. I.

Providence, R. I., after enduring hardships and vicissitudes from the times of the early Pilgrims, has come into its own; and now proudly boasts of the "Joy Line" and "Mike Rattigan." "Mike" at an early age kissed the Blarney Stone and emigrated from the Emerald Isle under circumstances more or less peculiar. It is not generally known, but, in violation of the law prohibiting the bringing in of foreign labor under contract, Mike passed through Castle Garden and went direct to Providence.

Small of stature, he would probably attract no special attention, if he could, at all times, wear his hat; but take off the hat, and then the "extended forehead" with its few strands of carefully combed, parted and curled hair, offers a sight that is a treat to the gods.

CORNELIUS T. REDDINGTON

Jessup, Pa.

He is not a Pennsylvania Dutchman or a Republican, even if he does come from the land of scrapple and the hotbed of the Grand Old Party. He once admitted, while debating on Immigration, that he was not an Italian. Red is what might be called an Irish Insurgent, and no class meeting was ever held that failed to elicit some of his progressive ideas.

He is a hard student, so hard that the law can hardly soak in; but from his mingling with classmates such as Quiz Master Ottenberg and John Doyle Carmody, Ph.L.M. (Doctor of the Land Marines), he has assimilated enough law to feel tolerably well qualified in the science. He looks like a Berserker and talks like a siren whistle with a brogue.
JOHN J. REGAN
Indiapolis, Ind.

This eminent authority makes the members of the front row contingent miserable by his long and arduous harangues on the abstract subject of demurrers. In his Freshman year he wrote a small book on Real Property which the examiner said was rather weird. "It was many moons before he got over it."

A pathetic tableau can be seen any night when Ragan burdens "Jeff" Rat-tigan with "a newly-discovered example of a speaking demurrer." The truth is that Ragan himself is a perfect example of the speaking demurrer. He prides himself as one of the corn-fed boys of Indiana and has lately become a Democrat.

CHARLES C. REIF, M. E.

Hamilton, Ohio.

A regular Terpsichorean fiend, Charles believes dancing should be added to our most overburdensome curriculum. The reason? Ask Charles. At class elections he is desirous of obtaining the floor to deliver a semi-philippic against something or other but we manage to keep him quiet by selecting him to pass the bonnet for the ballots.

A constant patron of the Moot Court, he has more than once blighted the hopes of one of our rising young ones by snoring perceptibly during a brilliant vocal demonstration on the law in the case. Is given to admiring his winsome countenance by utilizing White's head as a mirror. Has forsworn his home on account of John J.
Roy is quiet, studious, and we believe thoroughly tamed. Like one of Dickens' characters, he seems very "'umble," which may or may not be due to his having taken to himself a helpmeet since joining us. Like many another who has distinguished himself upon the field of Hymen, he usually leaves before the end of the hour, which also may or may not be due to the fact that law is read to him on his arrival home.

Be that as it may, Roy is sufficiently noiseless to make him a marked exception to most of the class, and if he continues in the even tenor of his ways he will doubtless enjoy a journey through life placid, undisturbed, serene and calm. It may be possible that his front name has proven too much for his strength and left him subdued.

Ea-mau-ke-waw-ne-ai-ke-mono! ne exeat, e pluribus unum. That is not all that could be said about him, but it is sufficient to emphasize the supreme indifference with which he has met any advances of a friendly nature. Leonard is doubtless a good fellow at heart; out an iceberg isn't in it when it comes to a show-down on appearances with him.

His exposition of the doctrines of his patron saint, Mary Baker Eddy, leads us to believe that he is cut out for better things than civil law. In concluding we take the liberty of quoting from the subject himself: "I come from those isles of peace which shine like opalescent gems in the translucent ocean."
"Schlitz," can't vote as he is only a local, but some say he can play basketball, and that, of course, puts him a peg or two above the Common Herd. This name "Schlitz" has a peculiar and suspicious atmosphere about it; but, as we are not certain how it came to be applied, we refuse to express our opinion.

Capt. "Schlitz" is about to retire from the arena; and he says he has been in the limelight so long, and has won the plaudits of so many multitudes that he will sadly yearn for the good old days when his sturdy legs were the cynosure of admiring eyes. How he will miss the gay comaraderie of the Village Cut-up, Georgie Goggin. They are as once were Jonathan and David—thick as thieves.

Frank L. Shaw, A.B. 
Augusta, Me.

This is the other member of the Shaw family in our midst, but the one noticeable resemblance between the two is their common pasturage after dark. They have some points of striking dissimilarity. H. Shaw talks all the time, but this Shaw never talks—at least not when he is in normal condition. It is proper to add, however, that he is not always to be depended on as being in normal condition, and Woodruff and other of similar stripe say that he is decidedly irresponsible in the talk he makes at such times.

Frankie has the saving grace of an air of innocence; but he went to Tufts College when a young lad and there is cumulative evidence that he learned much outside the books. Look out for him any time after 6 p.m.
Look upon this disciple of "Tom" Reed when in his suave and engaging manner he is "lining up the doubtful ones" at class elections; and it is not hard to pick one of the future leaders in Maine politics. "Judge" is a Republican by birth; but, now that Maine has gone Democratic, some are asking the question, Will he forsake the faith of his forefathers to become Houlton's Justice of the Peace?

Your Honor at all times has a "new one" to tell, so if you are a lover of good stories—stories that you can tell your little brother and stories you can't, stories as pure as the driven snow and stories that are not, stories that are risqué and stories that are really—well! go see the "Judge."

FENNY L. SHINE ...........................................Needham Heights, Mass.

"Mr. Shine;" calls the quiz-master, and then as the tune of "Shine on, Harvest Moon" softly echoes through the class-room, Shine slowly arises to expound on the law. Tall, stately and dignified to a fault, this descendant of two of the members of Miles Standish's house-boat party lays down many rules of law which not only bewilder most of his classmates but some of the quiz masters.

If Hank sticks to law he will make an admirable Notary Public. If he should become an Artist's model Christy and Gibson would vie for his services. If he takes to fistic sports, his physique will cause him to be heralded as a new "white hope." No matter which way he turns the success of our Fashion Plate is assured.
Senior member of the illustrious firm of Smart, Swin(d)gle, Wise. Undoubt-edly the name of Council Grove, a ham-let situate on the Neosho River (with apologies to all real rivers) would have remained in obscurity had it not been for the advent of her famous son into the halls of Georgetown University.

He has never assigned any valid reason for taking to law but from his varied and interesting career as a supporter of Woman Suffrage, it is presumed he did so in order to keep out of jail. Art maintains the high standard his name implies and is an excellent student. His favorite pastime consists in emptying cigarette boxes to adorn the walls of his den.

A product of Washington and Lee and the state of Alabama—perhaps we have inverted the order of his evolution.

He may be seen at any hour of the day practicing a politician walk, and sauntering nonchalantly up and down the aisles in the House of Representatives.

He also gave us a treat the night of the triangular Woodruff-Fitzgerald-Abbott affair, by continually strolling, cigar in hand, up to the presiding officers' rostrum, and calling out smoothly, but authoritatively: "Meester Cha-a-man." His little tilt with the reverend bear-cat Daniel W. will go down in history as the most completely "forlorn hope" ever had by a student against that impregnable and sarcastic citadel.
The dormitory in which this little cherub slept while at the Michigan Agriculture College was destroyed by a fire that served as a beacon light for his entrance into Georgetown. After he had matriculated, he sought a permanent abode that would be a protection against all fires, here and hereafter. He decidedly rightfully or wrongfully on the Y. M. C. A. A quiet and orderly existence amongst the pillars of virtue has choked up whatever convivial disposition he may have possessed before he left "that dear Munica."—Munica being a patch of land in Michigan.

J. Nota McGill says that he expects to see Louis handing down patent decisions some day. But some day is so indefinite and J. Nota is such a jollier.

This, gentlemen, is "Honest Abe" Spethman, the walking ghost of the class, a horrible example for the consumers of bum cigars.

He is obliged to stand twice in one place to make a shadow; and, though he luxuriates in 6 feet 6 inches of length, he is reputed to weigh less than 90 pounds.

He is a sort of bird man, the wind often blowing him away; but owing to his light weight he always lands without injury. He looks gentle and harmless; but beware, he's wild when irritated, and also very easily irritated.

If you have any doubts on this point snap the back of his neck with a rubber band. This kind of a joke came near costing several of us our lives back in second year.
What is that large noise? Is it Mr. Watkins ringing for Abe or just a general fire alarm? No, 'tis neither, 'tis only little Allen with a new suit, one of those screaming, howling, sonorous effects, fresh from the mid-winter sale at Schwartz and Pelzman's.

Sprowls, with his mania for clothes manages somehow to keep in touch with the law; but 'tis remarkable how he can have a taste for one thing so radical and at the same time a fancy for the slow, calm, unpretentious law book. Allen's favorite expression is, "Karoo, when he do," which is a Chinese proverb, and translated means,"My Heart is like a race horse on the plain, Easy to let go, but hard to rein."

We regret that any part of the class of 1911 must bear such a hard name as it is compelled to do. Frederick N. Stone is responsible for this burden. It is hardly presumable that when Mr. Stone goes out to practice law, he will endeavor to retain the rigidity which his name indicates.

When you see stone you naturally think of its quiet and solitudinous nature, but the experience of the Class of 1911 was altogether different. When they saw Stone, they would involuntarily think how restless, noisy and boisterous Stone had gotten to be. It would sometimes be so great that the class, and even the Professor would actually turn to Stone.

Of all the difficult names our class has ever known, None have been so hard as Frederick N. Stone.
Ernest A. Swingle ................................. Washington, D. C.

Ernest says that at first his parents thought of sending him to A Young Ladies' seminary in Rock Creek Park, so that he could be near them(?), but he teased awfully hard for a long time and finally told them what nice boys attended Georgetown, so they let him come. He is the dormant partner in the firm of Smart, Swingle, Wise. Being an authority on the practical use of water as a thirst allayer we encouraged him to become a member of the Y. M. C. A.

Those who are wont to look on Ernest, however, as a gentle little lamb, should not forget the night he chloroformed that stimulator of vocal culture, Judge Easby-Smith, in a fruitless attempt to prove Klopfer an honest man. At the termination of the examination, the Judge congratulated Klopfer on having survived the tornado.

He wears his hair à la Kennedy, but we do not take exception to this as it enhances the beauty of his otherwise legal dome.

S. Jay Teller, M.E., B.A. ............................. Unadilla, N. Y.

Editor of Domesday,

Georgetown University.

My dear Editor:

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," consequently I am taking the liberty of requesting to be let down easy when I am written up. This may seem selfish of me but in reality it is not and you wouldn't think so if you but understood my predicament. In short, I have promised a book to a Certain Person and I don't want anything to come between this young lady and Her Happiness.

Help me—I may subscribe for another copy.

"Sincerely yours,

"Teller."
If the statue of Horace Greeley looks lonely in Greeley Square, Thomas A. does in the classroom. He usually communes with himself; and derives profit thereby much more than he could ever obtain from communion with some of our lurid intellectuals. While he has not been closely identified with class affairs, he has proven a quasi-Solomon in others.

We understand that he is a philosopher. His life runs as placidly as the Potomac in mid-summer, and all the misgivings he has ever had related to the law of corporations. He believes in a heaven, where the angels are all lawyers. He admits that he is quiet, but says he is honest and obliging.

"They met — 'twas in a crowd." (Ed. note—"In life there are meetings which seem like fate.") Then to his classmates he did say: "Hence ye profane, I hate ye all, both the great, vulgar and the small." And "ere yet the salt of most uprighteous tears had left the flushing in his galled eyes, he married." (Aside "O ye gods, render me worthy of this noble wife.") "And, from that luckless hour, the tyrant fair has led and turned him by a single hair." But "when he said he would die a bachelor he did not think he should live 'till he were married." And "led like a victim, to his death he'll go, and, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow." (Ed. note—"Requiescat in pace").
We have encountered considerable difficulty in making a word picture of this worthy. Eddie's quiet disposition has served to keep him constantly inconspicuous and out of the lemon-light, which is a rare thing these strenuous days. It might be said of him, however, that he is the "silent" partner of the strenuous firm of Lang et al., a distinguished combination of legal cut-throats and the opponents of the Schell and Ottenbergs.

Eddie is also a pillar of the church, and may be seen parading himself every Sunday morning down the aisle with his little plate, for which service he exacts a commission of 10 per cent. In summing up, we quote from the subject himself: "We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and of all comfort." (Delivered at the baptism of young Sam Johnsing, in Goose Creek, Va., December 15, 1910.)

G. FRED THOMPSON Manhattan, Kansas.

Fred used to be somewhat of an athlete in his day. His day, however, has long since passed, and the only athletics that he indulges in now are those incident to the absorption of the principles of legal lore. He apparently doesn't over exercise himself at that.

Fred and that canny Scot Arno Cemmerer frequently meet, ostensibly to debate the weighty questions propounded by our respected and revered professors, but it is rumored that their discussions more often bear upon such questions as "The Advisability of the Use of Threats in the Attempted Retention of Disgruntled Cooks" or "The Care of Teething Infants." Whether or not a study of the common law will aid our Freddie in the solution of these problems is a matter upon which we hesitate to express an opinion.
He is not loud in manner or speech, but the promptness with which he answers questions in quiz classes shows that he knows something about the law. Tighe may go to the bench some day, but we advise him to begin now to use long hand instead of shorthand in writing his dicta. He submitted his Real Property examination paper written in shorthand, to which the examiner demurred and the demurrer was sustained.

Probably the most picturesque member of the class. He is a bachelor; but it is known by a favored few that he has had quite a number of narrow escapes. Joe is noted for his impromptu speeches at smokers and banquets and the way he wears his hair.

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS, ΣΝΦ. ............................................. Nyack, N. Y.

This is perhaps, one of the flossiest of the flossy. He has a gushing manner, a walk slightly a la Palmer, and a habit of selecting his head-gear from among the most decidedly and pronouncedly English plaid caps on the market.

He has deigned to ornament these pages with some of his artistic drawings; and if the reader will turn back these pages to a caricature of the inimitable "Red" he will find there Ray's chef-d'oeuvre. It cost Ray many days of earnest labor to complete this marvelous likeness; but, not in vain, for "Red" may now hand down with pride to his posterity, a faithful picture of his handsome countenance as it was in the palmy days of law-school years.

Ray's greatest unpublished work, a ballet dancer, was such a true likeness of an esteemed member of the faculty that the censor prohibited it.
Robert N. Tracewell is from the Pau Pau Belt of Indiana and when first discovered was asleep 'neath the shade of a Pau Pau tree. Tracewell came to Washington to study and has since become an authority on the Constitution, being able to repeat in his sleep (and he is always asleep) every section of that historical instrument together with its amendments.

He resembles an alligator more than anything else. That is to say, he sleeps with his eyes open and shows no sign of intelligent life under any circumstances. What remarkable traits of intelligence he may manifest when awake, nobody knows. Sleep, pretty creature, sleep.

Robert L. Van Horn

In direct contravention of Section ninth, Article first of the Constitution this handsome youth has travelled three years in Georgetown under the name of "Prince." Oh no! gentle reader, Robert's folks are not affiliated with any royal family. They are nice people. His sobriquet comes as a result of unfortunately having been born in Prince George County, Md.

A great future has been predicted in the political arena for Prince; and, although evil-minded people have added to his already longitudinal cognomen the name "Bolter," he is a staunch advocate of Democratic principles. He delights in expounding the evils of the Payne-Aldrich Bill; and oft have the inhabitants of the thriving village of Brentwood pointed with pride to Robert Lee as a future phenomenon in the Tax-collector's office.
JOSEPH J. WALSH, A.B. ......................................................... Denver, Colorado.

Tall, lanky and possessing a calm and docile expression, Joe has distinguished himself on several occasions. As our senior debater, coupled with "Tammany Fitz," he made a hit, (and incidentally successfully escaped being hit).

As a witness in moot court, he is considered our medicine man, when it is necessary to summon a quack doctor. On one occasion, he was even sentenced for contempt, while testifying in his professional capacity, (silent contempt of Judge Easby Smith).

Not only in Georgetown has "Cute Joseph" taken the part of the "Leading Man," but watch the results when he strides into Wallis' Café for his evening meal:—a general rush, and not a girl in the café can see anyone, but our Joe.

J. FILLMORE WARDER, ΦΑΑ ............................................. Washington, D. C.

Fill could take a leading part in "Alice in Wonderland," his special stunt being a grin which would grace the Cheshire Cat.

According to Fill, there is nothing so interesting as catching sea-lions with bare hands, wringing their necks and then disdainfully casting them aside. Also a pleasant evening may be spent in being rescued from a sinking ship: this, too, according to Fill.

He was known as the "Pride of the Arctic" or the "Bad Man of the Hinterland." This reputation gained him a position in the Marshall's office. Being quite tiny, however, when the hardened criminals appear in court, Fill rushes upstairs to the clerks office and deputizes Jamie Palmer, who is ever kind of "wough" and "weekless" like.
R. Hanson Weightman
Marysville, Cal.

Originally named Handsome, but because of Extreme Modesty he dropped the name and adopted one that sounded like it. Hanson is tall, brilliant, and debonair, "just a perfect dear to dance with" it has been said. He doesn't say anything about it himself; but that signifies nothing since he seldom talks about anything. For that reason we think Hanson is a good student. His motto is "You can fool 'em if you keep still."

Hanson is a fussler, and has graduated in the fine art of boulevard walking. Any Beautiful Spring Day you may see him Nonchalantly strolling down Connecticut Ave., wearing his usual Creation and also his cane. A cane becomes him very much. He should wear it to school, but he never does.
DAVID DANIEL WEINSTEIN
Washington, D.C.

Once plain David Daniel, the co-adjutor of "Pat" Cohen and "Mike" Levy. Now Lord Winston, dubbed by the quiz-masters and knighted by Abe. He is an expert manipulator of nail clips, fountain pens, and notes, negotiable, musical and otherwise. In bowling, he has become famous as the expositor of the great "angle worm wiggle," with which he can miss the last pin as readily as most people can with an ordinary curve.

Dave's two great hobbies are telling old jokes, and laughing heartily at them himself to encourage laughter from victims. He admits that the only thing that has kept him from becoming a great singer, is the lack of a good voice.

BENJAMIN W. WELLS
Washington, D.C.

Wells is a charter member of The Ancient and Honorable Order of High Brows. He is nothing if not serious, and—like his personal appearance—his recitations are faultless. In other words, he is the gentleman and scholar of our class. On the one hand he has nothing of the bombastic pretension to scholarly attainments peculiar to Ott, nor on the other has he the self-complaisant self-satisfaction of our Brad.

But he has the priceless gem of modesty in all things. Like a jewel in a swine's snout, so is genius without modesty, according to Wells' idea—an idea that has possibly never occurred to those we have named and some few others we might name, did our inclination so direct.
CHARLES H. WHITE, A.B. ............................................ Washington, D. C.

Chief Justice, Supreme Court of the United States, not yet, b. s., special lecturer on Ames Cases, on Common Law Pleading and various other subjects. Charlie is a member of the D. C. Bar, belongs to the Sons of Rest, and is official auditor (gallery) United States Senate. Last summer Charlie was troubled with hair showers, so he hied himself to a hair specialist, who advised a "pi eapple clip."

Charlie submitted to the operation, and his legalitis dome is now visible to the naked eye. But the length of a man's hair is no indication of the capacity of his "think-factory," and Charlie is no exception. In fact, Charlie is a real heavy-weight on gray matter, and the janitor of the Hall of Fame is getting a niche in that edifice ready for him.

ORVILLE A. WISE ................................................. Carthage, Mo.

Among the galaxy of stars included in our class—which by the way contains a "Smart" and a "Shine," we have a "Wise." Our "Wise" is most peculiar in the manifestation of his wisdom. His recitations, particularly, are a most interesting psychological study. When called upon he will wait about 10 seconds before rising; then for the next 10 seconds he will look puzzled; for the 10 seconds following this he will look blank; the third 10 seconds he devotes to rubbing his left foot back and forth on the floor, and then—when the quizmaster is about to give up the job—"Wise" will turn around so to face the side of the room and make a 10-strike.

"Wise" is also prominent in class meetings where he frequently indulges in profound parliamentary propositions. The class seldom knows what he is talking about, and there are those who say he doesn't know himself, but we think he does. Anyway his name is "Wise"—he comes from Missouri.
Here is the healthiest looking exhibit of which this class can boast. Dutch has a complexion that would shame a Baldwin apple and is built like a corn-fed Percheron. His very name is more than a match for any quiz master that ever trod a lecture platform; and his rich baritone voice and bright pink hair, beautifully coiffured, combined with a dignity and bearing that would put to shame a First Ward Alderman, form a combination both effective and striking.

Dutch is from old New York State, up on the Hudson River and 'twas there he learned to swim. This practice in keeping his head above water has been of great benefit to him in recitations and exams.

"Your honor" Wood, commonly known as "Grampa," or just simply "Grump," is the dean of our number. Wood's dominant characteristic is dignity. He never condescends to such common things as a joke or jest, but bears up under the strain of the ludicrous like the Spartan of old. He marches into class with measured step and slow, trundling his intellect before him, and his coming is like the coming of the court in great judicial bodies.

At class banquets and smokers he has always preserved the same distinguished walk when other and weaker men could not walk at all. He is a great acquisition to the class. He gives the class room a legal atmosphere with his regal presence and his application of legal terminology. "Pop" will be all right if he don't starve to death some time endeavoring to preserve proper dignity at dinner.
WILLIAM A. WOODRUFF
Troy, N. Y.

"Woody" started out to be a doctor but his eagle eye soon discovered the fact that he could do less harm in the country by being a statesman.

Some men are born orators, others acquire the art by grasping every opportunity to promulgate ideas—or words. Woody was not born an orator, but he is most assuredly an opportunist. We understand that he gave birth to one hundred and seventy-five speeches during the three years.

In the second year he was elected President of the Class and by hard work brought us to a state of dignity, learning and stamina far beyond that of any other class in the annals of history. "My Policies" were "rich, not gaudy;" "rich" because they were pre-eminently and essentially "My Policies;" "not gaudy," because Woody is too good a politician.

Mervin Zimmerman
Ickesburg.

If "Zim" is a fair sample of the product furnished by the quaint Dutch town from which he hails, it is no wonder that matrimony claims the weaker sex of that place at so early an age.

This ray of sunshine is the possessor of a face and form that would put to shame the premier works of the old masters. His taste for dress is exquisite and his idea of style ultra extreme. He is one of those sleek, well-fed, dark men whom women adore. With the gentle sex, "Zim" is a shining light; and many will be the aching hearts among the aspirants for household responsibilities, when our Dutch friend makes his final bow to the capital and its residents.
In Springtime, when the world is light with mirth
And Life proclaims a Youth unvex'd by care.
We seek upon the Highways of the Earth
The changeful Destiny that waits us there.

In Springtime, when the winds of Heav'n renew
The gray-smirch'd canvas of the Winter skies;
We knock upon the Future's door; but few
May prophecy what Fate behind it lies.

We cannot tell what cycles Time may hold;
Yet one, who contemplates this life aright,
Must know the golden After-Years unfold,
To hopeful eyes, a course of true delight.

Preserve the visions of the virgin soul,
The lofty dreams that Truth and Honor bring:
Fortune may frown and years may onward roll,
The heart retains the youthfulness of Spring.

By high ideals, by temperate desires.
Ordain a quiet kingdom in the mind;
And serve Content, a service that inspires
Abiding charity for all man-kind.

A mellow love for Man, like sun-kiss'd wine
Of ancient vintage, courses through the blood;
The fragrant sweetness of a draught divine
Cling's round the cup of human brotherhood.

Such is the secret of the Ever-Young,
The Spring of Ever-Lasting Youth, the quest
Of fabled heroes by the old bards sung,
The high estate of Man, the gods' behest.

Peace and Content adorn Life's every page:
I warn you, friends, lest you may read unheadin
From Youth's short preface to a green Old Age,
The Book of Life is full of pleasant reading.
Class History

Upon a careful examination of the documents on file in the archives of the University the author found many cold, hard, damp and uncomfortable facts relating to the record of this class. To embellish and beautify these rough and untidy but impregnable truths, to clothe them in the sweet and persuasive language of the Historian, he has given up several hours of very valuable time and acquired the reputation of an inquisitive busy body.

Custom has, unfortunately, decreed that the account should be highly exaggerated, painted in colors so vivid that their very brilliancy must hide the true and more substantial worth of the deeds narrated.

Such surplusage shall have no place in these presents. The Class of 1911 needs no press agent; its history can gain nothing by exaggeration. Therefore, save for those occasional gems of metaphor and wit that the author may find himself unable to repress, this relation shall consist of facts all unadorned; and if they are in themselves hard and cold, and as dry as a meal of pretzels without a single stein of cheer you must at least acknowledge that he is truthful.

Over two hundred years ago the Class of 1911 was scheduled to arrive in October, 1908. Despite the antiquity of this schedule the greater part of us came in on time and, the Secretary having recognized us by our high, broad brows, were admitted to the main hall for the opening lecture.

The marks of genius were early observed. Professor Douglas spoke with prophetic insight when, on the night of our informal introduction as students, he declared: "It has never been my pleasure to stand before a more promising company of students; I see visions of great things to come: I shall never cease, to my dying day, to be grateful for the privilege which at this hour is mine."

From that day to this the fame of '11's ability and power has grown until it has become a subject of comment on the part of students and faculty alike; nor have we ever met anyone who has not, either before the meeting or immediately afterward, heard of our fame.
The system pursued at Georgetown starts the student on simple subjects—false pretences, as it were, of what is to come. During the first term Professor Colbert told us of the existence and habits of Personal Property, Professor Wright spoke on Criminal Law, and Professor Douglas was heard every Thursday evening, on Elementary Law. To make sure that the students will absorb a little knowledge a recitation is held, on four evenings of each week, by certain individuals, harmless in themselves, on the matter gone over in the lectures. Messrs. Roach and Adkins, the week following our arrival, began this careful quizzing of us, much to our intellectual benefit.

Was it the approaching Presidential election, or the fact that the pursuit of law tends to the organization of society, that caused our early formation as a class, with duly elected officers? Whatever the reason, three weeks had hardly passed ere we held our first election. Fertile brains are always needed to bring order out of chaos and, of course, we had superabundance of those who knew "Just the man for the place." Sentiment and Hickey, or Hickey and sentiment, cast the presidency on "Tom" Cantwell, star pitcher of the Varsity Nine, who scored an easy shut-out against all opponents. A lively scrap ensued in the selection of the other officers, but when the smoke of battle cleared away we found the following had duly secured their certificates of election and prayed to be inaugurated: "Tom" Cantwell, President; "Steve" Elliott, Vice-President; "Tubby" Smith, Treasurer; "Andy" Hickey, Secretary; "Mutt" Freeman, Sergeant-at-Arms.

To commemorate the occasion Cantwell, after mature deliberation, resolved upon ordaining a Grand Smoker. The charge-d'affaires was Hickey who, with an able committee, succeeded in wresting from us sufficient of the best known form of Personality to conciliate the powers that be at Rauscher's.

After letting the citizens know that we were all present, and exercising our vocal organs in front of the newspaper offices, we were led to the field of slaughter. The scene was rendered most remarkable by its spiritualistic character. Spirits came in liquid form, in bottles, and kegs, and glasses; spirits in vaporous form came in speeches. Both were paralyzing. Fortune was the chief distributor of the latter. His effort, "United we stand, divided we fall," for length and breadth, has never been equaled, let alone surpassed.

When the cops on the avenue were stealing their last snatch of sleep, the revel ended; and soon the last of the rioters was safely under mother's wing, dreaming of future occasions that might emulate, but never peer, this first adventure. The affair was indeed a great success, as the damage amounted to only $25.00, the same being paid by the Treasurer, who experienced no difficulty in collecting the same from the treasury.

On October 5 seventeen or eighteen supporters of William Jennings Bryan organized a Democratic Club, a circumstance which did not in the least interfere with the election of "Terrible Teddy." Professor Douglas was introduced as the principal speaker of the evening by the Chairman of the Club, Jeff Davis, then a student (?) at George Washington, but since imported into Georgetown. The Pro-
fessordusted the cobwebs from one of his "for-all-occasions" speeches, and proceeded to make us all good Democrats. Fortunately the "Peerless One" was not present, or he would have turned a deep sea green with envy at the masterly effort of our orator.

The Republicans, not to be outdone, decided to organize a club of their own. The basement was secured from Abe as campaign headquarters, and here Daddy Baker marshaled all his forces to enter a strong demurrer against the remarks of the too-talkative followers of W. J. B. On the roll of honor of that night are many famous names, for some of which they are today composing cheering epitaphs.

Hardly had we recovered from the effects of the Presidential election when we were forced to swallow another bitter pill. Virginia, our ancient rival, announced its intention of making an early descent upon Georgetown and carrying away everything that looked the least bit like a football victory. For a full account of the day consult the little angel that gathers up tears. The author can only say that even the Heavens wept at the fate of Georgetown, who, again, fell a victim to the prowess of Virginia's warriors.

Upon our having completed the courses in Personal Property and Criminal Law the faculty thought it proper to examine us upon these subjects. With trembling hands we grasped those exams, and futilly endeavored to transmit to paper our thoughts concerning them. Then, focusing in little groups, we gathered in the halls for the inevitable "post-mortem." For the space of two months we alternated between hope and despair, when our efforts were at last returned to us, minus those little red marks that have cut short more than one notable career.

Bright and fresh, as befitted us, we returned in January to our accustomed places, to hear the then United States District Attorney, D. W. Baker, deliver the opening lecture on Real Property.

"Daddy Baker," as he is best known, has an appellation that is well deserved, for he has been lecturing at Georgetown since "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He began with the following advice: "The student of Real Property should begin by reading Blackstone's Commentaries with extreme attention, meditating on every word. Being thus saturated with the venerable Black Letter he should listen with care to my interesting lectures, after which he should attend the recitations, and do his best to enlighten that most persistent of all enquirers, Mr. Adkins: in this way will you obtain a knowledge of the technical and most artificial system that is called the Law of Real Property—remembering always that the whole world was originally given to mankind in general, but that, in modern times, John D. has acquired the sole proprietary interest."

Judge Gould now introduced himself as our Lecturer on Contracts. Whatever may be Mr. Gould's sentiments on the question it is certain that the class has never regretted the acquaintance thus established. Most of the Freshies who failed in more or less laudable attempts to wade through the voluminous tome presented to them by Mr. Hammon had brief intervals during which they absorbed sufficient of the Judge's fossilized jokes to pass the Quiz masters.
For the space of two months and a half we listened attentively to the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of the two gentlemen above mentioned, when it was found necessary to once more undergo the ordeal of examination. Daddy Baker touched off his finishing remarks to his "Indians" with a few jokes concerning the defunct, very defunct, Bryan Club, and wished us success in our guesses.

A mere breathing space was allowed between the passing of Real Property, with its perverse child, the Rule in Shelley's Case, and the exam on Contracts. It was here that we first made the acquaintance of Mr. Smart, who sues for So and So, is the contract valid; if so, why not? Student will please give reasons, etc., etc.

N. B.—Students will also sign the certificate found at the end of this paper.

Douglas returned to his first love and lectured on Torts, incidentally inventing the first original joke of the year when he cited Bryan and the Forum as "Ruins." When not engaged in listening to the persuasive discourses concerning those principles "that, gentlemen, run like little golden threads throughout the entire warp and woof of American and English jurisprudence, and always sounding in damages," we forgot, for a time, that there was a dollar sign on every line, and between every line in Torts, and listened to Judge Gould who appeared in a domestic rôle, as lecturer on Domestic Relations.

Before the final examinations our Class President, responding to the call of the "Reds" for a legal light to replace one of their ancient lights, left us. The night that he bade us farewell the class presented him with a fob, handsome to gaze upon, and available as excellent security in times of financial stringency. The presentation was made by our Demosthenian friend, Douglas, and handkerchiefs were frequently displayed as he spoke of the great loss that had come to us. The token was a complete surprise to Tom, who, though overcome, responded to the demands for a speech in a few appropriate words of thanks for the token of our appreciation of his services.

Not until we were Juniors did the bud of our genius begin truly to unfold. Those priceless traits that we had developed as Freshmen, and that bode so well for the future of our class, now showed themselves in the versatility with which we organized ourselves for the Junior Year.

The hour of formal opening was again enjoyed by the students: the Professors seeming not to feel very miserable about it either. We gazed, if possible, with even greater reverence upon those learned men who had taught, and were to teach us the most humane and honorable of all sciences—Law.

Insurance, always a burning source of litigation, was the subject of Judge Gould's lectures, and we consumed it with blazing enthusiasm. The Judge also brought back a new sample line of jokes, and tried a few of them on us. Perhaps the best seller was the memorable effort on H. C. Union, although there seems to be an utter conflict among the authorities as to which of the Judge's favorites is most worthy of applause.

The Faculty conducted a series of experiments amongst us in an effort to find a solvent for Real Property. The class was an excellent base, but no acid seemed to have any effect upon us.
Cantwell and his cabinet resigned about this time, and a re-election of officers to man the ship of state was added to our troubles. Very little campaigning was indulged in, at this time, save that a certain gentleman deluged the class with the following printed form:

**I Desire to Announce**

**My Candidacy**

**For Class-Secretary**

which availed him not. The following officers were elected: "Tim" Woodruff, President, Mason Manghum, Vice-President, "Bill" Feeley, Treasurer, Nelson McKernan, Secretary, "Mutt" Freeman, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The first occasion that we had for displaying our spirit, under the new administration, was the Virginia game. But, alas, it happened again.

The initial entertainment was the Second Year Smoker, held at the Arlington on November 20. "Woody" selected an excellent committee, with Herschel Shaw as chairman. Judge Gould, that interesting entertainer whose lighter anecdotes and bon mots are current in the profession, acted as Toastmaster. Perhaps the most agreeable surprise of the evening was the large attendance of the Faculty. The Dean made our acquaintance, and paid his respects to the then Dean, Vance, of a neighboring institution, for some desultory remarks concerning Georgetown's Night Course: of course we applauded. Prof. Douglas also delivered himself of a few choice sentiments, and an outburst of applause greeted him when he said:

"I have found this class to be the brightest that I have ever lectured to, and I feel that, shining lustrosoy in the future, they will act as a beacon light to the coming classes at Georgetown." To show that he meant it he made tender of payment for his chair at the banquet. McNamara made a speech which, taking into account the spirits of the evening, must be accounted a protracted success. Professor Wilson and Doc Watkins also gave satisfaction as inspirations for toasts.

The Junior's ship found smooth sailing until the latter part of December, when it stood some rather rough weather in passing the shoals of Insurance and Agency. But these were nothing as compared to the hurricane we encountered on the 20th, when John J.'s thirteen (13) (XIII) pages of questions on Real Property made our spines take on the general nature of nervous pudding.

Slowly, lazily, we came again to the surface, after that awful plunge into nothingness. Bit by bit our senses flowed back. We were sore and stiff, and our heads throbbed. Some one was saying: "The subject is not as hard as it seems, and I commend it to your earnest consideration." For a time we sat very still, our minds groping in the darkness of the past. Then we remembered—the Real Property exam—it was over! We heaved a joint and several sign of peace, only to be
cast into gloom again, for we were up against the unknown terrors of Common Law Pleading.

Douglas, and his work on negotiable instruments, accompanied our lectures on Common Law Pleading. When the Dean was not telling us of the great trials he had known, or Douglas handing out wisdom on a silver platter, Colbert acquired a right over us by prescription and delivered a lightning course on Partnership on our Saturday evenings.

"Woody," whose heart always did follow its more sensitive companion, selected Ringgold Hart to lead the committee which was to manage the second great function of the year. To insure a successful send-off we gave the Junior Prom before the sack-cloth and ashes period, and thus avoided conflict with the Senior Prom. The third of February, 1910, the Arlington bloomed like a veritable bower, with masses of flowers, pendulous palms, and patriotic pennants flouting everywhere. What need to chant those glories? Neither flowers nor music failed, and girlhood still was fair. Forgetting the woe of absque hoc, etc., we danced to the limit, and voted our evening one grand success.

The mid-term exams followed, and, while we still palpitated with fright, the faculty brought us to new fields. Daddy Baker, dispenser of Evidence, introduced our new lecturer on that subject, Mr. Hoehling, who admitted that he was very glad to see us and to make his appearance on the teaching staff of the Law School. Judge Shepard now took an honorered place among our Professors, as lecturer on Equity.

The year closed, socially, with a smoker. Corbett, who was out to make a reputation, insisted on holding the affair at the New Willard, but the finances of the class selected Fritz Reuter's as the only place which would accommodate the attendance, which was expected to surpass all previous records.

At the appointed hour we hastily devoured the delicacies (?), but when the teeth quit work and the liquid began to evaporate things enlivened, and the efforts of Guilfoile, Crossfield, and Fortune to entertain the crowd were eminently successful. At this feast there were no guests, so that the place presented a magnificent object lesson in decorative art after our disappearance. This was our most economical supper, $8 covering all ruined and vanished property.

The year drawing to a close, and there being no other evident way in which we might win renown we now settled down to a little hard work in the way of study for the examinations. Most of us had luck, and we waited, impatient for our entrance as Seniors.

The Senior Year opened, officially, on October 5, when we hied ourselves to the old, familiar soot on E Street. We found that the Dean had made good his promise that we would be the first class to graduate from Georgetown's new Law School.

The old class rooms had been remodeled and equipped with modern facilities, and the 1913 Freshmen will have to pursue their legal course ignorant of the bless-
ings of gas light: the filmy robes of Lady Nicotine become too noticeable under the new lighting. The new $100,000 (?) addition had not been fully completed, but, on the assurance of the faculty that it would be finished in time for us to formally open it, we consented to stay.

Dr. Hannis Taylor, whose seduction caused consternation at the National, gave the opening lecture. While this fills the Senior with hopeless ennui, so that he feels compelled to seek the companionship of a few trusty pals in the atmosphere of a frothy Bohemia, the Doctor managed to hold the wavering in their seats.

Judge Shepard met us the next evening, and told us that it was a genuine pleasure to renew our acquaintance and continue the course in Equity. His eyes shifted, but we took his word for it. We found him, as of yore, "full of wise saws and modern instances."

The Dean also deigned to visit us, thrice a week, on Common Law Practice and Equity Pleading. We were compelled to listen to the same old stories, and the Georgetown man who cannot repeat, verbatim, the tale of the Dean: "Exhibits I Have Known," should be denied his diploma, and furthermore the benefit of clergy.

We found politics in the air. Skillful organizations openly announced their candidates. The class was in a dilemma over who should have the coveted olive—four good men were in the field—White, Abbot, Woodruff and Fitzgerald.

Secret midnight conferences were held by the various organizations. Muffled voices were heard, at unholy hours, on the first floor of a certain building, proving most enigmatic and mystifying. The local police kept the place under surveillance for two weeks, but admitted that they were baffled.

Abbot endeavored to secure converts through the frats. White used more drastic measures, and had his head shaved. Woodruff came back with the conviction that the only thing for the class to do was to duplicate, so he stood on his record. Fitz secured Kelly to rock his political cradle, and the ingenious Kell made him kiss every baby of the married man’s club. The fond mothers thought him the greatest man that ever lived, and made all the fond papas promise to vote for him.

The story of the election, in detail, is an interesting one. Certain Napoleonic advocates of temperance were observed crossing the street six times, while going from Salmon Chase’s former residence to the Law School—to find voters—but to no avail. When the polls were opened the air was filled with strife, and other things. More than one golden-haired and soft-voiced youth came near going home with his head in blinders because he sought a point of vantage on the radiators.

A majority was to rule the election. This ruling was followed by a motion to omit all nominating speeches by Feely, so Pop Wood rolled up his manuscript and went out for a drink. McKernan, occupying the chair, was staggered at the sudden outburst of many voices when the candidates for president were announced. At this time he was still able to look about him and smile, now and then; but soon amendments to amendments to amendments kept the house in turmoil and the chair in hell. Several of the more cautious followed Pop Wood.

The first ballot was announced—Fitz, Woodruff, Abbot and White, none of
whom had a majority. But, on the third ballot, Fitz sauntered in a winner.

The fight for first Vice-President was no less fiercely waged, four ballots being necessary to secure the place for Daniels. Two ballots gave Hargis the honor of Second Vice-President. The third ballot for Treasurer showed that Curran had one on Dooley. Rattigan grabbed the Class Secretary's chair with the greatest ease. Freeman, who, for two years, had been chosen Sergeant at Arms on account of the peculiar noise he can make with his voice, was given the place for the third time.

None the less friends, for all the fight, we now returned to our quiet existence, and some of us returned to our studies. Great things were promised under Fitz's reign.

We were in the habit of playing Virginia, and wearing our summer suit a month longer. This year, to vary the monotony, we took the Southern championship ourselves.

Whenever Virginia comes to see us there rushes over the Georgetown men, as a mighty flood, the memory of how those struggles have enriched (?) their College Life, and, once more, they recall the fascinating story of those thrilling battles, since the day when Virginia first came to Georgetown, long, long ago.

Like the Cimbri and the Teutones, who, our brother Plutarch tells us, were accustomed, when entering the field of battle, to bind their ranks together with strong cords, we, ever ready to imitate the tactics of barbarian nations, bound ourselves together by the tie of village spirit and marched to the field of glory. What need repeat the story of that day?

Of the many forces that tend to make a man's school years the favorite haunts of memory, none is more powerful, noble, and uplifting than that great fellowship whose bond is College Spirit. That more than a thousand men, from every condition of life, should put aside each petty personal foible and join in the strong kinship of the school cannot but make them better, broader men.

Judge Shepard quietly stole away, at this point, to take passage in the good ship Matrimony. The class, joyfully, assented to a plan for presenting the Judge with a token of our best wishes. Fitz selected a committee, with John D., who had been through the mill, to abstract from us the wherewithal. On his return the Chief Justice was agreeably surprised by the presentation of a handsome silver vase by the Class of 1911.

The old year was not to be permitted to die without a feast. Goggin and a capable committee, were entrusted with the power to arrange for a smoker. The old shining stars were in full attendance at the Ebbitt House. Perhaps the most soul-stirring events of the evening, aside from the first knowledge of the menu, were the speeches of ex-President Woodruff and President Fitz.

The exams and the holidays left us void of Spirits and Money, so we found our diversion in listening to Shepard's oratorical outbursts on the Constitution. We all enjoyed the more or less witty remarks that, at times, characterized his lectures,
and we shall always be sure, always, the difference between pink oleomargarine and other obnoxiously colored oleomargarine.

Wilson, the Beau Brummel of the Faculty, and also U. S. District Attorney, filled the Chair on Dress Reform. A few nights' experience with Reddingtorr, the Human Question Mark, transformed Mr. Wilson into the essence of discretion.

On Wednesday night Hamilton the Elder gave us an abbreviated course on Wills, and we found it the most important subject.

The new addition, for reasons we wot not of, was opened at Gaston Hall. Mr. Wilson filled the Chair on Dress Reform. A few nights' experience with Reddingtorr, the Human Question Mark, transformed Mr. Wilson into the essence of discretion.

On Wednesday night Hamilton the Elder gave us an abbreviated course on Wills, and we found it the most important subject.

The new addition, for reasons we wot not of, was opened at Gaston Hall. Mr. Wilson filled the Chair on Dress Reform. A few nights' experience with Reddingtorr, the Human Question Mark, transformed Mr. Wilson into the essence of discretion.

The Dean said a few words with reference to the students being the pearls of the Law School, and I take it he meant to call us a cluster of Black Diamonds. Professor Hamilton met a majority of those who had other engagements Wednesday evenings, and gave a short history of the Law School. Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney General of the United States, was the principal speaker of the evening, and gave an eloquent address on the Common Law.

The greatest boon of the new addition was the opening of the Library, which had been denied to us during the repairs. From floor to ceiling they reach, and one is tempted to exclaim, with Solomon, “of making many books there is no end.” It is a very fine collection, and has been enhanced by the addition of all the State reports.

Of course, you must not forget, we were still being dogged by the Quiz Masters. They had followed us all through the course. They have given most careful study to their different systems. Nearly every one had his own pet scheme for doing his work in such a way that he will call each in his turn, and yet keep the rest of the class in doubt as to when their grilling will come. But Boyd’s system is the easiest of all. A knowledge of the system, together with a close watch for the first five minutes of recitation, to see if the deck has been cut, will save one from many flunks.

The Moot Court, the Judicial Branch of the Law School, aroused the liveliest interest and emulation among the students through the untiring efforts of Judges O'Donoghue and Easby Smith, who held sessions every Monday and Wednesday night.

Daddy Baker greeted us warmly, on his return, as lecturer in Evidence, and the class returned the greeting. In a few well-chosen words he told us that he had not forgotten us, for he had made a deep study of the class, which he found to be composed of Indians, Soldiers, Democrats, Insurgent Republicans and a few Stand-patters. But, on Evidence, he hoped we would all be Progressives. He mentioned that, in the study of Evidence, the presumption would be that we had human intelligence, but, he admitted, he might be mistaken in accepting this presumption. He referred to the fact that those who were fond of Scripture might take up their books and walk, but that it was up to us to take up our books and walk, if we could. Daddy is such an all-around man that he is perhaps the most imposing edifice on our lecture platform.

Wright, whom we had not had the pleasure of listening to since the days when
we were Freshies, was loudly welcomed, and complimented us—actually complimented us—the first, last and only time that we were complimented.

When Daddy and Wright were not claiming our attention we listened to Pop Wood who, on three different occasions, begged the class, with aesthetic tears in his voice, to adopt his reports on class insignia. Each time a lively discussion arose as to whether we should adopt an Indian head in respect to Daddy Baker's appellation, or a boiler, out of regard for the dear Dean. So many objections were made that we, finally, compromised by a design that represents Ruth St. Dennis dancing the Dance of the Nile. Becoming?—I should say so.

We awoke from our social coma to find that preparations for the Senior Prom had been perfected under the guiding hand of Purcell and the committees from the four branches of the University.

The New Willard ball room was the rendezvous, on the night of April 21, for the brilliant gathering that was to mark the most successful of all our social efforts. The reader will note that we have saved the phrase “most successful” for this occasion. If the Society Editor had smiled more benignly upon me I might have been able to describe the gowns—harem, hobble, etc. The Marine Band furnished the music—and while I might note exceptions to the manner in which the leader twirled his baton, I am compelled to say that the music was very excellent. The buffet supplied a lunch that was all to the good. Deargirlhood vied with noble manhood in tripping off the hours in sweet forgetfulness. We are prone to believe that the scene brought to the minds of many an older guest the revels and solemn festivities that once took place in the Inns of Court. That the grave ministers and doctors of the law should have conceived it to be consistent with their dignity to exhibit their persons in the mazes of the dance may seem altogether inexplicable—nevertheless it is true.

Among the harbingers of spring the most dread were the final exams. When, at last, we had gone through with them a few—but hear their plaint:

"Then let them keep their vile degree,
I shall not sour or pine—
Like Clarence I shall drown my care
In one huge butt of wine."

Our careful attention was now given to our dramatic appearance (positively the last) in cap and gown. We found time, however, to meet and take farewell at our last smoker. Fitz chose Hickey to lead this committee, and the place was the Best Hotel in town? of course the Best. The Faculty presented themselves en masse, and if I were to recount all the touching and beautiful things they said about us this book would be a volume of fine speeches.

We recalled the words of Coke:

"Six hours in sleep, in Law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix."
Besides the old reliable other mild and harmless beverages flowed free, and there
was fun in greatest abundance, while, throwing aside false modesty, we boasted of
the bravery, adventure, and notable achievement of our University life.

And now, farewell to Georgetown. May her light shine even brighter than of
yore, and may the circle of its influence widen and each year brighten the road of
new seekers after knowledge. Intellects of the strongest and clearest type, hearts
most sincere and most devoted, characters, powers and capacities of the subtlest
and finest mold have been developed here. May the good work go on! For us,
we would not say it, but we must:

"Farewell! a word that must and hath been, —
A sound which makes us linger: yet, farewell!"

JOSEPH J. WALSH.
THE QUADRANGLE
WILLIAM C. HOLMES, President .......................................................... Tenn.
THOMAS F. SULLIVAN, Vice-President ............................................. Mass.
WILLIAM F. CALLANDER, Secretary .............................................. III.
JOHN W. ALICOATE, Treasurer ..................................................... Ohio
JESSE C. FAIN, Historian ................................................................. Miss.
JOHN R. DILLOS, Sergeant-at-Arms ............................................... D. C.
Junior Class History

History is too often but a hearsay, toned by the haze of memory, and measured more by the writer's ideals than by actual happenings. Hence we will not keep a waiting world in ignorance of our mental antics and auxiliary exercises until they are written by our heirs and assigns, but will ourselves record upon the Parchment Scroll, even now in our Junior year, just how we happened, who we are, and some things we have done, so that the present may applaud and future generations know and be duly thankful.

The class was organized in October, 1909. Mr. Leroy E. Keely of Pennsylvania was made President pro tern., pending the general class election. Like all Freshmen, we were young, fresh and enthusiastic, with slight tendency toward talkative ties and legal advice, but the class spirit was there, and we were soon mobilized into a splendid unit, thanks to the good work of our temporary officers. The election of permanent officers, that followed later in the term, resulted in the choice of President, William E. Leahy, Massachusetts; Vice-President, Abner B. Breese, North Carolina; Treasurer, James D. Barry, Illinois; Secretary, William W. Baldwin, Pennsylvania; Historian, William C. Holmes, Tennessee; Sergeant-at-Arms, John R. Dillon, District of Columbia; under whose able management and wise guidance the Freshman year came to a successful close with 249 good fellows working as one for the welfare of the class, with a strong class spirit welded by loyalty and friendship, with a consciousness of work well done, and a hope for still brighter years.

The first year's prizes for scholarship were won by Mr. William E. Leahy and James T. Barry, respectively. We are indeed sorry that space limitation forbids us to dwell further upon the personnel of the class, and upon some of their
discoveries and explorations in the field of law. Probably after all, it is best that we do not. Some of the fellows are sensitive.

The class met as Juniors in October, 1910, and by a harmonious election the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, William C. Holmes, Tennessee; Vice-President, Thomas P. Sullivan, Massachusetts; Secretary, William F. Callander, Illinois; Treasurer, John W. Alicate, Ohio; Historian, Jesse C. Fain, Mississippi; Sergeant-at-Arms, John R. Dillon, District of Columbia. With 201 members, work was resumed with all the earnestness of purpose that has ever marked the class as a student body.

When a man has been elected to office, anything his electors may say of him by way of love and praise is but a tribute to themselves, yet we cannot forego a few words of praise justly due our officers of both this year and last, especially our two Presidents. To guide the destinies of a class is never an easy task, and the way in which unforeseen conditions have been met and well-laid plans carried out but shows conclusively with what earnestness our officers have accepted the trust imposed upon them and how faithfully they have held the good of the class above all personal motives and selfish ambitions. The class today is the best evidence of their untiring zeal and worthy endeavor. Bill Leahy and Billy Holmes will hold a warm corner in the hearts of their classmates long after this has become history and the old Class of 1912 has been scattered to the four winds of the earth.

Our Debating Club, organized last year, with Raymond S. Oakes, of Maine as President, and T. Raymond Clark, of Washington City, as his successor this year, has proved a great factor in developing in us the all important parliamentary part of our chosen profession, probably the most important, for according to one of our esteemed instructors,—A lawyer earns his living not only by the sweat of his brow but also by the perpiration of his jaw.

A Rifle Club was organized this year with J. A. Maguire, of Delaware, as President, and is a great success both as a diversion and as an instructor in the use of our most highly developed mechanical instrument—the modern rifle. Great deeds of prowess are expected in the Field Meet to be held later in the term.

Socially, the class is democratic with an atmosphere free from snobbery and caste. Coming from 52 states and territories and from all walks and conditions of life, mingling and working together jointly and severally for the honor of the class, justly proud of our Alma Mater and her glorious record, have welded us into one great cosmopolitan whole, probably more cosmopolitan than any other university in the United States. Here may be found the brainy shrewdness and nasal twang
of the down-east Yankee disputing Constitutional Law with the soft-tongued, courtly Southerner; the astute New Yorker discussing Legality of Trusts with the big bluff men from the West, each learning from the other those sectional qualities which have made our nation great, which, if sooner learned, would have averted a fratricidal strife.

Several smokers have been given, where, gathered around the festive board with legal problems for the nonce forgotten, with the fragrant curling smoke of peace fanned into eddies by windy toasts and incensed by boast and brag with the pride of Arlington's chef, richly spiced with jest and song, good fellowship held high wassail from the entrée till the words of "Auld Lang Syne" rose warmly from our lips.

Our greatest social event was the Junior Prom at the Arlington on the 25th of February. Then, indeed, did the stern Law bow low in homage to Fairy Queens, and forget its dignity in the maze of graceful forms and faces fair, while Folly laughed at Endeavor and shook her golden locks in mockery at Blackstone and Littleton. The little blind god again proved there is a law higher than the Constitution. Charmed by the symphony of girlish laughter, and rashly accepting the glancing challenge "To come out and fight like a man," embryonic lawyers became very human, indeed. To the "Pleading of the waltz that thrills," suits were filed, tried and demurred out of court, in one glance into eyes like twin heavens with little angels in 'em, until the hours flew by on twinkling feet, and "Home, Sweet Home" wove its magic spell.

And now, at the close of our Junior year, the future looks bright indeed; with half-longing look backward to the days gone by we turn to the days to be with hopes high set. Truly, ours is a class of which one may well be proud. If sincere endeavor, if singleness of purpose, if stern striving for the goal beyond means success, well may we expect great things. The class, as a whole, is a determined, ambitious set of men with high ideals backed by the ability of accomplishment. It is a safe estimate that ninety per cent of the student body are working their way through the University course, most of them Government employes, and only those who have tried know what it means to tackle knotty problems of the law with body and brain already fagged by a day's labor. Such men can never know failure. It is just such privations as these, just such strivings against odds, that develop the strength of character and force of will so essential to success. We feel that the last two years have been well spent, not only for lessons learned from text-books, but for examples of patience and endeavor given by our Instructors, for the friendship and loyalty of classmates, and for added faith in ourselves. We realize that we have a
heritage from those mighty men of the past who set the standard of the lawyer high, not only from a viewpoint of law as a profession, but of lawyers as men in all the broad construction of that magic word, mentally and morally, for the advancement of the race, through civic righteousness, unto Justice and Freedom for all mankind.

JESSE C. FAIN.
FRESHMEN

Officers

JOHN D. O’CONNOR, President .......................... Mass.
WILLIAM F. CANNON, Vice-President .................. Mass.
HARVEY D. JACOBS, Secretary ...................... Tenn.
CHARLES W. WHALEN, Treasurer .................... Ohio
FRANCIS C. CANNY, Historian .................... Ohio
JAMES C. DUNN, Sergeant-at-Arms .................. Penna.
Freshman Class History

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! By these presents ye shall know the deeds of valor and achievement done by the members of the Georgetown Law Class of 1913, beside whose initial acts the doings of the Sixty-third Congress in session at the Capitol pale into insignificance.

Chronicled in flaring headlines on the first pages of the nation's most conservative dailies, the Washington papers, was the stormy birth of the largest class in the history of Georgetown. Whatever dissensions may have imperiled class spirit at the start, subsequent events prove that friendship and class loyalty have united all in a common bond. The class organization has been tested in the crucible and has come out unscathed. Long live the rule of Boss John D. O'Connor!

With this apology let this historian confine himself to the more familiar field of narration. Like all other Freshmen we spent our first night at the Law School on October 4, listening with funereal mien to the words of wisdom, issuing from the lips of the learned Dean. We were properly welcomed and edified; but, being strangers in a strange land, we needed a more substantial diet than the Dean's food for thought. So we decided to hold a smoker.

It was staged at the Arlington Hotel and proved to be to many of us the most exciting party we ever attended. While some of the scheduled speeches were erased from Toastmaster Grimes' little sheet by certain athletic stunts on the part of our most hilarious members, yet everyone seemed to enjoy himself a few degrees beyond the limit, especially those participating in the noise contest, the prize for which we hereby dutifully hand to "Sheriff" Dunn, "Dutch" Frauenheim, little Bill Cannon with the big boom, "Constance" Ryan and the Ohio twins, "Gabby" Whalen and "Editor" Canny of the Irish Legation.

The candidates for the class offices made themselves known in large quantities that night and each of them received the pledge of every man present. But the election! The class met for the purpose of effecting an organization on November 26, and the meeting was called to order by Prof. Michael Colbert. The passive
and gentlemanly LeFoe was made temporary chairman and served with credit all through the preliminary business. The nominations were carried off smoothly enough, but the elections!

The election started on December 3 and continued for some time thereafter. Insurgents and Regulars had apparently marshaled their forces. With the first ballot for President there set in one of the hottest and most determined election battles that Georgetown has ever had waged within its walls. Mr. Le Foe was the candidate of one faction and Mr. O'Connor the other; but just who were the Regulars and who the Insurgents we have never been able to discover. Anyway the storm swayed this way and that without either candidate having enough votes to win. All the parliamentary rules that ever haunted the veteran Congressmen, and all the precedents established in the British House of Lords were invoked by the lieutenants of the candidates to gain some point for their particular man. The night grew old and the early birds sleepy but the determined voters stuck to their posts. Even Abe grew restless and about ten-thirty turned off the lights, which act he denied vociferously at Christmas time, but not for pecuniary reasons. With the lights went many of the voters but candles were quickly produced and by the mellow light of a bicycle lamp the balloting continued with the result that John D. O'Connor of Massachusetts was duly elected President. Then came the holidays and rest.

On the return of the class the fellows became better acquainted and class spirit molded all in one big family and another social affair was planned. It was a splendid success, owing to the happy and inimitable manner of Toastmaster Price in introducing the speakers. His very presence at the head of the table was a mute sign of peace. Then immediately to his right was Prof. D. W. Baker, who though we can never forget his examination in Real Property, has a strong place in the hearts of all Freshmen. Prof. Baker made a few remarks. Francis C. Canny briefly orated on Athletics and John O'Connor had the temerity to discuss Womankind. Robert Hagen was masterful and sarcastic in his treatment of our future, and Mr. Herbst was eloquent in his plea for class spirit as was President John O'Connor. The speaking finished the real fun commenced, and at a late hour the two hundred students left the hotel and struck out for home.

The Freshmen propose to be in on every worthy cause and you will find the Class of 1913 prominent in athletics, on the debating stage and in the class-room.

Francis C. Canny.
The inauguration of the policy which has for its object the extension of the Domestay Book's influence, brings its blessing to the fourth year class. Alma Mater, the Benefactor, takes a survey of her wealth; and into the record of riches we shall write a summary of the opportunities offered and the hopes fulfilled in pursuit of the Master of Laws degree.

The history of the world, it is said, is the biography of its great men. The history of this class would necessitate a record of the thoughts, words and deeds of every man we have. We stand in varying degrees of greatness—from Geneste to Rondeau—it is true. Yet all are great. Every brow towers as a temple to honor; every eye gleams in token of conviction; every jaw is set in grim acknowledgment of purpose. Greatness, unmixed, unmitigated, and not unsung, repose lightly on our several brows.

Caesar's laconic message fits us well: "Veni, vidi, vici."

In the fall of 1907 we came well-nigh two hundred strong; we saw the glory and the valor of Clabaugh's countless cohorts, and with the pen we conquered in many a hard-fought battle. Faint hearts, stronger loves, and in a few instances those wicked cohorts of the Dean, reduced our numbers until when the roll was called up yonder (at Chase's last June) we numbered one hundred and forty-two.
Out of that one hundred and forty-two the greater number are struggling through the world in the paths of the chosen profession. Already the light that was gained at Georgetown is guiding the careers of men who last year sat with us in the classes. From the men of 1910 we thus engaged we draw the encouragement of their success, and to them we send a heart-felt salutation—Godspeed.

With the remnant of the class (we were thirty-five or thereabouts last fall) the habit of three years had become an instinct. Association under satisfying conditions often has such an influence on our susceptible nature that habit and manner are deeply impressed and become to all intents a part of our nature. For that reason, if for no other, was the present Post-Graduate Class formed. For five long months we mingled with the freshmen and climbed the broad and classic stairs to the still more classic attic. Continued application over a difficult task under trying circumstances has its full measure of compensation. Under the inspiration of that nocturnal climb we entered the combat with zeal and zest. Associating, or rather being associated, with the freshman, we hearkened back to the time of our own efflorescence. The impressionistic state of mind, the willingness and eagerness to learn—the salient characteristics of the beginner's mental condition—returned with the return of the scenes of our early struggles. As a result it was not long before several of the more brilliant members of the class discovered that they had advanced so rapidly that very little remained to be learned—by them. So they quituated to seek that degree of success that goes with an early start.

For the twenty-five who remained, the reward was beyond our deserts or expectations. With the completion of the new building we entered luxurious quarters. To speak of impressions would be futile. Let the facts speak for themselves and let even the recital of the good things given here create the resolve in every reader's mind to return once more for this course—the Alpha and the Omega—the essence and the quintessence of the riches that Georgetown offers.

It is to be observed that the room for the Post-Graduate Class is located on the first floor in the extreme southwest corner of the building. The advantage of the position may not easily be perceived, yet it is worthy of notice. The rumbling of feet upon the stairs at 7:30 o'clock sounds little louder than the soft murmuring of a little brook. The remoteness of our position renders us free from interruption, and on warm evenings we throw wide the doors to welcome in the gentle breezes of spring without fear that sound or soul will enter to disturb our peace—or slumbers.

Our comfort and convenience are unexcelled. While the lecture runs its pleasant course, we recline in broad-backed chairs. When we rise to address his Honor D. W., and grow warm in the advocacy of our cause, we stamp our feet on a carpet soft as velvet. The walls are high, and for this reason render ventilation perfect. On the cold winter evenings the heat of the radiators mingled with the cold exterior air and we sat in the warm zephyrs of summer.

In our work we have traveled the whole course of human history and covered an extensive range of legal lore. We have gone to Athens and heard of the bloody
code of Draco; we have sat with the students around the Roman lawyer and listened to his pronouncements on the law; we have wandered down the ages until the Fall of Rome and farther on until the Pope and Emperor both yielded them place upon the dual throne; to the wonderful book of Grotius, and more wonderful still, under Dr. Taylor’s magic, we have seen the state of France transformed into a book and “the Norman government become a little watch.”

As with the passing years we will feel the accumulative power of increasing knowledge, let us hope that the knowledge imparted to us in the sacred precincts of Georgetown University will ever be used with the highest conception of principle, that greatest armor against temptation. Let us hope that the spirit of Georgetown will never chidingly and reproachfully hover about us, but that its fame may be ever unsullied and all enduring, so that “as it lives today, may it live tomorrow, and at all times, in all its plenitude.”

And now, Alma Mater, to whom our vows and wishes will ever bend, we say VALE.
Patent Law Class

Coincident with the enlargement of our Law School building has come the expansion of the Law School curriculum—the branching out of the school into new fields of special importance in the twentieth century. The first of these special courses to be established is the Patent Law Class.

Though instruction in Patent Law has been given to members of the Post-Graduate Class since the fall of 1902, the time devoted to this subject heretofore has never been sufficient to warrant the conferring of a special degree, the lecturer having to content himself with giving a brief summary of the general law and procedure—with only a few touches on the high spots. This information, while instructive, did not give the Georgetown graduate the necessary foundation to enable him to compete with the specialists in patent causes and to cope successfully with the problems presented by the rapid progress of invention and the steady growth in extent and importance of patent litigation.

The necessity for a fuller understanding of these intricacies being once apparent, the present course was but a natural outcome; and the popularity of the move is evidenced by the enthusiasm with which the student body responded.

From the very start the enrollment was large. On the opening night, 19 members of the third year class answered to the roll call, with 21 of the Post-Graduate Class represented—and 5 candidates not allied with either class entered the school to try only for the new degree—Master of Patent Laws.

That this first step toward expansion is a beneficial one is too evident for discussion. In these days of specialists dominating every field of endeavor, the most thorough instruction practicable in any chosen branch is a necessity—and the growth of our Alma Mater to keep abreast with the present march of progress is but another indication of the true Georgetown spirit of advancement.

May this be the beginning of a Greater Georgetown.
Development of the Law School

The DOMESDAY BOOK of 1911 has hit upon a year of grace, when the Law School is strengthening and broadening, a year which marks the opening of an additional law building, and an increase in the student body, unparalleled in the history of law schools.

From a modest beginning, Georgetown has become the third largest school of its kind in the country and one of the largest in the world. A brief review, therefore, of this wonderful growth is both interesting and instructive.

Georgetown Law School was founded in 1870 by the then Rector, Rev. Bernard A. McGuire, at the suggestion of Martin F. Morris, Dr. Joseph E. Toner and Charles W. Hoffman. The first session ever held by the school was in the old Colonization Building, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and John Marshall Place; and but twenty-five students answered the roll call. The course, limited to two years, embraced only the more important branches of the law; and three professors constituted the faculty. They were Mr. Justice Samuel P. Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Judge Charles P. James, then a practicing attorney and afterwards one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the District, and J. Hubley Ashton. The first Secretary and Treasurer of the School was Charles W. Hoffman, who soon afterwards relinquished the office of Secretary and Treasurer, and became Dean of the Law School.

Of the work and devotion of the three men to whom the destinies of the young Law School were first committed, too much cannot be said in praise. The reputation of Mr. Justice Samuel F. Miller was international; and his many opinions, contained in the reports of the Supreme Court of the United States are a perpetual monument to the industry and ability which marked him as one of the ablest judges that ever served upon that high tribunal. The work of Judge James and Mr. Ashton was of the highest order of ability and usefulness, and to these three men is largely due the successful foundation of Georgetown Law School.
In 1872 the Law School was moved to the old Gonzaga, or Washington Seminary building, on F Street between Ninth and Tenth Streets Northwest, where for ten years it continued its sessions. During the earlier part of this period, the progress of the school was slow and the attendance small, due largely to the business and financial depression then existing throughout the country, but in 1875 new life and vigor were infused into the University by Rev. P. F. Healey, under whose administration Georgetown entered upon what may be termed the progressive period of her life and history.

Father Healey’s personal interest in, and attention to, the Law School was great and untiring, and the results were immediate and far-reaching. The curriculum was enlarged, the standards advanced and the faculty materially strengthened.

Martin F. Morris, man of letters, able lawyer and admirable judge, entered about this time upon his long and useful term of active service in the school; and for upwards of thirty years gave his time, energies and talents to the cause of legal education.

At this time also Richard T. Merrick, whose fame as a lawyer was nation wide, became a member of the faculty, and proved a powerful aid to Father Healey in his plan and work for the upbuilding of Georgetown University. Mr. Merrick’s subjects were Constitutional Law and Law of Nations; and many lawyers in active practice today will recall, with a sense even of enthusiasm, the wealth of instruction so eloquently phrased by this brilliant lawyer in his lectures, delivered during the years from 1875 to the date of his untimely death in 1885.

During this period, the scope of instruction was materially increased. Postgraduate subjects were introduced and a third year course of study added. Father Healey himself delivered, for several terms, lectures on ethics and its relation to positive law; and thus laid the foundation for the splendid work of his successors in this useful field of instruction, notably the Rev. Rene Holland, and that scholar, philosopher and man of men, the Rev. John A. Conway.

In 1881 under the Rectorship of the Rev. James A. Doonan, a worthy successor to Father Healey, an additional impulse and direction was given to the progress of the school; and its efficiency was largely increased by the entrance into the faculty of Judge Jeremiah M. Wilson and Joseph J. Darlington, eminent lawyers both, whose long connection with the school and whose admirable services are to be considered among the most potent factors in its successful achievements. At this time also Chief Justice William A. Richardson, of the Court of Claims, became a member of the faculty, and, for many years, was actively connected with its work.
In 1882 the old Gonzaga building was torn down to make room for business enterprises, and the Law School was temporarily moved into the Lenman Building on New York Avenue near the corner of Fifteenth Street. Conditions soon became crowded there, for the school was rapidly growing in influence and numbers, and in 1884 the building, at the corner of Sixth and F Streets, was remodeled for its accommodation; and here was taken up a supposedly permanent abode.

In 1885 Judge William M. Merrick, one of the ablest lawyers and upright judges that ever practiced the profession or aided in the administration of justice, was added to the faculty and remained for many years one of its most important and useful members.

Throughout this time the faculty of the Law School, encouraged always by the successive rectors of the University, continued to raise the standards of study and efficiency, to widen the curriculum and to strengthen the teaching force of the school.

Mr. Justice Field was added to the faculty in 1885, succeeding the late Richard T. Merrick in the chair of Constitutional Law.

In 1888 Justice Andrew C. Bradley of the Supreme Court of the District became one of its members, and in 1889 Mr. R. Ross Perry entered the school and successfully contributed to the advancement of its interests.

In 1890 it became apparent that the building at the corner of Sixth and F Streets was insufficient to accommodate the now rapidly increasing number of students, which at that time was over two hundred; and, with the assistance of the University, a Law School building was planned and erected on E Street between Fifth and Sixth Streets. In 1891 the Law School took possession of this, the first building owned by it, and thus passed forever from rented quarters.

With the increase in attendance the faculty of the Law School was enlarged and strengthened, and the standard and scope of instruction advanced. Among the many notable additions, a course in Admiralty Law, under the able direction of Mr. Justice Henry M. Brown of the Supreme Court of the United States, materially augmented the strength and popularity of the school.

In 1898 a fourth year was added to the course, three years being devoted to undergraduate and one year to post-graduate study.

At the opening session of 1909 the students in attendance numbered 608, and the building of 1891—considered, when built, by even the most enthusiastic well-wisher of Georgetown, to contain ample room to meet the needs of the school for a quarter of a century at least—was found to be already overcrowded and overtaxed. Accordingly it was determined to build a new addition, to which reference
has been made, and by which the holding capacity of the original building has been more than doubled.

As soon as the stability and success of the Law School was assured, the President and faculty entered upon the work of the solid and safe advancement of the courses and methods of instruction, and this was done when its doing entailed very frequently the renunciation of compensation on the part of the professors. From time to time new courses were added, new professors secured to conduct these courses and new teaching methods introduced. The professors have been invariably selected from the judges in the active discharge of their duties, and from members of the bar in active practice.

The method pursued has been, and is, the assignment for study of matter prior to lectures; lectures covering that assignment; the study and analysis of cases followed by a thorough system of questioning or quizzing by instructors employed for that purpose; and in addition, excellent moot courts are conducted and debating societies encouraged.

One of the strongest factors in Georgetown's system of education is found in the work of the Instructors, twelve in number, all of them lawyers of excellent standing and most of them graduates themselves of the Georgetown Law School.

When a review of this school, its growth and success, is made, it would seem only a matter of common justice to name each and every of the devoted men who, from its small beginning down to its present day of greatness, have labored with ability and zeal, often without remuneration and always at a personal sacrifice, to make this school an honor to the University, a credit to the profession and a useful instrumentality in the education of citizens; but such an enumeration cannot be made on this occasion, and lack of space prevents more than reference to those whose preeminent abilities, power and influence have, in a marked degree, contributed to the upbuilding of the school, which all have served well and faithfully, to which all alike are bound by the fact of service and the bond of affection.

No reference to the Law School and its growth and achievements could well be made without mention of the several Rectors of the University who, successively from 1870 down to the present day, have, in their disinterested devotion to the cause of education, so well supported and directed the efforts of the faculty. These make up a long and splendid roll of honor, and on this roll Healey's name should lead all others.

Nor should we overlook or underestimate the worth and efforts of the several secretaries, Charles W. Hoffman, Bernard T. Hanley, William Henry Dennis, Samuel M. Yeatman, and probably the most efficient of them all, Richard J. Watkins, the present incumbent.
Of the professors the names of James, Ashton, Miller, Morris, the brothers Richard T. and William M. Merrick, Darlington, Wilson, Cole and Perry should be written upon the tablets of the University as the makers of Georgetown Law School. The foundation laid, and the superstructure begun by them, has given to the University one of the leading Law Schools of the world.

Of the present faculty and instructors, all of whom are dear to the friends of Georgetown, and well-known to the public, it should be said that they, taking up the work where those who have gone before them laid it down, have brought it on and will continue it along the same lines of solid efficiency and usefulness; and to the friends of Georgetown University it should be further said that when they remember that the conduct of the Law School is in the hands of men like its present Rector, Father Himmel, its Dean, Chief Justice Clabaugh of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Chief Justice Shepherd of the Court of Appeals, Justices Gould and Wright of the Supreme Court of the District, Holmes Conrad, Hannis Taylor, John W. Yerkes and Daniel W. Baker, and others equally as devoted and as able, they need have no doubt or apprehension but that the future growth, usefulness and integrity of the Law School will measure up to, and even exceed, its past, as great as that past has been.

The same thoroughness, the same adherence to the lines of right, of professional ethics and traditions, the same reverence for law and its fair administration, will govern its direction and enable it to continue to send forth to every section, state and county, of these United States, her graduates at law, educated and equipped to ennoble and elevate the profession of their choice, and to teach by precept and by practice a greater respect and reverence for the law.

ROBERT A. CONY.
Now, like a cobweb glinting in the sun,
Your texture may be fair to dreaming eyes;
On closer view, interminable spun,
Too well refin'd. Many a snare belies
Your outward seeming; and the trickster plies
His busy trade therein. An outlawed thought
Lives on with you, though all elsewhere it dies.
The bastard logic, by the old schools taught,
Is rife. And yet men say: "Behold what Law has wrought."

Nor are your faithful servants those who praise
The devious windings that your paths may take,
And, with smug verbiage and sounding phrase,
Obscure your ways. More faithful those who make
Your errors clear, and, striving to awake
The slumbering gods of Justice and of Right,
Cast bigotry aside, and strongly break
Your skeins of tangled reason in the sight
Of worlds. Such are the souls who keep your 'scutcheon bright.

Your mandates should promote the Peace on Earth.
When you shall serve the welfare of mankind,
And, in the wisdom of your sway give birth
To golden love; and when, no longer blind
But with all-seeing eyes and equal mind,
Your Justice is to god-like statue grown;
Then, shall no beggar's cry beneath the wind
Be drown'd, nor, pleading "Bread," receive a stone;
And then may Law and Lawyers come into their own.
Among us there are men who know somewhat the highways of the world. Among us there are boys untried and inexperienced. After this closing year, both men and boys set out upon a journey that is new. Even to the old and traveled the journey must be different; it may be similar, but it cannot be the same. The oldest traveler, when upon strange paths, looks to his sandals. For the new and different journey we must prepare new ideas and ideals, or we must know that the old are fitting.

Too many pulpits preach the Dogma of Discontent, the Doctrine of Divine Unrest. One might well attempt to supply a mental antidote. How effective this would be, even if properly administered, is another question. Ambition, the desire for preeminence, the battling instinct, is engrafted on every mind and engrained in nature. It is, perhaps, the stock on which all else is grafted. Undisguised and naked, it riots in the animal world. In the world of man it is the primal passion, arousing the hearts of pre-historic savages and inciting their hands to violence against their fellowmen. We see its influence in the history of all time, and in the works which picture history. We feel its power animating the Romantics of every age. We know this instinct to be still dominant within us, since the blood responds to the Gospel of Ambition; "Diana turns her face from the Creatures of Clay. But to the Souls of Fire she gives more fire; and to those that are Manful a power more than Man's. These are her Heroes, the Sons of the Immortals. Them she drives forth by strange ways through doubt and need and trouble and danger; and some of them die in the flower of their youth, and some attain to noble names and a fair and green Old Age." The words portray a spirit not of reason, but of impulse blind and unreasoning, the impulse to rise higher and push forward never ceasing. Its cultivation does not bring happiness, for happiness is Content.

And yet, this impulse, this instinct has been the motive power behind the great, advancing tide of civilization. Without it, culture could not have evolved
from barbarism. By reason of higher civilization, man is infinitely more happy today than ever before in the history of the world. Ambition has done man's work well in the past. Does this argue that it is his only hope in the future? The needs of the past were physical, the pressing needs of the present are mental. Ambition in the past enabled man to live; content in the future must teach him how to live. We now have bodily comfort, we must seek for mental welfare.

The greatest evils, following Ambition's wake, are not so much the innumerable crimes and villainies committed in its name, as the germs of brooding discontent, which dwell in the hearts of the unsuccessfully ambitious and spread their contagion broadcast through the world. The lives of many become sour and embittered, a contribution to the misery of mankind, not to its happiness, because these men set up before themselves pet idols, pet ambitions, and fail in their attainment. Temperance, which is Content, marks the boundaries of a happy life; but they, having been intemperate in Ambition, bitterly consider themselves "failures in life," whereas no one, as yet, has fairly defined the phrase or properly applied it. The baldest idler, to say nothing of the man who fights and is defeated, has found success if he knows Content; for, as Stevenson says "he has demonstrated the great theorem of the Liveableness of Life."

Let us adore, then, if it seems pleasant to us, the Goddess of Ambition; but remember that if we fail to satisfy her demands, we are not damned to lasting misery in life. We have no need for a seat in the High Places of earth. It is not necessary to set the world afire in order to obtain a comfortable warmth. It is sufficient if we can live, respected by our friends and acquaintances, as members of an honorable profession.
The canons of morals have varied with every age and every nation. Morality, the established code governing and arousing the moral sense of the individual, is "a matter of longitude and time." Ethics, the philosophy of morals and deduced from reason, can have only one unchanging, basic principle as its fountain-head, the law of each for all and all for each. Whatever promotes the welfare of mankind is ethically good; whatever injures the happiness of man is ethically evil.

Legal ethics is the application of this cardinal principle to the contingencies arising in the lawyer's life. Ultimately, each question will be decided in the forum of the individual conscience; but it is profitable and highly necessary to consult, for guidance, the rules, derived from the wisdom and experience of eminent lawyers, by which the ethical duties of the profession to the public, to the court, to the Bar, and to the client, are pointed out, marked and defined.

Legislation is the enactment of general regulations; jurisprudence, the formulation of principles, more or less general, by the determination of specific cases, arising under the regulations of legislation. Together they constitute law. Legislation is the body, jurisprudence the life. The responsibility of creating the body and infusing the life falls upon the shoulders of the lawyer. Our legislative assemblies are composed, for the most part, of members of the legal profession; and, by reason of their familiarity with the intricacies of law the business of legislation is almost entirely in their hands. Jurisprudence is controlled, even more directly, by lawyers. We speak of "judge-made law;" but it is seldom possible without a suggestion from the Bar. Therefore, since the responsibility of planning legislation and building jurisprudence comes to the lawyer because of his profession, the duties imposed are properly within the scope of legal ethics.
It is impossible, however, to crystallize into a formula the lawyer's duty in the innumerable activities of shaping and molding legislation and jurisprudence. He should bring to the task a freedom from intolerance and sectionalism, a willingness to look at men and things with his own eyes, a comprehension of the broad principles of justice, an inattention to the technicalities which confound them, and finally an ability to disregard the promptings of self-interest, when to subserve it would be to torture and twist the law from the paths of reason. The ideal is high; but so is the responsibility. Whoever satisfies it advances the interests of mankind, and fulfills the spirit of the oath, taken by the advocate of old "to well and faithfully serve the king and his people."

In America, the existence of our institutions depends essentially upon popular approval. The courts of justice, invested with supreme power over the life, liberty and property of the citizen, could not continue in the ministration of their functions without the most absolute public confidence in their integrity and impartiality.

The attitude of the layman towards the bench merely reflects the attitude of the lawyer. Any lack of respect to the judge in his official capacity, evidenced by the lawyer, inevitably tends to influence popular opinion, perhaps to a most serious degree. He has, of course, the freedom of expressing his views as to the qualifications of a judge, and his criticism, if just and temperate, can only result in raising the standard of the bench. But no lawyer may properly give way to mere personal abuse, nor indulge in openly offensive conduct or insulting language.

His duty to the court, however, does not cease here. To tamper with the records of a court, to knowingly cite an over-ruled case, to treat as in force a repealed statute, to garble the language of a decision, statute or text-book is a fraud in the grossest sense. Underhand conduct, adopted for the sake of its influence upon the jury, is dishonorable in the extreme. To offer evidence known to be inadmissible, to propound questions merely tending to degrade a witness, to descend to personalities in argument, to fawn upon or flatter the jury, to ingratiate one's self with the jurors by an apparently solicitous attention to their personal comfort, is plainly and concededly unfair. The evidence may be analyzed, collated and sifted; but the lawyer should avoid the slightest perversion of the testimony of a witness or the argument of opposing counsel.

Some men pride themselves upon an ability to browbeat, bully, threaten and confuse an honest witness, and so obtain a distorted narrative from him. As Warvelle has said: "This is a species of criminal trickery, so nearly allied to subornation of perjury that it is difficult, from a moral point of view, to distinguish between them."
From his own witness, the lawyer must elicit the truth, but so much of it as, 
in his judgment, may be calculated to benefit the cause of his client. He is under 
no obligation to go into matters that would prejudice his client's case, nor to lay 
stress upon testimony adverse to his interests. Yet what he draws from his wit­
ness must be nothing but the truth. There is no justification for leading a witness 
on material issues, nor for deliberately coaching a witness before he takes the stand.
He has a right to learn all that the witness does know; but he has no right to teach 
him what he ought to know. It is proper, however, to advise a voluble witness not 
to advance information, generally or as to a particular subject, unless specifically 
terrogated, or to tell a reluctant witness to be more elaborate in his testimony.

Not only the greater part of a man's comfort in life, but as well of his success 
at the Bar, depends upon his relations with his professional brethren. The busi­
ness man is quick to appreciate and endorse the verdict passed upon a lawyer by 
his associates. Judge Sharswood has well said: "The good opinion and confidence 
of the members of the same profession, like the King's name on the field of battle, 
is a 'tower of strength,' it is the title of legitimacy." But more than the material 
advantages of such an opinion, a man should and will esteem the social advantages 
growing from its existence. A cordial friendship is the wine of life. And no­
where else can a lawyer so widely choose his friends as among the men whose inter­
est, whose ideas, whose pleasures coincide with his. No matter how indifferent 
an exterior a man may affect, he desires the confidence of his associates. As time 
flows on, the desire deepens and intensifies. When he has left behind him youth and 
early manhood, his life, of necessity, will become tedious and barren, unless he 
possesses "all that should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of 
friends." By courtesy, by strict observance of the amenities of social intercourse; 
by gentlemanly consideration, by these and by these alone, he may command the 
hearts and the affections of his fellows.

He should render the smaller services to a member of the profession without 
demanding compensation. He should take no means to procure business over his 
associates, save those of an open and honorable competition in industry and ability. 
To entice a client from a brother lawyer, by solicitation or criticizing comment, is 
an unpardonable offense. Advertising is a similar procedure, differing only in 
degree. Where the attorney is practicing in a small country town or county-seat, 
a business card, inserted in the weekly paper and stating the name, profession and 
business address, is admittedly proper; but to go farther and spread broadcast 
an account of one's own ability, learning and exploits transgresses the limit of fair 
competition and flagrantly violates professional decency.
Comity compels a liberal treatment of all incidental matters, not affecting the merits of the cause or working injustice to the rights of the client. To force opposing counsel to trial, when he is under affliction or bereavement; to insist upon a hearing at a particular day to his injury, when a different day would be substantially as acceptable; to refuse an extension of time for signing a bill of exceptions, for filing a pleading or cross-interrogatories: such actions can only bring a lawyer into disrepute with his associates at the Bar.

Even where permitted by law, he should not ignore, without timely notice to his opponent, the known customs or practice of the Bar, or of a particular court. Finally he should be punctilious in the observance of all agreements, written or unwritten. This last is the sine qua non of professional and gentlemanly intercourse.

Subject to the described duties of the attorney to the public, to the court, and to the Bar, his duty to the client requires the exertion of his utmost learning and ability and the manifestation of his warmest zeal and devotion, in the preservation and establishment of the client's rights. He must own an immovable fidelity to the confidence of his client and hold inviolate the communications made in the course of professional consultation. The breach of this duty should be "a crime unknown, like parricide among the ancients."

In all civil suits, the lawyer, at his option, may retire from the case whenever he believes that his client's cause is an unjust one; yet this course is not obligatory under any principle of legal ethics. The ethics of law contemplates a judicial hearing for every legal claim, morally just or unjust; but it forces no lawyer, against his conscience, to assist in the recovery of civil damages. If he remains in the case, however, he is under an imperative duty to make use of every defense allowed by law, including the statute of limitations, exemption laws and the like. The lawyer is not entitled to prejudice his client's cause. He is a minister of law, not a conservator of morals, nor a keeper of his client's conscience. As a friend, he may warn the client that, in a certain case, it would be extremely dishonorable to interpose such a defense; but if the relation between them are merely professional this intervention would be highly officious. As a lawyer, it is his duty to advise as to the true state of the law, its effect upon his client's position, and, if retained, to advance the client's interests in any way consistent with a fair interpretation of the law.

In the ancient Mirror of Justice, the advocate's oath embraced the undertaking "to put no false dilatory into court." Nor has his obligation, in this respect, changed with the passage of time. To delay proceedings at law for the sake of
delay, by conniving at unfounded doctors' certificates, affidavits of removal, and the like, is a serious dereliction of duty and may result in harsh injustice. The lawyer is bound to promote the speedy and effective administration of the laws.

The institution of groundless suits is a kind of legal blackmail, productive of the greatest hardship upon the defendant. Admission to the Bar is not "a commercial letter of marque and reprisal." The lawyer must have no hand in fomenting and fostering discord. It is his work to "keep the commercial craft in a safe channel, where it will not split upon the rock of litigation nor founder in the shallows of misunderstanding."

He is, perhaps, never justified in refusing to take upon himself the defense of a criminal case, when appealed to for his assistance. Each man, accused of crime, has a constitutional right to a trial, with all the forms devised for the security of life and liberty, and a verdict, based upon legal and proper evidence. "These are the panoply of innocence, unjustly arraigned, and guilt cannot be deprived of it, without removing it from innocence." This comprehends the right to be represented by counsel. Whether or not the lawyer believes or knows the accused to be guilty of the offense charged, it is his duty, when called as a professional adviser, to defend him loyally and to use "all fair arguments arising upon the evidence." Under no circumstances, however, is it proper for an attorney publicly and in open court to assert his personal belief in the innocence of his client or the justice of his cause.

Lastly, his position as an officer of the court and a minister of justice imports an obligation to deny the benefit of his services to no suitor, who comes with a fair demand and an honest case. He may not reject for any consideration personal to himself the cause of the weak, the stranger, or the oppressed. This, in the last analysis, is the highest expression of the lawyer's duty. It is born, not of patronizing Charity, but of a realization of his fellowship in the great community of men, of an honorable understanding of the beauty of justice and the nobility of human service, of a keen appreciation of his situation as one who may work powerfully to advance the welfare of his fellows. It is his pleasant and natural course in life. "As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good work, does not call out for the world to come and praise him, but goes on to another, as the vine goes on to produce the grape in season."

Daniel W. Baker.
The Dreamer

The dreamer occupies his fitting and luminous place in the great mosaic of life. His book of dreams comprises the science of human nature; and he reads therein that he may discover and develop the qualities of character which are pure and clean and good.

The plastic nature of the mind is a secret known only to the dreamer. He, alone, is aware that, as the stone is smoothed and shaped by the soft but ceaseless flowing of a gentle stream, so is the mind of man and the very fibre of his being molded and changed by the influence of his daily thoughts. Desires, ideals, morals, affections, emotions vary with the current of accustomed ideas; and habit is the controlling factor in the mental as in the physical world.

This the dreamer knows, for he has practiced introspection; and, knowing it, the future lies golden before him. For there he sees the years when he may transform, little by little, his heart and mind into a state of near-perfection, adding here, erasing there, like a painter at work upon his masterpiece.

To the dreamer Law offers a glorious career, not by reason of the fame which may attend its followers, but by the opportunities which it affords for self-development. Here, in the profession, he may meet face to face the passions of humanity; here penetrate the inmost recesses of the souls of men; here study the emotions and the thoughts of others, and, by the light of such study, know himself more surely and more perfectly. The elementary need of the advocate is sympathy for his fellows. Here he may feel the ties which bind the hearts of men together, the communion of interest which makes one united brotherhood of the race of man; and thereby he may understand the truth and beauty of the great Ideal, so infinitely pure and noble, embodied by Paine in his immortal words: "The world is my country, mankind are my friends, to do good is my religion."

The profession is the home of the leaders of men; but the quality of leadership rests with the individual. He may find in Law the good and the evil, the liberal and the technical, the broad and the narrow, the lofty and the base. He may take unto himself the bigotry of semi-barbarous days, or the noble independence of a new civilization. The rank weeds of the past are still luxuriating, but the seeds of a flowery future are blossoming on earth.

The individual may choose, but, as the dreamer knows, his first choice will be his last. The paths divide to meet no more. Now, at the beginning, let us weave our woof of mental custom with the resinate colors of the fair and true, and attune our ears that, in the future, we may "catch the far-off music of the Law."
Doc Watkins' bell proclaimed the witching hour of half-past six, when "law-
schoolward the government clerk plods his weary way." Along with the stragglers
I drifted through the sacred portals, and lapsed into my cherished seat behind the
pillar, where smoking is not taboo.

A drowsy murmuring filled the room. My fellow classmates were draped
gracefully over their seats, in varied attitudes of repose. A lecture on "Sopo-
riques" progressed. Softly and sobbingly, a soothing voice seeped through the air,
as the Judge succumbed gradually to his subject.

"Ah!" thought I, "the time is ripe to match my humble talents against the
inventive genius of Elijah, Brigham Young, Mary Baker Eddy, and all the great
array of prolific prophets, who before me passed the door of darkness."

I dozed, dreamed, and another revelation was added to the prophetical
encyclopedia. The sequel will show
whether I am to succeed to the purple
robe of Moses or the tattered shift of
Alexander Dowie.

My spirit had flung the dust aside,
and, riding on the winds, steered a middle
course between the Great Bear and the
Serpent. The earth diminished, dwin-
dled, faded away in the measureless void
of Space; and, for a moment, darkness
shrouded my existence. Then there was
light and more light, until the skies spilled
over with an immortal brilliance, and I
saw, arising from the snowy bosom of a
cloud, the golden battlements of Paradise.

Amidst a glory of violet stars, St. Peter sat upon the lofty wall, jaugling his
keys against the parapet and toying with the shamrock in his buttonhole. The
world was fragrant with the distillation of a heavenly spring; the sweet singing of the seraphim wafted on the breeze, and the Angel of Peace himself was present in the person of the pacific Tighe.

"Open! God-given right! Open!" A clamor pierced the silence, and beneath a fierce assault the Scripture-plated gate trembled upon its text-reinforced hinges.

"Who's there?" cried out St. Peter in alarm. "O'Leary," "Faith, and are you mounted?" "Yes, I bestride my favored charger, Noise." "Come in, but for the sake of those who sleep in peace, pray leave your horse outside."

Crowned with a Walt Whitman hat, a solemn presence appeared before the gate, and rapped gently on its panels.

"Who comes?" said St. Peter. A basso profundo answers, "Freeman." "And what have you in your vest pocket?" "Chaves." "Pass in, Freeman." "A point of order, a point of order!" shouts O'Leary, "they are not mounted." "Over-ruled," laconically observes the Supreme Master-at-Arms. "I appeal," says O'Leary. "Not allowed," replies the Saint. "For why?" says O'Leary. "I need an assistant in my business. Tim Woodruff was discovered yesterday in altitude six hundred and platitude seven thousand, headed this way and with a third term glitter in his eye."

Down the Milky Way trips a Salome-like apparition, and waltzes upon the scene.

"My word," murmurs St. Peter to his new warden; "this fellow will want me to install an F Street and accessories, hobble and harem skirts, seminary maidens, show girls and grande dames with callow Romeos in tow." "Look here, deah boy," he added, turning to the newcomer, "before you enter here, you must expurgate those spats, throw away your cane, and disguise that Harry Lauder walk. Personally I deem you a thing of beauty, but I must consider the feelings of my constituents."

The disconsolate Palmer retires, and St. Peter scowls and mutters to himself. "Cheer up, old man," said Freeman, "the worst approaches."

A pompous individual, with innumerable questions concealed about his person, plants himself squarely before the celestial gateway. Suddenly plucking forth a paper, he reads "How old is Ann; who hit Billy Patterson; and do you dye your whiskers?"
"I know you, Ottenberg, and you can't come in!" shouted the sage, rising in his wrath. "My reputation in the Municipal Court." "You mistake this for a quiz." "What distinction do you—" "The blasphemy of my angelic Boyd be upon your head!" "My laudable desire for information—" "Next," remarked Freeman.

"T. J. Fitzgerald." "Mounted?" "No." "Then get yourself a horse." Fitz wanders sadly away, and finds Pelzman distributing pictures of his uncle's clothing emporium among the cherubim.

"Here, Fritz," says Fitz, "I need you for a horse." "Which?" says Fritz. "No admittance up here without a horse." "What is there in it for me?" says Fritz. "We both get in." "Sure," says Fritz. He kneels down, and T. J. climbs upon his back. Remembering the Senior Class election, I grinned.

"Who comes?" sang out St. Peter. "T. J. Fitzgerald." "Are you mounted?" "Yes." "Tie your horse outside and come in."

The review was becoming monotonous. In the wake of the preeminent Fritz, I passed through the gate, and entered the realms of the elect. Fountains jetted in the squares, their sparkling spray tinted with the rainbow's varying shades. Palaces, bedecked by multi-colored gems, lined streets of eighteen carat gold. Levi and Jacobsen were running up and down Paradise Alley, hunting for pearls. The air was odorous with the incense of celestial life; and sweet rhythms, like gay, ethereal butterflies, floated about my drowsy senses. In the distance a song arose, swelling higher and drawing nearer.

"Come all you ladies sweet, your voices raise
And sing the virtues of this hero, fair,
Refined and dainty, worthy of your praise,
Modest as brass, and owning all his share
Of Nerve, a gallant wight with hoary hair;
Dapper and gay in uniformed tinfoil.
Yes, gentle fairies, 'tis the great John Doyle."

Charming John blushes into view, attended by a bevy of nymphs and a choir of dark-eyed houris, under the tutelage of the genial Abe. Striking a graceful attitude, he waves his hand and the band renders "Captain Jinks of the Horse-Marines."

Attracted by the din, Carter Fort sauntered into the plaza.

"They tell me, Carter," said I, "that, when you were confined for attempting to return to Georgia, you followed in Dante's footsteps, and took a metrical trip to the infernal regions."
He turned upon me, with his old, familiar Ancient Mariner expression and began:

'A dusky spectre stands beside my bed, with horrid grins upon his ugly phiz. It's Abe. Quite well I know that I am dead, and realize whose messenger he is. I follow him along a gloomy road, where government clerks compose a howling mob. Pay-as-you-enter Pluto's grim abode, for Charon Watkins still is on the job. His eagle eye espies us from afar: 'Aha, the hindermost of nineteen 'leven. Later than usual, I observe you are; we thought by some mischance you'd gone to Heav'n.' Across the Styx doth ebon Virgil glide, I see mine ancient friends on every side: Here P. J. Fitz (we think his name is Pat), here sweet Tim Woodruff talking thru his hat; Here is the Fire so featured in the Book, here Schlosser, by his faithful quint forsook, Deth tie a scuttle on a lofty pole, and chuck the basket full with lumps of coal. Close by, an argument is waxing loud: 'tis quizzer Boyd and his quizzing crowd. Says Boyd, 'So-ho, my friends, I have you now: the army owns the navy.' 'Yow-wow-wow.' A navy fan emits blood-curdling yells. We stand amazed,—the erstwhile gentle Wells. Now, Swartz and Pelzman, stony-hearted brutes, seize Sprowls: a small account of nineteen suits.

They strip him of his outer garb, his hose are red and he wears purple under-clothes. Salvation Army bands pass home-ward bound, Steve Elliott is leading them around. A law-book in each hand, he beats the drum and loudly shouts 'down with the demon, Rum.' A short way on, we see a barber's chair and White, who shows us how he cuts his hair. Here Creecy for his libellous booklet begs, his news-boy pants reveal his sapling legs. Hark to the resonant, deep-swelling roar, reverberating to the Stygian sky, Like to the sound of breakers on the shore. Gadzooks! Forsooth, 'tis Leo Lee and Tighe. A side-show Barker makes the welkin ring and noisy echoes to the breezes fling. The rauous voice that oft hath made us weary is yet possess'd, by Jamie J. O'Leary. 'A wrestling match we have,' announces he 'between the British Lion and the Turk. It's worth your coming many miles to see, when Reddington and Palmer get to work.' The gold-dust twins, jesters of the king.' Baker and Parsons cut a pigeon wing. The Chinese giant, and the dwarfed Bink, sometimes known as Hank and Rinkadink.' Freeman and McCullough meet my eye. But what's that snapped at me as I went by? 'Zip the Cannibal Chief.' I read the sign: his teeth are bare, his gleaming eye-balls shine. My old friend Abbott, unconfined and crude, consuming nails and Mellon's breakfast food. Now, Pluto's voice I hear in accents dire: 'My cherished sway is o'er, to Fate I bow. The engineers are putting out the Fire, for Ottenberg's foreclosed his mortgage now.'"

The woful chanting trailed off into space. A momentary lull—and then the refrain is renewed. The sadness, the abiding sorrow is still expressively present; but it is a different voice, and ah, what a different theme: "Gentlemen, the Court of Appeals affirmed my holding on every point, positively on every point except one; and on that it reversed me, why I do not know, but——"

I dozed again, yet I dreamed no more.
It now becomes the duty of the Class Prophet, after the hallowed custom of Class Prophets from time immemorial, to predict a brilliant and glorious future for the class. The prediction is simple; its fulfillment, difficult. There can be no merit in wilfully deluding one's self, and shutting one's eyes to the patent facts of life. Therefore the Class Prophet will breach his traditional duty, and refuse to indulge in the accustomed prophecy.

There is nothing more infinitely uncertain than a young man's future career. Experience teaches us that the most promising have fallen to the depths of degradation, and the most uninspiring risen to the pinnacle of success. The utmost we may do, without verging upon the limits of absurdity, is to determine that we will meet life, be what it may, with open hands and honest hearts; that we will not complain of the vagaries of fortune. In the game of life, as in the game of cards, "the honor consists not in holding the highest hand but in playing a poor hand well."

The Class Prophet will predict, however, a life of happiness, and therefore of ultimate success, for those of us who may preserve the lawyer's fairest privilege, independence. The world contains too many men, bound, tied, cramped and confined by the bonds of special interest. A career must lose its savor of pleasure, if guided by the lash of a task-master or directed by the whim of a superior. Let us so live our lives that we may hold forever on our lips the challenge of the Saxons of old to the subjects of the Roman Emperor: "We come from the round world and we call no man Master."
"ROGUE'S GALLERY"
1911

B'S-CK
"TIE".
LA-NH-RT.

DANGEROUS!
R'BB'NGT-M.
OTT-NB'RG.

HARMLESS
K-HN-DY.

D-LM-R
O'L-RY.

THIS MAN'S ONLY
OFFENCE IS THE
WAY HE CUTS HIS
HAIR, BUT
THAT'S ENOUGH!
Census

Average Age ........................................ 24 years, 3 months
Average Weight ....................................... 155 pounds
Average Height ....................................... 5 feet, 9½ inches

Who is the Handsomest Man in the Class?
Gilday won by a seething majority. Daniels, with his dark expressive eyes was a close second. Reddington with thirty votes galloped in third.

Who is the Best Athlete?
Noonan won easily, followed by Schlosser, with Balzer third; and some one voted for Cornell.

Who is the Best Student?
Crossfield is evidently our best performer. Steve Elliott came under the wire with three votes behind the leader. There seems to be some mistake about the third, but “facts be facts” and Wood follows third. (Ed. Note: There are many jokers in the class.)

Who is the Class Dude?
A foregone reckoning. Palmer got all the votes but four. Three of these go to Sprowls and one to Cox.

Who is the Biggest Fussier?
E. J. Murphy, because of his F Street diversion, seems to hold the record. Hargus with his freshly curled smile wins second place. Addison third.

Who is the Biggest Bluffer?
Hickey, because he knew the matter before he read it. So many more names were submitted, it is impossible to select second and third places.

Who is the Biggest Grind?
Easy contract for Busick. He was hard pressed by White. Levy received two votes. Others voted for were Flynn, Keyes, Lang, McCanna, Pelzman, Kelly, Lane and Wise.
Who is the Greatest Genius?

Ottenberg, being able to ask the same question seven times in one week and live. Very few were entered in this classic. Politics, love and work interfere, perhaps. Hargus and Beller follow. No further comment is necessary.

*Favorite Actress*—Maude Allen.

*Favorite Actor*—John Drew.

*Most Popular Hobby*—Using safety razors.

*Greatest Benefit Derived from Georgetown*—Three years' rest.

*Class Idea of Misery*—Being penniless.

*Class Idea of Happiness*—Georgetown 15, Virginia 0.

*Favorite Haunt of Class*—Ebbitt House.

*Favorite Drink*—Hot beer with egg.

*Favorite Book*—Complete digest of Thayer’s Cases.

*Toughest Study*—Our classmates.

*Hardest Thing We Have Had to Do in College*—Say “buona fortuna et addio” to Georgetown.

Joseph C. Guilfoille.
Debating at Georgetown, as elsewhere, has had its times when the student interest flagged and the future of the work, study, sport (call it what you may), seemed devoid of possibilities. In the Junior Society these periods of waning interest have seldom occurred; but in the Senior Society they seem rather the rule than the exception. Whatever may be the cause of this dereliction of the elder society, whether it be due to the increased work of the third year or the slightly blase disposition which Seniors, be they of Prep School, College, or Law School, are wont to cultivate, it is to be hoped that, in the future, the Senior Societies to come will rise superior to it, and take their place, as they should, in the fore-front of debating, acting as leaders of the lower classes and endeavoring with their best efforts to develop for the credit of the University accurate, logical and well-rounded public speakers.

The art of self-expression would hold a proper position in the curriculum of a law school as any other subject now included, bar none. The world has no need of timid, shrinking, bashful lawyers. It demands men of force, of initiative, whose thoughts are not dormant in the recesses of their minds, whose ideas are boldly formed upon their lips. Public speaking models such men. To say that the power of self-expression is only obtained by practice is a truism; but it is a truism which admits of endless repetition.

The Class of Nineteen Eleven has taken a prominent part in debating during the whole of the three years of its life in the Law School. It is believed that, in the second year, the class had more men on the final Inter-Society Debate than any other class has ever obtained in the history of the Law School. Out of the four men selected, three were members of the class, Creecy, Fite and Abbott. In the same year, McKernan participated in the preliminary Inter-Society debates. The class is well represented this year by Walsh and J. J. O'Leary.
In the preliminary competitive contest or "try-out," Mr. Hagan, of Oklahoma, and Mr. J. R. Jones, of Pennsylvania, were chosen by the judges to represent the Junior Society in the first term debate, and were opposed by Mr. J. J. O'Leary, of West Virginia, and Mr. J. F. Abbott, of Tennessee, the successful contestants of the Senior Society. This debate was held at Gaston Hall on the evening of February 10, 1911, upon the subject, "Resolved, that the United States should fortify the Isthmian Canal." The Senior Society supported the affirmative, the Junior the negative. The decision of the judges favored the affirmative. Mr. O'Leary and Mr. Hagan were the two selected by the Board of Judges to meet the successful contestants of the second annual debate, and they, as all, may well be congratulated on their work and success.

Mr. John F. McCarron, of Illinois, and Mr. Raymond M. Hughes, of Minnesota, were selected by the Junior Society to represent that organization in the second term debate held at the College Hall on the evening of April 7, 1911, upon the subject, "Resolved, that the Initiative and Referendum should be made a part of the Legislative System of the Several States." They were opposed by Mr. Thomas J. Fitzgerald and Mr. Joseph J. Walsh of the Senior Society. Individual honors went to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Walsh in the order named.

These gentlemen will compete with Mr. O'Leary and Mr. Hagan, winners of the first term debate (for the faculty prize—let us hope) in the final public contest to be held the latter part of May, the date or subject not yet having been selected.

The last word one might leave is that of good hope from the present interest, and the Societies feel confident that, comparatively speaking, their lives have been active this year, despite the fact that their greatest aid, the faculty prize for public debating, was withdrawn recently to the surprise of all interested in the debating societies of the Law School. It is understood that a new arrangement of prize debates will be made next year, and that the faculty will more directly concern themselves with debating at the Law School. We need a better system of inter-collegiate debating committees, and an active faculty interest to stimulate the efforts of the committee-men. With this accomplished, we need have no fear but that the Debating Societies will live vigorously and enter upon an era of new growth.

WILLIAM A. WOODRUFF,
T. RAYMOND CLARK.
A Stude There Was

A stude there lived, and intent was he
(Even as you and I)
On a bit of parchment, an LL.B.;
(We knew it was only a paper degree)
But the stude believed in its dignity.
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the absque hoc will no longer mock
The dreams of his wearied brain;
The hideous thoughts of the fieri fa,
And the quid pro quo have passed away
To never return again.

For the stude forgot; and freely spent,
(Even as you and I)
To the burlesque show and the bar he went;
(And it wasn't the bar which first he meant)
But a stude must follow his natural bent,
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the knowledge lost and the cash it cost,
And the excellent things he planned,
Belong to the days that won't come back;
(And now he knows that he can't come back)
For Doc won't understand.

So down he went with the ebbing tide,
(Even as you and I)
His LL.B. was the stude denied,
And in bar exams he was cast aside,
(The rammy lived, but the student died)
(Even as you and I)

Now, more than the shame of his tarnished name,
There stings like a white-hot brand
The knowledge that Doc was wise to his thirst;
(And now he knows he was wise from the first)
Yet never would understand.
With the season just on the eve of opening, Georgetown's prospects on the diamond are promising and bright. The Blue and Gray have always turned out one of the best college baseball teams in this country; and, though for the past few years the nines have scarcely measured to their former standard, the University has never lost their place as a factor in the inter-collegiate championship.

Many of the stars of the great National game received their early training and won the fame which marked them as big league material while seeking their degrees at Georgetown. Of the present day stars, Arthur Devlin, the third baseman of the New York Giants, considered by many as the greatest third sacker the game has ever seen, and "Doc" White, the mainstay of the Chicago White Sox, won their first laurels wearing the Blue and Gray. Tom Cantwell, our Freshman President, during his college career conceded to be a great collegiate pitcher, is just breaking into the professional ranks, and we may some day in the near future find him classed among the stars.

The writer of this article finds himself in the position of a prophet who must foretell events about to occur before his prophecy is published. This, to say the least, is an embarrassing predicament. He cannot hand down his prediction concerning the misty future, but he must write, knowing that his calculations, when they meet the public eye, will be compared with the cold, hard, uncompromising facts.

Nevertheless, he will tell the probabilities as he sees them. There is good material this year and plenty of it. The pitching staff is slightly weak, but the candidates are numerous, and constant coaching should round the rookies into form. Elsewhere the team is strong. The infield is fast and snappy; the outfield is composed of sure fielders and heavy hitters; the catchers are long-headed and dependable. Every present indication points to a return of the halcyon days, and the team should run with the leaders in the inter-collegiate race.

MICHAEL H. CAHILL,
BERNARD D. BORGER.
For the first time since the introduction of basketball at Georgetown, letters were awarded to the members of the Varsity team this year. This action is in line with the policy in effect at all the leading universities, and seems to indicate that the sport is now firmly established. The interval, between the close of the football season and the opening of track, is now taken up by basketball; and the Blue and Gray will be represented, all the year round, by a Varsity team in some branch of athletics.

The team made a very creditable showing during the season just past. There were a great number of candidates trying for positions on the team, and the weeding-out process took a long time; but when the five was finally picked and the teamwork began to be developed, there was no stopping it and the season was closed with a splendid run of seven consecutive victories.

In a series for the Inter-collegiate Championship of the District of Columbia Georgetown easily won the title, defeating the other two contenders, Catholic University and Gallaudet College, in a very decisive manner. In this series the Varsity won four games and lost none. After the Y.M.C.A. had won the A.A.U. championship of the District, a post-season series was arranged between Georgetown and the Association quint. The Varsity won two straight from the Association lads, thereby clinching the Championship of the District of Columbia.

The matter of the Southern title is rather in doubt. Georgetown lost to Virginia at Charlottesville; but, when the teams met two weeks later in Washington, the Varsity showed a complete reversal of form and delighted a large audience by administering a stinging defeat to the Orange and Blue. As Virginia met and defeated all the other strong teams in the South, the title would seem to rest between these two great rivals.

Now, that the five has passed the formative stage and basketball is finally recognized as an official branch of University Athletics, we may look forward to a future of excellent teams and brilliant records.

J. Louis Monarch.
Undismayed by two disastrous seasons, the Varsity came back strong and the Georgetown standard was transformed into the pennant of Southern supremacy.

That our hopes for a winning team were soon to be realized was evidenced, the first few days by the way in which we disposed of the Seaman's Gannons School. Washington College, with Thompson's proteges, was next in line, and Mike suffered a stroke of apoplexy. Raleigh, N. C., we visited with intent to dispose of A and M.; but the weather made such a mess of the field that the team, not wishing to soil the new togs, came home with nothing, and left A. and M. the same.

Coach Neilsen delivered a parlor speech with most excellent results, for the following Saturday, our old time friends Washington and Lee failed to cross our goal. Georgetown rolled up 52 points, and the lack of wind kept the score down.

Our lone defeat came on October 22, when the superior weight and strength of the University of Pittsburg overcame our speed and science. Only the Georgetown gameness kept the score within respectable limits, Pittsburg scoring two touchdowns and a field goal; so we came home sadly, with the little pellet we had been administering to others.

Injuries sustained in the Pittsburg game raised a doubt as to the result of the coming battle with North Carolina. However 12 to 0, with Georgetown at the long end, proved ample revenge for the defeat of last year.

The advent of the Virginia game was a period replete with fond anticipation. The Class of 1911 took the lead at the Law School and a monster mass meeting of the four classes was held. The other departments of the University followed the lead of the Law School. When the day arrived, the Laws, to the number of 800, paraded from the Law School to Tenth and H where the Medics and Dents, 400 strong, were gathered. The professional schools marched 1200 strong to Georgetown field.

Here, Virginia, led by Captain Cecil, appeared ready for the slaughter. Scarcely had the noisy reception tendered them died away when the wearers of the Blue and Gray trotted upon the field. The usual negotiations between the Captains being completed, a hush fell over the crowd; and, with the echoes of "Are you ready, Captain Daly?" still lingering in the air, the Referee’s whistle sounded.
The testing period lasted but a few scrimmages. The Blue and Gray, with a series of end runs and fake plays, by Furey, Krafts and Costello, and line plunges by Kelly, carried the ball eighty-four yards; then, recovering after being held, completed the distance necessary for a score, sending Kelly over with the pigskin for the first points against Virginia in five years.

Cecil kicked off to Krafts, who returned the ball fifteen yards. After the exchange of punts came the most spectacular play of the game, when Costello called for a drop kick formation. Cuniff made a perfect pass, the line held like iron, Costello's shoe met the ball squarely, and it sailed, in the most beautiful of curves, over the center of the goal. The first half ended, shortly after the next kickoff, Georgetown 9, Virginia 0.

The second half opened with Varner kicking to Wyward. Georgetown advanced to the forty-yard line, where Costello's toe sent the ball away for three more points. In the last quarter Costello dropped his third goal for the final score.

Quite a celebration followed, and we are particularly proud of the grace with which our unaccustomed feet executed the snake dance. Nor do we forget that evening at the National? During the progress of "Girlies" the cheering became so intense and the demonstrations so frequent that the management was forced to hang out the "Help!" sign. After taking the town apart as a whole and in sections we retired to well deserved and happy dreams.

On Thanksgiving Day 5000 people saw Georgetown face Lehigh for the final game of the year. Again Costello was the chief luminary. Receiving the ball on the forty-yard line, he twisted his way through the entire Lehigh team for a touchdown, thus welding another link in our chain of victories. Lehigh's only score came early in the game, in the shape of a field goal from the ten-yard line, to which the ball had been advanced by means of the old "Shoestring" play. The rest of the game was nip and tuck, and, from the spectator's seats, the snappiest game of the season. Carter saved the day when he overtook Vela after an eighty-yard run. The contest bristled with sensational plays. It was a clean and snappy struggle—a Gentleman's game.

This victory brought to a close one of the most successful seasons of the Blue and Gray. It had been a triumph for the Alumni, through whose efforts the financial end had been arranged, for Coach Neilsen, who whipped together this great fighting machine, and for every wearer of the good old colors.

Prospects for next year are better than ever—every man back—but this is not our province, and we close this all too feeble outline with the legal maxim, "Res ipsa loquitur."

MICHAEL H. CAHILL.

THOMAS JAMIESON
Student's Progress

Class spirit, when properly understood,
Is a holy joy and a lasting good,
But Freshmen mistake for class spirit, I fear,
The hilarious sprite that dwells in the beer.

A maiden lady of forty, or more,
With a Soph in his teens sat on the floor;
And, when their feet met in front of the coals,
She said, smiling sweetly, "Communion of souls."

The years being long, the Senior's inclined
To loaf. May this serve as a spur to his mind.
"Saw wood in this world," what saith the text?
"'Tis better than shoveling coal in the next."

Wrote a P. G.'s wife to a medium of fame,
"Is my husband in love with his type-writer, Mame?"
The answer came back, and she fell in a faint,
"His relations with Mabel should be as they ain't."
Chapter House, 1422 Rhode Island Avenue N. W.

CHAPTER ROLL

Cornell University  
University of Minnesota  
Dickinson University  
University of Buffalo  
Syracuse University  
Ohio State University  
University of Pennsylvania  
Leland-Stanford University  
University of Washington  
University of Nebraska  
New York University  
University of Michigan  
Chicago-Kent College of Law.  
Osgoode Hall  
Union University  
University of Chicago  
University of Virginia  
University of Texas  
University of Southern California  
University of California

OFFICERS OF GEORGETOWN CHAPTER

JOHN E. HOLLIDAY, "A"  
STUART H. ELLIOTT, "B"  
WALTER R. McFARLAND, "D"  
JOSEPH F. ABBOTT, "C"  
DONALD B. CREECY, "E"  
J. CARTER FORT, "D"

FRATRES ACTIVI

DANIEL F. LEAHY  
ERNEST W. CAMP  
MURRAY F. SNIDER  
HUBERT R. QUINER  
GEORGE J. STAGNAMER  
ADDIS E. MURPHY  
RAYMOND M. OBENCHAIN  
JOHN S. MCCLORY  
HENRY E. MANGHUM  
EDWARD J. DONAHUE  
GUSTAVUS B. SPENCE  
WILLIAM C. HOLMES  
RICHARD O. SANDERSON  
EDWARD J. FRAUNHEIM  
WILLIAM E. RHEA  
SIDNEY F. TALIAFERRO

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

HON. DANIEL W. BAKER  
MR. CHARLES A. DOUGLAS  
MR. RICHARD J. WATKINS  
HON. HARRY M. CLABAUGH  
MR. J. NOTA MCGILL  
FRATRES HONORARII

HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN  
HON. PETER C. PRITCHARD  
HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU  
HON. LAWRENCE O. MURRAY  
MR. R. ROSS PERRY, JR.
Σ Ν Φ

Chapter House, 1748 P Street N.W.

CHAPTER ROLL

University of Texas
University of Nashville
University of Wisconsin
National Law School

OFFICERS OF GEORGETOWN CHAPTER

JOHN W. ALICOATE .................................................. Chancellor
ABRAM F. MYERS .................................................. Second Vice-Chancellor
RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS ......................................... First Vice-Chancellor
JAY W. WHITNEY .................................................. Master of the Rolls
JOSEPH C. HEMPHILL ............................................. Registrar of the Exchequer
A. KENNEDY MEEK .................................................. Crier

FRATRES ACTIVI

Edward R. Keenan
Joseph V. Morgan
William W. Weeks
James D. Donnelly, Jr.
T. Raymond Clark
Martin J. McNamara

FRATRES HONORARI

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt
Hon. Joseph H. Choate
Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker
Brig.-Gen. George B. Davis

Willam E. Leahy
William J. Bacon, Jr.
B. Frank Davis
G. Clifton Howard
Paul B. Cromelin
Clement C. Young

Hon. Charles E. Hughes
Hon. Hannis Taylor
Hon. Edward Douglas White
Mr. William H. Davis
The Morris Club

The existence of the Morris Law Club was conceived to meet a necessity; its successful formation laid in the sincere hope and earnest desire to advance in the study of law. Limitation in membership is a drafted article of its constitution; yet fraternal, in the sense of restrictive, is not the adjective of description to employ when noting that the purpose of the Club was consummated not by the questionable attachment of many but by the fervent interest of a few.

Its meetings are held weekly on Wednesday evenings and consist of papers prepared by members on subjects assigned at least two weeks in advance by the Executive Committee, covering matters of immediate and potent interest. Discussions follow which open up the topics read, and thus, by individual effort, is the general good of this Club acquired, that object which is the essence of its being. The record of its past is a report of great success; its future lies bright, resting in the power of those who are its founders and of those who will be of its membership; for, provision has been constitutionally made for a Junior Branch to be established immediately on entrance in October.

The name Morris was chosen to commemorate Judge Martin Morris, whose life was replete with those virtues which make of man an object of commemoration, honor and love, whose distinguished legal merit was preeminent in his profession, and whose great soul was entwined about the name of Georgetown. Some little share in the inspiration which his life affords, we, the Morris Law Club, trust may be ours, as we endeavor to build upon rock foundations this law club enrolled beneath his name.

William E. Leahy.......................... President
William C. Holmes.......................... Vice-President
Rupert L. Maloney.......................... Secretary
Thomas F. Sullivan.......................... Treasurer
Raymond Oakes.............................. Sergeant-at-Arms

Executive Committee

Martin J. McNamara........................... Chairman
Theodore Block................................

Charter and Elected Members

T. Raymon Clarke
George I. Borer
Joseph L. B. Chisholm

Carl A. Workman
John R. Dillon
Hubbert R. Quinter

171
Married

A PROBLEM PLAY IN THREE ACTS

Dramatis Personae

Henpecko ......................................................... Busick
Groucho .......................................................... Carmody
Newlywed .......................................................... Clothier
Mrs. Groucho ..................................................... Gilday
Jimmie ............................................................... O'Leary
The Royal Infant ................................................. L. L. Parsons
The Nurse Girl ..................................................... Palmer
The Co-respondent .............................................. Sprowls
The Janitor .......................................................... Reddington

Rejected Suitors—Elliott, Tighe, Fennell.
Governesses—Ottenberg, Shellberg.
Dashing Blondes—McFarland, Keys.
Confirmed Bachelors—Wood, Wells.
Old ladies, sweet young things, cooks, suffragettes, bill collectors, etc.—The
13 Club.

Acts

Act I—Parlor in Father-in-law's Home.
Act II—Kitchen of the Marital Apartments.
Act III—The Club.

Musical Numbers

Act I—There's Company in the Parlor.
I'd like to furnish a flat for you.
Act II—Ain't it hell to be married?
Oh, where is the Janitor?
Act III—My Wife's Gone to the Country.
I wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?
I know not how the truth may be
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

Mutt and Jeff—Freeman and McCullough.

F. Street patrolmen—Campbell, Flynn, Daniels and Tompkins.

Gilday and Reddington proudly boast of having opposed every proposition that has been offered at a class meeting.

Mr. Boyd:—"Mr. Haney, name the nine parts of an original bill." (Loud outburst of silence by Haney as he looks toward the floor.)

Mr. Boyd (after a long wait):—"What is the matter, Mr. Haney; are you making a prayer for relief?"

Cornell (modestly):—"They may be able to get me on some of their catch questions but when it comes down to principles, I know the law."

Tighe says there is no relationship between him and Ottenberg, notwithstanding the fact that they are respectively, the black sheep and the goat of the class.

Mr. Brady:—"Mr. Clothier, what is a dry trust?"

Woodruff to Clothier:—"Tell him the W.C.T.U."

Mr. Roach:—"What is abduction?"

Reddington:—"Well-a—Well-a—why that is the capturing of a female."

Mr. Roach:—"How are the dead labeled?"

Beller:—"By what's put on their tombstones."

Mr. Brady (at the beginning of the examination in Real Property):—"Gentlemen, owing to the apparent length of this examination, I shall stay for papers one-half hour longer than usual."

Hodgson:—"Who will stay the rest of the night?"
Mr. Boyd:—"Mr. A. E. Wood."
Wood:—"Do you mean me, your Honor?"

Mr. Adkins:—"What is the Writ of Mandamus?"
McCanna:—"A writ compelling a minister to do a ministerial act."

Mr. Brady:—"Is Mr. Palmer present?"
Sproeles:—"He's giving a tea this afternoon."

Mahan (to witness in Moot Court):—"When you last saw the deceased did you notice any symptoms of a disease which were not perceptible?"

Mr. White:—"When does a gift inter vivos take effect?"
Purcell:—"Upon the death of the donor."

O'Leary, J. J. (in Moot Court):—"Need anything more be said, your Honor?"
Judge Smith:—"If you have anything more to say, you may say it."
O'Leary:—"More may be said but I don't believe I can help the case."

Mr. Brady:—"What power has one partner to bind another?"
Jacobsen:—"All the power in the world."
(Joey applause.)
Jacobsen:—"I mean as much as any other partner."

Mr. Adkins:—"What is a hotch-pot?"
Hargus (in an undertone):—"Some kind of a kidney stew."

Mr. Sullivan:—"What is the effect of a plea in abatement?"
Moore:—"It squashes the writ."

Mr. Sullivan:—"Of what offense is a man guilty who while walking along a country road with a vicious dog, turns the dog loose and it bites me?"
F. Shaw:—"Cruelty to animals."

Judge Smith:—"Have you any of the Brunswick cases?"
Attorney Klopfer:—"No; but we have some just as good."

Mr. Boyd:—"Suppose the English Parliament should pass a law which was unconstitutional, what would happen?"
Fortune:—"The people wouldn't stand for it; there would be a resurrection."

Mr. White:—"What are the liabilities of a trustee for failure to invest funds of his cestui que trust?"
Felton:—"Why he must be governed by the surrounding circumstances."
’Twas in the prime of Autumn bleak,
(Th’rhyme is rank but to the spot)
We had not studied law a week
Before we found ourselves a lot
Of asses when compared to Ott.

Some others knew all legal lore,
Made Blackstone look like Tommy-rot,
Had precedent and case galore;
But none quite knew just what was what,
Before our first full year was up, but Ott.

I’ve studied hard, advanced as slow:
I’d like to know what he does not.
’Twould be enough for me to know
And then I’d think I knew a lot,
I’d rank myself with out friend, Ott.

Patent leather shoes quite nobby on such tiny feet so cute;
Above these, spats of gorgeous red and a real loud checkered suit
Lace in worn, has been to rumor heard around the class-room door
Most all fads were first his fancies simply that and nothing more
Each thing that James sees fit to wear must be “English don’t you know,”
Rush around and see our rival of the famous Brummel Beau.

Mr. Boyd:—“Who is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy?”
Felton:—“The President of the United States.”
Mr. Boyd:—“In time of war how does he exercise that power?”
Felton:—“By staying in the White House.”

Mr. Boyd:—“Can the State pass a law regulating some matter of interstate commerce if Congress has not already passed a law thereon?”
Goggin:—“That is a question for the courts.”
Mr. Boyd:—“No; that is a question for you.”

Mr. Boyd:—“What do you mean by police powers?”
Babcock:—“It is the power to regulate commerce.”

Mr. Roach:—“If I should die, to whom would my horse go?”
Barnes:—“To your creditors.”

Mr. Wilson:—“How does that differ from the common law of England?”
Fennell:—“I never knew the common law had been changed.”

Mr. Wilson:—“What would you do in a case of that kind?”
Flynn:—“Who am I?”
Mr. Boyd:—"Isn't the Navy generally considered as part of the Army?"
Wells (just before fainting):—"Oh, no! Oh, no!"

Mr. Boyd:—"Could Congress prohibit the sale of cocaine to the Indians?"
Tighe:—"Yes; under the pure food act."

Mr. White:—"Mr. Lanhart."
Lanhart:—"That name is Lainhart."
Mr. White:—"I've been calling you incorrectly all the time."
J. R. Murray:—"And that is the way he has been answering."

O'Leary, W. J. (after reading part of a city ordinance in Moot Court):—
"That is not all of the ordinance, your Honor, but the rest of it is against our side of the case."

Mr. White:—"What degree of negligence is necessary to vitiate a contract?"
Konigsberg:—"The degree of negligence which would overcome that degree of diligence a diligent man would use who was not negligent but diligent."

Mr. Adkins:—"What would be the result if the evidence submitted by the opposing parties to a civil suit was of equal weight?"
Shaw:—"Why in that case the jury would be hung."

Mr. Adkins:—"What is the difference between a declaration against interest and an admission?"
Wood:—"The distinction is that a declaration against interest is made by a dead person and an admission is made by a live one."

William A. Woodruff.
Gleanings from the Docket

"A man should pattern after the immortal Demosthenes, and speak on every occasion. There will be Cieeros in every age."—Wood.

"Consider the lilies of the field. Or do you remember Solomon?"—Lane.

"The man who disturbs his neighbor is a miscreant, and often have I wished that some unseen hand would smite those who have distracted me during quiz."—Lainhart.

"Fools rush ducks when angels are in bed."—Elliott.

"The nymph of Joy yclept Euphrosyne, now that I'm wed, has nothing much on me."—Clothier.

"A little voicelet is a dangerous thing."—Bloomer.

"I am never merry when I hear my name in quiz."—Hurney.

"There are more five-foot lawyers than five-foot libraries."—Jacobsen.

"Mankind and law are seldom apart. Well, I am the law."—Ottenberg.

"The man who knows it all knows all he'll ever know."—Kennedy.

"Poor student, good lawyer; good student, poor lawyer. Isn't that fate?"—Crossfield.

"Inane and ephemeral are the novels of to-day. Read thou thy Blackstone."—Tompkins.

"Vanity, vanity, all is money—ordinary, filthy lucre. Ban!"—Carmody.
“Shall I not take mine own bit of sleep? I am young and lectures are for worms and bromides.”—Hargis.

“Lo! the poor rummy, whose untutored mind sees joy in smoke, or finds it in the wine.”—Cahill.

“There is no wrong without a grouch thereafter.”—Felton.

“The reason some men stop at the corner café instead of hurrying home is because their wives cannot mix a decent drink.”—Hodgson.

“It is a short street that has no lawyer on it.”—Reif.

“Only the salt of the earth will reach Paradise. In that exclusive fraternity I include Levy. There’s a man for you.”—Konigsberg.

“What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his wife’s purchase at a bargain sale.”—Busick.

“The good die in oeb. That is my motto. Woe to the son of Adam who is abroad after curfew. There should be a strict law in the land.”—Sprauls.

“Let us say that we will meet again before we shuffle off towards the final jury, and give one more hoya for syne. Are you with me? Put your hand on the good book.”—Father Time.

JOSEPH C. GUILFOILE.
Attention is called to the fact that the half tones in this book were made from photographs taken by David B. Edmonston, and that duplicates of them may be secured at any time at his Studio, 1329 F St., N. W.
THE END
Capital - $1,000,000
Assets over - $3,000,000

3 PER CENT INTEREST ON DEPOSITS

We move to our new home in the
Southern Building
about September 1st, 1911

Accounts of every description solicited.
Special department for ladies

UNITED STATES TRUST COMPANY

ELDRIDGE E. JORDAN, President
Fame

without prosperity is but "dry husks."

The road to prosperity lies through the bank.

Open an account and cultivate it carefully.

We pay

3% Compound Interest

on Savings Accounts.

Commercial Accounts Solicited.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

Home Savings Bank

Seventh St. and Mass. Ave. N. W.

7th and H Sts. N. E. 436 Seventh St. S. W.
SMOKE

MILD AND ABSOLUTELY PURE

PIPE OR CIGARETTE

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.

RICHMOND, VA.
THE SCRIVEN UNDERWEAR

is in the Progressive class and has many features to recommend it to the Insurgents, as well as the Progressives.

It is perfect in material and workmanship.

It is so smooth fitting and comfortable that you are relieved of all your underwear trouble and annoyance.

The Elastic Insertion gives and stretches at just the right place and moves every time you move.

Made in Twills, Cambric, Madras, Linens, Nainsook, Silk, etc., etc.

Being made in all waist sizes from 28 to 50 inches and inseam or leg lengths from 28 to 36 inches, enables you to get a perfect fit direct from stock.

More than one hundred choice lines from which to make a selection, are fully described in our illustrated catalogue of prices, which we will be pleased to send on request.

Insist on getting Underwear with the SCRIVEN Stamp on each garment.

Your Haberdasher will supply you.

J. A. SCRIVEN COMPANY, Sole Manufacturers

16 & 18 EAST 15th STREET - - - - NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
SHORTHAND

IS THE KEY

TO

SUCCESS

THE TIME TO
BEGIN IS

NOW

THE MILTON SCHOOL

1403 H STREET, N. W. - - - WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHONES M. 4046.  M. 7519.  CLEVELAND 660.
Just a word to office men—men who spend a great deal of time at their desks. There's probably no service harder on Clothes than desk work. I can lead you out of your troubles in this regard; save your clothes and save you annoyance and worry. I'd like to take the matter up with you at your convenience. It won't take a moment to set the proposition before you.

Now, another thing: I don't think the fashion plates give much of a practical idea of styles. So I have had the best of the season's new effects made up into actual garments. I can put them right on a living model, and you can see just exactly what they are. That beats all the pictures. Gives you a look at the character of Gatchell Tailoring, too, if you're not already familiar with it.

"Money back" doesn't begin to be such a guarantee as I give you. I don't ask you to make any deposit—so there's no money to be refunded—and it is "Fit or No Pay" here. I cannot imagine how there can be anything more fair, can you?

Ask to see our special suit offer at $30.00
VIEW FROM VIRGINIA SHORE
THE RULE IN
SHELLEY’S CASE
MADE SIMPLE

From Volume 29, Lawyers’ Reports Annotated, New Series, we have selected 235 pages to reprint under the above title. First, there is a clear, simple statement of the Rule, without the usual highly technical phraseology. Then there are eight late cases turning on the Rule, from North Carolina, South Carolina, Illinois, New Jersey, Iowa, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Kentucky: 35 pages, followed by a complete 200-page Note, giving a history of the Rule from the time the principle was first applied in 1325, to the Shelley Case itself in 1590 and on down to the present time. In this note the plan is followed of keeping text and citation separate. This makes it easily readable and interesting.

The book is set in ten-point type, double column. If printed in the usual text-book style it would make 800 to 1,000 pages. If it had been compiled as a text-book, it would have to be sold for $5 or $6. But as the large editorial cost is all charged against Lawyers’ Reports Annotated, we offer this 235-page excerpt well bound in boards for only $1.00, delivered.

A special edition bound in paper will be issued for law school use only. This edition may be secured at a great reduction from the above price. Correspondence from instructors is solicited.

THE LAWYERS’ CO-OP. PUB. CO.
"THE CO-OPS"
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NEW YORK  CHICAGO  ST. PAUL  SEATTLE
81 Nassau St.  505 Lakeside Bldg.  412 German-Am. Bank Bldg.  614 Colman Bldg.
Pins, Rings and Fobs 1911 class made by

DIEGES & CLUST

JEWELERS & SILVERSMITHS

MUNSEY BUILDING

1325 PENNSYLVANIA AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C

Represented by
J. V. MULLIGAN

CLASS PINS
MEDALS
LOVING CUPS
PLAQUES

THE UNDERWOOD
Standard TYPE-WRITER
MARVELOUSLY COMPLETE

ARLINGTON HOTEL
American and European Plans
Vermont Ave. and H St., N. W.

PETER TAYLOR, JR., Mgr.

The typewriter of the most advanced type
UNSURPASSED CAPABILITIES
LIGHT, UNIFORM TOUCH
PERMANENCY OF THE ALIGNMENT
ENTIRELY VISIBLE
UNIVERSALLY USED
THE WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST CO.
CAPITAL, $1,000,000
SURPLUS, $950,000

This Company is Organized under Act of Congress, and is under the Supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency of the United States.

BANKING DEPARTMENT. Interest paid on deposits, which are subject to check. Loans made on real estate and collateral securities at current rates of interest.

TRUST DEPARTMENT. Executes all trusts, acts as Executor and Administrator, Treasurer and Registrar, Committee and Trustee.

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT. Rents safe deposit boxes and provides storage for silverware and valuables of all kinds in its Fire and Burglar Proof Vaults.

REAL ESTATE DEPARTMENT. Care given to the renting, selling, repairing of Real Estate. Insurance placed.

John Joy Edson, Pres.

COLUMBIA NATIONAL BANK
911 F Street, Northwest
OFFICERS:
A. F. FOX, President.
B. W. GUY, Vice-Pres.
C. B. BAILEY, Vice-Pres.
C. CORSON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
Charles B. Bailey
William E. Barker
Charles F. Benjamin
John Joy Edson
Albert F. Fox
Benjamin W. Cary
John A. Hamilton
David J. Kaufman
Benjamin F. Leighton
John Mitchell, Jr.
Thomas C. Noyes
B. Francis Saul
Louis P. Shesmaker
Geo. W. F. Swartzell
Brannan H. Warner

Our remodeled bank building gives us facilities to transact business equal to any bank in the city. We invite your account.

THE MODE
has the real English-cut suits that the young men demand this season. Special Blue and Gray Cheviots, $25.00.

ELEVENTH AND F STS.
J. M. STEIN & CO.

High-class Tailoring in every detail
at moderate prices

JUST BELOW "F" ON THIRTEENTH

A. J. Bennett & Co.

Men's
Outfitters

The highest grades of Clothes, Haberdashery, Hats and Shoes to supply the needs of particular men at moderate prices.

New York Avenue and 14th Street
Washington, D. C.

J. H. SMALL & SONS

FLORISTS

NEW YORK
1153 Broadway and Waldorf-Astoria

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Cor. 14th & G Sts.
FOR LAW BOOKS

New and Second-hand at Reasonable Prices

Call on

JOHN BYRNE & COMPANY

Have you our little Red Book, "Helps for Law Students?"
Call and get it—It costs nothing

1333 F Street N. W. Washington, D. C.

Established 1888

S. Barnhartt Tailoring Company

MERCHANT TAILORS

Phone, Main 2462-W

Special inducements for College Students

528 12th Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

Flor De Manuel

10c. Coucha Perfecto
Cut to 7c., 4 for 25—$6.00 per hundred;
Packed in boxes of 12, 25 and 50.
Absolutely the Peer of any 10c. Seed and Havana Cigar offered in Washington.
Not a mere statement but a fact which smoking corroborates.

CIGAR DEPARTMENT

O'Donnell's Drug Store,
904 F Street, N. W.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Compliments of</th>
<th>Johnson Brothers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>COMPLIMENTS OF</td>
<td>1312 F Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCHWARTZ &amp; PELZMAN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reliable Tailors</td>
<td>Phone, 29 Main</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>505-7 SEVENTH STREET, N. W.</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WASHINGTON, D. C.</td>
<td>Phone Main 4576</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Best Grade of Coal, the kind used at the Law School, is sold by Johnson Brothers, 1312 F Street.
FREDERIC A. COCHRAN & CO.
TAILORS  IMPORTERS
606 13th St., N. W.
Just above "F"

IMPORTED WOOLENS  ARTISTIC DESIGNING
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

Our exclusive imported woolens for spring and summer wear
await your inspection

Special discount to Georgetown men

Woodward & Lothrop
"In Our Store for Men"
High Grade Clothing
and Haberdashery
Expressive of the
Young College Man's
Dress Ideals
Conveniently Located
Main Floor, Just of F St.

BLACKISTONE
FLOWERS
14th and H Streets

Telephone Main 3707
M. Frank Ruppert, Wholesale and Retail

A complete line of Agricultural Implements, Hand and Horse Lawn Mowers, extensive line of Whip, Harness and Stable Supplies, Butcher's Tools and Blocks, Wood and Iron Pumps for any price and depth of well. I handle Seeds, the best money will buy in any quantity and variety, also the largest variety of Bulbs in the city. Call for catalogue on the above variety.

LAWN GRASS. Ask for Imperial State. It is composed of the finest varieties of Grasses, each of which has its season of beauty, and the result of this blending is the producing of a sod that is not only always Evergreen and Velvety in appearance, but the color and beauty of an Emerald. Directions for sowing on each box. Price, 10 cents per pint. 20 Lawn Fertilizers and Seeds of every description.

The Best Place in Washington for Young Men's Wear

THE HUB

New York Avenue and 14th St.

SHORTHAND TYPEWRITING
BOOKKEEPING BANKING, Etc.

Thoroughly taught at

Strayers Business College
Old Masonic Temple
Cor. 9th and F Streets.

DAY AND NIGHT SESSIONS ALL YEAR.
Catalogue on request.
We Feature Quality

In our printing, because quality is essential to satisfaction. We feature service also. Our aim is not only to satisfy, but to please you. Good work costs so little that there is no need accepting the indifferent output of an ordinary printer.

The Law Reporter Printing Co.
Superior Printers, Commercial Stationers
518-520 Fifth Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

M. W. Moore, Gen. Mgr.
CHARLES W. DISMER

RESTAURANT

708 K Street, N. W.

Phone Main 2609

MEYER'S

For College Flags
Pennants and
Banners

PRICE LIST FREE

Meyer's Military Shop

1231 Penna. Ave., N. W.

COATS OF ARMS

Copied, Enlarged and Painted
in water colors

Work Guaranteed
Prices Moderate

Address
(Miss) Helen Dortch,
Berryville, Va.

G. F. SCHUTT

PROPRIETOR

HAUSLER AND COMPANY

Society and College
Engravers

520 12th St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

CHRISTIAN XANDER'S

FAMILY QUALITY HOUSE

of
Foreign and Domestic
WINES and DISTILLATES
Largest and most select stock in the
total country
No Branch Houses
909 Seventh St., N. W.
Phone Main 274

The new CAFÉ and THE DUTCH
ROOM are Washington's two best
places to lunch or dine, or
sup after the theatre.
PHILIP T. HALL
INCORPORATED

Shirt-makers and Furnishers

1210 F St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Phone Main 1091

SAKS & COMPANY

OUTFITTERS TO
MEN and BOYS

Pennsylvania Ave. and 7th St.
Washington, D. C.

SCHMEDTIE Bros.

DIAMONDS
JEWELRY
SILVERWARE

704 Seventh St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Established 1864

JOHN HANSEN, Prop.

EDWIN H. ETZ

Optician

1003 G St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.