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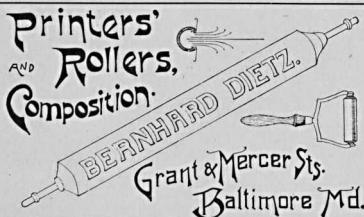
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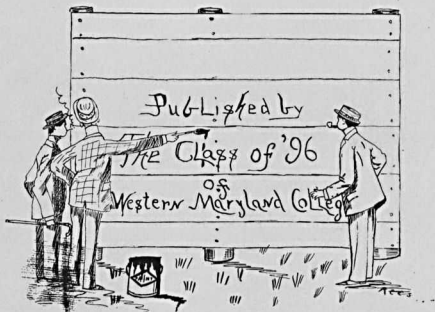
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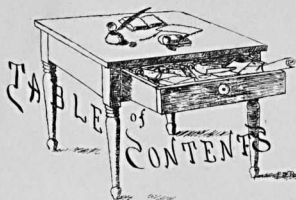


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# Preface.

\*\*\*\*\*

**I**N presenting this volume to the public, there are some things which it seems proper and necessary to lay before our readers, before entering into the body of the work, in order that they may fully appreciate the contents of the book.

In 1893 the Senior Class broke through the thorny hedges of custom, and for the first time in the history of our College published class annals. The book in itself was a decided success, and the work contained therein is such as is the result only of mature and well-trained minds. But as for the financial part we cannot speak so favorably. The expenses connected with the publication of the book were so great that the receipts failed to meet the de-



STAFF BEFORE.

mand. This fact was a stunning blow to the publication of class annals at W. M. C., and as a consequence the two classes immediately following did not attempt to copy after their more energetic predecessors. For two years we have had no class annals, but have had to content ourselves with the small "Souvenir" published by the College monthly.

The present Senior Class, after considering the matter seriously, decided to face the gulf of financial embarrassment and publish the second volume, under the title of CHICK-A-GO-RUNK, hoping that those who follow will consider their example worthy to be copied.

We feel greatly encouraged to know that our financial prospects are favorable, and we sincerely hope that the quality of the book may be of such a standard as will reflect credit upon the College, and as well upon those who have done the work.

It is the object and purpose of the book to gather into one collection all the interesting incidents of our school life, both serious and comic, and if possible to give our readers a view of both sides of college life at Western Maryland.

We feel greatly indebted to all who have contributed to the success of the book, both by their valuable suggestions and articles: To Professor Simpson for biography of Dr. Reese; to Professor McDaniel for sketch of College; to Professor Ward for sketch of Alumni Association; to Professor Black for sketch of musical organizations; to Miss Ferris for sketch of Y. W. C. A., and



DURING-

to our fellow students who have contributed sketches of different classes and societies. To these, and to all who have helped us in any way, we wish to express our deepest gratitude.

Especially do we feel grateful to those persons who have unconsciously posed as models for some of our illustrations, and as characters for some of our poetical creations. And while you may think some of them severe, console yourself with the thought that "there are others;" and we hope that no

one will be offended, but that all will take the jokes in the spirit of good humor and respect with which they are given.

So teachers, schoolmates, be not angry  
At our little pranks and jokes;  
It is just a means we have  
To furnish fun for other folks.

Finally to our readers we would say, that although we may appear all the worse for wear and tear, yet we shall feel abundantly satisfied if we succeed in pleasing you.

And now, with this volume, the Class of '96 makes her bow and steps down and out of the ranks of Western Maryland College, each one of her members

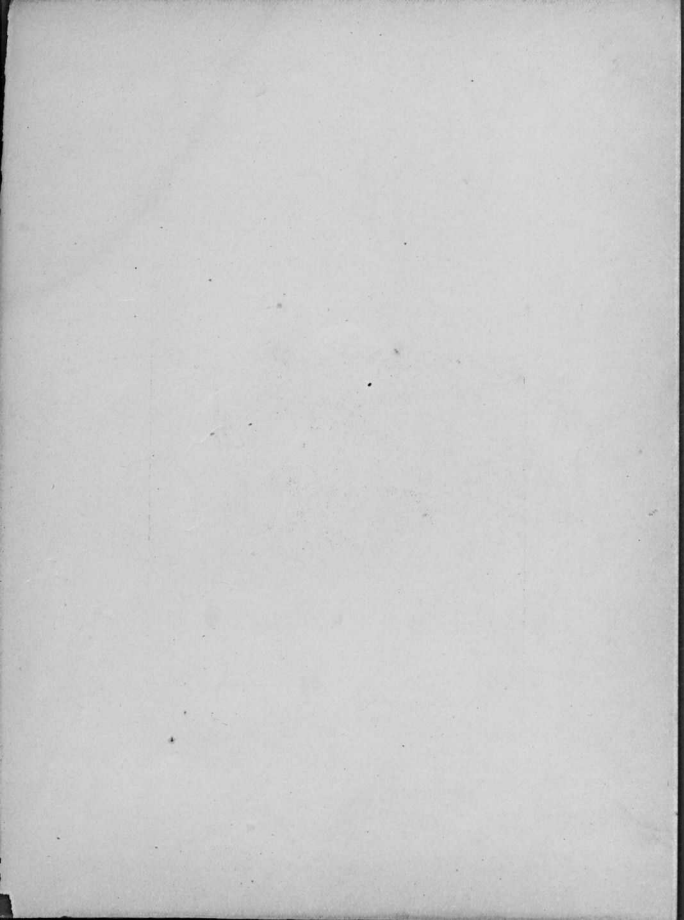


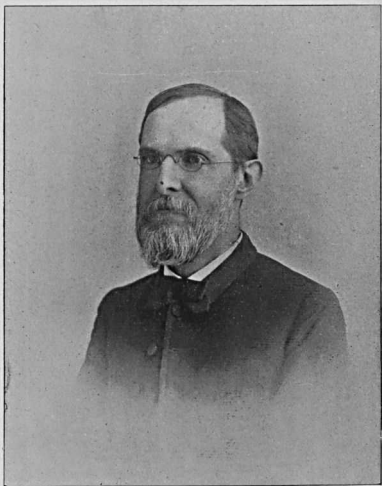
AFTER.

going his or her way to fight the battle of life single-handed; so, as a parting word, we would say:—

Good-bye to our schoolmates,  
Good-bye to our school;  
God bless those we leave with a sigh;  
We'll cherish fond mem'ries of thee while away;  
Good-bye Alma Mater, Good-bye.







REV. JAMES W. REESE, A. M., PH. D.



To  
our Senior Professor,  
Rev. James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D.,  
this volume  
is affectionately dedicated.

# SKETCH

OF

## Professor James W. Reese, A. M., Ph. D.

---

BY  
PROFESSOR S. SIMPSON.

---

**A**S a teacher prominent among the Professors of Western Maryland College for more than twenty-five years, as a scholar distinguished for his knowledge of the ancient languages and literature, and as a citizen most highly esteemed for his gentle manner, refined taste and broad culture, the subject of this sketch enjoys a reputation rarely equalled by men in any profession.

Prof. James William Reese was born in Carroll County, Maryland, October 3, 1838. He was the youngest son of Jacob Reese, cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, and the grandson of David Fisher, one of the oldest citizens and largest landowners in the community. He was prepared for college partly at home and partly at St. Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, Maryland, where, among his schoolmates, were the famous tragedians, Edward, Junius Brutus, and J. Wilkes Booth.

At the age of seventeen he entered Princeton College, and in 1859 he was graduated from that institution in the same class with Senator George Gray of Delaware. A close and critical student, he won, among the honors of his college life, the high distinction of being elected by his classmates as "class orator," and the still higher distinction, that of delivering the classical oration on Commencement Day. In 1861 he was appointed tutor at Princeton, but at that time pursuing a course preparatory to the ministry, he declined the honor. He entered the general Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the city of New York in 1860, and was graduated from that institution in 1863. On September 27 of the same year he was ordained by Bishop Whittingham in St. Anne's Church, Annapolis, Maryland, and from the following January until the year 1870, he was Rector of Ascension Church, Westminster, Maryland. In 1868 he was married to Miss Mary Pauline Perry, a niece of Mrs. Katherine J. Shellman of this city.

In the presence of about one thousand people, on September 6, 1866, as Worshipful Master of Door-to-Virtue Lodge, Dr. Reese, with Masonic rites and ceremonies, laid the corner-stone of the first building of Western Maryland College.

He was elected by the Trustees of the College as Professor of the Ancient Languages and Literature in 1870, and on Monday, February 28, of the same year, he entered upon his duties. This position he has filled with marked ability and success for more than a quarter of a century. In the year 1872, the Trustees showed their appreciation of his services and their confidence in his ability by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, an honor which they have bestowed only two or three times in the history of the College.

The summer of 1873 he crossed the Atlantic, visiting many cities and countries of the Old World, and on his return, September 27, the societies of the College gave him a most splendid reception.

On March 12, 1890, his wife died, leaving one son, Paul Reese, who is a member of the present graduating class, and who accompanied his father two years ago when he visited Europe for the second time.

The distinctions and the activities of Dr. Reese are by no means confined to books and to classroom work. His bright mind, extensive information, and his obliging disposition make him a most valued friend and useful citizen. For twenty-one consecutive terms he was Worshipful Master of Door-to-Virtue Lodge, No. 46, A. F. and A. M., in this city. At present he is Thrice Illustrious Master of Carroll Council, Past High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter, and Past Grand Chaplain of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Maryland.

As an extemporaneous speaker, he has a most felicitous manner, and a ready flow of language, choosing with ease the right word and using it for greatest effect.

Winning amiability and goodness of heart are revealed in all his social relations, and whatever he recognizes as a manly, civic, or official duty he pursues with logical thoroughness, divested of all personal motive.

# Introduction.



## The Legend of the “Chick-a-go-runk.”

[ CURRENT, A. D., 2500. ]

There was at Western Maryland College,  
Far back in ye olden time,  
A class who wished to record their deeds  
In pictures, in prose, and in rhyme.

Accordingly they elected a staff,  
Both boys and girls were they,  
Who should have charge of the work to be done  
And the expenses prepare to defray.

These boys and girls, as we have said,  
Went to work with a will,  
And although the road over which they must go  
Was most all the way up hill,

There was courage and vigor in every heart,  
For they were brave lasses and lads  
So they called a meeting and mapped out a plan  
For the literary work and the “ads.”

But there was needed yet something more  
To make the book a success—  
It must have as a name a single word,  
Which would its contents express.

They scratched their heads and thought in vain,  
They read till their eyes were sore;  
They sought in mythological tales—  
In the books of ancient lore.

Old Webster's "Unabridged" was conned  
In vain from A to Z;  
Wherever they looked they could find no word  
To suit them to a T.

So they resolved to sally forth  
In all the world, to look  
And seek for the word they needed so much  
As a name for this wonderful book.

They sought the town and country through;  
They sought the desert waste;  
But still no word as a name they found,  
To suit their critical taste.

They shipped one day for a foreign shore,  
In a vessel good and strong—  
They sailed by night, they sailed by day,  
They sailed a whole month long.

Nor yet had they reached that foreign shore,  
When a storm from the West arose,  
And blackened the sky with its inky shades,  
Quick bringing the day to a close.

The ship was tossed about on the deep,  
Till they lost their bearing quite,  
And knew not which way to steer their bark  
Through the thick, black gloom of the night.

All night they struggled against the blows  
Of the storm's ferocious blast,  
And when morning broke, their ship adrift  
On an island shore was cast.

When the sea grew calm and the mists dissolved,  
The sun was directly o'erhead;  
But it moved nor stirred not from its place  
As the hours and moments fled.

Now there was a fable afloat at that time  
Of a castle so ancient and old  
That even its name had been forgot,  
And for ages had never been told.

This castle, 'twas said, had contained rare gems,  
Collected from every land,  
Of every imaginable thing and kind;  
And books writ by Wisdom's own hand.

And further, 'twas said that this castle had stood  
In the land of perpetual sun,  
And flourished and grew in that mythical time  
When all peoples spoke but one tongue.

And then came the flood, which destroyed the world,  
As a curse from the Almighty's hand;  
And 'twas thought that the castle was lost in the "fray,"  
Being buried down deep in the sand.

Old Noah had handed the fable down  
To his children, and they to their own,  
And thus from mouth to ear it had come;  
The story as now it was known.

Our heroes descended and marched inland,  
But had not gone far on their way,  
When there loomed up before them, in ruins grand,  
The walls of a castle grey.

Quick as flash through each of their minds this passed:  
" 'Tis the fabled castle's walls!"  
And with one accord they fell in line  
And entered the courtly halls.

There close by the door lay the bones of the guard,  
Who was faithful till death at last  
Had taken his soul to a better world,  
And released him from his task.

And above on the wall hung a metal plate,  
An inscription engraved on its face;  
And although in a tongue that was somewhat strange,  
These words they could easily trace:

This is the Castle of Knowledge,  
By sages founded of old  
Its stores of rare gems are beyond compare—  
Its riches have never been told.

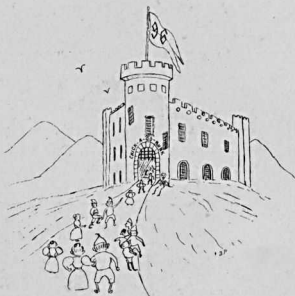
'Twas named for a knight of honor,  
Renowned for his wisdom and spunk,  
Who was the first lord of this castle. 'Tis called  
The Castle of CHICK-A-GO-RUNK.

Then there rang through the corridors loud and long,  
And reëchoed from hall to hall,  
A cry of joy and victory,  
Which burst from the lips of all:

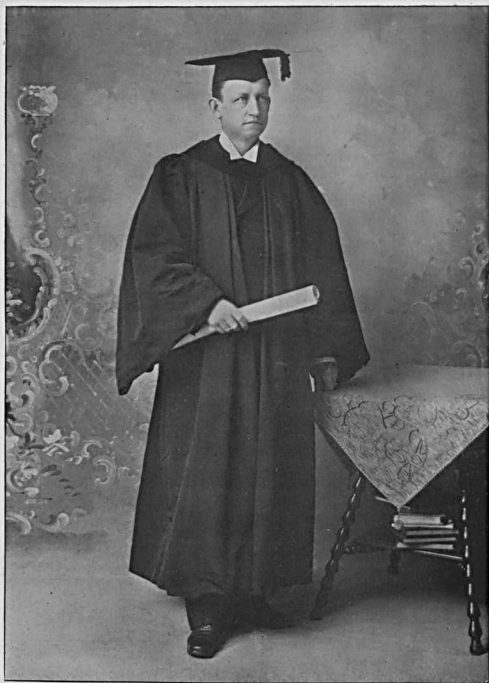
"Chick-a-go-runk, go-runk, go-runk,  
Rickety-rackety-rix;  
Hi-yi-kickety-ki—  
Ninety-six!"

But why were they joyous? Why halloo so loud?  
Surely they were not drunk!  
No; because they had found a name for their book—  
They would call it the "CHICK-A-GO-RUNK!"

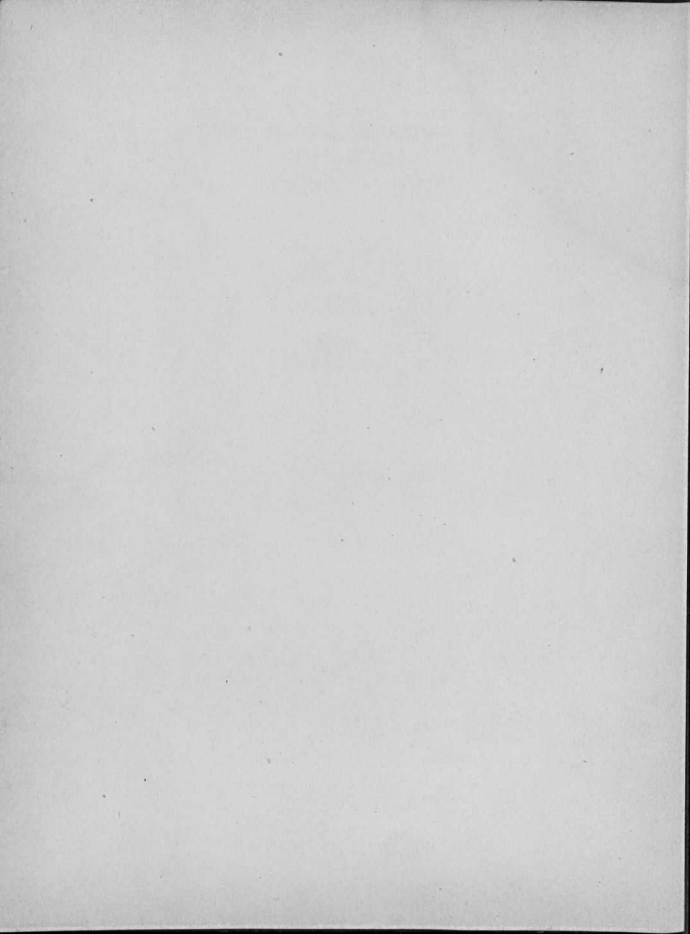
Then hurrah for the class! Hurrah for the staff!  
Hurrah for their wit and spunk!  
Hurrah for the girls! Hurrah for the boys!  
And hurrah for the CHICK-A-GO-RUNK!







REV. T. H. LEWIS, D. D.



# WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.



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| Clarence F. Norment, Esq., . . . . .           | Washington, D. C. 1893 |
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| Rev. James Earle Maloy, . . . . .              | Rowlandville, " 1895   |

\*Deceased.

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*Teacher of Piano.*

MISS BEULAH GILBERT,  
*Teacher of Elocution and Director of Gymnasium for Young Women.*

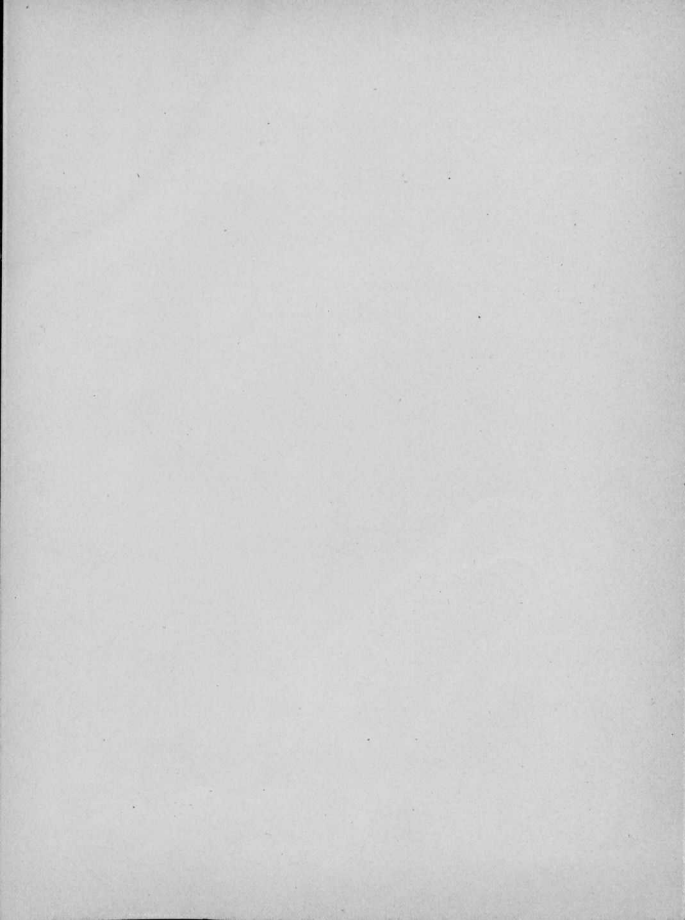
GRANT WARREN BRUSH,  
*Director of Gymnasium for Young Men.*

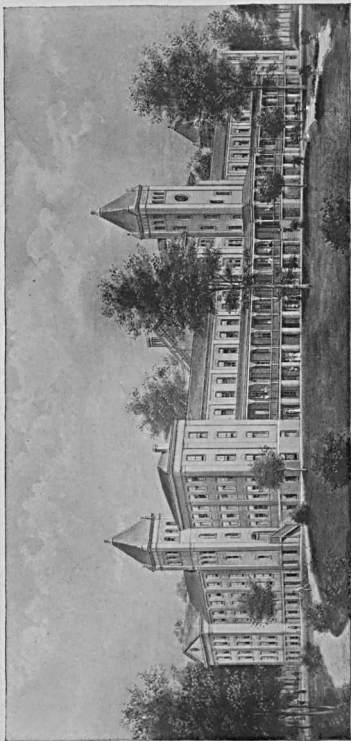
JOSHUA WEBSTER HERING, A. M., M. D.,  
*Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene.*



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\*Absent on leave.





WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.—MAIN BUILDING.



# Western Maryland College, 1895-1896.

By PROF. W. R. McDANIEL.

"Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

**T**HAT was an enthusiastic moment last June, when hundreds of Alma Mater's loving children, representing twenty-five classes, met together to mark the quarter-century point. Seventy-one raised the shout of jubilation and the echo rang loud and clear through the seventies and eighties, until '95 took up the strain and sent it on resounding. 'Twas well,



CHAPEL.

proud sons and daughters of a noble mother, that you should gather round the festal board and rejoice in her, as she rejoiced in you; 'twas well to feel again the heart-beat of her maternal love, to fill every vein with the fresh, warm currents of filial affection.

Twenty-five years! How small a number when it counts the years of a college's history. But just as twenty-five years in the life of an individual means more than twice as much now as it did in earlier days, so in the history of a college; and though as Victor Hugo says, "the wrinkle of a century cannot be improvised," twenty-five years can now give the dignity of age to an institution of learning, and Western Maryland's two-and-a-half decades have not been years of mere existence, but years of hard struggle against privations; years consecrated with the self-sacrificing service of earnest men and women; years of anxious working and waiting, and years crowned with success that may well be called phenomenal. With new and brighter hopes, with strong faith and good courage, inspired by this festal occasion, Western Maryland started on its second quarter-century stretch, and already one year has been numbered. It has gone much like its predecessors, and its chronicle, while possessing an individuality, is marked by no great distinguishing events.



GYMNASIUM.

To one returning to the classic shades last September, it was evident that however idly the summer days had passed for the Faculty and students, Western Maryland herself had enjoyed no vacation, but could give good account, with positive substantial proof of each and every day. Ward Hall had undergone a complete metamorphosis. The ungainly structure of former days had crumbled into dust and risen again in beauty, taking its rightful place in a wise architectural scheme, giving an imposing completion to the pile of academic buildings. Smith Hall, Hering Hall, Ward Hall—what a trinity of illustrious names!

It was appropriate, indeed, that the wing of the main building, so long devoted to dormitory purposes for the young ladies, and so long without a worthy designation, should be called Owings Hall, after the beloved and lamented Preceptress, many years of whose life were spent within these same walls. Accordingly, at the opening of this year, the hall was so christened.

September saw, too, the commencement of another building on the Campus, which not long after its completion proved its *raison d'être*, for here the Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, weary of the woes of a long bachelorhood, set up his *lares et penates*, and proves that life is truly worth the living.



PROF. MCDANIEL'S RESIDENCE.

Apropos of new buildings, one can almost hear the ring of the hammer as it fashions the stones for their places in Alumni Hall. That structure, so long needed, so long hoped for, so long talked of, so long refusing to take to itself the substantial embodiment of brick and mortar, at last appears among

the possibilities, and another June will see its walls erect and true. It is Western Maryland's good fortune to have a building President.

Perhaps in no year has the Faculty remained so little unchanged. Prof. W. M. Black, after his year's leave of absence spent at Harvard, returned to his post, and Prof. A. S. Crockett, his substitute, took the place of Prof. H. G. Watson, who is off on leave of absence for advanced study at Yale. Miss Olivia Rinehart, of the Art Department, has remained in Paris. Though the office of Dean has not been authoritatively created by the Board of Trustees, it has in fact existed during the year, and has been admirably filled by Prof. George W. Ward. The exercise of discipline has been without friction, and the pleasantest relations have been maintained between the Faculty and students. A manly spirit of self-respect has pervaded the student-body, and, recognizing the wisdom of the rules by which they are governed, their obedience to them is ready and willing.



*PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.*

A greater number of changes could be found in the personnel of the student-body than in the Faculty. The graduation of the Class of '95 dropped twenty-one from the list, and reasons of various kinds forbade the return of many more. Not only, however, have these gaps been filled, but the enrollment for the year has steadily increased and puts the total number enrolled for the year at 272, a notch higher than ever before, as the graduation of thirty-eight in the Class of '96 breaks the record of all other classes. The Class of '96 is the first

to graduate under the new curriculum of a classical and scientific course, both leading to the degree of A. B., and a new honor appears on the Commencement programme in the classical oration for the young men, the classical essay for the young women, the scientific oration for the young men, and the scientific essay for the young women, awarded to the highest grades in the respective departments.

With the Commencement of '95 came the introduction of the cap and gown. Hereafter they will mark the beginning of the third term, when they will be put on by all the Seniors whose record is clear and whose graduation is reasonably certain. Particularly imposing has this academic costume made the procession of Seniors that files into Baker Chapel on Sunday evenings to hear the class series of discourses delivered by the President.

These discourses, always interesting and profitable, were never more so than this year, when the subject has been "The Divine Credentials of the Bible," and the series is shortly to be issued in a volume bearing the imprint of the Methodist Protestant Board of Publication.

Any writer of college history, in however cursory a fashion he may write, must feel like mentioning with gratitude again and again the increasing blessing Baker Chapel is felt to be—Baker Chapel that stands for a beautiful service, for inspiring music, and soul-lifting worship. What a memory it will be to some when college days have become "the days that are no more." The Sunday-school has gone on with its good work, and one of the practical results of the year is to be seen in the Western Maryland College Sunday-school room in the Home for the Aged, in Westminster.

The routine of school life has had numerous pleasant little interruptions in entertainments of literary and social character. Society anniversaries, lectures, concerts, "parlor nights" have broken the monotony of every-day duties, and the foot of time has fallen only with feathery touch. But what shall be said of those often too absorbing interests in college life, the athletic organizations and the musical organizations? Very derelict, indeed, would I be, in writing of the year at college, to give them a passing mention merely. To recount their deeds and sing their praises demands for each a separate chapter, and our "gentle reader" interested in them has but to turn these pages further on to find full justice done them.

The Senior Class necessarily has a large part in the history of a college year. Western Maryland is justly proud of those whom she sends forth this year, and is glad to place her hands in benediction on each and every head and say: "Thou art my child; go forth and live."

June 1, 1896.

# Calendar, 1895-'96.

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1895.

FIRST TERM BEGINS, . . . . . Tuesday, September 17.  
TERM EXAMINATIONS, . . . . . Monday-Friday, December 2-6.

SECOND TERM BEGINS, . . . . . Monday, December 9.  
WEBSTER AND PHILOMATHEAN ANNIVERSARY, . . . . . Wednesday, December 18.  
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS BEGIN, . . . . . Thursday, December 19.

1896.

CLASSES RESUME, . . . . . Thursday, January 2.  
IRVING AND BROWNING ANNIVERSARY, . . . . . Friday, February 21.  
TERM EXAMINATIONS, . . . . . Monday-Friday, March 16-20.

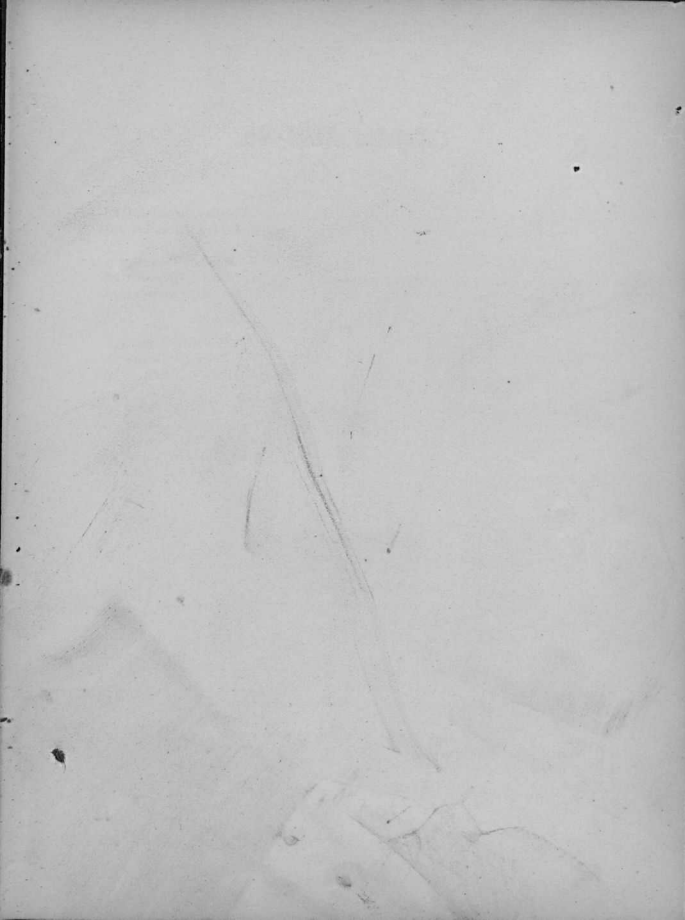
THIRD TERM BEGINS, . . . . . Monday, March 23.  
EASTER RECESS, . . . . . Friday-Monday, April 3-6.  
SENIOR FINAL EXAMINATIONS, . . . . . Monday-Friday, May 18-22.  
TERM EXAMINATIONS, . . . . . Monday-Friday, June 8-12.  
SCHOOL CLOSES, . . . . . Thursday, June 18.

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## Commencement Week,

JUNE 14-18.

SUNDAY, 10.30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon.  
8 P. M.—Annual Sermon before the Christian Association.  
MONDAY, 3 P. M.—Sophomore Contest.  
8 P. M.—Vocal and Instrumental Concert.  
TUESDAY, 10 A. M.—Field Sports.  
2 P. M.—Society Reunions.  
8 P. M.—Society Contests.  
WEDNESDAY, 10 A. M.—Meeting of Board of Trustees.  
10.30 A. M.—Class Day Exercises of the Senior Class.  
3 P. M.—Meeting of Alumni Association.  
8 P. M.—Literary Recital.  
THURSDAY, 10 A. M.—Commencement.





E. ARNOLD, PHILA.



# Class of '96.

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**COLORS:—Old Rose and Lemon.**

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## **Officers.**

PRESIDENT:

J. W. SMITH.

HISTORIAN:

F. D. POSEY.

SECRETARY:

L. C. FREENY.

TREASURER:

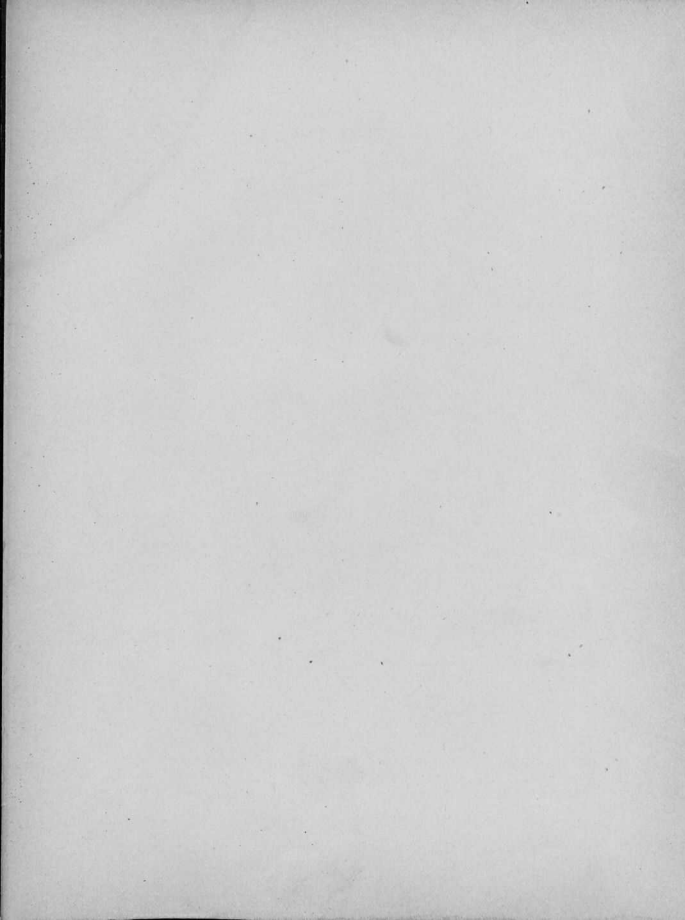
D. E. STONE.

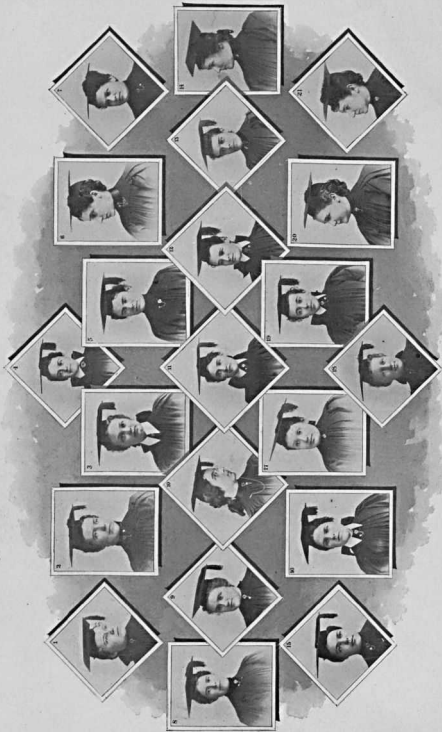
PROPHETESS:

A. MABEL ELDERDICE.

## Class Roll.

|                                           |                      |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Charles Clarence Billingslea, . . . . .   | Westminster, Md.     |
| John Robert Bosley, . . . . .             | Baltimore, Md.       |
| Rachel Alice Buckingham, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.     |
| Ida May Dodd, . . . . .                   | Carmichael, Md.      |
| Alice Mabel Elderdice, . . . . .          | Mardela Springs, Md. |
| Mary Elizabeth Englar, . . . . .          | Union Bridge, Md.    |
| Lawrence Carl Freeny, . . . . .           | Pittsville, Md.      |
| Nicholas Oliver Gibson, Jr., . . . . .    | Oxford, Md.          |
| Elias Oliver Grimes, Jr., . . . . .       | Westminster, Md.     |
| Bessie Wilson Gunkel, . . . . .           | Warwick, Md.         |
| Marion Hearn, . . . . .                   | Salisbury, Md.       |
| Bessie Ober Herr, . . . . .               | Westminster, Md.     |
| Lyda Brooks Hopkins, . . . . .            | Cambridge, Md.       |
| Nannie Pauline Keating, . . . . .         | Centreville, Md.     |
| May Martin Kemp, . . . . .                | Trappe, Md.          |
| Sarah Virginia Kenley, . . . . .          | Level, Md.           |
| Harry Allen Lakin, . . . . .              | Frederick, Md.       |
| Miriam Lewis, . . . . .                   | Westminster, Md.     |
| William Orion Livingston, . . . . .       | Seaford, Del.        |
| William Aydelotte Melvin, . . . . .       | Pocomoke City, Md.   |
| Sarah Ellen Myers, . . . . .              | New Windsor, Md.     |
| Lena Gray Parker, . . . . .               | Suffolk, Va.         |
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| Frank Dunnington Posey, . . . . .         | Dorcaster, Md.       |
| Paul Reese, . . . . .                     | Westminster, Md.     |
| Carrie Eugenia Rinehart, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.     |
| Marian Elizabeth Senseny, . . . . .       | Linwood, Md.         |
| Caroline Eltinge Jones Shriver, . . . . . | Westminster, Md.     |
| Claude Tilden Smith, . . . . .            | Westminster, Md.     |
| John Willis Smith, . . . . .              | Elkins, W. Va.       |
| Laura Virginia Spielman, . . . . .        | Hagerstown, Md.      |
| Daniel Edwin Stone, . . . . .             | Mt. Pleasant, Md.    |
| Georgeana Wilson Strayer, . . . . .       | Buckeystown, Md.     |
| Nannie Bowlin Thomas, . . . . .           | Frostburg, Md.       |
| Milton Leroy Veasey, . . . . .            | Pocomoke City, Md.   |
| John Lemuel Ward, . . . . .               | Gamber, Md.          |
| Hannah Elizabeth White, . . . . .         | Midway, Del.         |





1. GUNDEL  
2. PORTER  
3. BUCKINGHAM.

4. SHUTTER.  
5. MITCHELL.  
6. PARKER.

7. THOMAS.  
8. WERT.  
9. WHITE.

10. STRAYER.  
11. WILSON.  
12. KENLEY.

13. SPILMAN.  
14. DODD.  
15. EIDERDICE.

16. KENSEY.  
17. HOPKINS.  
18. LEWIS.

19. HERR.  
20. KEATING.  
21. ENGLAR.



1. LIVINGSTON  
2. C. SMITH.  
3. HEARN.

4. GIBSON.  
5. WARD.  
6. POSEY.

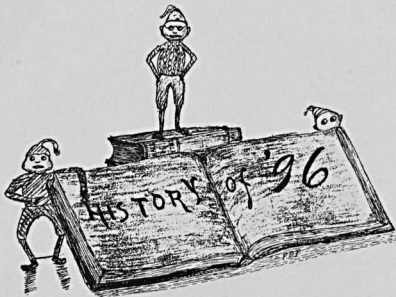
7. LARKIN.  
8. BOSLEY.  
9. VEAHEY.

10. STONE.  
11. FREEMAN.  
12. MELVIN.

13. BILLINGSLEY.  
14. PATTET.  
15. REESE.

16. GRIMES.  
17. J. SMITH.





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"Praecipuum munus annalium reor, ne virtutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis, factisque ex postaritate et infamia metus sit."—*Tacitus*.

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THIS passage would be a fitting preface for our history, but we would add a few words of explanation. The above quotation tells why we write it, and to tell how we shall write it, we turn to Carlyle's definition of history—that it is the "Essence of — Biographies." This is just the way; we do not pretend to give complete biographies, but only the essence of them. Several considerations led us to adopt this course. A history of the class as a whole might have been written, but this would necessarily be too incomplete. Or again, there are many lines along which divisions could be made, and separate histories of the parts written. For instance, the class is divided into Male and Female; or into Biblical, Classical, and Scientific Students; or into Town Students and Boarding Students; or into Blondes, Brunettes, and Those that are Neither. More ways than these there are, but for fear of showing partiality to one division or another, we have resolved to take each member in alphabetical order, and give his or her history, as well as collected information and our ability will allow.

In this record there must necessarily be an incompleteness, in that the ages of the young ladies of the class in most cases will not be given. This for several reasons: (1) Because the historian has not been as closely associated with them as with the other portion of the class; and (2), resulting from the first, because he has not learned their ages; and (3) because he has felt some delicacy in questioning them on this matter. Before closing this preface, we wish to thank some of the young ladies, who have kindly collected certain data, without which our history would have been much more incomplete than it is.

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The first on the roll of '96 is Charles Clarence Billingslea, a native of Westminster, born about 1878. At that time Westminster was almost as large as it is now, but not so with Clarence. Had Westminster grown as fast as he, it would now be one of the metropolises of the United States. From what we can learn, he was just like other boys of equal age, only larger. When quite young he acquired the nick-name of "Doc," because, presumably, his father is a doctor. This title has clung to him ever since, and has caused no end of trouble between "Doc" Billingslea and another individual called "Doc." During his boyhood he always commanded respect from his associates; they had to respect him, as they all knew his strength, and although never overbearing, he would use it when occasion called for it. After going through all the intricacies of the Primary and Preparatory Departments of Western Maryland, in the fall of '92 he blossomed out as a member of the Freshman Class of '96. His college life has been comparatively smooth, with the exception of some difficulties experienced with Book-keeping and Lucian in his Sophomore year.

"Doc's" greatest talent is for vocal music. It is very seldom that he sings, but when he does, he is worth hearing. Hering Hall is his usual stage, and his classmates his usual audience; the way he makes the corridors of this building reverberate, and how the harmonious notes of his resonant voice echo and re-echo from wall to wall, is truly awe-inspiring. His favorite tune is "My Hame is Where the Heather Blooms." Besides this magnificent voice, he has another characteristic, which must not, and indeed cannot, be passed over without notice. He wears No. 11 shoes.

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The next representative, John Robert Bosley, is from Baltimore, born the latter part of '76. When old enough he was sent to a private school, and having graduated from this, was sent to another private school. His record at these institutions was remarkable. His general average, from his own account, was never less than 10, because the teachers sat behind large desks and the pupils,



while reciting, sat at their own. So, by holding their books open with their feet, and by paying judicious attention to the questions asked, they were enabled to give very definite and complete answers. Having done so well at these two, his parents thought they would be justified in sending him to a third private school. But here Mr. Bosley's brilliant career ceased. His new teacher was an Englishman, who made him stand up and recite. John didn't like this, and wouldn't study. He was then sent to the Virginia Military Institute, and even there he was a private. It would be more than our space would allow to give the experiences of this youth at V. M. I. Suffice it to say, that the prospects of his ever being anything else than a private at this place were remote, so he came to Western Maryland and entered as a Freshman. When he first came here, he was undoubtedly the most silent, conservative fellow we ever saw. To a great extent, however, he has gotten over this reticent manner, and entered more into public life. Mr. Bosley has been prominent in both baseball and football, but especially has he gained fame as being the most successful football manager Western Maryland has ever had. In the fall of '95 he wrote thirty-five letters, arranged one game, played it, won it, and closed the season with a percentage of 1000. Show us anyone that can do more than this!

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Although now a resident of Westminster, Rachel Agnes Buckingham was born in Carroll County, about ten miles from the above-mentioned town. She began her school days by attending the Central Hall of Westminster, at which place she showed an aptitude for study which she has retained throughout her college career. Though rather delicate in stature, study has been one of her chief pleasures, and she considers the days which she has spent at school the most pleasant ones of her life; and since she has been at school ever since she was a very small girl, therefore, she has been very happy nearly all her life. Being the favorite child at home, she did not care much for boys, and for three years—from '92 to '95—we knew her to march into the Chapel at the head of the female section of the class, and take her seat without once thinking of looking across at a boy. But the fourth year we have known her to do such a thing, and that quite often. At last her antipathy, or at least indifference, toward the other sex has been overcome, and during all this fourth year "Radic," as she is commonly known by her associates, has bestowed her smiles upon a Freshman, however incompatible with Senior dignity this may seem.

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Born at Carmichael, Md., Ida May Dodd is a native of what has been termed the "garden spot of the world"—the Eastern Shore. She first attended one of the public schools of her county, and then entered Western Maryland

College as a Freshman. During these early days of college life she had the reputation of being extremely quiet; but, strange to say, as dignity increased, i. e. as she approached her Senior year, more and more was this characteristic of quietness wanting. She is not, however, noisy. On the contrary, she can be, when she wants to, the most exasperatingly cool person in conversation we ever saw. You don't know whether she is making fun of you or not. She even carries this to the extent of making sport of the teachers, as every examination she makes out a pony, and when the professor giving the examination is near her, lets it fall in full sight of him, thus causing more embarrassment to him than to her. Why she should do this, unless it is to make fun of the professor, no one can tell.

Miss Dodd's talents, though she does well in everything, are decidedly literary. Among the students she is considered the best writer in college. During the first two years of her college career she paid very close attention to her studies, and it was not until the Junior Banquet ('96 to '95, be it remembered) that she evinced any liking for boys, and then it was for one of the most diminutive specimens of the genus.

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Also a native of the Eastern Shore, coming from Wicomico County, Alice Mabel Elderdice became a Freshman at Western Maryland in '92. Her first year, like that of all Freshmen, was passed in comparative obscurity, but the Class of '96, perceiving her sound sense and power of penetration, in the Sophomore year elected her as Prophetess of the class, which position, in our opinion, could not have been better filled. She has always been extremely popular, attracting all by her sunny disposition and ever-ready sympathy. The girls, both in her class and others, knowing that here they would find sympathy, have made her their confidant, and all who have done so may rest assured that their trust will never be betrayed.

For a long time she pretended that she never cared for boys—the “silly things,” as she termed them—but time works wonders, and the Senior year found Mabel Elderdice's opinion concerning them entirely changed; due no doubt to a certain gentleman well known in college as the athlete from New

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Mary Elizabeth Englar is from Carroll County, her home being not so very far from Westminster. She began her education at a Quaker institution in Philadelphia, where she had inculcated in her all the characteristic virtues of this denomination, quietness included. She entered Western Maryland College as a Sophomore, and became a great favorite with the girls, especially on Mondays, for this reason: As above mentioned, she does not live so far from

Westminster, and has been accustomed to go to her home on Fridays, and to return on Mondays. She usually brings back something to eat, and as our sister classmates are like their brothers in that they have an eye for what's good to eat, for this reason, we say, she became immensely popular on Mondays.

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Pittsville is noted for great men and strawberries. Lawrence Carl Freeny was born in Pittsville, December 4, 1874. The only thing of any great importance that transpired during his childhood, was that at the age of six he became a party in a desperate love affair with a young lady of nearly the same age. He was not a precocious child, yet at quite an early age he developed a talent for music, and, to our sorrow, has been cultivating it ever since. His "agonies in z sharp," as Mr. Bosley is wont to call all classical music executed on the violin, usually have a detrimental effect on his classmates' lessons. Nevertheless, according to the best critics, he is a good violinist, and has been a member of the College Orchestra ever since it has been in existence. Once it was discovered—O! evil day—that he could sing, and immediately the Glee Club captured him as a valuable first tenor.

On this particular life perhaps we could write more than on any other, as for three years we have been united by the close ties of room-mateship, but to avoid partiality we must pass to the next.

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Tradition says that Nicholas Oliver Gibson originally came from Oxford, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. But the time of his birth is so remote, that all the knowledge put together of his early life is necessarily meagre. He tried several occupations, among them those of shipbuilder and sailor, and having failed in all, decided that there was nothing for him to do but to preach. To prepare himself for this he came to Western Maryland College, entering the Sub-Freshman class. He first came into prominence when he delivered the funeral oration of Caius Julius Caesar, when as Freshman, the Class of '96 burned him in effigy. He also gained great reputation as a football player, and in his Junior year was captain of the team, which honor was paid for by a broken nose. This feature being very prominent before, his general appearance was not much improved by this accident. In addition to his personal charms he possessed a great faculty for talking. Indeed, in this respect he rivalled Mr. Livingston. Especially fortunate was he in recitations, by reason of this gift. When a professor asked him a question, he would commence

and whether he knew anything about the subject or not, talk until the professor was tired and would give him 10 to get rid of him. Then would "Nick" settle back in his seat, push out his lower lip, get on a satisfied smile, and think of how well he had done. But strange to say, when the '96 theologues had to preach in the Chapel on Sunday evenings, "Nick" preached the shortest sermon of all. But he had an object in view. It had been hinted that the Senior boys were going to give a "set-up" of oysters to the one preaching the shortest sermon. "Nick" claimed the oysters; but whether he will ever get them is another matter.

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Born in the city of Westminster about seventeen years ago, Elias Oliver Grimes has lived, the only child of an indulgent father and mother. Like Aristotle he was never robust in stature, on the contrary being rather short and slender. At about the age of six he entered the Primary Department of Western Maryland College, and by slow gradations rose to the rank of Senior, with fair promises of graduation.

At some period or other near the beginning of his college career, he was disappointed in love, and since that time has devoted his entire attention, aided by his winning ways and pleasing exterior, to breaking the hearts of members of the other sex. Every other week almost some young lady rises into prominence as the favored one of "Ollie," only to sink again into oblivion, when this lady-killer leaves her for another victim, and, figuratively speaking, adds another scalp to his belt. When not employed in this, his time has usually been occupied with business speculations, and taking snap-shots of human nature. He seldom studied.

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Warwick, Md., is the home of Bessie Wilson Gunkel. She was the youngest child, and consequently usually had her own way at home, and they say she likes to exert her authority a little yet. After attending a public school she became a Freshman at Western Maryland with a good many of the rest of us. Besides making an excellent record in her studies at college, she has attained great proficiency in vocal music; so much that when the students learn that Miss Gunkel is going to sing a solo, they are always glad. Morally she is very conscientious, and is inclined to be a philanthropist in that she is always ready and willing to help anyone. She has the reputation of being a very motherly sort of a girl, and whenever one of her schoolmates is sick, "Bess," as she is usually called, is always on hand with a remedy. On one occasion,

however, one of the girls had the toothache, and this not being quite in her line, not knowing the remedy, she declared that "the pain was so severe, that she couldn't see the cavity."

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The youngest of three boys, Marion Hearn was born at Salisbury, Md., in '74. When old enough he attended the Salisbury High School, from which institution he graduated. In the fall of '93 he entered the Sophomore class at Western Maryland. Throughout his career at college, he has been characterized by his quietness. Whatever he did, he did in a quiet way. We do not mean to say by this that he was a morose recluse; on the other hand, he had as much humor as the next one in his quiet way. He himself says that he has always been very bashful. However this may be, it is certainly known that he blushes very easily, and whenever he may wish to conceal anything, the tell-tale blush gives him away. For example, some of the boys have declared that he has a girl, and has been seen to smile, but as soon as he attempts to deny it, his face becomes flushed to crimson, thus affording good grounds for their assertion. But who this individual is, is more than the shrewdest have yet been able to discover. During all his college life, "Old Man" Hearn, as he is often called by the boys, has been on the side of what is right and just, and by his example has gained the esteem not only of his classmates, but of all who have ever come into contact with him.

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Born at Westminster, Bessie Ober Herr has spent most of her school-days in the various departments of Western Maryland College. At this institution she has paid particular attention to vocal music, and she, too, is one of the noted songstresses of '96, charming all by the fullness and exquisite melody of her voice. She and Miss Gunkel, whose history we gave above, are the two most noted and best in this line in the class, or rather we may say, without hesitation, in the whole college, and without them the college choir would be sadly wanting in soloists.

She has paid, we said, particular attention to vocal music, and on the other hand she herself may be said to have *been* paid particular attention during her Senior year by one of the stalwart sons of '97. Though her character has at all times been unimpeachable, there is one thing to be criticized. Whether purposely or not, she has been the cause of the above-mentioned young gentleman's missing more inspections than was absolutely necessary. And it was

not his fault, as in this he was not a free agent, spellbound as he was by her charms. But the Faculty, disregarding this fact, gave him demerits nevertheless.

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Cambridge, so dear to the hearts of some members of the Banjo Club, is the birthplace of Lyda Brooks Hopkins. She became a student of the Cambridge High School, at which institution she graduated before entering the Sophomore Class of '96 at Western Maryland College. She is so very reticent that little can be found out of her life before or after entering college. It is known, however, that she has a very particular friend with whom she corresponds, but his name cannot be ascertained. For want of a better, the girls of the class call him "Shake." It is said that previous to Christmas, 1895, she and a certain member of the Class of '97 were slowly developing a "strike," but while the Glee, Banjo, and Guitar Clubs were at Cambridge on their memorable trip, these two attempted to row on the river while it was full of ice, thus completely extinguishing, or rather freezing out, all of those sparks so much talked of by poets.

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As the Eastern Shore is the "garden spot" of the world, so is Centreville pre-eminently the choicest place on the Eastern Shore. We shall not carry the analogy any further, but Nannie Pauline Keating was born at Centreville, December 6, 1876, entering Western Maryland College in the Sophomore year. Although surrounded by all the circumstances tending to make her college life as agreeable as possible, she has always had one source of constant worry. This has been her size. Though she is not, according to our opinion, by any means too large, she herself has always entertained the contrary opinion, and perhaps has kept her weight from increasing by continually troubling herself about it. But we have overlooked the fact that another tendency is at work in the opposite direction, if there is any truth in the old saying, "Laugh and grow fat;" for when not thinking of her size, with the exception of her roommate (next to be mentioned), she undoubtedly laughs more than any other girl in the Class of '96.

Her college career on the whole has been like the average. As a student she has always paid close attention to her studies, and outside the classroom has gained many friends by her generous and sympathizing disposition.

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May Martin Kemp was born at Trappe, Md., in '78. After having graduated at the Trappe High School, she entered the Sophomore class at Western

Maryland. Though one of the smallest members of the Class of '96, she has as much independence as any, and, we believe, can laugh louder and more than any of her classmates; or, at least, she laughs very distinctly. She is also noted for falling up the steps. Hardly a day passes that she doesn't perform this feat. But this not so remarkable when we reflect on it. We have a professor in our Faculty who, when he was a student, used to do the same thing just as often, and even now sometimes condescends to fall down.

She is very excitable. We saw her coming out of the dining-room once gesticulating wildly and appearing to be in the greatest agitation. We found out the cause later; she was smiling at one of the boys. Whether it is by reason of these peculiarities or not, "Mazy," as she is familiarly called by the girls, is a universal favorite.

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Though residing in the city of Westminster during the school session, Sarah Virginia Kenley is a native of Harford County, Maryland. When she first came to Western Maryland, she herself says that she was painfully bashful. After a year's training, however, at W. M. C. she who before had never thought of such a thing as exchanging a word with a boy, from the frequent visits made by one of the members of '95, in her Sophomore year, had evidently overcome any prejudice she might have entertained for one of the opposite sex. But when '95 graduated, Sarah soon forgot the little episode, and though she did not relapse into her former state, she has never since been accused of anything like the frivolities usually incident to a girl's life. She has been known always as being extremely pious, and by her modesty has won many friends.

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In the vicinity of Frederick is situated the home of Harry Allen Lakin, born in the year 1876. His early schooldays were spent at the Frederick Academy. Mr. Lakin has what is commonly known as red hair, and when in the fall of '93 the Class of '96 returned as Sophomores, Lakin was in their midst. This placed the whole student-body in a quandary, for here were two red-head individuals in the same class, and they had to have names to distinguish them. The matter was soon settled, however, by one of their ingenious classmates, who came forward and proposed that as one had already been called "Reddy," the other should be named "Sandy." This advice prevailed, and ever since Harry has borne the nick-name of "Sandy." The most prominent position he has ever held at college is the office of president of the "Beauty Club," which position is obtained by competitive examination. He would have made a very

good student, but for sickness. Unfortunately very often when the class had to recite in philosophy, Mr. Lakin would be absent, suffering dreadfully from a severe cold, contracted by attending church the previous Sunday. Although such a regular attendant at church, his morals have been completely ruined by the study of ethics, and from a firm believer in several different theories of the end, he has become a confirmed skeptic.

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The daughter of the President of Western Maryland College, Miriam Lewis was born in Baltimore, but when quite young her residence was changed to Westminster. No one has more right than she to be called a thorough Western Maryland student, for she has been going to this institution for just ten years, and is one of the few that never attended any other school. Though an exceptionally good student in all the branches taught here, she has paid particular attention to, and made great progress in the study of elocution.

To her classmates she has been of invaluable assistance, especially during her Junior and Senior years, in relieving them from all unnecessary anxiety, for she has always kept them notified when there would be no philosophy.

We feel that we cannot bring her history to a close without mentioning the fact that though not the first, she had a desperate case with one of her own class during the first term of her Senior year, but after the first term's examinations were over, the "strike" was declared off on the young man's finding out that her father hadn't passed him in Hebrew.

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Although now a resident of Seaford, Del., William Orion Livingston came originally from Salisbury. His age is somewhat doubtful, but may be placed approximately somewhere between twenty-two and thirty. In a conversation with him on one occasion, he told us confidentially that the first recollection he had of himself was that he was in a public school, getting off primitive puns, and if we may be pardoned for trespassing on the territory of the Pythia of '96, we will wager that some far-fetched pun will be the cause of his death.

He has been called the "silver tongued orator" of '96, and indeed has been known to talk three hours on a stretch without saying anything. But what has rendered him most famous is the establishment of a barber shop near the beginning of his Senior year, in Room 145, Hering Hall. This room has become a favorite resort for all classes, and one may see there at any time some boys engaged in smiling at an opposite window, some in philosophic discussion, usually



speculations as to when the Doctor is next going away, the probable length of his stay, etc., and one in particular may be noticed suffering all the agonies caused by a dull razor and a talkative barber. Marked on the wall may be seen numerous names, mostly those of Seniors, with so many shaves and hair-cuts charged up to them. "Livy" still lives in the vain hope that some time or other these debts will be paid.

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William Aydelotte Melvin entered college as a Junior, and although we have not known him as long, we know him almost as well as anyone in the class. As his entering the Junior class was rather unprecedented, especially for a boy, we soon found out all about him; whereas, if he had entered the class when Freshmen, perhaps we would never have known half as much as we do now. He hails from Pocomoke City, a well-known town of the famous Eastern Shore. He says he has engaged in almost every occupation under the sun, but we have a conviction that he never taught Mathematics or Hebrew.

Although he has been here but two years, in this while he has distinguished himself as a ladies' man. The first year he was here he had sixteen "strikes," most of the striking, however, being on his side. On an average these lasted about two days. Besides this he is a noted pedestrian. He boarded the train one evening to ride to Avondale, a place about four or five miles beyond Westminster, on the Western Maryland Road, just in order to have the pleasure of walking back before supper. He missed his supper, however, and has never taken this same walk again.

During his comparatively short time at Western Maryland he has held some very important and honorable positions, among which we may mention, that besides being Editor-in-Chief of the *College Monthly* for one term, he has been connected with this paper almost ever since he has been here.

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Sarah Ellen Myers, born in Carroll County, for a time attended New Windsor College, an institution a little way up on the Western Maryland Railroad, with whose first team our second team plays baseball, and usually defeats. Having obtained a certain amount of learning at this school, she entered the Sophomore class at Western Maryland College. Here she immediately became popular with the girls, but much more so with the boys, notwithstanding the fact that she has no scruples whatever about trifling with their affections. Indeed it is said that she has flirted with more boys than any two other girls here together. Still she is extremely popular, and we are constrained to believe that the above statement is not altogether correct.

"Sadie," which is her usual name, is very industrious, and whenever any work comes up for her to do, always bears in mind her favorite maxim, "Never do to-day what you can put off for to-morrow."

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Virginia, the mother of presidents and other great personages, is also the native State of Lena Gray Parker. Born at Suffolk, she became a student at Suffolk College before entering Western Maryland. From her own account she was an exceedingly good child, but great changes sometimes take place in a person's life. Notice, however, that we need not necessarily apply this to her. We simply made the abstract statement that radical changes often take place in a person's life. Lena, we suppose, is as good as the general run of girls, and compared to the boys—at least the teachers tell us so—they are all angels.

Since we have known her, she has always been of a rather merry disposition, but like most persons of her temperament, occasionally has the blues. It is characteristic of most girls to be very prim, but especially particular has Lena always been about whether her hat was on straight or not.

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On the eastern coast of New Jersey, some years ago, were a few houses forming a small village or hamlet, as yet nameless, through whose centre ran a single road. One day a man drove along this road with a wagon-load of hard crabs. Meeting with an accident, the crabs got loose and crawled all over the place. From this incident the village was called "Crab Town." This is the birthplace of William Ellsworth Pettet, but since his birth the town has grown, and has been dignified by the name of Manasquan. He first attended the Gravel Hill Academy, an institution situated on the most beautiful spot in Manasquan, a high hill commanding a magnificent view of the Atlantic. The only objection to the location of the town was that it was a favorite haunt for the largest mosquitoes ever heard of in New Jersey. But as conflict advances civilization, the inhabitants of Manasquan, from their constant struggles with these monster insects, have become highly advanced, and W. M. C. is proud to have several of their number enrolled as students.

Pettet entered the Freshman class with the intention of studying for the Methodist Protestant ministry. Whether he has ever regretted this intention or not, he will not say, but when the three courses were established, he had to become one of the five theologues of '96, better known as the "Hebrew Children." The woes of these mortals, persecuted as they are by that awful reality—the Hebrew language—are given in another chronicle. Suffice it to say, that Pettet was one of them and suffered with them. In order to the more

thorough concentration of his mind upon this study, in his Senior year, with his companion Gibson, he retired to the Seminary, where they have since kept bachelor's hall.

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Nellie Stewart Porter is from the Eastern Shore, her home being in Somerset County. After attending the public schools of Philadelphia, she came to this institution, where she soon became famous for her talking abilities. As one of the young ladies mentioned above could out-flirt any two other girls at college, so, Miss Porter can undoubtedly out-talk any two. Not satisfied with being able to talk in her own voice, it is said that she can mimic anyone at college, boy or girl.

When she first came to Western Maryland she captivated the heart of a widower, who was then a student at the Westminster Theological Seminary. The result was that he sent her a box of arbutus. Shortly after the widower left, and the mystery of his leaving is still unsolved.

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The Prophetess of '96, not wishing the Historian to be without a history, has kindly written the following biography:

Frank Dunnington Posey was born 1876, in Doncaster, Charles County, Md. From his own account of his native county, evidently the most remarkable person in his estimation was "that old nigger," concerning whom he relates some marvelous things. His statements as to the size of the water-lilies which grow in the Charles County lakes cause his friends to long to behold their exceeding beauty. But passing over the two items which he regards so interesting, I return to him who is to us more interesting than either "that old nigger" or the marvelously beautiful water-lilies.

Before entering Western Maryland College he attended a private school. He devoted the greater part of his time to study while here, and the fact that he did not exchange words with a girl the entire time contrasts strikingly with his manner now. He entered the Freshman class here in '92, and his superior mental ability, together with his genial manner and kindness in assisting the boys with their difficult Latin and Greek, soon made him a general favorite. The girls of his class looked with awe and admiration upon the boy who made so many tens. He was fond of baseball, and although his services as pitcher were declined, he was accepted as scorer, which position he has retained. Tennis, also, was a favorite pastime of his, but his studies were not neglected to indulge in out-door amusements. He possesses a high sense of honor, regards life much more seriously than many, is truthful and accurate at all times, and having

stood first in our class during the four years at Western Maryland College, graduates valedictorian of the Class of '96.

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The son of the Senior Professor of Western Maryland College, Paul Reese has attended the departments of this institution from the first. Eleven years ago he began in the first year of the Primary Department, and every succeeding year has seen him a class higher. His college learning, added to his natural disposition, has developed him into an ideal sport.

Ever since we have known him, and before, too, from what we can learn, he has been characterized by the greatest absent-mindedness. The following stories, showing his failing, have been told about him. Once when Livingston had cut his hair, wishing to see how it looked from behind, Paul took a looking-glass and held it behind his head. Everyone laughed, but he didn't see the joke. Another time he came out of a room on the top floor of Ward Hall, hoisted his umbrella and walked down to the first floor with it up. On still another occasion, he was attending some sort of a religious meeting, when an enthusiastic Methodist wishing to save souls came to him and asked if he were a Christian. "No," he replied, with the greatest surprise, "I am an Episcopalian!" It is a common occurrence for him to lose a book, and often he gets excused from reciting on this plea.

During the vacation following his Junior year, Paul accompanied his father on a tour to Europe, where he gathered up all the remarkable things he could find, and expanding them with his wonderful imagination, spent his Senior year in springing startling tales of his travels on his credulous classmates.

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Born in sight of Western Maryland College, Carrie Eugenia Rinehart has lived in Westminster all her life. She, too, has spent most of her schooldays at this institution, at which she has always made a brilliant record, being, moreover, a general favorite with all who knew her. Especially has she been admired by the members of the other sex, and counts among those whom she has had at her mercy some who have graduated, some who are about to graduate, some from every class down to the latest Freshman. Yet she has not an exalted opinion of herself. We cannot refrain from telling a little incident which occurred, causing us to think this. It was on the occasion of the Junior Banquet (N. B. '96 to '95), and every boy and girl was anxious to know what partner he or she was going to have at the banquet. One of the gentlemen of the

present Senior class—we will not mention his name—ascertained from the committee in charge what young lady he would have. In the same way the young lady in question found out that she was to go with the above-mentioned gentleman. Thus they both knew that they were going with each other. But she not knowing that he was aware of this, thought she would apprise him of it in the following way: "Clarence," she said, for she was well acquainted with him, and called him by this title, "do you know that you are going to the Junior Banquet with the ugliest, meanest and worst girl in the whole college?" Clarence, with a most woe-begone expression, replied: "That's always my luck."

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Though McKinstry is her birthplace, Marian Elizabeth Senseny has lived at Linwood, a most attractive little town a short distance above Westminster. After some preliminary education, first at a public, then at a private school, she entered W. M. C. According to her own statement she was both very much spoiled at home and in consequence usually had her own way, and furthermore (paradoxical as it may seem) was a very obedient child. We leave it to wiser heads than ours to reconcile these statements. Contrary to what one would expect, too, being a great pet at home, and very fond of home, she has also always been very fond of going to school. As far as we know, her college career has been rather uneventful. She has pursued the even tenor of a student's life, quiet and unobtrusive, counting no one an enemy.

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We do not propose to make the history as long in proportion as the name of Caroline Eltinge Jones Shriver. One would suppose that her name itself has some legend attached, but what this is we shall not endeavor to find out. Just think of it, when in later years another name will be added to this! *Well*, passing over these idle speculations, Carrie Shriver, as for briefness' sake she is more commonly known, was born in Westminster. After attending first a private, then a public school in her native town, she entered Western Maryland College.

Throughout her time at college she has always kept one object in view. This was to bestow her favor on no one except a baseball player. It mattered not so much what position he held, whether outfielder or infielder, it has always been a member of the first team who smiled at Carrie Shriver. From the foregoing we would give this advice to all aspiring to that privilege: First learn to play baseball, then get on the first team, securing if possible an in-

fielder's position, second-base in preference to any other. This done you will, we think, have success.

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Also a native of Westminster is Claude Tilden Smith, alias "Nimy." His earliest schooldays were spent at a private school in Westminster. When he entered college he determined to be thorough in everything, and took two years in every class. He has been a member of the Classes of '94, '95, and '96 respectively. When a child his favorite pastime was getting up circuses, and in later days his time has been taken up in managing baseball teams.

Traditions differ as to the origin of his nick-name "Nimy." Two theories exist, known respectively as the "Bosley Theory" and the "Lunatic Hypothesis." The former, advanced by Mr. Bosley, is that his name comes either from *nemo*, or from *nimum*, *too much*. The other, or "Lunatic Hypothesis," is that he gets his name from a certain resemblance to a crazy man on the outskirts of the city, who has this name. Although the "Bosley Theory" is very ingenious, the other seems the more reasonable.

In later years, however, Claude has laid aside childish ideas and settled down to work. In his Senior year he has held some important positions at college.

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In the mountains of West Virginia, at a place called Buckhannon, was born John Willis Smith. First he attended the public schools of his State, and then for a short time the Fairmont State Normal School, preparatory to entering Western Maryland. He first came into prominence in our Sophomore year, when he was chosen president of the Class of '96. In return for this honor, he has endeavored faithfully to fulfill the duties of his position, to uphold the dignity of the class, and to hold as many class meetings as he is allowed, and more if he could get them. Besides the office of president, the class has conferred on him the position of editor-in-chief of the CHICK-A-GO-RUNK. In addition to these honors from the class, he has held responsible positions in many different college organizations. His talents seem to be in the line of Science and Music. In the latter he is something of a genius, performing on the piano, guitar, and bass viol. The last-named instrument is his especial delight; that is, when he thinks he is disturbing someone else. He can also sing.

Mentally, Smith is a remarkable fellow—a phenomenon. He seems to be possessed of a power of allopsychic comprehension. If you don't know exactly what you mean, ask "J. W."

Laura Virginia Spielman comes from Northwestern Maryland, Hagerstown being her birthplace. After graduating at the Hagerstown High School, she entered the Junior Class of '96 at Western Maryland. During the two years she has been at this institution she has been very studious, devoting a great deal of time to her favorite study, Mathematics, in which she is especially good. So far as we know, she has never been guilty of the usual girlish frivolities, and throughout her career at this institution has been characterized by her modest and retiring disposition.

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On the outskirts of the city of Frederick, in a village called Mount Pleasant, was born in the middle of the year '76, Daniel Edwin Stone. If we are to believe all accounts, he spent most of his childhood into getting into scrapes and leaving his larger brother to settle them. In these controversies he himself never took part, beyond holding his brother's coat. He went to school first at the Academy at Frederick, where he demonstrated that one body can occupy two spaces at the same time, for while he was going to school in Frederick, he says, he spent the most of his time at the skating rink. Even while he was at school he studied but little, taking a thorough course, however, in trashy literature. Thus well equipped in the elementary branches, he matriculated at W. M. C. in the fall of '92. His career at college on the whole would be called uneventful. He has gotten along in his studies as well as the average, has played both baseball and football, never rising above substitute on the first team of either until his Senior year, when he was chosen manager of the baseball team, which under his management bids fair to be a credit to Western Maryland. We have remarked that his college career has been perhaps uneventful, but this must be modified. He has varied the monotony of college life by always having a girl. These, however, for the most part were merely passing fancies, but at last, we believe, he has met his match, between whom and himself there exists what Mr. Hearn has been pleased to term *Kemp*-ical affinity.

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Perhaps no one has had as varied an experience or as many residences as Georgeana Wilson Strayer. The daughter of a Methodist Protestant minister, she was born in Dorchester County, received her early school training in the public schools of Baltimore, and now resides in Buckeystown.\* The youngest child is proverbially the most spoiled. She is the youngest child, and they say was no exception to the rule. In '92 she entered the Freshman class

of this place, where all faults resulting from being spoiled have been cured. Although in stature one of the smallest in the class, she without doubt has more dignity than any other one of her classmates. Indeed, we think it is due to her that the Senior class owes most of its dignity, for by associating with her the girls at least are constantly in an atmosphere of dignity, and are accordingly affected by it. And whatever affects the half, to that extent affects the whole, so that the entire class is dignified through the instrumentality of Miss Strayer. Nothing will cause her to lose her dignity, except a mouse.

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In the mountainous coal regions of Northwestern Maryland, in the city of Frostburg, is the home of Nannie Bowlin Thomas. Her first school days were spent at one of Frostburg's institutions, where she was noted as being an exceptionally good student, and this may be applied to her as a student of Western Maryland, which college she entered in the Junior year.

Although amiability is a characteristic of all the girls to a certain extent, still above all she may be said to have a most amiable disposition. In consequence she is a great favorite with all her classmates, and indeed with everyone as far as we know. It is noticeable, however, that all persons, whatever may be their good qualities, almost always have some great fault. Ever since she has been known to Western Maryland, and we presume before this, too, she has been an excessive talker, and especially is she so when you don't want her to be. Though we ourselves have never been wearied by her conversation, the girls say that when they have a headache, or are engaged in any occupation requiring silence, she talks incessantly. But she is not alone in this respect. There are others. Perhaps the philologist was right who derived the word *girl* from the Latin word *garrula*.

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Milton Leroy Veasey was born in Pocomoke City, graduating from the Pocomoke City High School, and entering the Class of '96 at Western Maryland in its Sophomore year. In his Junior year he played football, but after a certain game with St. John's College he decided to play no more, however much the team might suffer from his loss.

With regard to his career as a student, we may say that it has been excellent. His greatest progress has been in elocution. In his Junior and Senior years, Mr. Veasey has been a member of the Banjo Club, and it was from this fact that he experienced the following adventure, which could not be well



omitted in giving a history of his college life. When the Glee, Banjo, and Guitar Clubs made a tour throughout the Eastern Shore in the latter part of '95, they had occasion to stop and display their musical talent at a town called Cambridge. Now the inhabitants of this town were so well pleased with the rendering of their selections, that about midnight twenty-five or thirty young men of the city, wishing to see further what sort of men these musicians were, selected Mr. Veasey, and taking him to a bridge requested him to display his talent in several different ways. First they asked him to recite those lines beginning with "I stood on the bridge at midnight." This he didn't know, but they must have something else. He must give them an account of how he had been hazed when a Freshman. He replied that having had the honor of entering the Sophomore class, he could not give his experience as a Freshman. But he certainly knew the college yell, and he gave it. And by all means he must dance them a clog-dance—and he danced it. One thing more, would Mr. Veasey gratify them by spelling his name with a "sir?" "Certainly sir; V-sir, E-sir, A-sir, S-sir, E-sir, Y-sir—Veasey-sir." And they let him go. He was sorry to part with them, but as the clubs left the next morning for another place, he was compelled to do it. To this day Mr. Veasey cherishes fond recollections of Cambridge.

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John Lemuel Ward was born at Gamber, Carroll County, Md., December 28, 18—well, the year is now unknown. His earliest recollection of himself, according to his own statement, was that of a miniature professional hayseed, whose cardinal virtue was vanity at being the happy possessor of a pair of red-topped boots, and whose greatest ambition was to be a man with a mustache. From this time until he reached his seventeenth year, his career, like that of many great men, was uneventful. Strange though it may seem, he was a hard student. At this time there began to crop out that amazing mental ability, perhaps the result of the chastening rod of a country pedagogue, which has since been the wonder of his college associates; especially has this been seen in Mathematics and the languages. At the above-mentioned age he took charge of a country thinking-shop, and in this position was unequalled for preserving the poorest order, and addressing his awe-stricken pupils in an unknown tongue. Time passed on, however, as time will do, and September 1891 found J. L. Ward an applicant for the Sub-Freshman class at W. M. C. During his first two years here he was like the majority of students, studying occasionally, and always ready for a "big time" or a "war dance" after ten. It was during his Sophomore year that the tide turned, and the swelling flood would have doubtless ended his career had it not been for the timely aid of a Plank, to which he most

tenaciously clung. This afforded him untold pleasures and unheard of joys as his future brightened before him. Being struck with a Plank is something that many would long remember, but our noble spirited Ward soon forgets this, and for the first time turns his undivided attention to the ladies. This "Knight of the Nineteenth Century" has broken all previous records in winning the affections of the "World's Fair." He has doubtless had more "strikes" and been guilty of breaking the eleventh rule of W. M. C. more than any of his contemporaries, and yet he remains a bachelor. But during his Senior year the dignity of our hero prompts him to lay aside the frivolities of college life and settle down to good work. He now concentrates his affections upon *one*, instead of twenty of the fair ones, and the indications are that he will not long remain a bachelor. Inclosed in this temple of day is a combination of idiosyncrasies seldom equaled. He is a professional somniloquist, a noted somnambulist, a walking dictionary, an extensive traveler, an interminable talker, and moreover is noted for new plans and pet schemes for revolutionizing, his mind changing with every change of the wind. Hebrew, Latin and Greek he made his specialties, his marks in them ranging from 5 to 7. With his high ideal, may he reach and soon occupy that realm of fame and power to which he so ardently aspires.

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A native of that small strip of land east of Maryland, called Delaware, Hannah Elizabeth White entered Western Maryland College as a Freshman. At home she was the only child, and, contrary to what one would expect, was not much spoiled; at least she hasn't showed any signs of it since she came to college. On the other hand, she has always been known as having an excellent disposition.

It is a significant fact that the faculty of telling jokes is a rare gift. We mean, of course, not telling ordinary jokes in the ordinary way, by beginning with a laugh and continuing to laugh throughout the story, introducing the point before anything else, but telling good jokes with a straight face, reserving the main element for the last, and above all, making the listeners laugh. This faculty is possessed in the highest degree by Miss White. Besides being able to tell jokes, she also plays practical jokes; but a record of these would occupy more space than this short sketch will allow.

Strange as it may seem, for one endowed with so much wit and such a happy disposition, Hannah is very superstitious, and after reading "Hamlet," and listening to several ghost stories from her classmates (telling ghost stories, by the way, is a favorite pastime for the '96 girls), she is frightened half to death. She will always be remembered for these peculiarities.

With Miss White the roll of '96 ends, and in presenting the "History of '96" to the public, we feel conscious that it is sent forth with many imperfections. There have been errors and omissions which were almost unavoidable, whose existence it is impossible to discover before this sketch has been exposed to the light of general criticism.

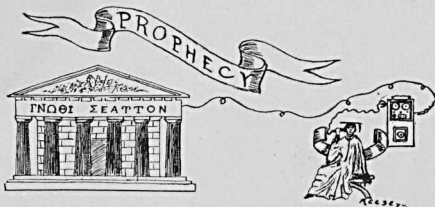
HISTORIAN.



## '96's Quondam Students.

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|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Bertha Antony, . . . . .   | Antony, Md.       |
| J. E. Algood, . . . . .    | Brisbon, Pa.      |
| M. A. Bixler, . . . . .    | Westminster, Md.  |
| J. A. Bond, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.  |
| E. G. Cover, . . . . .     | Uniontown, Md.    |
| M. B. Davis, . . . . .     | Federalsburg, Md. |
| S. B. Grimes, . . . . .    | Baltimore, Md.    |
| B. M. Keyworth, . . . . .  | Baltimore, Md.    |
| C. Lockard, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.  |
| W. R. Merrick, . . . . .   | Barelay, Md.      |
| E. K. Newman, . . . . .    | Frederick, Md.    |
| D. R. Price, . . . . .     | Middletown, Del.  |
| E. L. Pruss, . . . . .     | Washington, D. C. |
| B. W. Straw, . . . . .     | Union Bridge, Md. |
| W. E. Tyre, . . . . .      | Harrington, Del.  |
| E. F. Warwick, . . . . .   | Manokin, Md.      |
| L. K. Woodward, . . . . .  | Westminster, Md.  |
| J. E. Zimmerman, . . . . . | Roller, Md.       |
| L. M. Zimmerman, . . . . . | Emmitsburg, Md.   |
| T. E. Zimmerman, . . . . . | Emmitsburg, Md.   |



Quicquid dicam aut erit aut non :  
 Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo.

In ancient Greece when times were slow,  
 They had to go to the god of the lyre;  
 But now we have only to yell "Hello,"  
 And prophecy comes to us over the wire.

**S**EVERAL years had passed since the Class of '96 had gone out from the beloved walls of Western Maryland College. I alone, far from those pleasant scenes, was enjoying a most delightful view of wild Western scenery. Retrospective visions thronged before me as I beheld the unfamiliar landscape. Reverie bringing before me in quick succession the scenes of my college days, the features of my classmates were flitting before me. Would that some kind fate would inform me of their various pursuits and achievements in life!

While thus musing, I remembered I was near the quaint domicile of an aged man renowned for his wonderful powers of mesmerism. The mind of this man acted upon minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism; and not a few, perplexed as to their future destiny, sought his magic powers. If, haply, my mind was of such a constitution as to be acted upon, a clew to the way out of my bewilderment was at hand. While debating the advisability of seeking this mesmerist, the object of my thought stood before me. He bade me listen to his description of the wonderful power he possessed, and before I could comprehend the meaning of his strange words I was conveyed to a flour-

ishing Southern city; but at the time I beheld it, the greater part of the town was draped in mourning. Many homes had recently been visited by death. Sadness prevailed. The oldest citizens said the death-rate had never been known to increase with such marvelous rapidity. Various and conjectural were the causes ascribed to the sad state. As I turned to cast a last look on the distressed town, my eyes fell upon an imposing residence over the door of which I read in large letters "H. A. Lakin, M.D." Across the street a residence equally as attractive drew my attention. Seated near a window I recognized Dr. L. C. Freeny discussing with his friendly opponent their successful year's work.

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A large procession of men and women—zealous, earnest workers—were singing in mighty chorus, an evangelistic hymn. Much attention is attracted by the moving body, but the beholders make no attempt at violence; opposition is not even manifested in verbal abuse, but from all sides are heard words of respect and admiration. My attention was especially drawn to the leader of the army. He was a military looking man, whose face was familiar. It was William Ellsworth Pettet, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army. Under his supervision the army has made commendable progress and won a degree of respect that commands favorable attention and augurs greater usefulness for the future.

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Various as have been the reports of enthusiastic explorers of the North Pole, they have been unable to make known to the human family what is there. At last information of substantial value has been added to the sum of knowledge concerning this region. Claude Tilden Smith has not only attained the goal, but the wonderful description he has given defies anyone to discredit his statements. He carried with him in his balloon bags of oxygen which would not have afforded a sufficient supply for comfortable respiration in the rare atmosphere through which he was floating had he not possessed an inexhaustible supply peculiarly his own. All of his classmates will be proud of his great achievements.

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For partialities entertained for special places, attractions toward certain points of the compass, we are often unable to assign a reason. Carrie Shriver always confessed an unaccountable preference for the West. From that region of the United States a potential good, material to her *Well-being* and happiness, came. She is returning from her delightful wedding tour. A pretty

home in her favorite State awaits the arrival of the happy pair who are so soon to occupy it. We wish her much happiness in her Western home.

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May Martin Kemp has recently completed her course in music. She is a pianist of ability and is constantly gaining in technical skill. The particular beauty of her playing is its emotional quality. Brilliant passages, no matter how difficult, are excellently executed by her. She has composed several selections which show a dash and military spirit one would scarcely look for in a composition by a woman. May brilliant success attend "Mazie's" musical career.

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Milton Leroy Veasey always impressed me as one who would make his mark in the world. Accuracy, application and perseverance were characteristic of him while at school, which are essential for efficiently prosecuting any plan. Early in life he decided to become a physician, but his work was in another direction. He is a profoundly learned judge, much admired and respected by all with whom he comes in contact.

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The requirements of the wife of a minister are many; especially do the various societies of the church expect help and advice from her. A large class of young ladies are receiving instructions from one who is earnestly endeavoring to impress upon them the truth of the lesson. Attentively do they listen to her, with an appreciation which cannot but make her feel gratified with her work. The lesson over, the ladies repair to the room in which the morning sermon is to be delivered. The instructor is joined by a man of ministerial appearance, who conducts her to a front pew, then solemnly enters the pulpit. Could it be that Hannah White was acting in the capacity of a minister's wife? No mistake was made in believing it to be she; but how changed from when we knew her.

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Although Paul Reese never evinced any remarkable poetical talent when at school, his face and general demeanor always approached my ideal of a poet. After his graduation he went to Europe, and soon began writing verses. Among his first productions was a poem on Spring. After its appearance, our bard

with difficulty escaped the gallows. However, his first disappointment did not cause him to cease writing, and now, since his naturalization, his fame has reached such a degree that many believe it highly probable he will be made Poet Laureate.

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In a studio I saw an artist carefully giving the finishing touches to a large picture, which showed that the talent of the artist was of no mean degree; in fact, many of her pictures had been well hung. Around her were many specimens of her work. As she laid down the brush she took up a small volume of poems, and I intently watched her expression as she read the lines which were dedicated by the prospective Poet Laureate to "His Early Love." Poetry and Art are closely connected, and the poet's heart hasn't changed; neither has that of Lena Gray Parker.

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The scientific views held by our president, John Willis Smith, and especially his brilliant success in his laboratory experiments, caused us to believe him destined for scientific investigation. He is an instructor in a chemical laboratory of one of our universities. By his deep research into the subject and his investigating mind, several discoveries have been made which have aided in advancing science to its present height. The probabilities are that wealth and fame will attend his efforts, and if they do they will be but added laurels to his brow—but the gilded frame encasing success.

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The gentle manner and unexcitable disposition of Sarah Ellen Myers admirably enabled her to gratify her ambition to be a trained nurse. She is charmed with her work and has recently obtained the desirable position of Superintendent of Nurses in Johns Hopkins Hospital. The patients all love her, and the pallid, haggard faces brighten as she approaches, bringing gladness to their hearts, as well as alleviating their suffering.

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My attention was next drawn to two men who were experimenting with X rays. One of them, Dr. John Robert Bosley, an eminent surgeon, after successfully discovering and removing a foreign substance from a body by their aid, determined to try them on his own heart. When, lo! *his* heart is not there,



but instead the heart of a girl, and that turned to *Stone*. The other was different. He was carefully examining, with the Roentgen rays, the brains of an insane person, when it flashed on his mind to apply them to his own cranium in order to discover the condition of his brain. Whether he found it full of knowledge or a vacuum I did not know, but for insanity or softening of the brain, Dr. Daniel Edwin Stone is a specialist.

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A congregation was attentively listening to the new minister, whose earnest, impressive manner and sound reasoning delighted all his hearers. His sermon was of uncommon merit, and he performed the service with as much ease and grace as one of longer experience. From the many words of praise spoken regarding his discourse, I know Nicholas Oliver Gibson has rightly chosen his profession.

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The unusual literary talent of Ida Dodd won for her the title, "The Fair Scribe of '96," and the confident predictions we made as to her success as a journalist have been fulfilled. She writes for the leading magazines and journals of the day. The beautiful expression and thorough originality of her articles are especially attractive. The peculiar fascination for her stories is increasing, and I predict for her a brilliant literary career.

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In a large observatory I saw an astronomer intently gazing through a telescope at the majestic heavenly bodies. Certainly to be familiar with the brilliant objects which inspire us with awe and admiration when we contemplate them is a most delightful acquirement. Charles Clarence Billingslea, accompanied by other enthusiastic astronomers, was viewing an extraordinary phenomenon of the heavens under the Lapland skies. May much success and pleasure reward his astronomical research.

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None of the numerous dangers of the distressful land of Armenia could deter Carrie Rinehart from entering upon her self-imposed mission of mercy to the victims of the murderous Mohammedans. She is bravely carrying on the work so nobly begun by Miss Barton, the founder of the Red Cross Society.

By her kindness and wonderful moral energy she will doubtless render much aid to the sufferers.

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For no one more worthy could fate have destined a happy and prosperous career than to Marion Hearn. He studied law after leaving college, and is now the most prominent lawyer in his flourishing Eastern Shore town. He is extremely popular with all, especially the young ladies. But contrary to what we should have expected, his fickle tendency causes him to be regarded as a flirt. When he grows older he will overcome this inconstancy and be one of the first of our number to quit the state of single blessedness.

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The Senior class of our Alma Mater were assembled for a period in French conversation. The little teacher is fluently conversing with them. After noticing the enthusiasm with which they enter into the subject, and the progress they appear to have made, I remembered "Ratie" Buckingham's fondness for German and French when a schoolgirl, and was not surprised that her successful mastery of these languages had enabled her to obtain the position she now holds and which she is so well filling.

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The great enterprise of constructing an electric road through the jungles of Africa is at last under way. For such a responsible undertaking an engineer of extraordinary ability has been selected. Under the efficient management of E. Oliver Grimes the work is moving along successfully.

I was somewhat surprised to see another one of my classmates in Africa, but his work was slightly different from the former. He was earnestly endeavoring to bring from darkness into the light of the Gospel the remaining heathen of that part of the globe. If his success as a missionary continue as it has begun, William Orion Livingston will be regarded as great a benefactor and his name will be as dear to the Africans as was that of the great explorer of the same name.

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The scene was a brilliantly-lighted opera, thronged with people held spell-bound by the melodious voice of the star contralto singer of the day, who has won brilliant success both in America and in Europe. There was prophecy in the words of one of the oldest patrons of Western Maryland College, who,

after hearing Bessie Gunkel sing, said: "That little girl has a fortune in her voice." These words had often been spoken by many of us who had also been delighted with her singing, and now the fulfillment of our predictions is a source of happiness to us all.

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Frank Dunnington Posey is at the head of the department of Latin and Greek in a large university. His familiarity with three languages is remarkable for one so young. Many honors have been bestowed upon him, all of which he bears as gracefully and unpretendingly as he did when we knew him at college. He has obtained leave of absence for a year that he may visit the lands where once flourished the languages which are his specialties. With the object of his special attention—not Latin and Greek—for he is accompanied by his sweet and attractive bride, his trip will be a most delightful one.

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It is always interesting to watch the passengers on a steamer, especially when bound for another country, and to study the different expressions betokening their varied emotions. As I was intently scanning the faces of happy parties about to leave an American port for European scenes, my attention was drawn to a young woman by whose side stood one whose expression plainly told the attainment of some prize. I had heard this young woman when at school express a desire to go to Europe on her wedding tour; now the time for the fulfillment of her wish has arrived. Nannie Pauline Keating possesses firmness in character and action, and cheers and brightens others by the charm of her presence; her keen sympathy, her charitable love and her power of bringing out the best thoughts in others, give her a queenly place in society. She has the happy faculty of making herself useful and entertaining, and the world will be better for her having lived in it.

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William Aydelotte Melvin, after graduating at the Yale Theological Seminary, entered the ministry. His high ambition to become a pulpit orator has been realized, and he is one of the most prominent ministers in his denomination. The wide interest with which his sermons are read causes me to predict that our eminent divine will attain the popularity of a Talmage.

Certainly one of the most important requirements of a girl's education is that she should cultivate a taste for literature. Nellie Stewart Porter gave especial attention to American literature, and is now a competent teacher in a female seminary. She takes life in the same bright, easy way as when a schoolgirl, and is as popular with the girls as though she were still one of them, knowing fully how to sympathize and advise in such a way as to endear her to them all.

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The next figure was a truly up-to-date woman. She was a skilled cyclist, and wore the bloomer costume while indulging in her favorite pastime. Her queenly head was covered with luxuriant brown, wavy hair, and her eyes were dark and bright. However, Nan Bowlin Thomas can do more than spend her time in amusements. Because she is gracious to everyone, kind and helpful to the needy, Nan is beloved by all who know her.

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The quiet, unassuming manner of Sarah Kenly would not have led one to imagine she would fill one of the offices of the new woman. She is nevertheless a reporter for a very popular paper, and is doing her work exceedingly well. She is kind, unselfish, charitable and a true friend at all times and in all places. She is "The new woman with the old, old charm."

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The interest Marion Elizabeth Senseny manifested in the study of our government inclined me to imagine that she would take advantage of the avenue to politics now open to women. A few years after the completion of her course at Western Maryland College, she went to a law school, having decided, after much deliberation, to become a lawyer. She has recently been admitted to the bar, and is already gaining popularity. I predict much success for her in her profession.

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Lyda Brooks Hopkins graduated at a Woman's Medical College, and although she has been practising but a year, her reputation for the prevention rather than the treatment of diseases is remarkable. While it is impossible for her in her profession to retain her former domesticity, she still retains her modest and quiet manner.

Laura Virginia Spielman, after finishing a summer course at Harvard in Mathematics, was given the position of instructor in that study at the High School of her city. She always delighted in solving the difficult problems which were to the majority of us so distasteful. I saw her diligently endeavoring to elucidate the abstruse puzzles to a large class, who, after her careful explanation, could not fail to understand.

---

The big words John Lemuel Ward used to get off frightened the lower classmates, and even the older students often wished an unabridged were convenient while conversing with him. Those whom he thus awed by his language thought he must be a great person. Shortly after his graduation at Princeton Divinity School he married one of Western Maryland's daughters, believing one anticipating the ministry should not be alone. Remarkable success and renown have attended his ministerial career.

---

Bessie Ober Herr stood in the choir of a great church and swayed the crowded audience to tears or roused them to enthusiasm with the wonderful magnetism of her voice. She is fresh from the training of the best masters and again in her native country, where she is warmly welcomed. Bessie Herr is a singer for the people, rather than the musicale expert. Her clear soprano voice has a marvelous power of carrying the simple pathos of the old melodies to the hearer's heart. She has passed through the intellectual and classical phases of her art and cares now only for the spiritual.

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Georgia Wilson Strayer was on her reading tour through the European countries. She had appeared before the crowned heads and had been covered with glory wherever she was heard. Even the haughty Englishman, who is so averse to acknowledge an especial gift possessed by anyone other than his countryman, was charmed with the little woman who could so faithfully interpret their great writers.

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Mary Elizabeth Englar's hospitality delighted those of her classmates who visited her during vacations. I saw her large, comfortable country home filled with the familiar forms and faces of some of our classmates, who were delightfully passing the month of June with her. She quietly but very pleasantly spends the greater part of her time at home, and those of '96 who visit their Alma Mater usually are pleasantly entertained by her.

Miriam Lewis, who always thought it would be delightful to travel much, had happily realized her desire. She had visited many countries and seen the most important things of interest both at home and abroad. After traveling through the most important countries of Europe she visited the Holy Lands, and at the time I saw her was preparing to return to America. I deemed her most fortunate in the possession of such favorable opportunities for seeing so many countries.

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\* In glancing down the table of contents of the April issue of the *Century Magazine* of the year 19—, the first article attracted our attention by its title, and without noticing who the author was, we soon became absorbed in its perusal. It was a masterly discourse on "The Present State of Education in Italy." Struck by the extraordinarily fine way in which the subject was handled, we turned again to the table of contents, finding opposite the title of the production the name of one of our former classmates at Western Maryland, A. Mabel Elderdice. On making further inquiries we found that she had been in Italy for some time, and was contemplating a tour over all Europe. We further found that the article mentioned above was the first of a series, the rest being of a similar nature on the educational advantages and disadvantages of various countries of the Old World. After her graduation from Western Maryland College, she had devoted her self to journalism, gradually rising in her chosen profession to a high position among writers. We wish her much success in her vocation, and I am anxiously awaiting the next issue of the *Century*.

PROPHETESS.

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\* Written by Historian.



# Class Statistics

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# STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-SIX, (MALE)

| Name.           | Residence.        | Course of Study. | Room in College. | Weight. | Height.      | Size of Sandals. | Size of Hat. | Color of Eyes. | Color of Hair. |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|---------|--------------|------------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|
| Billingslea.... | Westminster       | Scientific       | Ward Hall 84     | 183     | ft. in.<br>6 | 11               | 7½           | Light Tan      | Black          |
| Bosley.....     | Baltimore         | Classical        | H. H. 147        | 160     | 5 11         | 8                | 7½           | Black          | "              |
| Freeny.....     | Pittsville        | Scientific       | H. H. 143        | 135     | 5 7½         | 8                | 6½           | Brown          | "              |
| Gibson.....     | Oxford            | Theological      | Seminary No. 10  | 160     | .....        | 7                | 7            | Red            | Yellow         |
| Grimes.....     | Westminster       | Scientific       | H. H. 148        | 100     | 5 6          | 5½               | 6½           | Pink           | Brown          |
| Hearn.....      | Salisbury         | Classical        | H. H. 142        | 130     | 5 7          | 8                | 6½           | Buff           | "              |
| Lakin.....      | Frederick         | Scientific       | H. H. 146        | 140     | 5 6½         | 7                | 7            | Grey           | Chestnut       |
| Livingstone...  | Seaford, Del.     | Theological      | H. H. 145        | 128     | 5 6½         | 6½               | 6½           | Maroon         | Black          |
| Melvin.....     | Pocomoke City     | "                | H. H. 146        | 150     | 5            | 7½               | 6½           | Grey           | "              |
| Pettit.....     | Manassquan, N. J. | "                | Seminary No. 10  | 135     | 5            | 7½               | 6½           | Cream          | Red            |
| Posay.....      | Lancaster         | Classical        | H. H. 143        | 130     | 5 11½        | 7                | 7            | Grey           | Blonde         |
| Reese.....      | Westminster       | Scientific       | W. H. 81         | 121     | .....        | 9                | 6½           | Green          | Black          |
| C. Smith.....   | Westminster       | "                | W. H. 80         | 150     | 6            | 10               | 7½           | Purple         | Chestnut       |
| J. Smith.....   | Elkins, W. Va.    | "                | H. H. 158        | 110     | 5 8½         | 9                | 7½           | White          | "              |
| Stone.....      | Mt Pleasant       | "                | H. H. 147        | 145     | .....        | 6                | 7            | Grizzly        | "              |
| Veasey.....     | Pocomoke City     | "                | H. H. 142        | 145     | 5 8½         | 9                | 7            | Colorless      | White          |
| Ward.....       | Gamber            | Theological      | H. H. 145        | 135     | 5 7          | 7                | 7            | Lead           | Black          |

# STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-SIX, (FEMALE.)

| Name.         | Nickname.     | Address.      | Birthday.       | Course.     | Room in College   | Weight. | Height.         | Color of Hair. | Complexion.    | Denomination. |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|-----------------|-------------|-------------------|---------|-----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| Buckingham    | "Ratie."      | Westminster.  | Feb. 26, 1877.  | Scientific. | Assembly Hall     | 102     | ft. in.<br>5 2½ | Yellow.        | Blonde.        | M. E.         |
| Dodd.....     | "Doddy."      | Carmichael.   | Nov. 19, 1876.  | "           | 36 Main Hall.     | 120     | 5 2             | Sorrel.        | Blonde.        | M. P.         |
| Elderdice...  | "Doodledice." | Mardela.      | Sept. 17, 1876. | Classical.  | 32 Celestial Hall | 145     | 5 7             | Raven.         | Brunette.      | M. P.         |
| Englar.....   | "Juliet."     | Union Bridge. | Oct. 8, 1875.   | Scientific. | 35 Celestial Hall | 166     | 5 4½            | Mousey.        | Semi-Blonde.   | M. P.         |
| Gurkel.....   | "Granny."     | Warwick.      | Dec. 16, 1877.  | "           | 38 Main Hall      | 166     | 5               | Dark "Yaller"  | Blonde.        | M. P.         |
| Herr.....     | "Bess."       | Westminster.  | June 15, 1876.  | Classical.  | Assembly Hall     | 100     | 5 1             | Chestnut.      | Semi-Blonde.   | M. P.         |
| Hopkins.....  | "Lydy."       | Cambridge.    | Nov. 25, 1876.  | Scientific. | 34 Celestial Hall | 135     | 5 5             | Brown.         | Blonde.        | M. E.         |
| Keating.....  | "Dootse."     | Centreville.  | Dec. 6, 1876.   | "           | 33 Celestial Hall | 128     | 4½              | Variegated.    | Blonde.        | M. P.         |
| Kemp.....     | "Mazie."      | Trappe.       | Aug. 30, 1878.  | "           | 33 Celestial Hall | 102½    | 5               | Taffy.         | Blonde.        | M. P.         |
| Kenly.....    | "Bridget."    | Level.        | Jan. 8, 1876.   | "           | Assembly Hall     | 98      | 5 3             | Chocolate.     | Semi-Blonde.   | Presbyterian  |
| Lewis.....    | "Sister."     | College.      | Oct. 3, 1878.   | Classical.  | Any one           | 125     | 5 7             | Tow head.      | Blonde.        | "             |
| Myers.....    | "Sar-Ellen."  | New Windsor.  | Feb. 14, 1877.  | "           | 35 Celestial Hall | 145     | 5 1½            | Brown.         | Semi-Blonde.   | M. P.         |
| Parker.....   | "Sal."        | Suffolk, Va.  | Dec. 30, 1875.  | Scientific. | 35 Celestial Hall | 120     | 5 4½            | Seal.          | Brunette.      | M. E. S'th.   |
| Porter.....   | "Nell."       | Loretta.      | Nov. 3, 1875.   | "           | 34 Celestial Hall | 114     | 5 6             | Brown.         | Semi-Brunette. | M. E. S'th.   |
| Rinehart..... | "Kid."        | Westminster.  | July 29, 1877.  | Classical.  | Assembly Hall     | 125     | 5 5             | Bay.           | Semi-Blonde.   | "             |
| Senseney..... | "Betsy."      | Linwood.      | June 10, 1875.  | Scientific. | Assembly Hall     | 123     | 5 6             | Light Sepid.   | Semi-Blonde.   | M. P.         |
| Shriver.....  | "Cad."        | Westminster.  | Nov. 12, 1874.  | "           | Assembly Hall     | 120     | 5 1             | Black.         | Brunette.      | Ger. Ref'd.   |
| Spelman.....  | "Lola."       | Hagerstown.   | Jan. 27, 1875.  | "           | 53 Smith Hall     | 120     | 5 2             | Crow.          | Brunette.      | M. E.         |
| Strayer.....  | "Wook."       | Buckeystown.  | Nov. 17, 1877.  | "           | 38 Main Hall      | 108     | 5 2½            | Mousey.        | Semi-Blonde.   | M. P.         |
| Thomas.....   | "Nancy."      | Frostburg.    | Nov. 23, 1876.  | "           | 36 Celestial Hall | 128     | 5 2½            | Can't see it.  | Brunette.      | M. E.         |
| White.....    | "Whitey."     | Midway, Del.  | Aug. 24, 1876.  | "           | 36 Main Hall      | 141     | 5 7             | Golden.        | Blonde.        | M. E.         |



# STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-SIX, (MALE.)—Continued.

| Age. | Denomination  | Politics.      | Society. | Favorite Study.      | Favorite Author. | Sport.    | Favorite Song.            | Expression.     | Profession.    |
|------|---------------|----------------|----------|----------------------|------------------|-----------|---------------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 18   | Meth. Prot.   | Republican     | Irving   | Civics               | Dumas            | Driving   | Mamie.                    | !!!!            | Medicine       |
| 19   | Episcopal     | Democrat       | "        | Greek                | "                | Foot Ball | Black Cat.                | Ugh.            | "              |
| 21   | Meth. Prot.   | Democrat.      | Webster  | History              | Scott            | Tennis    | Come ye Disconsolate      | Jingo.          | "              |
| 28   | "             | Prohibitionist | "        | Hebrew               | Longfellow       | Foot Ball | .....                     | No! No!!        | Ministry.      |
| 17   | "             | Democrat       | Irving   | History              | Du Mariet        | Tennis    | Sweetest story ever told. | Miserable.      | Law            |
| 22   | Meth. Episc.  | Prohibitionist | Webster  | Philosophy           | Milton           | Cycling   | Annie Rooney              | Dog-gon.        | Teaching       |
| 20   | German Ref'd. | Democrat       | "        | "                    | C. Doyle         | Foot Ball | Give Us a Rest            | Holy Smoke.     | Farming        |
| 23   | Meth. Prot.   | Prohibitionist | "        | Science              | Bryant           | Riding    | Star Spangled Banner      | Jerusalem.      | Ministry       |
| 24   | "             | "              | Irving   | Hebrew               | Dickens          | Base Ball | Annie Laurie              | By grab         | "              |
| 24   | "             | "              | Webster  | History              | Bryant           | Base Ball | Showers of Blessing       | Dargon it.      | "              |
| 9    | Episcopal     | Democrat       | "        | Greek                | Scott            | Base Ball | Hasn't any                | Cesar's Ghost   | Teaching       |
| 18   | "             | Republican     | "        | Classical Literature | Dumas            | Cycling   | Loreley                   | That pleases me | Civil Engineer |
| 19   | "             | Democrat       | Irving   | History              | "                | Base Ball | Mama's Little Darling     | That's right.   | Law            |
| 25   | Meth. Prot.   | "              | Webster  | Chemistry            | "                | Tennis    | Sweetest story ever told. | By Joe.         | Chemist        |
| 19   | Quaker        | Prohibitionist | "        | German               | Dickens          | Base Ball | Only One Girl             | Yes?            | Medicine       |
| 19   | Meth. Prot    | Democrat       | "        | Philosophy           | Shakespeare      | Foot Ball | Home, Sweet Home          | By Gad.         | Law            |
| 22   | "             | Prohibitionist | Irving   | Hebrew               | Carlyle          | Riding    | After the Ball            | Great Scott.    | Ministry       |

# STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-SIX, (FEMALE.)—Continued.

| Politics.      | Society.     | Favorite Study.     | Favorite Author. | Favorite Song.                     | Favorite Expression.     | Favorite Pastime.       | Favorite Flower.     | Mode of Smiling. | Characteristics.        |
|----------------|--------------|---------------------|------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|------------------|-------------------------|
| Republican     | .....        | French.             | Lytton.          | Annie Rooney.                      | Mercy.                   | Driving                 | Rose                 | Radiant          | Fainting                |
| Democrat       | Philomathean | Mathematics         | Carlyle.         | Ching-a-ling.                      | Landee.                  | Loafing                 | China Lily           | Doesn't Smile.   | Cheerfulness            |
| Republican     | Philomathean | Latin.              | Dickens.         | Over the Banister.                 | Oh, Johnny.              | Brushing                | Dandelion            | Very faint       | Sighing                 |
| Democrat       | Browning     | German.             | Emerson.         | Clementine.                        | Gee Whiz.                | Arranging Hair          | Pansy                | Hain't any       | Nervousness             |
| Prohibitionist | Philomathean | Vocal Music.        | Kingsly.         | Earl King.                         | Oh, Bosh.                | Catching Choc'late bugs | Tulip                | Mod-erately      | Size                    |
| Prohibitionist | Browning     | American History.   | Shakespeare.     | Pride of the Ball.                 | By George.               | Spooning                | Buttercups           | Sunny            | Happiness               |
| Republican     | Philomathean | Geology.            | Scott.           | Don't sing.                        | My Lands.                | Rowing                  | Violets              | Shy              | Talking                 |
| Democrat       | Philomathean | Botany.             | Scott.           | You and I.                         | Too numerous to mention. | Posing                  | Love them all.       | Normal           | Bumming                 |
| Republican     | Browning     | Metaphysics.        | Dickens.         | Can't sing.                        | Oh the Dickens.          | Dancing                 | Daisy                | Perpetual        | Crowing                 |
| Republican     | Browning     | Analytical Geology. | Jane Porter.     | Sweet Marie.                       | Goodness Me.             | Studying                | Arbutus              | Doesn't know     | Laughing                |
| Prohibitionist | Browning     | Ethics.             | Kant.            | Tell me with your eyes.            | Various.                 | Crossing Campus.        | Carnations           | How Broad        | Brilliancy              |
| Democrat       | Browning     | None.               | Hugo.            | Out of Tune.                       | Johnny Jones.            | Studying                | Lily of Valley       | Coquettish       | Procrastination         |
| Democrat       | Philomathean | Art.                | Riley.           | Forgive & Forget.                  | Great Jemima.            | Watching Base Ball.     | Sweet William        | Grins            | Pumping                 |
| Democrat       | Philomathean | Literature.         | De Quincy.       | Ben Bolt.                          | For Pity Sake.           | Hooking                 | Brown-eyed Susan     | Side-wise        | Murmuring               |
| Democrat       | Browning     | Mathematics.        | Shakespeare.     | Happy Days.                        | Plague gone it.          | Smiling                 | Wild flower of N. C. | Blushing         | Amiability              |
| Republican     | .....        | Civics.             | Longfellow.      | Sweetest story ever told.          | Oh, Pshaw.               | Drawing                 | Violets.             | Constantly       | When ever gets a chance |
| Republican     | Browning     | All.                | Spencer.         | Breathe those tender words a- gain | Well, Well.              | Flirting                | Prairie Bloss'm      | Doesn't Smile.   | Thoughtless Singing     |
| Republican     | Philomathean | Trig.               | R.L. Stevenson   | Beware. I gain                     | Oh, Dear.                | Reading                 | Pansy                | Modestly         | Size                    |
| Prohibitionist | Philomathean | Elocution.          | Hawthorne.       | Oh, Promise me.                    | Good Lands.              | Dodging Mice            | Jonquil              | Normal           | Tailor made.            |
| Republican     | Browning     | German.             | Ebers.           | Oh, Promise me.                    | By John Rogers           | Talking                 | Sun Flower           | Normal           | Punning                 |
| Republican     | Philomathean | Latin.              | Taylor.          | Wait till you hear it all.         | My Heavens.              | Joking.                 | Holly-hocks          | Tailor made.     | Punning                 |

## '96 Class Ode.

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(Tune—"Old Black Joe.")

Gone are the days of our school life, bright and gay;  
Yet in the past we linger still to-day.  
Mem'ry will e'er 'mid the bright scenes fondly dwell;  
O, Alma Mater, we are leaving thee, farewell.

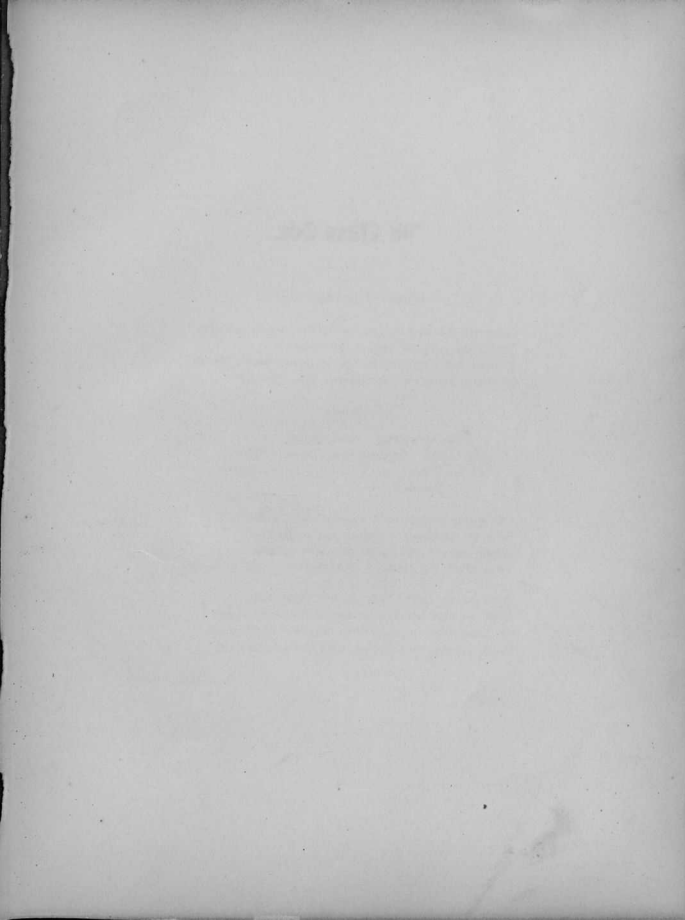
### CHORUS:

We're parting, we're parting,  
Dear old class we've loved so well;  
O, Ninety-six, we'll loyal be to thee—  
Farewell.

Oft in our dreams we'll wander back to thee—  
Back to the days, so happy and so free;  
When, one by one, shall fade life's dreams away;  
Then shall thy counsel cherished be, e'en as to-day.

Why are we sad? Why do we linger here?  
Must we then break these ties of friendship dear?  
O, Ninety-six, in our hearts thou e'er shalt dwell;  
We're leaving thee forever, with one last farewell.

IDA MAY DODD.





# Class of '97.

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**COLORS:—Olive Green, and Pale Blue.**

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## Officers.

PRESIDENT:  
CHARLES E. FORLINES.

HISTORIAN:  
GEO. HENRY REVELLE.

SECRETARY:  
ARTHUR G. WOODFIELD.

TREASURER:  
W. A. BURGOON.

POET:  
E. JUSTIN NELSON.

PROPHETESS:  
CARRIE A. STONE.

# Class Roll.

## GIRLS.

|                               |                    |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Mary H. Baxley, . . . . .     | Florence, Md.      |
| Emma M. Bowen, . . . . .      | Bowens, Md.        |
| Eva M. Davis, . . . . .       | Federalsburg, Md.  |
| F. Mabel Fulton, . . . . .    | South Amboy, N. J. |
| Hattie R. Huber, . . . . .    | Westminster, Md.   |
| Ella E. Millard, . . . . .    | Buckeystown, Md.   |
| Lydia Janie Morris, . . . . . | St. Inigoes, Md.   |
| Sadie L. C. Snyder, . . . . . | Mt. View, Md.      |
| Carrie A. Stone, . . . . .    | Mt. Pleasant, Md.  |
| Miss McMunain, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.   |

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## BOYS.

|                                |                   |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Willis A. Burgoon, . . . . .   | Union Mills, Md.  |
| Charles E. Davis, . . . . .    | Stockton, Md.     |
| Charles E. Forlines, . . . . . | Osceola, N. C.    |
| John W. Frank, . . . . .       | Handy, N. C.      |
| Leon S. Hurley, . . . . .      | Seaford, Del.     |
| John M. Little, . . . . .      | Parkton, Md.      |
| Edgar B. Miller, . . . . .     | Westminster, Md.  |
| Herbert H. Murphy, . . . . .   | Frederick, Md.    |
| E. Justin Nelson, . . . . .    | Harrington, Del.  |
| Geo. Henry Revelle, . . . . .  | Westover, Md.     |
| Albert F. Smith, . . . . .     | Centreville, Md.  |
| R. Spencer Wells, . . . . .    | Fort Meade, S. D. |
| Arthur G. Woodfield, . . . . . | Manasquan, N. J.  |
| Charles M. Zepp, . . . . .     | Dayton, Md.       |

## History of '97.

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**J**UST as sure as the history of every nation has certain focal points at which past progress has converged, and from which has gone out those moulding influences which make or mar the future of that nation; even so certain is it that every institution of learning whose doors have been thrown open for the purpose of teaching the young idea how to shoot, has some points which its founders consider to be the nucleus from which there is disseminated inestimable influences.

Such a point is the twelfth day of September of eighteen hundred and ninety-three to W. M. College. On that day Jupiter, king of the gods, having



CHARLES E. FORELINES PRESIDENT CLASS OF '97.

called to assemble his trusty co-workers, revealed to them a scheme which he had resolved to carry into operation. He commanded them to go forth and entice by their various arts those whom they should consider to be helpful in accomplishing the proposed end. These heavenly cohorts, in their ariel

flights from Canada to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, could find but forty-four persons who, according to their judgment and election, ought to become members of this the greatest class that has ever entered the walls of our beloved institution.

These lads and lassies were commanded to arise, gird on their armour and go into a strange land (where there was mo(re) lassies), and do battle with ignorance. A second command was not necessary, for they straightway arose and prepared themselves for the conflict with their adversary. These ignorant and superstitious persons assembled, as was the custom, at Union Depot, so that they might come up to college in a body, for that was where they were commanded to go. One who saw them at the depot compared them to a new-mown lawn, a comparison which becomes plain if we remember that they were Freshmen (and Freshwomen) with their hair cut. In outward appearance they were not so much different from the rest of mankind, yet there was some peculiar attraction about them which caused the people of Westminster to turn out to do obeisance to them.

On the morning following our arrival we were assembled in the Chapel to meet the Faculty, with whom many of us have since had private consultations. How our hearts beat with fear at the thought of meeting the Faculty; for surely this must be the monster that the gods called ignorance, with whom now we must contend. Then the question as to how he looked arose. Thereupon Spencer said that "he had the appearance of the dragon in the Book of Revelations, except that he had seventeen heads," and continuing said: "The only way to conquer him is to pull his right hind leg until he loses his senses." (Wells was a member of the Sub-Fresh the year before and had suffered this treatment until all his cents were gone.)

In the meantime someone who, like David, trusted more in his power to sling a stone in the centre of his seventeen heads than to pull his leg, suggested that we fill our pockets with stones, so that while the girls pulled his leg, as they were adept in that, we could attract his attention by pelting him with rocks. Father Time moved on. Each moment we felt that the hour of our sojourn among the living were diminished. Finally the bell pealed forth the hour of our doom. Slowly we marched where angels delight to rush, for we were passing through the girls' part of the building. Having lined up in the auditorium, facing the entrance through which the dreaded monster must pass, we awaited its coming. Soon the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon our ears. They drew nearer and nearer. Every nerve was stretched to its utmost tension. Every eye was centred upon the entrance. The silence which had fallen upon all was soon broken by a mixed chorus of "There he is!" followed by "No it ain't!" for instead of some blood-curdling monster, our teachers walked in the door.



Then the boldest of our number, speaking for us, said: "Look hyar; if yer is gwine ter nishiate us by making us meet that Fakulty of yours, trot him out, fer we've got sand in our gizzard, and plenty of rocks in our pockets!" Thereupon the Pres. of the College stepped forth and said: "This is the Faculty, and the supposed prodigy which you have come to meet. Our mode of warfare is different from what you expect, for instead of injuring either of us, it will benefit both, etc."

Now we were matriculated Freshmen (and Freshwomen), and must report daily for recitations. Not long after our matriculation we began to feel an uneasiness as to our "sky-piece," as we then termed it. The Seniors said that we had the "bumpthetis," known by the Juniors as "swell-head," and by the Sophs as "big-head." Whatever it was, we had a slight case of it, which was developing into a worse one, and which would ultimately manifest itself in some act.

Not long was the expectation of the school delayed; for on one beautiful Sunday morning we in a body went to church, sporting canes, a thing which heretofore only Seniors were allowed to do. Oh, yes! we sometimes got our legs and canes mixed, but we soon became graceful. We strutted like a peacock, taking delight in spreading ourselves in the presence of the higher classmen, whose wrath was kindled not a little. We minded not the carrying of canes, but the walk of a mile into the country every Saturday for the purpose of practising walking with them was an exercise we did not enjoy.

Let us hastily pass on to the latter part of our Freshman year, as nothing happened of sufficient importance to attract the writer's attention, except a few fights, which have not yet come off. Although all manner of threats were made against us, yet our countenance ever beamed with kindness for our enemies, even to such a degree as that when the whole of the Sophomore class was sick unto death, on the night of the 95's banquet, instead of leaving them to their fate, and thus be rid of them, we loaned them spoons with which to take their medicine and live. On the following morning a ten-gallon freezer was found, but no cream.

Thursday night of the last examination week had arrived. The following Friday night the effigy, as every one but the Freshmen supposed, was to be burned. On Thursday we burned a mock effigy. The Sophs thought that it was a sham to put them off their guard the following night. On Friday night the Sophs, Sub-Fresh, Preps, and all their friends from town, followed by all the cats and dogs for miles around, put in their appearance about nine in the eve to prevent us from burning the effigy.

Having called a class-meeting, we decided to have some fun. Davis, Murphy, Zepp and Revelle were appointed to make a survey of the campus

at eleven o'clock to see how everything lay, and report. They started at the appointed hour to perform their duty. They had not proceeded far before every step caused either a mew from a cat, a bark from a dog, or a yell from a Sub-Fresh, who through fear had crawled under the grass to hide. However, we heeded them not, but went on our way. The question which now we wished to solve was, "Where are the Sophs?" for as yet not one had been seen. Soon we saw *one*. A brave fellow he was, or he would have never come so close to us. As the shadows flee before the sun, so he fled at the words "Go back!" What became of him we know not, for we saw him no more.

We finished our task and reported all to our class. Again we were commissioned to go out and find the Sophs, if they were on the hill. Again we went, taking more care as to where we placed our feet, for we pitied the poor little Sub-Freshies who were thus subjected to torture. While making a tour of the campus we found one little fellow, who, either because he could find no place to hide, or because he thought that we were Sophs, dared to stand out on the pavement. Davis pulled his nose, and asked him where the Sophs were hidden. He being frightened out of his wits, told us all that he knew. We again reported to the class and retired for the night.

On the following night we cremated Caesar, at which cremation the entire school was in attendance. The Sophs said that it was done through cowardice, but as you have seen in our past actions, where bravery was essential, that we failed not to meet the requirements, and if you would know what was thought of our departure, consult the Faculty, whose judgment is worthy of consideration.

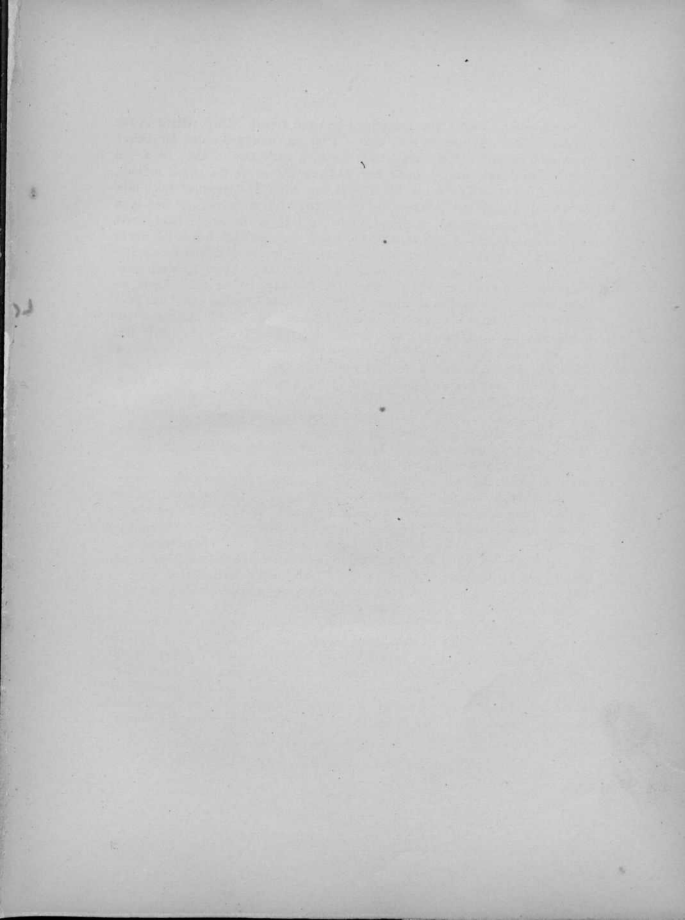
Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!! We are Sophs. No longer does the verdure of the cabbage cling to us, even if we have cabbage-heads. Now we can enjoy pleasures that were denied us as Freshies; for instance, we can roll on the campus without being in constant dread of being masticated by the college stock.

As Sophs we found out that, contrary to general opinion, all great minds do not run in the same channel, for the Faculty hardly ever agreed with us, and as a consequence we were compelled to elect officers in order that we might transact our business to suit ourselves.

As Sophs we spent a great part of our time in showing the Freshmen the ropes, with which many of them hung themselves.

Juniors we are! Only twenty-four of us have passed through all the different stages from butedom to Seniors. Although bearing many scars, we are not disabled, and will continue in the warfare with our foe until we overcome. In all things we are among the first, whether it be on the diamond or in the society hall. Our motto has ever been: "Dum vivimus vivamus."

HISTORIAN.





No. 6

CAPWORTH PAUL

# Class of '98.

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## Officers.

PRESIDENT:

J. H. SHREVE.

HISTORIAN:

E. G. BUCKINGHAM.

SECRETARY:

H. D. PATTON.

TREASURER:

T. H. JARMAN.

PROPHETESS:

D. W. BALLARD.

# Class Roll.

## GIRLS.

|                                      |                        |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Clara Greenwood Bacchus, . . . . .   | Washington, D. C.      |
| Dorothy Waters Ballard, . . . . .    | Upper Fairmount, Md.   |
| Miriam Baynes, . . . . .             | Baltimore, Md.         |
| Eva Alice Daugherty, . . . . .       | Crisfield, Md.         |
| Mary Emma Duhammell, . . . . .       | Earlville, Md.         |
| Caroline Shriver Gehr, . . . . .     | Westminster, Md.       |
| Nannie Virginia Hardinger, . . . . . | Cumberland, Md.        |
| Mary Eliza Howard, . . . . .         | Rutland, Md.           |
| Olive Gertrude Johnson, . . . . .    | Frostburg, Md.         |
| Bertha Louise Keller, . . . . .      | Buckeystown, Md.       |
| Clara Ward Lewis, . . . . .          | Westminster, Md.       |
| Helen Myrle Malchorn, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.       |
| Susan Alice Melvin, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.       |
| Maude Eugenia Miller, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.       |
| Florence Hoff Mitten, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.       |
| Bertha Alice Roberts, . . . . .      | Medford, Md.           |
| Edna Eugenia Schaeffer, . . . . .    | Westminster, Md.       |
| Elsie Durbin Smelser, . . . . .      | New Windsor, Md.       |
| Emma Carter Smith, . . . . .         | Harrington, Del.       |
| Hannah May Unger, . . . . .          | Tyrone, Md.            |
| Hallie May Whealton, . . . . .       | Chincoteague, Is., Va. |
| Indiana Rebecca Whealton, . . . . .  | Chincoteague, Is., Va. |

## BOYS.

|                                      |                   |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Edward Bayley Bates, . . . . .       | Westminster, Md.  |
| Howard Leslie Benson, . . . . .      | Carmichael, Md.   |
| Clarence Edmund Berkshire, . . . . . | Easton, W. Va.    |
| Emory Gorsuch Buckingham, . . . . .  | Westminster, Md.  |
| Charles Orlando Clemson, . . . . .   | Union Bridge, Md. |
| Clarence Lloyd Daugherty, . . . . .  | Heathsville, Va.  |
| Roby Franklin Day, . . . . .         | Damascus, Md.     |
| Charles Stewart Friend, . . . . .    | Swanton, Md.      |

|                                           |                   |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| William Miles Garrison, . . . . .         | Taylor, Md.       |
| Thomas Henry Jarman, . . . . .            | Greensboro, Md.   |
| Hazelton Austin Joyce, . . . . .          | Cambridge, Md.    |
| Edwin Webster Mather, . . . . .           | Marion, Md.       |
| Ernest Thomas McNutt, . . . . .           | Belair, Md.       |
| Walton Divers Melvin, . . . . .           | Westminster, Md.  |
| William Burgess Nelson, . . . . .         | Westminster, Md.  |
| William Theodore Newbury, . . . . .       | Manasquan, N. J.  |
| Caleb Wilson Spofford O'Connor, . . . . . | Washington, D. C. |
| Thomas Henry Deford Patton, . . . . .     | Roseland, N. J.   |
| Ernest Sterling Price, . . . . .          | Centreville, Md.  |
| Henry Herman Rechord, . . . . .           | Belair, Md.       |
| Olin Robson Rice, . . . . .               | St. Michaels, Md. |
| Charles Edward Snyder, . . . . .          | Centreville, Md.  |
| Fuller Farrith Taylor, . . . . .          | Atlantic, Va.     |
| William Frank Thomas, . . . . .           | Westminster, Md.  |
| Almond Beverly Wells, . . . . .           | Fort Meade, S. D. |
| Thomas Reeves Woodford, . . . . .         | Centreville, Md.  |



## History of '98.

---

**W**E so often hear the phrase, "History repeats itself," that we look upon it as an axiom. Although history has often repeated itself, yet there are many events that have happened, but will never occur again. There are many happening now, whose like will never be known. Among those of the present time is the Class of '98, passing through Western Maryland College. Other classes will come and go, but when will there be one that can compare to '98? I hear a faint echo, reverberating along W. M. C.'s classic halls—"Never!"



J. H. SHREVE PRESIDENT CLASS OF '98.

As Sub-Freshmen we started with goodly numbers and goodly scholars. As "Subs" we were left to tread the path of knowledge, unnoticed by the higher classes, until the time came for the would-be illustrious Class of '97 to burn the effigy of '96. Then we were called upon to help our brother class. The time for the burning came; it passed, but no effigy was burned. The '97s made some sort of an apology by having a "cremation," but this reflected no honor upon them. There are two reasons advanced why the '97s did not endeavor to carry



out the time-honored custom, in the usual way. The first was, that the Class of '96 was so green that it would have been useless to have tried to burn anything belonging to them. The second was, that the '97s were afraid because the mighty, swift-footed '98s opposed them. One glance at the present Seniors in their flowing robes, contradicts the first theory. The second is universally accepted.

When opening day of 1894 came, and we assembled in the Chapel as Freshmen, to take up the line of march toward the temple of fame, how the Sophs did tremble to see such men following in their tracks. If the '97s as Freshmen did leave "footprints in the sands of time," they are hidden by the larger footprints of '98, for in our Freshman year we acquired honors that will ever be remembered. The year opened with beautiful weather, but it did not last—it never does in Westminster. But the weather had no effect upon us; we started well, and we ended well. Our girls are just as fair, our boys just as handsome, in storm as in calm.

There were two great events to happen this year, namely: The '97s displaying their colors for the first time, and the burning of the '97 effigy. We watched the calendar closely, so that we might know when to expect this first event. The day came, and finally the hour. We marched into Chapel, expecting to see magenta and white (it had been whispered about that these were their colors) displayed by every '97, but not a single thread could be seen. Everybody was filled with wonder. No doubt you, reader, wish to know why the '97s failed to wear their colors. I will tell you the reason. The colors were bought, and they arrived at college safely, but they were so very pretty that the '98s wanted them. We have always been designated as the "good class," and certainly we are proud of the epithet; so the '97s reasoned thus: "'98s are good little scholars, and they will remember the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and, moreover, they dare not even touch our colors." But how vain is all confidence with girls when ribbons are concerned! The history reads thus: "The '98 girls stole the '97 class colors"—long shall they be honored for their valor by the '98 boys. After this event nothing disturbed our thoughts until the night of the Senior reception. We had selected this time for the burning of the effigy. All the scholars had assembled on the lawn of the President's home, and were enjoying the evening, each according to his taste. Some had gathered in little groups, and talked and laughed about the events of the college year now over. Here and there could be seen a lad and a lass, with sad faces and talking in whispers. If you listened to their whispers as you passed, no doubt thinking you would hear a learned discussion on some difficult problem in Math. that was left unsolved during the year, instead you would hear such words as these: "Smile—Chapel—another boy—love—true—

vacation—next year.” You do not understand? That is not surprising; few people do ever solve the question that this lad and lass are discussing, for they are talking about a “college strike.”

The laughter is louder from the groups; the lad and lass are becoming more perplexed, when someone cries: “Look!” Everyone turns toward a great light illuminating the whole campus. A moment there is a silence. Then comes upon the quiet air '98's noble yell. This explains all: the '98s are burning in effigy the Class of '97. The Sophs make no effort to rescue their president's coat, or their Historian's trousers from the flames, but stand around, watching the beautiful spectacle. The Historian turns away with a smile upon his face, thinking thus: “They may have my trousers, but it will not be always done in that fashion; soon the Freshmen will burn the ‘bloomers’ of the Prophetess of the Sophs, and then the '98s will be looked down upon for stealing a poor Historian's pants.”

Vacation had come, and soon the old college was deserted. But the summer with all its joys quickly passed, and once more the campus was thronged with students. We came back as Sophs; yes, we are now “wise fools;” yet, who dares to say that we are not the wisest fools that ever earned the name?

This year has been one of hard work, yet we have found time to play. Our boys are well represented on the ball ground and tennis courts; our girls in everything pertaining to college life. In the parlor they shine as the stars, and many a poor boy has passed a sleepless night after being in their presence for one short evening.

And so we journey on—as Subs we were studious little boys, as Freshmen we were more studious little men, as Sophs we were most studious big men. Everything has its intrinsic and merited value; we had ours until we became Sophs. Now we are a class without money and without Price.

I might enumerate the glories of '98 forever, but I know how unworthy my pen is, so if you wish to know more of '98, I would say: “Look around you!” “*Nam est altissimum ac noblissimum, nihil compar.*”

HISTORIAN.







L. B. R.

# Class of '99.

## Class Roll.

### GIRLS.

|                                     |                      |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Nellie Virginia Banks, . . . . .    | Baltimore, Md.       |
| Ida Evelyn Briley, . . . . .        | East New Market, Md. |
| Carrie Etta Brown, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.     |
| Mary Blanche Buckingham, . . . . .  | Westminster, Md.     |
| Test Herr Buckingham, . . . . .     | Westminster, Md.     |
| Sue Somerville Colton, . . . . .    | Washington, D. C.    |
| Mary Adeline Cox, . . . . .         | Seaford, Del.        |
| Helen Shriver Crouse, . . . . .     | Westminster, Md.     |
| Evelyn Gertrude Darby, . . . . .    | Buck Lodge, Md.      |
| Eva Ruth Foxwell, . . . . .         | Leonardtown, Md.     |
| Caroline Shriver Gehr, . . . . .    | Westminster, Md.     |
| Anne Eleanor Hopkins, . . . . .     | Havre de Grace, Md.  |
| Mary Alexander Kimball, . . . . .   | Hargrove, N. C.      |
| Lilian Elma Lewis, . . . . .        | Delta, Pa.           |
| Elsie Roberts McCauley, . . . . .   | Leeds, Md.           |
| Cora Edith Miller, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.     |
| Florence Hoff Mitten, . . . . .     | Westminster, Md.     |
| Cora Patton, . . . . .              | Preston, Md.         |
| Carrie Williams Phillips, . . . . . | Laurel, Del.         |
| Maggie May Reese, . . . . .         | Westminster, Md.     |
| Eva Rinker, . . . . .               | Westminster, Md.     |
| Iona Jewell Simpson, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.     |
| Elsie Durbin Smelser, . . . . .     | New Windsor, Md.     |
| Alice Duncan Tredway, . . . . .     | Bel Air, Md.         |
| Maude Ethel Weasche, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.     |
| Nellie Anna Wantz, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.     |
| Mary Henrietta Watts, . . . . .     | Baltimore, Md.       |
| Mary Gertrude Weaver, . . . . .     | Westminster, Md.     |
| Ada Gertrude Zepp, . . . . .        | Dayton, Md.          |

### BOYS.

|                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| Carroll Albaugh, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md. |
| Holmes Davenport Baker, . . . . . | Frederick, Md.   |
| Grant Ward Brush, . . . . .       | Buffalo, N. Y.   |


|                                      |                        |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Arthur Hayes Cromwell, . . . . .     | Buckeystown, Md.       |
| Arminius Gray Dixon, . . . . .       | Monroeton, N. C.       |
| William Sheppard Dorsey, . . . . .   | Glenwood, Md.          |
| Claude Cicero Douglass, . . . . .    | Montrose, W. Va.       |
| John Alley Engle, . . . . .          | Kempton, Md.           |
| Denton Gehr, . . . . .               | Westminster, Md.       |
| Walter Hammond Horsey, . . . . .     | Seaford, Del.          |
| Joseph Machin, . . . . .             | Baltimore, Md.         |
| Henry Owings McAlistcr, . . . . .    | Westminster, Md.       |
| Joseph Laurence McKinstry, . . . . . | McKinstry's Mills, Md. |
| Frank Watkins Mather, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.       |
| Edward Lynch Mathias, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.       |
| John B. Thomas Merrick, . . . . .    | Barclay, Md.           |
| John Edward Phipps, . . . . .        | Philadelphia, Pa.      |
| William Radcliffe, . . . . .         | Camden, Del.           |
| Vernon Norwood Ridgely, . . . . .    | Eldersburg, Md.        |
| Horace Greeley Reese, . . . . .      | Westminster, Md.       |
| Arthur Leroy Satterwhite, . . . . .  | Henderson, N. C.       |
| George Francis Sharrer, . . . . .    | Westminster, Md.       |
| John Ward Steele, . . . . .          | Frankfort, Del.        |
| Arthur Stonesifer, . . . . .         | Westminster, Md.       |
| James Henry Straughn, Jr., . . . . . | Centreville, Md.       |
| William Henry Thomas, . . . . .      | Buckeystown, Md.       |
| Charles Andrew Truitt, . . . . .     | Warwick, Md.           |
| Robert Stafford Tyson, . . . . .     | Frederick, Md.         |
| James Pearre Wantz, . . . . .        | Westminster, Md.       |
| Andrew Woodall Wilson, . . . . .     | Georgetown, Md.        |





## History of '99.

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N the 14th and 15th of September, 1895, thirty young men and twenty-nine young women, in different sections of the country, packed their trunks, and with heavy hearts and sad faces bade farewell to the dear ones at home and took their leave for Western Maryland College. On the 16th, a bright September day, they arrived in Westminster, and were kindly directed to the college by members of the higher classes.

Soon after their arrival at the college, the bell rang for dinner, and they at once marched into the room of "strap and lubricator," and various other articles of substantial food, with smiles for dessert. And some—of course very few—seemed to lay more stress upon the dessert than anything else. This habit of smiling of course the '99's caught from the higher classes, as boys and girls will copy after older persons; but it seems that the habit has grown so strong with some of the '99's that they will never overcome it as long as they are at W. M. C.

The next day this same body of young people assembled in the female study-hall to stand examinations for entrance to the Freshman class. Although the writer was, at that time, an entire stranger among them, he looked around over the crowd and noticed that the faces of some were a great deal brighter and more cheerful than others. He afterward found that the sad-faced ones were those who were away from their homes for the first time, and did not yet realize what it is to be away from "mamma." This homesickness, however, rapidly wore away, and they were soon one of the happiest and most cheerful set of boys and girls on College Hill. They are not only bright-eyed and cheerful faced, but they are considered by all as being bright intellectually. Their reports for this year show that they rank as high in grades as any class of W. M. College. In fact, the whole school was led by a '99 for a greater part of the year. They are also strongly represented in every worthy movement that is undertaken on College Hill. In athletics, both on the field and in the gymnasium, they are unsurpassed. As members of the Orchestra, the Banjo Club, the Glee Club and the Choir they show quite an amount of musical talent. As members of the different societies the '99's are always ready to do their part; and as members of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. they are ever faithful to their trust.

The higher classes accuse the '99's, both in Smith Hall and in Ward Hall, of being the noisiest class in college, but the writer has observed that the noise made in Ward Hall by the '99's is almost invariably during hours of recitation,



and from the compliments paid the girls by the teachers it can be judged that the same is true of Smith Hall. This proves that the '99's show their appreciation of the hours of recreation by entering heartily into amusement of different kinds, thus preparing themselves for a close application to their books when the bell rings announcing the hour for study.

The Class of '98 seems to think that the '99's were rather rude because they insisted on having a suit of clothes, belonging to the Sophs, in which to burn their effigy; but as it is a custom of the college, the '99's, after holding consultation, decided that it would never do for as spirited a class as theirs to be behind their predecessors, so they put some of their best members on the alert and soon had a complete suit for their effigy.

The girls succeeded in getting the hat on the same day that the Sophomores held their election. The boys had but little trouble in getting the coat and pantaloons, but were delayed somewhat in getting the vest; however, they finally succeeded in "swiping" that, which completed the outfit. The '98's said that they would positively prohibit the burning of the effigy, but the '99's, being a set of resolute fellows, believed that they were men enough to carry out their plans openly, without either receiving bruises or shedding blood. So one pretty evening, just after examinations were over, they marshaled their forces and marched out openly and burned the effigy right before the faces of the would-be braves. Why, it was so easily done that we believe that the "Big Four" could have done it by themselves.

Some of the '99's are fond of giving names to separate divisions of the Hall, and to show that they are not very particular what names they use, they have christened one part of Ward Hall "Buzzard Roost." Some of the Sophs try to hiss us down when we give our yell, but our voices rise far above their jeers, and echo and re-echo from the surrounding hills in honor of '99. We take no delight in worrying our teachers, for they are always kind to us; but we do delight in worrying the Sophs, because they think they are so smart.

The first year passed very pleasantly for the '99's at W. M. C., and when Commencement week, with all its pleasures, had passed, with sad hearts they bade farewell to their classmates and friends. Yet behind this sorrow there was joy in the fact that they were to spend vacation at their homes, and also joy in the hopes of meeting each other at W. M. C. again in September, '96.

The writer feels that the preceding lines will serve to show that the '99's fully appreciate the advantages afforded them in college, and that they are striving to make noble men and women of themselves.

HISTORIAN.

# Class Yells.

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'96

Chick-a-go-runk, go-runk, go-runk,  
Rickety-rackety-rix!  
Hi-yi-hickety-ki,  
Ninety-six!

X<sup>2</sup>, Y<sup>2</sup>, directrix,  
Classical, classical,  
Class of Ninety-six!

Ich, meiner, mir, mich,  
Du, deiner, der, dich,  
Scientific!

'97

Ninety-seven, Ninety-seven, hip, rah, rah!  
Ninety-seven, Ninety-seven, hah, hah, hah!  
Pote Pistotaton, Kai Ischurotaton,  
Ninety-seven, Ninety-seven, sis, boom, bah!

'98

Bim, boom, bee!  
Who are we?  
Est Altissimum ac Nobilissimum  
Nihil compar,  
Ninety-eight!

'99

Hip, rah, rah!  
This we are!  
Classis Optima  
Ac Fortissima,  
Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine!  
Sis, boom, bah!

# The Alumni.

BY PROF. GEORGE W. WARD.

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*Nostri hi Alumni.*

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THE already large and rapidly-growing Alumni of Western Maryland College is indeed matter of great pride; and yet numbers alone is not the occasion of our greatest pride. Year by year classes graduate and go out to take their places in the ranks of those who conquer; and, as it has ever been in battle, some fail of distinction. Yet few, very few, we are sure, ever fall below the station of honorable men and women, for whose citizenship the State is always better.

But many gain distinction in one field of activity or another, and after a little while their names begin to shed lustre upon their Alma Mater. Not only, then, does Western Maryland's Alumni increase, but the number of those who take honorable positions in both Church and State increases even more rapidly. It is this latter fact in which we take especial pride.

Of the professions which our Alumni enter, perhaps teaching would appear to be the most popular. Already many of the schools of the State are filled with men or women who took their degree at Western Maryland College. But the number of graduates entering the learned professions grows ever larger. Most of these attend a special school or university to prepare themselves immediately for their life work.

Western Maryland College has this year representatives in Johns Hopkins University, Harvard, Yale, Cornell and the University of Maryland. We have learned of distinctions won by a few of our number, both without and within the universities.

Hon. Joshua W. Miles, '78, member of the present Congress, was recently promoted to membership on the Judiciary Committee of the House. Commenting on the appointment, the *Baltimore Sun* of April 25 said: "Ever since he took his seat in the House, Mr. Miles has shown an interest in and a knowledge of purely legal questions which early attracted attention. \* \* \* Mr. Miles himself had nothing to do with his appointment. \* \* \* It is a merited recognition of services well performed."

Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, '82, of the *Baltimore American*, made a tour of Europe last summer, publishing an account of his travels in the *American*. His

recent book, "Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories," has attracted much attention and provoked no little favorable criticism.

Prof. L. Irving Pollitt, '89, who has been for several years vice-principal of Chamberlain-Hunt Academy, Port Gibson, Miss., branched out last winter into journalism. He is now editor and half owner of the Port Gibson *Reveille*.

W. P. Caton, '92, and D. W. Lewis, '93, now caution their friends to address them as "Doctor." They took their degrees in medicine at the University of Maryland this year.

In the same university Mr. H. E. Gilbert, '93, has completed the law course and taken his degree. He was admitted to the Baltimore bar. He takes his A. M. degree from Alma Mater in June.

G. E. Walsche, '91, took his degree in civil engineering at Cornell. His work was so creditable that he was awarded a \$300 scholarship, and is now pushing on to the Ph. D. degree.

M. P. Richards, '91, has been pursuing a course in the Law school at Harvard. We hear that he has done excellent work. He does not come up for degree till next year.

Prof. H. G. Watson, '89, who was a member of the Faculty of Western Maryland College, for several years, entered Yale last fall for further study in physical culture and medicine. Soon after entrance he was appointed assistant in gymnastics, in which position he has already made himself an enviable name. Professor Watson's figure adorns an article in a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan*.

W. G. Baker, '94, is also in Yale, having entered the Senior class last fall.

In the April number of *Book Reviews*, a monthly magazine published by the Macmillan Co., appeared the following: "Among the historical books announced by the Johns Hopkins Press is 'The History of Taxation in Connecticut, 1636-1776,' by F. R. Jones."

Mr. Jones is now about completing his graduate work at Johns Hopkins, and will probably have taken the degree of Ph. D. before this appears in print. The book above referred to is his thesis, part of which was submitted to his Alma Mater for the degree of A. M. Mr. Jones has written "The History of Taxation in Connecticut" from the original sources in a style which does him great credit.

But our Alumni are not provincial. They distinguish themselves in all directions. Among those who distinguished—not necessarily to say, distinguished—themselves in matrimony this year are the following: Prof. W. R. McDaniel, '80; Miss Sadie N. Abbott, '87; Miss Fannie May Grove, '89; Miss T. E. Caulk, '91; Prof. L. Irving Pollitt, '89; Mr. G. I. Barwick, '91; Miss Grace Hering, '92; Mr. L. N. Whealton, '92. The Alumni Association extends its best wishes to each and all. "May you live long and prosper."

A much sadder duty claims our pen when we are called upon to record the death or any one of our number. Mr. Edward S. Baile, '80, died suddenly at his home in the early part of this year. He was always a warm sympathizer with college interests. He attended the last meeting of the Association and was present at the class rally on Wednesday evening of Commencement week. May the blessings of a kind heavenly father follow the bereaved family.

State's Attorney J. Frank Harper, '90, should have been mentioned among those who have won places of public trust. Mr. Harper's energy and intelligence have already served Queen Anne's well.

B. F. Crouse, '73, has served Carroll County most efficiently as Clerk of the Circuit Court.

W. E. Roop, '86, was last fall elected Surveror for the same county.

This chronicle does not claim to be complete, but contains a few items of Alumni news which we have been able to collect very hastily. We wish that our information were more complete, in which case we could certainly extend our account much beyond its present dimensions.

By far the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held by the Alumni was that of last June, in honor of the twenty-fifth graduating class. But as a classified list of those present was published in the *Souvenir Monthly*, and another list in the October issue, it is deemed needless to insert it here.

The regular annual business meeting of the Association, held on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement week, was attended by nearly two hundred members. The following officers were elected: President, Prof. G. W. Ward, '90; Vice-President for the Eastern Shore, Prof. H. G. Watson, '89; Vice-President for the Western Shore, Mrs. Dr. E. B. Fenby, of Baltimore; Secretary, Miss Mollie Shriver, '90; Treasurer, Prof. W. R. McDaniel, '80. Miss E. B. Murchison, '95, was selected to compose words and music for an Alumni song. Before the meeting adjourned \$875 had been raised to be added to Alumni Hall fund, raising the total to \$3,375. The Harris brothers, '74, gave each \$250. We should have noted in another place the lecture of Mr. Samuel Harris before our students last winter. Mr. Harris is not only a very successful business man, but an excellent lecturer as well.

The banquet which followed the business meeting was largely attended and afforded the best of opportunities for renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones.

Wednesday of last Commencement was indeed Alumni Day, for the banquet was followed by a mass-meeting in Smith Hall auditorium, which lasted to a late hour, and in which enthusiasm for the college was raised to the highest pitch.





LAMBERT PUA.





# Browning Literary Society.

ESTABLISHED 1871.

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MOTTO:—*Vita Line Litteris mors est.*

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## Presidents for 1895-'96.

FIRST TERM:

MIRIAM LEWIS,  
Westminster, Md.

SECOND TERM:

CARRIE SHRIVER,  
Westminster, Md.

THIRD TERM:

SADIE MYERS,  
New Windsor, Md.

---

## Roll.

Miriam Baynes.  
Emma Bowen.  
Carrie Brown.  
Testie Buckingham.  
Evelyn Darby.  
Mary Englar.  
Carrie Gehr.  
Norma Gilbert.  
Nannie Hardinger.  
Bessie Herr.  
Eleanor Hopkins.

Hattie Huber.  
Gertrude Johnson.  
May Kemp.  
Sara Kenley.  
Clara Lewis.  
Miriam Lewis.  
Susie Melvin.  
Maude Miller.  
Janie Morris.  
Sarah Myers.  
Maggie Reese.

Carrie Rinehart.  
Eva Rinker.  
Bertha Roberts.  
Cora Schaffer.  
Carrie Shriver.  
Sadie Snyder.  
Nan Thomas.  
Maude Waesche.  
Etta Watts.  
Irene Woodward.  
Ada Zepp.

## Sketch of Browning Literary Society.

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“**V**ITA Sine Litteris Mors Est” was the thought which thrilled the minds of the students of Western Maryland College when, in 1867, they first formed a literary society. This society was called Irving, and its roll contained the names of all the boys and girls then in attendance at the college.

One year later it was deemed best to form two societies, and so arose Browning. Since that time she has prospered, each year adding more members to her roll, to love and cherish her as long as she shall exist.

In 1888 a kind friend of the college offered a prize, to be held for one year by that society which should win the annual contest held during Commencement week. This prize Browning has had the honor of winning five times.

Browning is anxious that all her exactives and friends which visit her shall once more enjoy a meeting in her halls and see that she is still in a state of prosperity. Looking toward this end, a special meeting is held on Tuesday of Commencement week, when her exactives meet and by their words of commendation cheer on those who are laboring for the best interests of the society.

The year just closed has been one of progress. Our hall has been refurnished to some extent, and our library has been greatly enlarged.

On the 22d day of February, Irving and Browning united their efforts and held a joint anniversary, the programme of which appears in these pages.

Thus we hope to continue, ever with a true purpose and a high standard and surely success will crown our efforts.

HISTORIAN.

## Sketch of Browning's Literary Society

The Literary Society of Browning was organized in 1871, and has since that time been a most successful and popular organization. It was organized by the late Mr. J. H. Browning, who was its first president, and who was also its first secretary. The society was organized for the purpose of promoting the study of Browning's works, and of giving lectures on his life and works. The society has since that time held regular meetings, and has given many lectures on Browning's works. The society has also published many books and pamphlets on Browning's works, and has given many prizes for the best essays on Browning's works.

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Y.M.C.A.

# Irving Literary Society.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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MOTTO:—*Juncta Juvant.*

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## Presidents for 1895-96.

FIRST TERM:

WILLIAM A. MELVIN,  
Pocomoke City, Md.

SECOND TERM:

J. LEMUEL WARD,  
Gamber, Md.

THIRD TERM:

E. O. GRIMES, JR.,  
Westminster, Md.

FOURTH TERM:

WILLIAM A. MELVIN,  
Pocomoke City, Md.

FIFTH TERM:

CLAUDE T. SMITH,  
Westminster, Md.

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## Roll.

L. M. Bare.  
C. C. Billingslea.  
R. C. Burch.  
J. R. Bosley.  
G. W. Brush.  
E. G. Buckingham.  
W. A. Burgoon.  
R. F. Day.  
R. K. Easter.  
J. A. Engle.  
G. C. Fitse.  
W. M. Garrison.

E. O. Grimes, Jr.  
B. D. Jester.  
W. W. King.  
J. Machen.  
David Marnie.  
J. L. McKinsley.  
E. T. McNutt.  
H. McMurrin.  
W. A. Melvin.  
W. D. Melvin.  
E. B. Miller.  
W. B. Nelson.

W. Radcliffe.  
H. H. Record.  
H. H. Reese.  
V. N. Ridgley.  
G. F. Sharrer.  
C. T. Smith.  
J. L. Ward.  
A. B. Wells.  
R. S. Wells.  
A. D. Wilson.  
C. M. Zepp.

## Sketch of Irving Literary Society.

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**W**HEN the new student has matriculated, the selection of a society is the most arduous task that confronts him. If he is ignorant as to the merits and demerits of the two societies between which he is to choose, he is at once overwhelmed with advice which is so contradictory as to lead him into further difficulties than those which his verdancy would place him. When he has, after considerable difficulty, considered the advantages offered by the advocates of each society, he finds that a visit to each is necessary before he can make his choice.

Irving Society, whose praises I am not to sing, but whose story I am to tell, was organized in 1867, with Dr. J. T. Ward, then President of the College, as its first president. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and Irving Society started upon what has proven to be a prosperous and progressive life.

When Irving was founded, the college was small and room was scarce; her first meetings were held in a small room, which at the same time was used for various other purposes. To-day Irving is firmly established in a spacious and comfortable room, richly furnished and containing a choice library of about 1,000 volumes of works, covering all ideas of literature, history and reference.

The society was named after Washington Irving, "The Prince of American Letters," whose writings are a shining example of American literature, and to whom every lover of literature looks with admiring eye.

Irving is nobly accomplishing the work for which she was founded. From her hall many minds have gone to successfully fight life's battles, proud and strong in the training received in her society hall. Her aim has always been one of cultivation and improvement, and she can proudly boast of her exactives, whose influence is felt wherever they may exert it—in the counting-office, store room, in the pulpit, at the bar, in the field of politics, and in the House of Representatives.

It is Irving's pride and boast that her every member, who has spent his four years of his college course, has received full and lasting benefits that have proven a bulwark of strength in their future life. Irving has been ever ready and willing to sustain her own and her college's reputation whenever called upon. In all her endeavors Irving has acquitted herself with praise—in literary ability, dramatic skill and oratorical powers. Her entertainments have been not only a pride to herself, but an honor to the college which she represents.

In the oratorical contests she has four times captured the trophy, and has placed four stars upon the Merrill wreath as a token of her prowess.

Each succeeding stage in her history is marked by fresh laurels. As with every organization, triumphs and adversities are intermingled; so with Irving. Amid defeat, with characteristic courage she girds up her loins, and true to her motto, "*Juncta Juvant*,"—joined in fellowship and united in purpose—she presses forward, overcoming all obstacles, and crowning her work with victory.

HISTORIAN.



..... JOINT ANNIVERSARY .....

OF THE

# Browning and Irving Societies,

## Part First.

|                                                                                                                                                                                |                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| President's Address, . . . . .                                                                                                                                                 | E. O. GRIMES, JR. |
| Instrumental Solo, Ballade (Liszt), from Wagner's Opera of the<br>"Flying Dutchman," introducing the Spinning Motive, the<br>Storm Motive and the Dutchman's Motive, . . . . . | MAY KEMP.         |
| Essay, "Wagner," . . . . .                                                                                                                                                     | SADIE MYERS.      |

### SCENE, (LOHENGGRIN)

|                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Lohengrin, . . . . . | G. W. BRUSH.    |
| Elsa, . . . . .      | CARRIE S. GEHR. |

## Part Second.

### DRAMA:—"A Husband to Order."

|                              |                       |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Baron Beaupre, . . . . .     | A. B. WELLS.          |
| Pierre Marcean, . . . . .    | E. O. GRIMES, JR.     |
| Anatole Latour, . . . . .    | V. N. RIDGLY.         |
| Phillipean, . . . . .        | W. A. BURGOON.        |
| Servant, . . . . .           | H. H. RECKORD.        |
| Josaphine, . . . . .         | MIRIAM BAYNES.        |
| Elise, . . . . .             | EMMA M. BOWEN.        |
| Madame Phillipean, . . . . . | CARRIE E. J. SHRIVER. |

### Browning Committee:

Miriam Lewis, '96.  
Carrie E. J. Shriver, '96.  
Nannie Thomas, '96.  
Sadie Myers, '96.  
Bessie Herr, '96.  
May Kemp, '96.  
Miriam Baynes, '98.

### Irving Committee:

J. L. Ward, '96.  
C. T. Smith, '96.  
E. O. Grimes, Jr., '96.  
W. A. Burgoon, '97.  
R. S. Wells, '97.  
R. F. Day, '98.  
V. N. Ridgely, '99.



# Breeding and Training Societies

## Part First

THE BREEDING SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, INC., was organized in 1884, and has since that time been engaged in the breeding and training of horses for the purpose of improving the breed and increasing the number of purebred horses in this country.

The Training Society of the United States of America, Inc., was organized in 1884, and has since that time been engaged in the training of horses for the purpose of improving the breed and increasing the number of purebred horses in this country.

## Part Second

THE BREEDING SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, INC., was organized in 1884, and has since that time been engaged in the breeding and training of horses for the purpose of improving the breed and increasing the number of purebred horses in this country.

### Joint Committee

The Joint Committee of the Breeding and Training Societies of the United States of America, Inc., was organized in 1884, and has since that time been engaged in the breeding and training of horses for the purpose of improving the breed and increasing the number of purebred horses in this country.



F. A. BRIGHT, PHILA.

# Philomathean Literary Society.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

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MOTTO:—" *Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum.*"

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## Presidents for 1895-96.

FIRST TERM:

IDA MAY DODD,  
Carmichael, Md.

SECOND TERM:

NANNIE PAULINE KEATING,  
Centreville, Md.

THIRD TERM:

LYDA BROOKS HOPKINS,  
Cambridge, Md.

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## Roll.

Clara Bacchus.  
Dorothy Ballard.  
Nellie Banks.  
Mary Baxley.  
Evelyn Briley.  
Mary Brown.  
Minnie Cook.  
Mary Cox.  
Eva Daugherty.  
Eva Davis.  
Ida Dodd.  
Mamie Duhamell.  
Mabel Elderdice.  
Eva Foxwell.

Mabel Fulton.  
Bessie Gunkel.  
Lyda Hopkins.  
Mary Howard.  
Nannie Keating.  
Bertha Kellar.  
Mary Kimball.  
Elma Lewis.  
Elsye McCaulay.  
Ella Millard.  
Lena Parker.  
Cora Patton.  
Carrie Phillips.  
Nellie Porter.

Mamie Revelle.  
Jewel Simpson.  
Emma Smith.  
Ida Smith.  
Laura Spielman.  
Carrie Stone.  
Wilson Strayer.  
Kate Thomas.  
Alice Treadway.  
Virgie Weigand.  
Hallie Whealton.  
Indiana Whealton.  
Hanna White.  
Roval Richards.

## Sketch of Philomathean Literary Society.

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THE number thirteen is usually regarded with awe, ill luck always being imputed to it; but such was not the case with the thirteen young ladies who founded Philomathean Society. This is a branch of the Browning Society, and was formed from no spirit of animosity, but because its charter members believed it would be better to have two literary societies among the girls. Accordingly a charter was granted by the Faculty, January 12, 1882, and thus was begun the work that has so nobly been sustained by the succeeding members.

In reviewing the critics' books we find from the very first Philomathean's daughters performing every duty with a wonderful zest. Their whole souls were put in the undertaking, and loyalty to society has ever been characteristic of her members. Philomathean has had her share of trials, but only enough to make her know her strength and so be made better by them. Four times in the annual literary contest Philomathean's contestants have been crowned with laurels; three times she has captured the trophy presented by Professor Newell in 1888.

The new students with their unprejudiced views are certainly better able to judge of the merits of the society than we who are old in its service. If this be a good test—I think all will acknowledge it to be—then Philomathean is to congratulate herself, as fifteen of the nineteen new boarding girls joined her ranks last fall, and have already proven themselves valuable additions. The past year has been a very pleasant and profitable one, and in spite of being the youngest society in college, Philomathean holds loyally to her motto: "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum."

HISTORIAN.

## THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

The history of the Church of England is a subject of great importance and interest. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many writers, and which has been the subject of many books. The history of the Church of England is a subject which is of great importance to the people of England, and it is a subject which is of great interest to all who are interested in the history of the world.

The history of the Church of England is a subject which is of great importance to the people of England, and it is a subject which is of great interest to all who are interested in the history of the world. The history of the Church of England is a subject which is of great importance to the people of England, and it is a subject which is of great interest to all who are interested in the history of the world.



F. A. BRIDGES DEL.

# Webster Literary Society.

ESTABLISHED 1871.

MOTTO:—"Ad huc Vivo."

## Presidents for the Year 1895-96.

### FIRST TERM:

M. L. VEASEY,  
Pocomoke City, Md.

### SECOND TERM:

W. O. LIVINGSTONE,  
Seaford, Del.

### THIRD TERM:

J. W. SMITH,  
Elkins, W. Va.

### FOURTH TERM:

W. E. PETTET,  
Manasquan, N. J.

## Roll.

C. Albaugh.  
C. C. Baker.  
H. D. Baker.  
H. L. Benson.  
C. E. Berkshire.  
B. A. Bryan.  
C. O. Clemson.  
A. F. Conry.  
A. H. Cromwell.  
C. E. Davis.  
C. L. Daugherty.  
A. G. Dixon.  
F. E. Donovan.  
S. Dorsey.  
C. C. Douglas.  
G. R. Ewell.  
C. E. Forlines.  
J. W. Frank.  
L. C. Freney.  
C. S. Friend.  
N. O. Gibson.

G. Groome.  
M. Hearn.  
L. S. Hurley.  
T. H. Jarman.  
H. A. Joyce.  
J. F. Lane.  
H. A. Lakin.  
J. M. Little.  
W. O. Livingstone.  
H. Martland.  
E. W. Mather.  
W. P. Melvin.  
J. B. T. Merrick.  
H. H. Murphy.  
E. J. Nelson.  
T. Newbury.  
C. W. S. O'Connor.  
T. H. D. Patton.  
W. E. Pettet.  
J. E. Phipps.

F. D. Posey.  
E. S. Price.  
P. Reese.  
G. H. Revelle.  
O. R. Rice.  
A. L. Satterwhite.  
J. H. Shreeve.  
F. A. Smith.  
J. W. Smith.  
C. E. Snyder.  
D. E. Stone.  
J. H. Straughn.  
F. F. Taylor.  
W. H. Thomas.  
W. B. Van Leer.  
M. L. Veasey.  
J. Welch.  
W. H. Woodall.  
A. G. Woodfield.  
T. R. Woodford.

## Sketch of Webster Literary Society.

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**S**O many times has the history of the organization of Webster Literary Society been given to the friends of this institution that it is useless to repeat it here in detail. It may not be out of place, however, to mention a few of the most interesting facts; especially so since this year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization.

During the year 1870, interest in the first literary society of Western Maryland College—the Irving—seemed to wane. Feeling the need of the benefits that are to be derived only through such organizations, in 1871, nine young men, students of the college, who had been accustomed to meeting occasionally for the purpose of debating such questions as might be suggested to their minds, decided to call themselves the Washington Debating Society. This proved a stepping-stone to greater things, as only a few months had passed when it was resolved to form a more complete organization.

After considerable effort on the part of the members of the society, the consent of the Faculty of the college was secured, and a new constitution having been adopted, they declared themselves Webster Literary Society, in honor of that great orator whose name every true American holds in reverence, taking his dying words, "I still live" (Latinized, "Ad huc vivo"), as the motto of the society.

It may be that the organizers of this society had at that time high hopes for its success, but we cannot think that they dared to hope for such results as are now shown by its records.

Persistent effort on the part of its members is the secret of the great success which has crowned Webster Society. Year after year improvements have been made, until to-day the advantages found in Webster Literary Society compare favorably with those of any other such organization.

Chief among its advantages is the library, composed of over eight hundred volumes, varied in character, from the best writers; besides this, members of Webster have access to half a dozen of the leading magazines, through which they are enabled to keep posted on the topics of the day. Many specimens of rare and valuable minerals and curiosities from all parts of the world have been collected from time to time, which prove of great interest and help to the student of natural history.

Its membership has increased steadily; each year a good portion of the new men who have come under the fostering influences of our beloved institu-



tion have enrolled in the ranks of Webster. The year '95-'96 did not prove an exception to this rule, as this year's roll shows a membership of sixty-one—the largest number of any year in the existence of the society.

We will not boast of the good which has been accomplished by the influence of this society upon Western Maryland College students; of this we will let those testify who have gone out from the walls of Webster to engage in duties of greater magnitude in the affairs of the world. Our exactives, many of whom are filling honorable positions in all branches of the professions and making their marks in the business world of to-day, reflect great credit upon the society.

This year has been one of pleasantness and profit to the members of Webster. Under the inspiring influence of the success which attended our contestants in securing the Merrill wreath at the last Commencement, we entered upon the year's work with the characteristic zeal and earnestness of all loyal Websters, and now, at the close of the year, we feel gratified to know that our efforts have not been in vain.

With the best interests of Webster Literary Society at heart, and under the encouraging influence of bright prospects, we pass another mile-stone in its history, trusting that in the future the standard of our society may not only be kept at its accustomed height, but raised higher, showing that we not only still *live*, but *grow*.

HISTORIAN.



# PHILOMATHEAN AND WEBSTER

## JOINT ANNIVERSARY.

December 18th, 1895

### PROGRAMME.

#### Part First.

|                                                          |                             |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| President's Address, . . . . .                           | IDA MAY DODD.               |
| Mandolin and Guitar Duet, . . . . .                      | J. F. LANE and J. W. SMITH. |
| Anniversary Oration, "The Leaven of the Ages," . . . . . | M. HEARN.                   |
| Vocal Solo, "O! Robert Beloved," . . . . .               | BESSIE W. GUNKEL.           |
| Impersonations, . . . . .                                | J. F. LANE.                 |
| Soldiers' Chorus, . . . . .                              | "FAUST."                    |

#### Part Second.

### "ESMERALDA."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                                                        |                    |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Old Man Rogers, "A North Carolina Farmer," . . . . .   | J. W. SMITH.       |
| Lydia Ann Rogers, "His Wife," . . . . .                | F. MABEL FULTON.   |
| Esmerlda, "His Daughter," . . . . .                    | J. WILSON STRAYER. |
| Dave Hardy, "A Young North Carolinian," . . . . .      | M. L. VEASEY.      |
| Estabrook, "A Man of Leisure," . . . . .               | H. H. MURPHY.      |
| Jack Desmond, "An American Artist in Paris," . . . . . | C. L. DAUGHERTY.   |
| Nora Desmond, { "His Sisters," . . . . .               | NANNIE P. KEATING. |
| Kate Desmond, { . . . . .                              | ELLA E. MILLARD.   |
| Marquis De Montessin, "A French Adventurer," . . . . . | A. G. WOODFIELD.   |
| George Drew, "An American Speculator," . . . . .       | N. O. GIBSON.      |

#### Philomathean Committee:

Ida May Dodd.  
Nannie P. Keating.  
Bessie W. Gunkel.  
Lena G. Parker.  
Nellie Porter.  
Mabel Fulton.  
Mary Baxley.

#### Webster Committee:

M. L. Veasey.  
J. W. Smith.  
M. Hearn.  
F. D. Posey.  
H. H. Murphy.  
A. G. Woodfield.  
T. R. Woodford.

# Young Men's Christian Association.

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## Officers for 1895-'96.

### FIRST TERM.

PRESIDENT:  
M. HEARN, '96.

VICE-PRESIDENT:  
C. E. FORLINES, '97.

RECORDING SECRETARY:  
T. R. WOODFORD, '98.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:  
R. F. DAY, '98.

TREASURER:  
W. A. MELVIN, '96.

ORGANIST:  
H. L. BENSON, '98.

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### SECOND TERM.

PRESIDENT:  
W. E. PETTET, '96.

VICE-PRESIDENT:  
W. A. BURGOON, '97.

RECORDING SECRETARY:  
W. A. BURGOON, '97.

RECORDING SECRETARY:  
C. C. DOUGLAS, '99.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:  
R. F. DAY, '98.

TREASURER:  
A. G. DIXON, '99.

ORGANIST:  
H. L. BENSON, '98.

## Sketch of Young Men's Christian Association.

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HERE are many forces operating in the world which make for our happiness, yet which are silent in their work. So it is in our college life. There is a great deal of work done which does not attract notice. Its results are seen, but its operations are silent.

Some phases of college life, such as the different contests upon the ball field and the tennis court, come prominently before the public; but there is one feature of it which, while it does not furnish much material for the papers, goes hand in hand with the work of the classroom as a controlling influence for good in the college man's life. This is the work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

One of the most hopeful phases of college life in this day is the fact that every institution, from the large university down to the smallest college, has its Young Men's Christian Association. So that, while parents feel a great deal of anxiety when the time comes for the boys to leave the influences of the home and church, yet it is certain that if he is to go out from the family, he can hardly find a place where the good is seeking him so earnestly as it is in most of our colleges.

Especially is this true at Western Maryland. Here not only are the influences of home in a large measure supplied by the general home-like appearances of the place, and that sociability for which Western Maryland is so well known, but he finds the needs of church associations fully met by the college Christian Association. If he is a Christian already, he is given the right hand of fellowship, and immediately becomes a co-laborer in Association work. If he is not a Christian, an associate membership brings him directly under those influences which, sooner or later, lead him to his salvation.

The past college year has been one of unusual success in our Association. At the opening of school in September the membership was nearly doubled, thus making it one of the largest in the State. With the increase of active, earnest men came a renewed determination to do more earnest work, and as a result the Week of Prayer found the Association in the midst of a grand revival, during which about fifteen men were led into a new life.

This is but a small part of the year's work. Space will not permit a detailed account of the work of the different committees. Suffice it to say, that under the direction of an efficient chairman, each committee has done good work. The Association was both interested and helped by the reports of the

several delegates who were sent to the World's Student Conference, at Northfield, Mass. Besides this, two of our men represented the Association at the District Convention, held in Hagerstown in February.

We have attempted to give but a slight hint of the work we are doing here. Our chief labor is to reach the unconverted boys and to create in our midst a Christian influence. Though we are but a small part of the great forces which make up the Young Men's Christian Association at large, we try by keeping in touch with the different lines of work to catch something of the spirit which permeates the movement, and in our little sphere do God's work.



# Young Women's Christian Association.

---

Officers for 1895-'96.

**FIRST TERM.**

PRESIDENT:  
NELLIE S. PORTER, '96.

VICE-PRESIDENT:  
LAURA SPIELMAN, '96.

CORRESPONDING AND RECORDING SECRETARY:  
LYDA B. HOPKINS, '96.

TREASURER:  
LENA PARKER, '96.

PIANIST:  
IDA MAE DODD, '96.

---

**SECOND TERM.**

PRESIDENT:  
G. WILSON STRAYER, '96.

VICE-PRESIDENT:  
MARY H. BAXLEY, '97.

CORRESPONDING AND RECORDING SECRETARY:  
EVA M. DAVIS, '97.

TREASURER:  
SADIE L. SNYDER, '97.

PIANIST:  
BERTHA L. KELLER, '98.

## Sketch Young Women's Christian Association.

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HERE is a beautiful old-fashioned word, now almost fallen into disuse, that means a whole volume; and that word is gentlewoman. It means culture and refinement; it means purity and grace—the real grace, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the grace that comes only from living as in His constant presence.

One does not acquire this grace in a day, nor does one don it as a garment. It grows as the life grows, and blooms into beauty as the character ripens. And so we have formed a union, here in our college, a union to help one another to “grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

The Young Women's Christian Association means much to its members; it means their aim in life—it means their confession to the world of their hope and faith. Once every week, in our own bright Association room, we meet to speak words of love and encouragement to one another, to sing cheer and happiness into our hearts and to ask God's blessing on our daily lives. Perhaps the words spoken and the hymns sung and the prayers offered are very simple, but they come from earnest young hearts and they bear witness to the love and loyalty of earnest young lives.

Surely the lives will be purer and holier, surely the ideals will be higher and the aspirations more heavenly for the brief half-hours spent in that room just with God and ourselves.

It may be that we shall do great things in the world. It may be that only God will know of our strivings after grace, only God will see the manifesting of grace in our lives; but, after all, it is for God's eyes that we work and in His sight that we would be holy.

And so we are trying to make of ourselves, gentlewomen; trying to make our lives pure and noble, trying to lift up the banner of true womanhood and to show to the world that a union of Christian college girls may be a Christian power.



MAY 16TH.—BEFORE SENIOR FINALS.



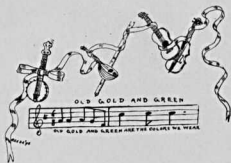


MAY 23RD.—AFTER SENIOR FINALS.









## Sharps and Flats.

**I**F the above title suggests anything, perhaps it is that this article is going to give a history of the music clubs of the college; and such an inference is not, on the whole, an incorrect one. But while the whole title suggests musical affairs and organizations, we think that for *our* music and for *this* year the first of the title is more suggestive than the last; for this year, in our opinion, at least, has abounded more in sharps than in flats, more in major than in minor keys; or in short, as Mr. Micawber would say, we have had musically an unusually successful year. Of course, the great and crowning event of the year from our standpoint, if not from that of our audiences, was the Christmas trip—the first ever taken by the Western Maryland College music clubs—during which we gave seven concerts before audiences that were sometimes overflowing and always satisfactory, and on which we paid all our expenses and managed in fact to get back with sufficient surplus to buy our music for the rest of the year.

But before we tell you about the crowning event of the year, let us go back to the beginning. When college opened in September, seven of our "old" men were back: Messrs. Freeny, Woodfield, Nelson, Revell and Mather, and Professors Crockett and Black. At the first meeting of the year, Professor Black was elected president, and Mr. Freeny secretary and treasurer; and it was decided to inaugurate a new plan in regard to the election of new members. Heretofore men have been picked out in a haphazard fashion, that sometimes gave us good material and sometimes very poor material; when they were elected to membership nobody had any very definite idea whether they could really sing or not. This year we have said that any man with any ability or

desire in this direction could join our club on probation: he was to learn the music and practice with us, and if found satisfactory, would be later in the year elected to membership. Under this arrangement several men came in, and nearly all of them have recently been elected to membership. The full strength of the club now is: First Tenor—L. C. Freeny, '96; A. G. Woodfield, '97; R. S. Wells, '97; J. F. Lane, '99. Second Tenor—E. J. Nelson, '97; J. H. Straughn, Jr., '99; W. M. Black, First Bass—A. S. Crockett, C. L. Daugherty, '98; C. W. S. O'Connor, '98. Second Bass—Geo. H. Revelle, '97, and F. W. Mather, '98.

Meanwhile the Banjo and Guitar Club was gathering together its scattered forces. Everybody that could play a banjo or a guitar or any kindred instrument was invited to join. Under this general invitation, a meeting was held, attended by eighteen or twenty players, and including both boys and girls. It soon became apparent, however, that nothing could be done with this unwieldy mass, and the club soon dwindled down to an effective organization of seven members, and of this club Professor Black was made president and manager, and Mr. J. F. Lane, '99, leader. The instruments were: Mandolin—Lane. Banjeaurines—E. O. Grimes, Jr., '96, and T. H. Jarman, Jr., '98. Banjo—M. L. Veasey, '96. Guitars—A. S. Crockett, J. W. Smith, '96, and W. M. Black.

These two clubs, composed almost entirely of good musicians and having the smallest possible number of men who were not really effective in the actual production of harmony, went to work with such earnestness and such success that it soon became apparent that W. M. C. had this year attained what is unquestionably, up to this time, its maximum of excellence in music clubs. With this knowledge came the thought: Why hide this light under a bushel? Why not go forth as other college clubs and show that we had talent here and that this talent had been refined and polished by careful training and hard work until it was capable in every way of doing credit to itself and to the institution it represented. A meeting of the clubs was held and every member agreed to sacrifice part of his Christmas vacation for the sake of a trip. The business arrangements were undertaken by Professor Black, and a trip was planned that included Baltimore and six of the best towns on the Eastern Shore. In each place we intended to visit we secured the co-operation of our minister, and in this way a pleasant reception was prepared for us beforehand in the hospitable homes of our friends—the friends of our college and our church.

On December 19, at 6.42 A. M., we left Westminster fourteen strong—though from these fourteen we had two clubs—the Glee Club consisting of eleven members and the Banjo and Guitar Club of seven. A few minutes in Baltimore were pleasantly spent with friends who had come down with us, and then the Emma A. Ford glided gracefully from her moorings and we were at last fairly launched on the great bosom of uncertainty—and of the Chesapeake Bay.







At 5 P. M. we stepped on the wharf in dear, hospitable old Chestertown, and Miss Clare Vannort—herself one of the sweetest singers the college has ever sent forth—met us and assigned us homes. At 10 o'clock that night our first concert was over, and the manager visiting the box office came forth—his face filled with radiant smiles and his pockets with almighty dollars—and announced that there was no immediate prospect of having to continue our journey on foot, as some had feared. But better than that, everybody said, and the hearty applause fully testified to its truth, that the concert had been in itself a success. Our lines fell in very pleasant places in Chestertown, and we were all sorry that 8 o'clock came so early the next morning. But come it did, as all things must, and the Emma A. Ford bore away on her deck fourteen lusty voices, trying to express in a choice collection of class and college yells a fitting farewell to Chestertown.

Friday night, December 20, we appeared in Baltimore at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Here we were greeted by an audience limited in number, but abounding in enthusiasm—consisting, indeed, almost entirely of present and former students of the college. Dr. Lewis, Professor McDaniel and his wife, Professor Ward, Professor Watts, Miss Gilbert and Miss Westlake were all there, and we felt thoroughly at home. After the concert the clubs were elegantly entertained by Miss Gilbert at her home on Madison Avenue, and here we found quite a number of W. M. C. people.

Next morning we again boarded the old familiar Emma A. Ford, and this time she put us off at Queenstown, from which a ride of seven miles took us to Centreville. This was our third trip on the boat, and everybody knew us and seemed glad to see us again. The captain assured me that we were very welcome passengers, for we helped to entertain everybody else. And, indeed, quite a crowd would gather around us when the Glee Club would line up and sing a few choice numbers, or the Banjo Club would indulge in a little practice, or Lane would play the piano and sing some of his hits. At Centreville Graham Watson, '93, and State's Attorney J. Frank Harper, '90, provided for our comfort and did everything that could be done, except stop the rain, that fell in torrents just at the time for the concert to begin. Even then, however, we had a fair crowd and an appreciative one. After the concert we adjourned in a body to the hospitable home of the Keatings, where in addition to this charming family we met several other fair daughters of Centreville; and the result was that before the evening was over, every man in the club was trying to induce the manager to spend Sunday in Centreville. But this was impossible; on principle, we object to traveling on Sunday, and when it comes to traveling *away from* Centreville, we object still more strenuously, but at 9 A. M. we got aboard a large 'bus and drove eighteen miles to Denton; and

from Denton another delightful boat trip down the Choptank put us in Cambridge at 5 P. M. Here W. Irving Mace, '90, and Hazel Joyce, '98, met us, and soon we were enjoying in Cambridge the same far-famed Eastern Shore hospitality that had greeted us everywhere else. Monday was spent in various ways. Some of us took in the oyster-packing establishments, together with a few of the oysters; some of us spent the afternoon driving with our best girls; some of us in a printing office, having programmes printed to take the place of those Dulany failed to send. That night in Independence Hall a fair crowd greeted us, in which we saw at least a few familiar faces.

Next morning we made an early start. We were to go back up the Choptank as far as Dover Bridge on a boat that *sometimes* left Cambridge at 6.30. We were all at the wharf at 6.30, and the boat left shortly after 8. When we reached Dover Bridge a man with a very red nose and a couple of spavined horses attempted to drive us the four miles that lay between us and Easton. Whether it was the nose or the spavin, I know not, but at any rate that ride was not a success, for twice we had to get out in order to make further progress possible. At last, however, the towers of the Cathedral City came in sight. Driving to the office of Register of Wills Roe, we were taken in hand by his son, Hamilton Roe, '90-'93, and were soon enjoying the regulation Eastern Shore dinner, consisting principally of—everything that makes glad the heart of man. The principal event in Easton was the complete reversal of the conditions hitherto existing on the trip. In every place we had visited up to this time, all the boys in our crowd had invariably been assigned to places where girls were found, and if the two chaperones—Professors Crockett and Black—went out for an afternoon stroll, they would meet on every corner a W. M. C. man with a girl on each arm. But, presto! change! In Easton, Professors Crockett and Black went out walking with two charming Eastern Shore maidens, and the town seemed full of students conspicuous by their loneliness and by the utter absence of anything like femininity in their neighborhood. That night in the handsomest hall we had yet sung in, a large crowd greeted us and received our numbers with appreciation and applause.

Next morning we again had to start by candle-light, leaving Easton at 6.40 for the long trip to Seaford, by way of Clayton. The conductor on the train was a jewel; he opened the rear car for us, and told us not to let anyone else come in, and between stations he would himself come back and listen to Lane sing "Little Alabama Coon," or give, by "special request," his famous banjo swing. Seaford we reached about 1 P. M.—just in time for dinner, and Christmas dinner at that. We had arranged with Superintendent Hurley, of the M. P. Sunday-school, to admit all his members at half-price, and when one hundred and twenty-five of these interesting little ones came in, wearing

green and gold, it was in itself enough to stir our musical abilities up to the highest pitch. Seaford gave us the first really crowded house we had sung to; Coulbourne's Hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and that night the side of our account book headed "receipts" finally caught up with the side headed "expenditures." After the concert the Rev. S. B. Treadway entertained us at his house, and all the W. M. C. people for miles around were there, and such a time as we did have! and what a fine town Seaford is, and how hospitable its people are, and what a splendid minister our church has there, were the principal topics of conversation next day on our way down to Pocomoke.

Well, Pocomoke was the last place on the programme, and we found that the best had been saved for the last. Rev. H. L. Elderdice, '82, and J. Bibbs Mills, '95, had acted as our advance agents in Pocomoke, and they had done their work well. When we arrived all the reserved seats had been sold, and that night we sang before the largest house of the whole trip; and like the swan's song, the last was the sweetest. Nowhere else did we give our programme in better style. Every voice was at its sweetest, every instrument its truest, and so our Christmas trip was over, and with mingled feelings of relief and regret we said good-bye and parted. But many a pleasant memory and many a hearty laugh bring back those happy days once more, and our first Christmas trip is destined to a deathless existence in the land of memory and of dreams.

Our annual concert at the college was given on January 10, and on that night we were heartily welcomed by a crowd consisting almost entirely of college people and their immediate friends. The following Friday, January 17, we offered our services to the firemen of Westminster, and gave a concert of which the entire net proceeds went to the fund for the Firemen's Hall, now being erected in the town. The crowd was not as large as we had hoped, for the sake of the firemen, to see, but we had to remain content with the thought that we had done what we could to help a good cause.

This states, in a way at least, the principal facts concerning the concerts we have given this year. What of the concerts themselves? Well, we are unfortunately all members of one club or the other, and modesty prohibits self-praise. But as a member of the Banjo Club, I can certainly say that W. M. C. has never had a better-drilled nor a harder-working Glee Club than the one that represents her this year. Anyone that knows anything about glee clubs knows that that tells the whole story. The credit is largely due to Miss Lewis, who has given much time and labor to this club; but just as much credit is due to the men themselves. Every man in the club has taken an active interest in its affairs; has attended rehearsals and practised diligently, and in

every respect acted in such a way as to make the position of leader of the Glee Club one of the most enjoyable responsibilities in college.

And as a member of the Glee Club, I can say with equal truth that the Banjo and Guitar Club has been this year for the first time on a really substantial basis, and for this credit is mainly due to Mr. J. F. Lane, of New Jersey, a man who is little less than a musical wonder. He plays equally well on the banjo, banjeaurine, mandolin, guitar, violin, and a dozen other instruments. He has brought the club to a high degree of efficiency, and everywhere we went his wonderful banjo swing, his darkey songs, his autoharp renditions, his ocerina solos and other special features have been received with wonder and applause.

Of music clubs outside of these two, the college boasts an excellent orchestra, of which Mr. Hearn, '96, is president, and R. Tyson, '99, leader. The full membership is as follows: First Violins—L. C. Freeny, '96; R. S. Tyson, '99; E. J. Nelson, '97. Second Violins—C. S. Friend, '98; J. T. Lane, '99; J. P. Wantz, '99. Flute—A. G. Woodfield, '97. Cornets—M. Hearn, '96; V. N. Ridgely, '99. Bass Viol—J. W. Smith, '96. Piano—H. L. Benson, '98. On the occasion of the Browning-Irving Society Anniversary, February 21, this orchestra made a decided impression by several well-played numbers, and they will be heard from during Commencement week.

This active life and growth of three splendid clubs justifies, we think, our opening statement that this year had seen the best work of our history in that direction. Here's to the Western Maryland College Music Clubs! Vivant, crescant, floreat.



# College Monthly.

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## FIRST TERM.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

W. A. MELVIN, '96.

EDITORS:

NANNIE THOMAS, '96.      EMMA BOWEN, '97.

NANNIE KEATING, '96.      F. D. POSEY, '96.

W. A. BURGOON, '97.

ALUMNI EDITOR:

L. IRVING POLLITT, '89.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

M. LEROY VEASEY, '96.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER:

ELLA MILLARD, '97.

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## SECOND TERM.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF:

\* M. L. VEASEY, '96.

H. H. MURPHY, '97.

EDITORS:

LENA G. PARKER, '96.      CARRIE STONE, '97.

CARRIE RINEHART, '96.      J. M. LITTLE, '97.

W. A. BURGOON, '97.

ALUMNI EDITOR:

L. IRVING POLLITT, '89.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

\* C. T. SMITH, '96.

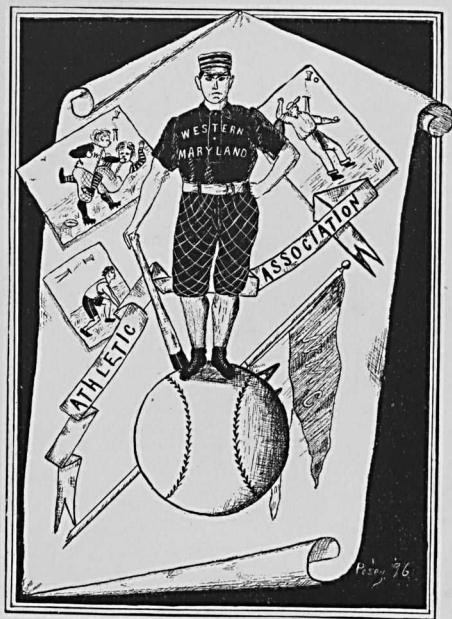
E. T. McNUTT, '98.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER:

MIRIAM BAYNES, '98.

\*Resigned.





# Athletic Association.

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## Officers.

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### PRESIDENT:

F. D. POSEY, '96.

### VICE-PRESIDENT:

R. S. WELLS, '97.

### SECRETARY:

J. H. SHREVE, '98.

### TREASURER:

W. A. MELVIN, '96.

### MANAGERS:

J. R. BOSLEY, '96, Football. H. H. MURPHY, '97, Tennis.  
D. E. STONE, '96, Baseball. C. E. DAVIS, '97, Basket-ball.

### STANDING COMMITTEES:

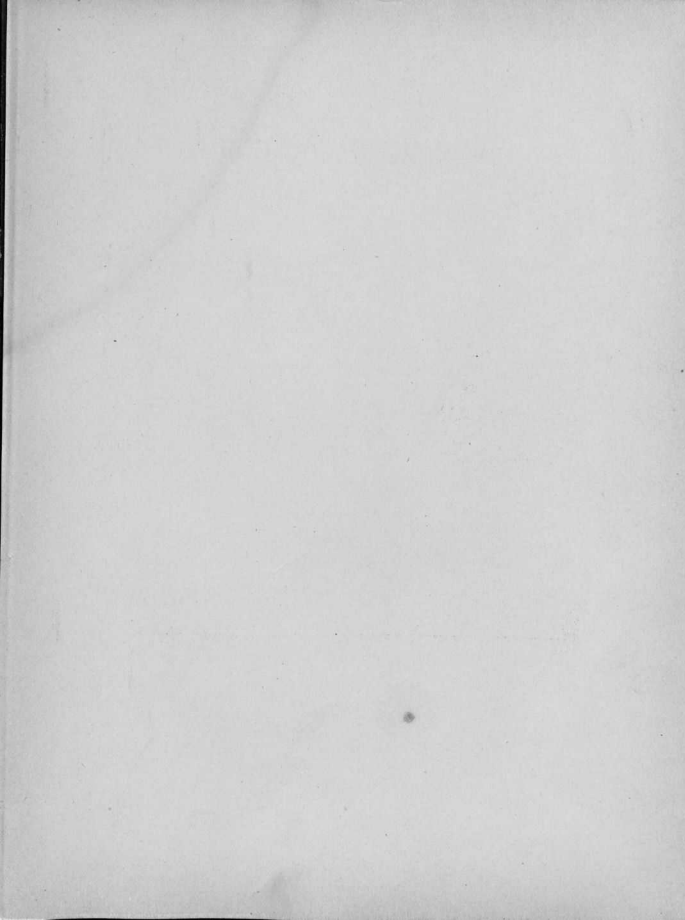
#### *Advisory.*

F. D. POSEY, '96, Chairman. A. B. WELLS, '98.  
L. C. FREENY, '96. H. H. MURPHY, '97.  
W. H. THOMAS, '99.

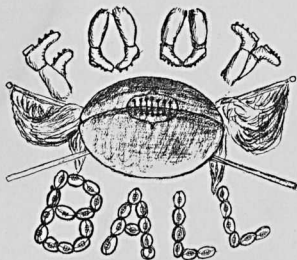
#### *Finance.*

F. D. POSEY, '96, Chairman. D. E. STONE, '96.  
J. R. BOSLEY, '96. H. H. MURPHY, '97.









**A**S the fall of '91 witnessed the introduction of football in our midst, so every succeeding year has found a team in the field. This game has truly made gigantic strides at Western Maryland. Every year at the opening of the school, students are solicited to join the football team, and young aspirants of all sizes, from those hardly able to see over the pig-skin up to the seven-footers, are seen to cast aside their standing collars and march with steady nerve and elastic step to the football ground. But alas! not all of those who think they can play ball are chosen for the team, but only the few that can stand having their noses broken, or whose faces are proof against stones, sticks, broken bottles, old boots, etc., etc., which enter largely into the composition of the surface of our grid-iron.

At last a team is chosen by the manager (who has been previously elected by the Athletic Association) and is ready to receive challenges from all teams having a sufficient reputation to guarantee that the dignity of our team shall not be lowered by engaging in a contest with them.

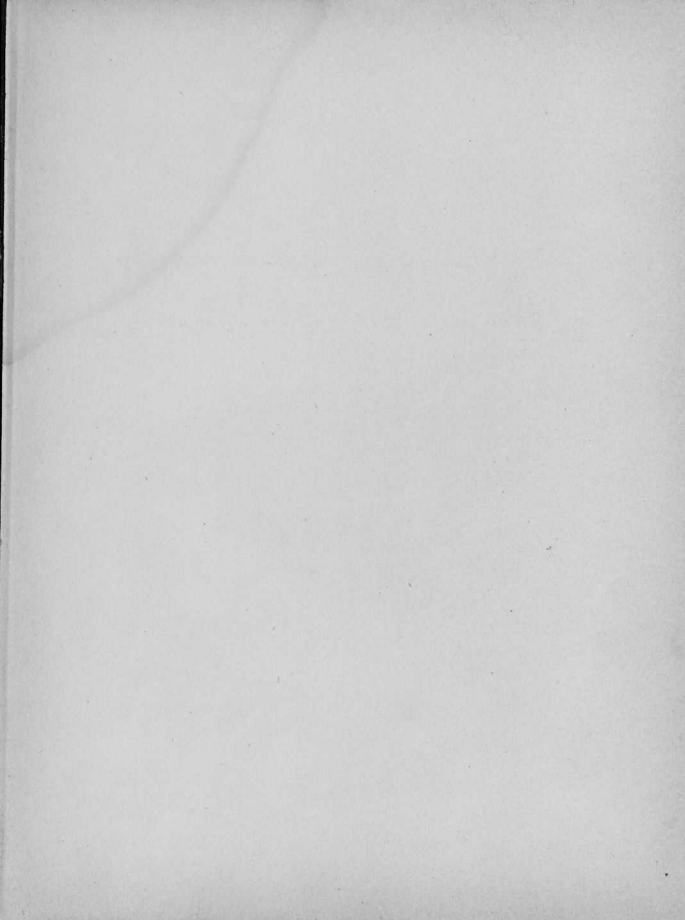
Now it must be apparent to the reader that if many challenges are sent the manager will be in a state of perplexity, not knowing which team to accept. Such a state of affairs was experienced this year by the manager, Mr. J. R. Bosley, '96. As soon as the team was organized, letters by the score came to his desk, offering him any dates that would suit him. Being embarrassed by the multitude of games offered, he judiciously set himself to work to choose among

these one team by playing which he would gain for his team the greatest reputation. The one chosen was the Marston team. And oh! how our team did play. The tender-hearted spectators (often their eyes filled with tears at the sight of so much blood-shed) retreated to a place of safety, and even the stout-hearted ones were seen to quake with fear. At the end of fifteen minutes the score stood 36 to 0 in Western Maryland's favor, and then, in consideration of the earnest supplications from the opposing team, time was called and everyone confessed that they were sufficiently amused.

From the above "it is perfectly obvious" and "can be seen at a glance" that the team of '95 and '96 had a clear record of victories. It played one and won (was) all. Our team was not scored against during the season, and the lowest score was 36 to 0—this being the only game we played.

One of the greatest drawbacks to football here is the fact that Western Maryland is co-educational, and the young ladies seem decidedly opposed to their co-eds. taking any part in the said game that will bring them into any danger, such as the breaking of limbs and spoiling of countenances. But the spirit of football, in spite of this, is increasing.









It has often been said that there is a time for everything, and '96 is the time for Western Maryland's baseball team. Never before in the history of the institution has there been such a good beginning made in this department of athletics; never, not even by the victorious team of '94, was there such a record made on the diamond. Although many of the best players on the '95 team were lost to the team by their graduation, yet their positions have been filled by the new-comers, many of whom have already distinguished themselves in the national game. So far the conquest of W. M. C.'s baseball team has been one of well-earned victory. Never has it been compelled to show the white flag, never has it treated for terms with a conquered enemy; but has always demanded and enforced unconditional surrender. On the standards captured from the enemy, may be read the inscriptions: "Maryland School for Deaf," "Johns Hopkins University," "Maryland Agricultural College," "St. John's College," and others. Out of four conflicts Western Maryland has carried off thirty-nine runs to the enemy's twelve. During these games Western Maryland has forty-seven hits to the enemy's fifteen. Individually the players have the team honor, only six errors having so far been made. Of this team Western Maryland may be proud, as in fact she is, and if in future years her baseball team shall reach the standard of '96, she may fear no defeat from any.

# Western Maryland College vs. Maryland School for Deaf.

APRIL 3rd, 1896.

| W. M. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| A. Wells, s. s..... | 1  | 2  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Davis, 1b.....      | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| S. Wells, 2b.....   | 0  | 1  | 2  | 1  | 0  |
| Radcliff, p.....    | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| F. Miller, 3b.....  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1  |
| Stull, l. f.....    | 2  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Reckord, c. f.....  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Bosley, r. f.....   | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| E. Miller, c.....   | 1  | 1  | 10 | 3  | 1  |
| Totals.....         | 10 | 6  | 15 | 5  | 2  |

| M. S. D.              | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Leas, c. f.....       | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Molesworth, s. s..... | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1  |
| Birely, 2b.....       | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 2  |
| Benson, p.....        | 0  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 0  |
| Wood, c.....          | 0  | 0  | 8  | 0  | 4  |
| Niles, 3b.....        | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 2  |
| H. Creager, l. f..... | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Kemp, 1b.....         | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 2  |
| Merrick, r. f.....    | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....           | 1  | 0  | 15 | 3  | 11 |

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

|              |   |   |   |   |      |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|------|
| W. M. C..... | 4 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 2—10 |
| M. S. D..... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—1  |



# Western Maryland College vs. Johns Hopkins University.

APRIL 18th, 1896.

| W. M. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| A. Wells, s. s..... | 1  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Davis, 1b.....      | 2  | 3  | 6  | 0  | 0  |
| S. Wells, 2b.....   | 0  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Radcliff, p.....    | 2  | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0  |
| Stull, l. f.....    | 1  | 2  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| F. Miller, 3b.....  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Murphy, c. f.....   | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| E. Miller, c.....   | 2  | 3  | 18 | 1  | 0  |
| Reckord, r. f.....  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....         | 9  | 13 | 27 | 3  | 0  |

| J. H. U.                      | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|-------------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Williams, s. s. and c. f..... | 0  | 0  | 5  | 2  | 1  |
| Swaine, p. and s. s.....      | 0  | 0  | 1  | 3  | 0  |
| Herrick, 2b.....              | 0  | 0  | 5  | 1  | 0  |
| Nelson, 1b.....               | 0  | 0  | 7  | 0  | 1  |
| Parker, l. f.....             | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Ladd, c. f. and c.....        | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 1  |
| Hodges, 3b.....               | 0  | 0  | 2  | 1  | 0  |
| Pindell, c. and r. f.....     | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Verhoeff, r. f. and p.....    | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....                   | 0  | 0  | 24 | 8  | 3  |

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

|              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| W. M. C..... | 2 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | *—9 |
| J. H. U..... | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—0 |

# Western Maryland College vs. Maryland Agricultural College.

APRIL 25th, 1896.

| W. M. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| A. Wells, s. s..... | 2  | 1  | 0  | 1  | 1  |
| Davis, 1b.....      | 2  | 0  | 6  | 0  | 0  |
| S. Wells, 2b.....   | 2  | 1  | 2  | 1  | 1  |
| Radcliff, p.....    | 2  | 3  | 1  | 1  | 1  |
| F. Miller, 3b.....  | 1  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Reckord, c. f.....  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0  |
| E. Miller, c.....   | 1  | 1  | 12 | 0  | 0  |
| Stone, r. f.....    | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Murphy, l. f.....   | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....         | 12 | 10 | 24 | 4  | 3  |

| M. A. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Watkins, s. s.....  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 2  | 2  |
| Sherman, l. f.....  | 0  | 1  | 3  | 0  | 0  |
| Lewis, c.....       | 1  | 2  | 8  | 0  | 2  |
| Gwimmer, 1b.....    | 1  | 2  | 7  | 0  | 0  |
| Allnutt, c. f.....  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Walker, 2b.....     | 0  | 0  | 4  | 0  | 0  |
| Nelligan, r. f..... | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 1  |
| Pyles, 3b.....      | 0  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 0  |
| Hershberger, p..... | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Whitehill, p.....   | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  |
| Totals.....         | 4  | 6  | 24 | 5  | 6  |

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

|              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| W. M. C..... | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 5—12 |
| M. A. C..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2—4  |

# Western Maryland College vs. St. John's College.

MAY 9th, 1896.

| W. M. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| A. Wells, s. s..... | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1  |
| Davis, 1b.....      | 1  | 0  | 10 | 0  | 0  |
| S. Wells, 2b.....   | 2  | 4  | 2  | 2  | 0  |
| Radcliff, p.....    | 2  | 2  | 0  | 5  | 1  |
| F. Miller, 3b.....  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 1  | 0  |
| E. Miller, c.....   | 1  | 1  | 9  | 1  | 0  |
| Sellman, c. f.....  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Murphy, r. f.....   | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Nelson, l. f.....   | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....         | 8  | 11 | 27 | 10 | 2  |

| ST. JOHN'S.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Tull, 2b.....          | 1  | 2  | 4  | 3  | 0  |
| Wicks, 1b.....         | 0  | 1  | 9  | 0  | 1  |
| Brady, s. s.....       | 0  | 1  | 0  | 3  | 1  |
| Hilleary, p.....       | 1  | 2  | 0  | 4  | 0  |
| Hawkins, 3b.....       | 0  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 1  |
| Maddox, c.....         | 2  | 1  | 6  | 1  | 1  |
| Flory, c. f.....       | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Kirkpatrick, r. f..... | 0  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0  |
| Catron, l. f.....      | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| *Jones.....            | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....            | 7  | 9  | 24 | 12 | 4  |

\*Batted in place of Catron in the ninth inning.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

|                 |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| W. M. C.....    | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | *—8 |
| St. John's..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1—7 |

# Western Maryland College vs. Baltimore City College.

MAY 23d, 1896.

| W. M. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| A. Wells, s. s..... | 0  | 1  | 0  | 2  | 2  |
| Davis, 1b.....      | 0  | 1  | 9  | 0  | 0  |
| S. Wells, 2b.....   | 2  | 1  | 1  | 2  | 1  |
| Radcliff, p.....    | 3  | 3  | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| E. Miller, c.....   | 2  | 1  | 13 | 1  | 2  |
| Murphy, c. f.....   | 4  | 1  | 2  | 1  | 0  |
| F. Miller, 3b.....  | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 1  |
| Nelson, l. f.....   | 2  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Brush, r. f.....    | 2  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....         | 16 | 10 | 27 | 7  | 6  |

| B. C. C.                 | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|--------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| M. Whitehurst, 2b.....   | 0  | 1  | 5  | 3  | 1  |
| H. Whitehurst, s. s..... | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 2  |
| Allen, c.....            | 2  | 1  | 7  | 0  | 0  |
| Hicks, 3b.....           | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 2  |
| Seltzer, 1b and p.....   | 3  | 2  | 5  | 0  | 2  |
| Madden, l. f.....        | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1  |
| Bullock, p. and 1b.....  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 0  | 1  |
| Houston, c. f.....       | 1  | 2  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Musselman, r. f.....     | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....              | 10 | 10 | 24 | 4  | 9  |

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

|              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| W. M. C..... | 0 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | *—16 |
| B. C. C..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3—10 |

# Western Maryland College vs. Washington College.

JUNE 6th, 1896.

## Intercollegiate Championship Game for the State.

| W. M. C.            | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| A. Wells, s. s..... | 1  | 1  | 4  | 2  | 0  |
| Davis, 1b.....      | 2  | 2  | 7  | 1  | 2  |
| S. Wells, 2b.....   | 0  | 0  | 2  | 2  | 2  |
| Radcliff, p.....    | 0  | 1  | 0  | 2  | 0  |
| Stull, l. f.....    | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Wood, c. f.....     | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| E. Miller, c.....   | 0  | 0  | 10 | 0  | 0  |
| F. Miller, 3b.....  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Murphy, r. f.....   | 2  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....         | 6  | 6  | 27 | 7  | 4  |

| W. C              | R. | H. | O. | A. | E. |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|----|
| Burris, s. s..... | 1  | 1  | 2  | 0  | 1  |
| Deakyne, 3b.....  | 0  | 1  | 2  | 3  | 1  |
| Murry, c.....     | 1  | 0  | 7  | 0  | 0  |
| Stedham, 2b.....  | 0  | 0  | 3  | 4  | 0  |
| Davis, p.....     | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Boston, l. f..... | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Usilton, 1b.....  | 0  | 0  | 6  | 2  | 2  |
| Ward, r. f.....   | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Massey, c. f..... | 0  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| Totals.....       | 2  | 3  | 24 | 9  | 4  |

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

|              |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| W. M. C..... | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | *—6 |
| W. C.....    | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—2 |

# The Gymnasium.

IT cannot be said too often that judicious and vigorous exercise is indispensable to the enjoyment and preservation of health. This is the physical law of our life. Milton assumes that the same law prevails in the celestial sphere, when he pictures the young immortals engaged in active sports at the gate of Eden:—

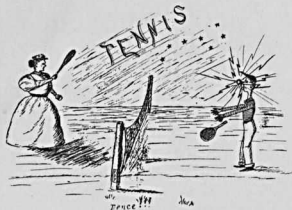
“Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
Chief of the angelic crowds awaiting nigh;  
About him *exercised heroic games*  
The unarmed youth of heaven.”

In the struggle for great social, moral and intellectual development, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that man is an animal; that he cannot yet do without the body, and that a strong receptacle for the mind is better than a weak one. This, however, is not true at Western Maryland, for in no college is the physical welfare of the student better cared for. Yingling Gymnasium furnishes ample provision for this. The gymnasium is large and well-lighted and provided with suitable gymnastic apparatus, such as the bar, the horse, the parallel bars, chest weights, etc. During the past year a spring-board and four new wall machines and a dozen pairs of clubs and bells were added, making the equipment as fine as any gymnasium of its size in the country.

The attendance this year has been greater than ever before. The students seem to realize what an important factor proper exercise is in preserving the health and toning up the system. The three periods every week which they are required to attend is sufficient to keep the muscles firm and the bodily organs in good working order.

The gymnasium year commences in October and closes the first day of May. Every new student, on entering, is measured and examined by the director, and a course of work mapped out especially suited for his defects. The regular class work consists of setting up exercises, as recommended for the U. S. Army, followed by work on the bars, horse, mats, and other heavy apparatus. The main object is to give students an erect and graceful bearing, a capacious chest and proper carriage of the vital organs, a symmetrically developed form and easy control of the voluntary muscles.

In the summer months the in-door work is succeeded by out-door sports. Field day is usually held during Commencement week, when valuable prizes are awarded to the winners of each event. This year promises to be an eventful one in athletics, and knowing ones say “some records will be broken.”



THE tennis department of the Western Maryland College, although being a very interesting and essential part of athletics, has always been somewhat overshadowed by the more vigorous sports of baseball and football; but within the past year the students have come to realize the advantages of the tennis courts, and such interest has been awakened in that line as to make tennis the most universally enjoyed game on College Hill. It is a game both for the strong and the weak, and those who are not physically adapted to violent exercise can find a more profitable and pleasant recreation in this game from which more good can be derived than from any other sport.

The fall term of 1895 was the beginning of the advance in tennis; during this term a tournament was held, the prize offered being a five-dollar racket. About eighteen entries were made, and after three days of interesting sport the winner of the prize was found to be Professor Black. The semi-finals were played by:

Prof. Black *vs.* Murphy, '97. |  
Winner, Black, 6-1, 6-1.

A. Wells *vs.* O'Connor, '98.  
Winner, O'Connor, 6-2, 6-3.

The finals by:

Prof. Black *vs.* O'Connor.  
Winner, Black, 6-2, 6-3, 6-1.

A. Wells gave a handicap of fifteen points.

This gave such an impetus to tennis that the courts were found to be insufficient for the number of players, and during the past spring the courts have been completely remodeled, five excellent courts being the result. The courts are kept in fine playing condition; every morning they are re-marked and prepared for the coming day. They are situated on the north side of the college buildings, and in their present improved condition add greatly to the appearance of the grounds.



MEMBERS:

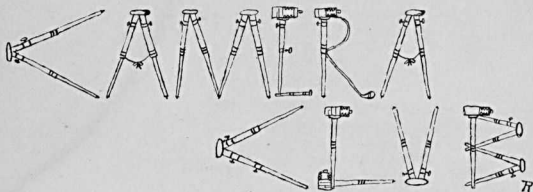
|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| E. O. Grimes, Jr. | Prof. Crockett. |
| Paul Reese.       | Prof. Black.    |
| C. T. Smith.      | Prof. McDaniel. |
| H. A. Joyce.      | G. W. Brush.    |
| J. B. Merrick.    | C. W. O'Connor. |
| J. W. Smith.      |                 |

HONORARY MEMBERS:

|               |             |
|---------------|-------------|
| J. R. Bosley. | J. L. Ward. |
|---------------|-------------|



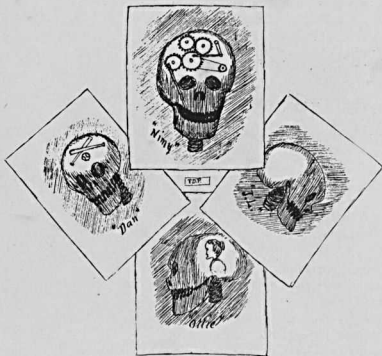




MEMBERS:

E. O. Grimes, Jr.  
H. A. Joyce.  
G. W. Brush.

J. W. Smith.  
H. H. Martland.  
Miss L. G. Parker.



X-RAY PICTURES TAKEN BY THE CLUB.

## Dates of Important Events.

---

### SEPTEMBER.

17. School opened.
19. Ward walked up from the depot with his girl.
21. Nothing happened.
22. Lakin hooked church.
28. Seniors went to Pen-Mar.
30. Dr. Lewis bought 300 bushels of potatoes.

### OCTOBER.

1. Roasted potatoes for breakfast.
2. Stone got a "strike"—has it yet.
6. Bosley hooked church.
10. Pettet moved to the Seminary.
13. Bosley hooked church with Lakin.
18. Potatoes boiled for dinner.
26. Won a game of football from Marston.
27. Lakin hooked church with Bosley.

### NOVEMBER.

1. It rained.
3. It didn't rain.
5. Gibson went to Baltimore.
10. Stone hooked church.
18. Prof. MacDaniel nervous.
19. Prof. MacDaniel *very nervous*.
20. No astronomy.
21. Prof. MacDaniel got married.
28. Senior supper.

### DECEMBER.

2. Examinations begin.
6. Examinations end.
8. Stone hooked church with Bosley and Lakin.
18. Webster and Philomathean anniversary.
18. The Dean pro—posed.
19. School closed for the holidays.

## JANUARY.

2. School opened.
2. Preceptress wears a diamond ring.
3. Ward walks up from the depot with his girl.
6. Veasey tells the class how he spells his name.
8. Grimes moved to Hering Hall.
12. Lakin hooked church.
24. Music teacher sang "My Hame Is Where the Heather Blooms."
25. Potatoes for breakfast, dinner and supper.
26. Bosley hooked church with Stone and Lakin.

## FEBRUARY.

3. Junior Banquet (?) *Nit!*
5. Prof. Reese sat on J. L.
10. Dog on Senior Hall.
11. Dead dog.
12. Hash for breakfast.
21. Irving and Browning anniversary.
23. Lakin hooked church with Bosley and Stone.

## MARCH.

1. Stone hooked church with Bosley and Lakin.
2. It snowed.
3. It didn't snow.
6. Music teacher sang "My Hame Is Where the Heather Blooms."
8. Bosley hooked church with Lakin and Stone.
10. Hash for breakfast.
13. Grimes got a "strike"—still got it.
15. Lakin hooked church.
16. Examinations.
22. Seniors appear in cap and gown for first time.

## APRIL.

1. A—I f—I.
2. Grimes went to Baltimore—so did Dr. Lewis.
3. Easter holidays.
3. Baseball team won first game of season.
6. Ward went to Medford to see ———.
7. Classes resumed.

10. Music teacher sang "My Hame Is Where the Heather Blooms."
11. Most of the school was sick.
12. Bosley hooked church.
13. Ward writes a letter to his girl.
21. Grimes campused for a week.
- 22-25. Grimes and Dr. Lewis had special interviews daily.
26. Stone hooked church.
29. Special (?) dinner—potatoes.

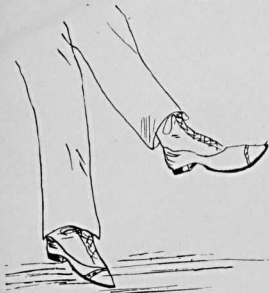
## MAY.

1. Bosley joins bicycle club.
2. Livy went to see his girl.
3. Stone, Bosley and Lakin hooked church.
4. Posey blacked his shoes.
11. Examinations in metaphysics.
12. Examinations in Hebrew.
12. Ward walked in his sleep.
14. CHICK-A-GO-RUNK went to press.

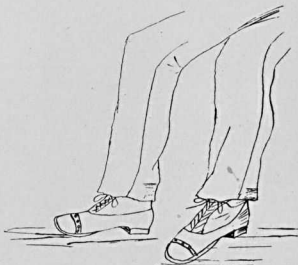




ASSISTANT IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.



PROFESSOR OF HIGHER MATHEMATICS.



PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE.



INSTRUCTRESS OF FRENCH AND GERMAN.

WONDERFUL "FEETS" OF THE FACULTY.

## Our Faculty.

---

Who with supreme authority,  
Governs Students and Faculty  
At the kingdom of W. M. C.?

"Doc."

Who is it we hear so often speak  
Of the dangerous habit of riding in Greek?  
Who sits down on you so awful slick?

"Jimmie."

Who reads us papers on Venus and Mars,  
In fact teaches us about all the stars,  
And with demerits our pleasure mars?

"Billy Mac."

Who screws his face into the shapes  
Assumed by dignified old apes,  
Who have been eating unripe grapes?

"Shad."

Who is it with upturned nose  
Walks about on his tip-toes,  
To watch where th' unfortunate student goes?

"Papa Dean."

Who is it that wakes us from our sleep,  
And morning study-hour makes us keep,  
While at Math. and Physics he takes a peep?

"Roly Boly."

Who is the dude, the masher, and  
The loveliest "Sub" in all the land;  
Who has, indeed, no end of sand?

"Wm. B."

Who is it that tries to be  
As big a sport as "Wm. B."  
And often fails so utterly?  
"Pud."

Who loves to *parley-vous* so much,  
And glories in teaching Dutch,  
And hates to see a "Trans" so much?  
"Betty."

Who can open her mouth as wide  
As fissures in a mountain-side,  
From which melodies (?) in torrents slide?  
"Madame L."

Who is it that thinks she's such a "beaut,"  
And tries to be so awful cute,  
In ways that sometimes don't quite suit?  
"The Infant."

Who teaches us how to use the voice,  
A lady not of the students' choice,  
At whose going we all rejoice?  
"Beulah."

Who treats the boys so awful nice,  
Excuses from "Gym" to skate on ice,  
And has a case with Miss ——?  
"Brush."

Who is it tells the boys "Beware!"  
While smiling at their girls they stare,  
Yet does herself the "Dean" ensnare?  
"Sister Sue."

Who give to each euphonic name,  
And respect them highly all the same,  
And would detractors badly lame?  
The Students.



WORSHIPPERS AT THE SHRINE OF THE MUSE OF EROTIC POETRY  
AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.



## Applied Quotations.

FACULTY.—“The gay world—people of fashion.”

DR. LEWIS.—“Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.”

DR. REESE.—“Precepts begin, but example completes.”

PROF. SIMPSON.—“A man need not look you in the mouth to know how old you are.”

PROF. MCDANIEL.—“To seize the moon with one's teeth.”

PROF. WARD.—“Hunger will break through stone walls.”

PROF. WATTS.—“When my eyes with earnest pleading, look for those that are most dear.”

PROF. BLACK.—“He says pretty gallant things to a lady, things purely complimentary.”

PROF. CROCKETT.—“Love often makes a fool of the cleverest man, and often gives cleverness to the most foolish.”

MISS FERRIS.—“A perfect woman, nobly planned; to warn, to comfort and command.”

MISS LEWIS.—“Divinely tall, and most divinely fair.”

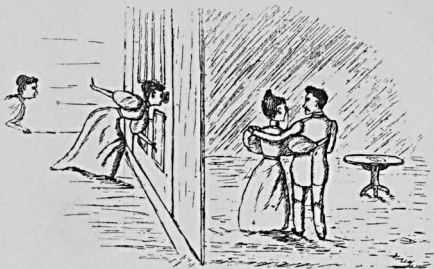
MISS REESE.—“In a flutter, in a commotion, in a thorough ferment.”

MISS WESTLAKE.—“She is all tongue; she doth nothing but prate.”

MISS GILBERT.—“An inborn grace, that nothing lacked of culture or appliance.”



“PUD.”



A } serious scene } in the library.  
  } series seen    }

And yet *they* object to the girls and boys  
Smiling at one another.

## Farewell to the Faculty.

---

My days at school will soon be o'er,  
And then, oh! I'll be free.  
I'll think of plus and minus no more,  
Nor dear old "Roly" of thee.

*Avoir* and *Etre* no more I'll get,  
Whatever the consequences be.  
Verne and Whitney I'll soon forget,  
So "Betty," farewell to thee.

I now dispense with *hic—hacc—hoc*,  
From Caesar I shall be free;  
No more I'll deal in Latin stock,  
So Black, farewell to thee.

"Mac," with you I cannot part  
Without some slight emotion;  
'Tis you who teach the good old art,  
Of earth and heavenly motion.

Old "Shad," with you I have had some fun,  
You are so flat and plain,  
You, my wit, some good have done,  
But we'll never meet again.

No more I'll hide my cigarette,  
Till you no smoke can see,  
And though I say it with regret,  
Old Dean, farewell to thee.

Although it causes a tear to start,  
And my feelings painful be,  
Yet dear old "Doc," we all must part,  
So old fellow, farewell to thee.

If to us it be not given  
Again each other to see,  
*Reed* But on your head the blessing of Heaven,  
So "Jimmie," farewell to thee.

I now to all have bid adieu,  
Except some two or three,  
No good of whom I ever knew,  
So I think I'll let them be.



OUT ON THE TOWN.

## The Hebrew Children.

THE Class of '96 of Western Maryland College, on organizing in its Sophomore year, was found to contain four students of theology, who were designated the "Theological Quartette"—Messrs. Pettet, Ward, Livingstone and Gibson. The Sanhedrin of the institution, desiring to render the usefulness of the young men such as the world had never known, not even in a Luther or a Whitfield, made them the constant subjects of experiments, shifting them in the most unaccountable manner from one course to another, almost yearly.

Their Sophomore year passed without any signs of the remarkable displaying itself in any member of the group. Restless, yawning congregations occasionally sat beneath the so-called preaching of one or another of their number, but not one of them, during this year, received a call to any large church with a fat salary.

Their Junior year dawned with the most brilliant prospects; they were now higher classmen and began to feel the dignity of their position. A fifth member, Mr. Melvin, came in and cast his lot with them, and consequently the name was changed to that of "Theological Quintette." But alas! the brightness of dawn cannot last; soon the lower clouds of "Higher Criticism" began to appear, rendered not less attractive by the lightning flashes from the optics of their teacher the D. D., who vainly endeavors to convince the young divines that a book written in eight languages was easy to master, for such a book were they doomed to study. After hardships, such as the wily Ulysses never dreamed of, they came out at the end of three months with a passing grade. This obstacle surmounted, they retired to their several homes with bouyant spirits, in the thought that the end of their course was now appearing above the horizon, and they were in reality "grave and dignified" Seniors. The vacation is spent in occasional preaching by each of them, which time soon passes away, and we again behold the familiar faces of "the boys" with all the dignity becoming their position, and with strong determinations, and fixed purposes they are again in our midst.

The scrutinizing glance of the president greets them, like that of an eagle upon its prey, with the information that the Sanhedrin in solemn assembly hath decreed that they shall study Hebrew during their Senior year at college, and also the post-graduate course at the Seminary; whereupon they receive

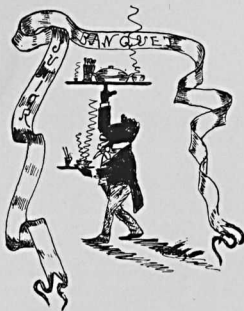
the name of "Hebrew Children." Consoling themselves with the fact that this study consists of only one language, instead of eight, they confidently settle down to work.

During the vacation the august body of Ecclesiastical Dignitaries had been supplementing their experiments, the result of which appears in the form of a mandate, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not, decreeing that the group shall take a post-graduate course at the Seminary. This information is not enthusiastically received, probably for reasons shown by Pette's visit to Pottsville, Pa., Melvin's letters from Chestertown, Md., Gibson's frequent requests to come to Baltimore, Livingston's visits down town, and Ward's smiles across the dining-room.

The Hebrew Children of Old Testament fame had the advantage of our heroes, in that they had only to pass through one fiery furnace, while our unfortunates were doomed to what seemed to them an endless repetition of such an ordeal, and perhaps because of their inferior piety no supernatural hand seemed to screen them from the torturing flame, but every recitation in Hebrew marked a period of unequaled torture, rendered more acute by the stinging information that we are dumb, and when he had fanned the flame into seven times its usual heat, by the shaking of his *coat-tail*, called this "unsatisfactory work," and consequently redoubled his efforts.

After nine months' endurance, supplemented by three examinations, in connection with the other duties of college life, our Hebrew Children, pale, worn and haggard, receive their diplomas, and depart in peace, resolving, of course, to make a specialty of the study of Hebrew, to the exclusion of all else, and to ever hold in remembrance the miseries of the fiery furnace.





## The '96 Junior Banquet.

**A**S '96 had always boasted herself a distinguished class, early in the fall of '95 they decided to honor the Seniors with such a banquet, which, if not surpassing all that ever preceded it, would at least be an occasion ever dear to the memory of those present. And her efforts were not in vain, for it was a brilliant affair. In looking back over our Junior year we can recall nothing which added more to our pleasure than our entertainment of the Class of '95. Once antagonists, now all bitter feelings were laid aside, and such a union sealed between the classes which we trust will never be severed.

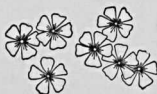
We can now picture to our minds the memorable night of the 15th of February, when the Class of '95, accompanied by Miss Ferris, Preceptress, and Dr. Lewis, President, walked up from the parlor to the library, where they were cordially received by '96. It was an entrancing picture to gaze upon, so many fair maidens and chivalrous knights, wreathed in smiles of bliss, mingled in merry converse. No one could have beheld such a scene without wishing himself among the number.

Soon after the escorts were assigned, the company proceeded to the banquet hall. But how vast the change which greeted our view! No one would have recognized the dingy dining-hall. Rich folds of Nile-green and salmon ('95's class colors) and tasteful decorations of violets and smilax had wonderfully transformed it into an abode adapted to the reception of celestial beings. Eight tables were neatly arranged and the menu elaborate. Everything showed perfect order and the latest style. Miss Parker, hostess, could not have filled the position better, for she was the very picture of grace itself.

The first toast proposed was, of course, to the Class of '95 by Mr. J. W. Smith, '96's President. It was responded to by a neat little speech from Mr. Ward, president of '95, who then proposed a toast to '96. Mr. Melvin, '96, then offered a toast to the Faculty, which was heartily responded to by Dr. Lewis. The last toast proposed well expressed our feelings:—

"Of joys departed not to return,  
How painful the remembrance."

After a pleasant evening we adjourned to the library, where we bade our guests "good night." We retired to our rooms, entertaining the thought that we would be honored in the same way the next year. But alas! we have hoped in vain.





# JUNIOR BANQUET

'97 to '96,

..... Held April 31, 1896 .....



## Menu.

|       |       |       |
|-------|-------|-------|
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |

If any should not understand the above, an explanation is easy. The Class of '97, noted as custom breakers, resolved to get up an original menu for this occasion—and they did. The banquet was enjoyed immensely by both classes, and caused no indigestion.



## Housekeeping at the Seminary.

---

Occupants: { W. E. PETTET, '96.  
              { N. O. GIBSON, '96.

Time: Saturday, 9 a. m.

---

"Nick! Nick! I say, Nick! Where's that broom?"

"Dunno, Will. Haven't seen it for two weeks. Last remembrance I have of it was seeing it walking around the front porch looking generally dilapidated."

"Nick! Do stop your nonsense and go get me a spade, broom, or anything to excavate the dirt off this floor with, or I'll let it go until your turn to clean house!"

"Oh! Just do wait a minute! I'm coming, Will."

(Five minutes later.)

"Nick! You lazy fellow! Where's the coal scuttle? And do run over to the barn and borrow the college wheelbarrow to cart away this dirt."

(Pettet, looking out of a second-story window.)

"I do wonder when the girls do their house-cleaning? They seem to have nothing to do on Saturdays but to stroll about the campus or play croquet. I believe I'll put the chairs into their right places, for this once, just to see how they look."

(Carries a chair to a corner.)

"Hello! What's this away back here among the rubbish in this corner? Well, I declare! if it isn't our dear little Hebrew pony, lost four weeks ago. Looks pretty well starved out. Resurrected him just in time to fatten him for final exams. There comes Nick with the wheelbarrow. I say, Nick, what's a fellow to dust with?"

"Dust? You don't mean to insinuate that you have adopted modern modes of house-cleaning, hey? If you are in earnest, you might find a towel very useful. Say, Nick, can't you find a better place for your best boots than the top of the bureau?"

"Oh, Pettet! stop your stirring up such a dust, and come go down town and see about that mouse-trap. We've needed it for quite awhile, but now the necessity has reached its climax, since there is somewhat less rubbish on the place for those critters to rummage in."

"Just wait a second, Nick, until I make up this bed."

"Oh, let it alone; no one ever sees into these isolated regions. Besides, I'm mortally afraid that the mice will gnaw that precious mustache of yours while you sleep."

"All right, Nick; that's a most convincing argument. Wait until I find my hat. Where on earth is it? It's never to be found. Oh, I see it—safely hid under the study-table. Come on! Awfully glad that our week's cleaning is safely gone through with. It's awful hard for two bachelors to have to keep house by themselves."

(9.30 A. M.: Pettet and Gibson go strolling towards town, after having securely locked all the doors.)



ALUMNUS.

## Angels on Celestial Hall.

---

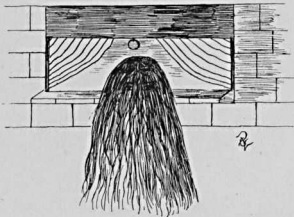
February twenty-second, year ninety-six,  
Celestial Hall in a terrible fix;  
Hour late, white figures about,  
Tripping softly—no loud shout.

Five young maidens, very much alive,  
Went softly tapping to room thirty-five.  
Crackers, pickles, all in a room,  
White-robed figures—beautiful moon.

A door—a whisper—a step—a crash!  
Pickles, crackers, glasses smash.  
A race—a bang! maidens all fled;  
Preceptress came—how they plead.

Room—Preceptress—voice—tear;  
Soon forgiven, no more fear.  
Lots of fun, demerits *non est*,  
To pleasant memories, maidens attest.

"JULIET."



THE TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC DRYING HER HAIR,  
AS SEEN BY BALTIMORE CYCLISTS.

## A Revelation.

THE world at large having expressed great curiosity as to the nature of subjects discussed by the Class of '96, in their numerous and mysterious class-meetings, that class, in order to satisfy this interest in their doings, has by common consent agreed to publish the following proceedings enacted in one of those important gatherings, which example will serve as a type for all:

PRESIDENT J. W. SMITH.—Attention, please! Class will please come to order. As our time is limited, we will at once proceed to business. You all know that the foremost topic in our minds at present is what a class of our size and great genius can do to make its name immortal after it has completed its course at Alma Mater. In accordance with this, one of our members has requested me to present the following statement, found in one of his historical researches, for the serious consideration of the class. It concerns the "Lost Mexican City," reported by Steven in his researches, and reads as follows: "A large city once stood here; its name is lost—its history unknown. For centuries it has lain as completely buried as if covered with the lava of Vesuvius. Every traveler from Yzabal to Guatemala has passed within three hours of it, yet there it lies, like the rock-built city of Edom, unvisited, unsought, and utterly unknown." The meeting is now open for remarks on the subject.

MR. FREENY.—Mr. President, I think that it is a burning shame for such a matter as a lost city to lie neglected. Therefore, for the honor of the class, and of our country, I think that the Class of '96 ought to see about rebuilding this city.

PRESIDENT.—Has anyone a motion to make?

MR. POSEY.—Mr. President, I move that the Class of '96 reclaim this city and give it the name of "Chick-a-go-runk."

PRESIDENT.—Any second to that motion?

MISS KEATING.—I second that motion.

PRESIDENT.—It has been moved and seconded that the Class of '96 reclaim this lost city and give it the name of "Chick-a-go-runk." All in favor please say "Aye."

CLASS.—Aye!

PRESIDENT.—Opposed, "No."

PRESIDENT.—The ayes have it.

MR. GIBSON.—Mr. President, I move that the class send Mr. Grimes to photograph views of this city.

PRESIDENT.—Any second to that motion?

MISS PORTER.—I second it.

PRESIDENT.—It has been moved and seconded that Mr. Grimes be sent to photograph views of this city. All in favor please say "Aye."

CLASS.—Aye.

PRESIDENT.—Opposed, "No."

(Silence.)

PRESIDENT.—Ayes have it.

MR. VEASEY.—Mr. President, I don't see how Mr. Grimes is going to photograph a city whose site is unknown. So far as I understand, no exact situation has as yet been presented to the class. Therefore, I move that the class reconsider the motion made by Mr. Gibson.

PRESIDENT.—Any remarks on the subject?

MR. PETTET.—Mr. President, we are discussing a "lost city;" therefore, I think that the class intends to find this city first, and then proceed to reclaim it. Therefore, I think Mr. Veasey's motion entirely out of order.

PRESIDENT.—Any further remarks? We should like to hear from the young ladies.

(Silence.)

PRESIDENT (rising).—I have a few remarks to make upon the subject. For the—

(Miss Ferris appears on the scene of action.)

PRESIDENT.—I guess our time is about up.

(Class adjourns to meet the next time in the far distant future.)



V-SIR, E-SIR, A-SIR, S-SIR, E-SIR, Y-SIR.

## J. G. C.

---

Of the secret clubs of W. M. C.,  
One of the best known is J. G. C.  
Once a month, dressed for a ball,  
They give a banquet on Celestial Hall.

As this club passes from class to class,  
It would be useless its secrets to ask;  
But once a member—oh, what fun!  
The pleasures of college have just begun.

While preparing for one of these feasts,  
Making chocolate and bread with yeast,  
Down in the kitchen hard at work,  
One would have thought us quite expert.

When nearly through—vexed with chagrin—  
One of our Senior boys walked in;  
He came for water, and was in a hurry—  
He happened to room at the Seminary.

Of course we turned in amaze at the sight,  
For we considered ourselves in an awful plight;  
We would gladly have shared with him our repast,  
Had he dared a single question to ask.

A teacher was with us, near at hand,  
To watch every movement of that man.  
So he shortly after went away,  
Troubling us no more that day.

## Brilliant Thoughts of '96.

---

RACHAEL ALICE BUCKINGHAM.—"To meet, to love and then to part, is the saddest lot of a schoolgirl's heart."

IDA MAE DODD.—"Virtues, like flowers, are most fragrant when crushed."

ALICE MABEL ELDERDICE.—"Sadder to me than funeral knell, is the 6.30 rising-bell."

MARY ELIZABETH ENGLAR.—"Courage in ethics is half of the recitation."

BESSIE WILSON GUNKEL.—"Harmony (?) hath stolen into the utmost cells of my brain, and hath wound itself around my every thought."

BESSIE OBER HERR.—"Music allures the lover of Revel(le)ry."

LYDA BROOKS HOPKINS.—"The golden star of every life is love of truth, sense of right."

NANNIE PAULINE KEATING.—"The early bird catches the worm, but if the worm hadn't been out, he wouldn't have been caught."

MARY MARTIN KEMP.—"You ask for a thought, but this I shall flunk; for I've thought and I've thought, but I cannot think."

SARA VIRGINIA KENLY.—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

MIRIAM LEWIS.—"To flunk is human, to make 10 divine."

SARA ELLEN MYERS.—"When singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."

LENA GRAY PARKER.—"Distance, even though it be short, lends enchantment to my view."

NELLIE STEWART PORTER.—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

CARRIE EUGENIA RINEHART.—"As evening insects covet flame, so foolish men seek after fame."

MARION ELIZABETH SENSENEY.—"Silence is golden."

CAROLINE ELTINGE JONES SHRIVER.—"All's *Well* that ends *Well*."

LAURA VIRGINIA SPIELMAN.—"Fear of chocolate bugs dispels my thinking powers."

GEORGIA WILSON STRAYER.—"Make hay while the 'son' smiles."

NANNIE BOWLIN THOMAS.—"Nothing—what a world of meaning lies in that one word."

HANNA ELIZABETH WHITE.—"Better to have smiled and lost than never to have smiled at all."

CHARLES CLARENCE BILLINGSLEA.—"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

JOHN ROBERT BOSLEY.—"A good old beer, a pipe that stings and bites, a girl in Sunday clothes, these are my three delights."



- LAWRENCE CARL FREENY.—"I am sure care is the enemy of life."  
 NICHOLAS OLIVER GIBSON.—"An ass is always known by his bray."  
 ELIAS OLIVER GRIMES.—"I like dates, but don't want to chew a calendar."  
 MARION HEARN.—"That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and  
 and the best of me is diligence."  
 HARRY ALLEN LAKIN.—"I am always ready."  
 WILLIAM ORION LIVINGSTON.—"I'll leave my study, leave renown, to see my  
 sweetheart in the town."  
 WILLIAM AYDELOTTE MELVIN.—"Bid me discourse, and I will enchant thine  
 ear."  
 WILLIAM ELLSWORTH PETTET.—"This moss upon my chin proclaims that I  
 am mortal."  
 FRANK DUNNINGHAM POSEY.—"The balm of Gilead for human ill, I think is  
 a girl from Centreville."  
 PAUL REESE.—"I would correspond with her if I only knew how to spell."  
 CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH.—"If you like music, just listen to the band on my hat."  
 JOHN WILLIS SMITH.—"For Roman Gods I care not a cuss, but worship still  
 a modern Bacchus."  
 DANIEL EDWIN STONE.—"Beard was never a true standard for brains."  
 MILTON LEROY VEASEY.—"Lest men suspect my tale untrue, I'll keep proba-  
 bility in view."  
 JOHN LEMUEL WARD.—"Manifestly I am pre-eminently an individual possess-  
 ing qualifications compatible with the most unimpeachable in-  
 tegrity."



## The Tragedy of herring Hall.

---

A PARODY.

---

Once upon an evening dreary, as we studied weak and weary  
Over many an author's work of the good old days of yore;  
While we studied nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of someone gently rapping—rapping at a Senior's door.  
"Tis a visitor," Lakin muttered, "tapping at our chamber door;  
Only this and nothing more."

And this thing we remember clearly, that it was in February  
When we heard this dreaded rapping at our old friend Lakin's door.  
For Melvin then was full of sorrow, as he'd vainly tried to borrow  
A little "pony" from friend Livy, from friend Livy's well-filled store;  
Simply to borrow a little "pony," as we have already said before,  
Only this and nothing more.

Lakin soon grew somewhat stronger, hesitating then no longer—  
"What do you want, you blame brute," said he, "standing without my chamber  
door?  
For the fact is, I am smoking and am in no mood for joking,  
But if you really are not bumming, I will let you in my door."  
This said "Sandy," and having said it, opened he quite wide the door.  
Darkness there? Ah! something more.

In came Ward with all his cheek, as if walking in his sleep,  
But under his arm he held a beast from old Pluto's dreaded shore.  
"Boys," said he, "I found this beast prowling around to get a feast  
From the scraps we Senior's pitch out the window and the door;  
And I've determined he shall feast before the Senior's hallowed door  
Never, nevermore."

"With this dog I am preparing to give Livy a little scaring,  
As from his nightly task of sparking, he steps within his chamber door.  
And I am most positively sure that its sight he won't endure,  
As with all his love-sick feelings he tries the mystery to explore."  
And from this speech there emanated a long and mighty uproar,  
As from students evermore.

Then this ebony dog beguiling all sad fancies into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.  
"And though your fur be black as night, our fun," we said, "is out of sight  
If we can only keep you within the shadow of the door;  
Keep you there till Livy steps in upon his carpet'd floor."  
This we said, and nothing more.

Ward by this time quite delighted, we having all these words recited,  
Went with mien of lord or lady, and placed the dog behind the door.  
But the dog with blackest scowling, soon set up a hideous growling,  
Such as since the world's creation never had been heard before.  
And this terrific growling burned within his bosom core,  
And will burn for evermore.

Then we heard an awful crying, as of someone nearly dying,  
Dying from the fright that raged within his bosom core;  
Till Bosley, Stone, Grimes and Smith, tried with Herculean pith,  
Tried to break, break through Ward and Livy's chamber door;  
And with thoughts that bode no good, wished this mystery to explore—  
The mystery of this hideous roar.

Then Bosley, by chance a sight procuring, found the noble Ward enduring  
Frights of soul and body—frights such as never Hector bore.  
For he was standing on his bed, with a chair raised o'er his head,  
Begging, "Boys, please kill the monster, please do this, I now implore:  
For the dog is mad," he said, "mad as any dog of yore."  
This he said and nothing more.

Then this diminutive dog beguiling, Stone's sad fancies into smiling,  
Caused this brave and knightly Senior to give a long and hearty roar.  
"Boys," he said, "I'll take this garment, and gently throwing it o'er the varment  
Will soon with perfect ease and skill eject the creature out the door.  
Here the dog with all his growling will not disturb us any more—  
Never, nevermore."

Stone now this fiend assailing, found his efforts unavailing,  
For the dog stubbornly refused to quit his place behind the door.  
And with his ghastly, fiery eyes, the mettle of us all he tries,  
While we with thoughts our nerves distracting, the contents of our soul outpour.  
"Kill," we said, "this wretch of Hades; shoot him down upon the floor,  
Then he'll bother us nevermore."

Then to our frightened soul's delight, Stone with concentrated might,  
Caught the puppy by the neck and out the room his burden bore.  
Then the dog as quick as lightning, as if the thing his soul delighting,  
Released himself from Stone's tight grip, sat himself upon the floor,  
Sat himself upon his tail, just in front of Grimes's door;  
Sat and grinned and nothing more.

Bosley now, as quick as thought, out of his room his pistol brought;  
And 'midst loudest demonstrations, shot the dog before the door.  
But instead of the dog's expiring, soon he sent us all retiring,  
Back into our room affrighted, through the opening of our door.  
For he showed us teeth ungainly, as ghastly as ever seen before.  
This he did, and nothing more.

"Wretch," said Bosley, "thing of evil, dog, dragon, beast or devil,  
By the heaven that bends above us, you shall quit our hallowed floor,  
You shall go to lowest Tartarus, you have acted a little too smart for us,  
Now I'll try another shot and get closer than before."  
Having said this we heard a shot, somewhat louder than before.  
A long, loud noise and nothing more.

But the dog now full of fight, and to our extreme delight,  
Cast aside his bold demeanor and left his place before the door.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
But with quick and hurried step went up on the sky-parlor floor.  
And here again we heard a growling, somewhat louder than before—  
For he growled and nothing more.

Our hero now with will determinate, that this foul beast he would exterminate,  
Shot again this odious monster as he had done now twice before.  
And the dog no more to toil, shuffled off this mortal coil.  
Thus with howl the most demoniac, he lay and died upon the floor,  
Rolling in his life-blood flowing, died amidst this horrid gore—  
This he did and nothing more.

Then Daniel Edwin, brave and fearless, with a steady eye and tearless,  
Caught the creature by the tail, and to the window his burden bore;  
And with a face all flushed and flurried, lost no time but quickly hurried  
To lift the dog from his place of dying, and remove his carcass from the floor;  
Anxious but for doggie's absence, as we all had been before,  
Only this and nothing more.

Pettet and Gibson, never rash, to prevent the dog's becoming hash,  
Paid five cents to have him buried, as many a one has done before;  
Then with many a wink and nod, they saw him safely under sod;  
This, kind reader, actually happened, and is no tale of ancient lore,  
For the dog was killed and buried, as I already said before.

The purp! We'll see him nevermore.

"ROMEO."



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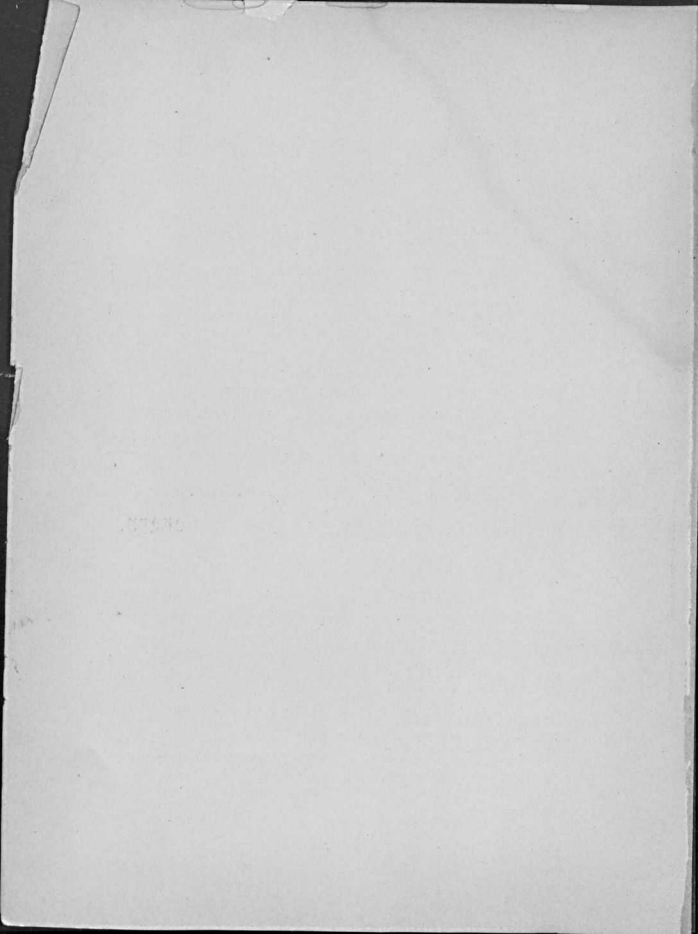
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WEST MAIN ST.

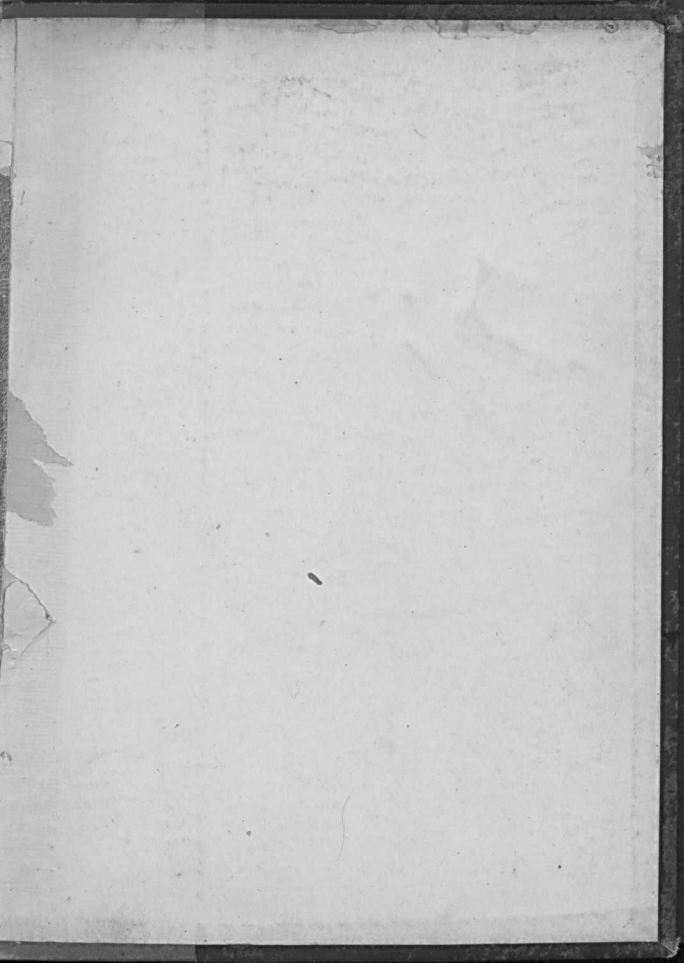
WESTMINSTER, MD.











Chick-a-go-runk, 96.