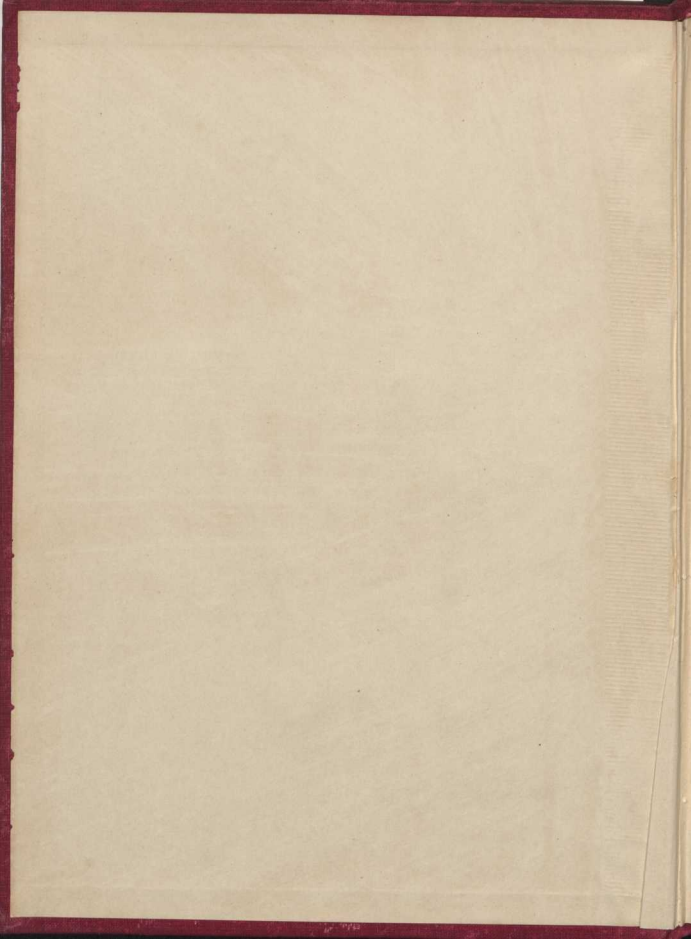
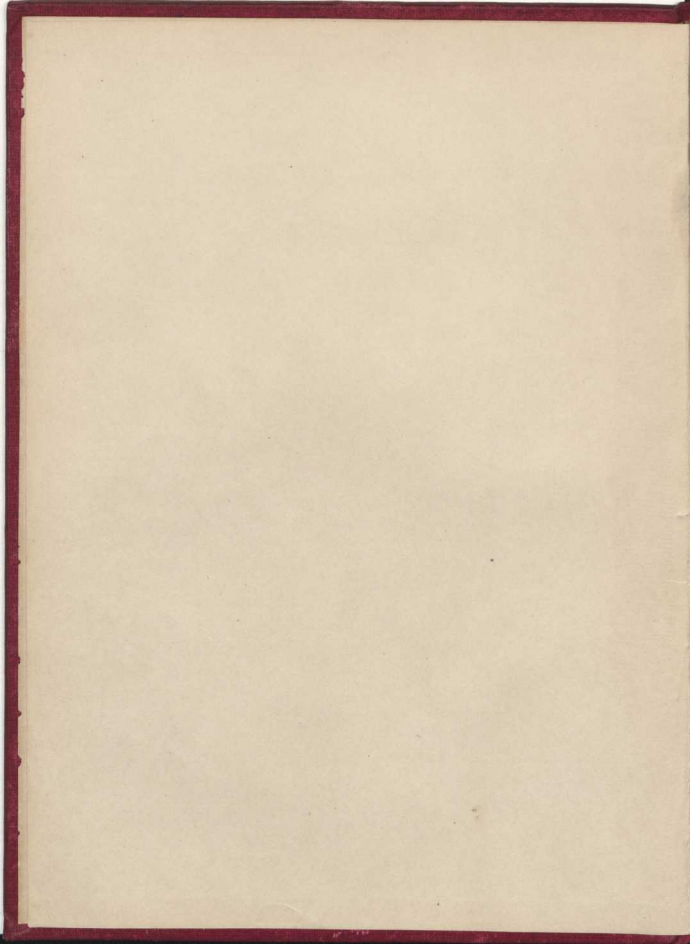


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Sat reading a book with all his might
And as he read
He smiled and said—
'See here, you sly Reynard,
If you're thirsting for knowledge,
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Of Western Maryland College.'

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TO OUR DEER(S) —

Preface.



WE have tried to present in this volume the different phases of college life as they appear to the students, and especially as they appear to the Senior Class. Seriously, we have made no serious effort to be serious in our serious moods nor in our moods that are not serious, and in all seriousness we hope that no one will be so serious as to think we are serious when we are not serious. We feel that this is a serious matter, and we write seriously for those who are disposed to be serious. In truth, we have not even tried to be humorous in our humorous moods. All wit and humor which we place before you are the spontaneous outcome of the characteristics of the individual caricatured, and we hope that you may see them under the same funny light as we see them.

We must apologize to "our dears" (*i. e.*, those who never



"kick") for imposing on their rare good nature in bringing them so prominently before the public, and we *most* humbly apologize to our "kickers" (*i.e.*, those who *always* "kick") for treating them so leniently in our sketches. We simply wish to bring out the bashful and trim down the brave, and we assure you that no malicious feeling has moved us to caricature anyone.

We desire to thank Dr. J. W. Reese, Professor Watts, Professor McDaniel and other members of the Faculty for their kind assistance in some of the literary work, Prof. Sampaix for the honor he has conferred upon us in dedicating a march to us, H. C. Patterson and S. Brierly for their part in artistic work, and especially N. I. Gorsuch & Sons for their kind advice and assistance in the business department.

With these few necessary words of explanation, we turn our book over to the public and to our "dears"—



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With Affectionate Regard

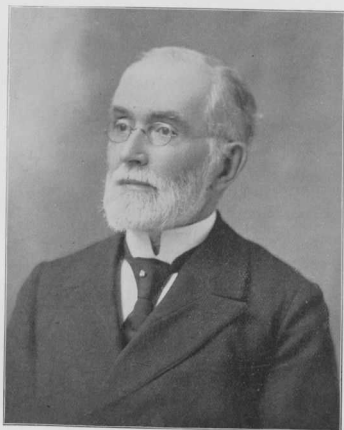
to

J. W. Hering, A. M., M. D.,

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of the

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DR. HERING.

Dr. J. W. Hering.



"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it."

THESE words, which Addison in his "Cato" puts in the mouth of Portius, have become famous as a consolation for failure. But if to deserve is better than to command success, to do both marks the height of human achievement and happiness. Among the few men who have reached and maintained this fortunate elevation is the subject of our sketch. Dr. Hering's career has been one of unbroken personal success, and no enterprise to which he has lent a hand has ever been marred by failure, and in every case the success has been honorably earned by intellectual ability, high character and pure motives.

Joshua Webster Hering was born in Frederick county, Md., March 8, 1833. After laying a good foundation in the English branches in the best schools of the neighborhood and serving a business apprenticeship in a country store, he came to Westminster at the age of 18 and continued his training in the house of Jacob Reese & Sons, then the largest mercantile establishment of the town. In 1853 he began his preparation for the profession he had long had in view by reading in the office of Dr. William A. Mathias, a leading local physician, and in 1855 he graduated as Doctor of Medicine from the University of Maryland.

Returning to Westminster, the young doctor at once secured a large practice, the growth of which, from year to year, made such demands upon his health and strength that he was about to retire in 1867 and remove to Virginia, when, fortunately for the town, the cashiership of the Union National Bank was offered to him and accepted. This position he still holds, and although his financial duties have withdrawn him from the regular practice of medicine, Dr. Hering has never lost interest in his old profession or failed to keep step with its progress, and as consulting physician his services have been in constant demand.

In the work of the Methodist Protestant Church, of which in early life he became a member, Dr. Hering has always taken an active, and, by virtue of his abilities, a conspicuous part, and the estimation in which he is held by that body is best shown by the fact that in 1892 he was elected president of its General Conference and reelected in 1896, being the only layman ever chosen for that office and the only person ever reelected to it.

Though always a Democrat of a somewhat pronounced type, Dr. Hering withstood the solicitations of his party to stand as candidate for office until 1895, when, to enable it to pluck success out of the jaws of defeat, he reluctantly accepted the nomination for State Senator and was, of course, elected. Equally, of course, he became, during his legislative career, the acknowledged leader of his party in the Upper House, and thus became so widely and favorably known throughout the State that in 1899 his nomination and election as Comptroller followed—also as a matter of course.

Dr. Hering's reputation as a financier had previously been established, not only by the successful management of his bank, but by an address delivered before the State Bankers' Association in 1898, which won him the presidency of that

distinguished body, and by the paper which, as president, he read at the meeting held in the summer of 1899. In fact, as a speaker or lecturer, Dr. Hering is always clear, forcible, and interesting, and even among professional orators there are few who can equal his ability in gaining and holding the attention of an audience.

Save for the sorrows incident to humanity, Dr. Hering's domestic life has been a singularly happy one. In October, 1855, he married Miss Margaret Henrietta Trumbo, of Westminster. By this marriage he had four children, two sons and two daughters who are all living, married and prosperous. His wife dying in 1883, he remained a widower until 1888, when he married the lady who now presides with such gracious dignity over his household—Miss Catharine E. Armacost, of Carroll county.

Eminent as Dr. Hering's services have been to the county, the State, and the Church, it is because of his devotion to the welfare of Western Maryland College that this volume is dedicated to him as a mark of respect by the Class of 1900. Only those who from the beginning are acquainted with the inside history of the college and its early struggles for existence can appreciate what Dr. Hering has been to it and how much of its success it owes to him. As one of the original trustees; as treasurer for many years, and now as chairman of the Board; as the adviser and friend of President and Faculty; as the unselfish promoter of all the interests of the school, he has nobly earned the tribute which we now tender by the dedication of our Annals to his honored name.

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NOTE.—We are very glad the opportunity is ours to be the first to present to the Alumni and friends of the College generally, a picture of the very life-like bust of President Lewis, which was made and presented to the Alumni Association at its annual meeting last June by one of its own number. It is the work and gift of Miss Grace Lee Rinehart, who entered Western Maryland College in September, 1892, and graduated in June, 1895. During her three years at college she was an enthusiastic student in the art classes, which were at that time taught by her sister, Miss S. Olivia Rinehart, herself an artist of pronounced talent. The training here received in the use of the pencil and the brush formed a good foundation for the study of sculpture, which Miss Grace had already determined to take up as her life-work. Prof. Otto Fuchs, Principal of the Schools of Art and Design of the Maryland Institute, speaks of her in a letter as follows: "Miss Rinehart began her sculptural career under Mr. Ephraim Keyser, at the Maryland Institute, in 1895, and has made a specialty of the study of sculpture since that time, and by her success has shown that much of the native talent of her distinguished uncle, William H. Rinehart, has fallen upon her shoulders. Among her best works while in the Rinehart Class since 1896, under instructions of Mr. Charles J. Pike, are figures and groups from life: The Gladiator, the Piper Boy, and the Shooting Lesson with bow and arrow; also several very creditable compositions, among the latter being a group of Perseus and Andromeda, and the Rape of the Sabines; also portrait busts from life." —EDITORS.



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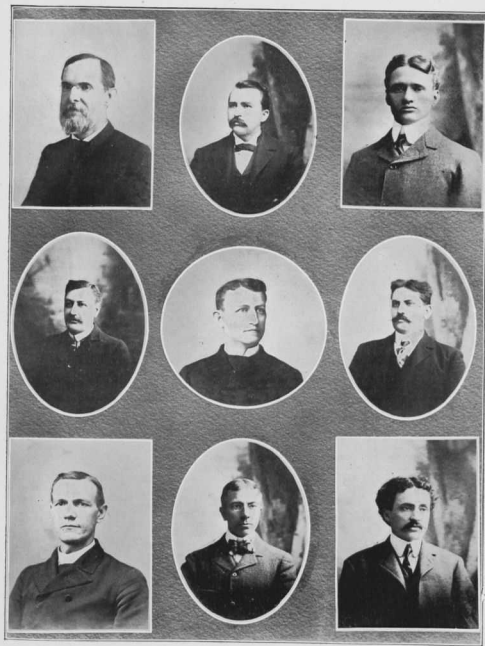
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(A Character Sketch.)



BY ROWLAND WATTS.

SEVERAL excellent historical sketches dwelling upon the material prosperity of the college having been published, it has seemed proper for us to consider the real life principle, the character of the institution. The biography of a college, like that of a person, properly begins several generations before its birth. The band of adventurous spirits who landed at St. Mary's upon that 27th day of March, 1634, carried within themselves the germ of our state educational system with all its peculiarities. Rich gentlemen owning large tracts of land, poor mechanics with nothing but their skillful hands, indentured men with a term of years to serve in payment of passage over, Scottish Jacobites banished for political reasons, and Arcadians unjustly driven from their Canadian homes made up the diverse but very respectable population of Maryland.

Maryland, though nominally a proprietary form of government, was really a representative democracy. From the first all laws, with the consent of the Lords Baltimore, emanated from the people. Maryland's charter (1633) was, perhaps, the first in the world to give legislative powers to the people, and the colonists of Maryland were among the first to meet in representative body to make laws. This right of meeting and free discussion developed statesmen of a high order of attainment.

The year 1694 is memorable for the first legislative pro-

vision for free schools. These were to be schools for liberal culture and not essentially of free tuition, though later special provision was made for the education of orphans. King William's school at Annapolis and probably a school at Oxford were the only ones established. Under the Act of 1723 academies were established in each of the twelve counties then existing.

After the Revolutionary war the desire for better educational institutions and the wish to be entirely independent of the mother country led to the founding of Washington College in 1782 and St. John's College in 1784. These with other colleges, to be afterward founded, were to form the University of Maryland upon the model of Oxford. This move perpetuated the small colleges rather than the large central university. The more thickly settled bay shores naturally influenced the location of these colleges, but after the French and Indian war the fertile and richly timbered Western Maryland, with mountains full of valuable ores, soon attracted an excellent class of settlers. The same reason that gave rise to Washington and St. John's colleges led the people to desire a college in the central part of Northwestern Maryland.

Though there had been three colleges founded within the present bounds of Carroll county, and a number of others in this section, Mr. Fayette R. Buell saw the place for another at the thrifty county seat, Westminster. No more beautiful and healthful location could have been selected than the plateau upon the spur of Parr's Ridge where the college stands. In the midst of the most picturesque scenery and fertile agricultural region it is centrally located and easy of access from all directions. Thus favorably situated it needed but the right man to make it a great college. Providence raised up such a man in Rev. James Thomas Ward, D. D.

The Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Prot-

estant Church had secured a charter in 1864* empowering them to found a college, and, through the influence of Dr. Ward, they came to the rescue of the Western Maryland College just as Mr. Buell was about to fail. Dr. Ward was chosen president of the infant college in 1867, and his ripe scholarship and rare charm of manner won friends on every side. He was one of the purest and most sanctified Christian characters we have ever known, and the fragrance of his life pervaded the atmosphere in which he moved. Such was the spirit in the man that College Hill became not only a centre of learning, but of a far-reaching and powerful religious influence. The dominant force of the college was Christian character. Young men and women came here to find their whole life energies swung into the channel of Christian activity. Dr. Ward was a staunch Methodist Protestant, but not bigoted or sectarian, and people of all denominations sought the advantages of the college. Indeed, the charter of this college (March 30, 1868) specifies that no discrimination is to be made against any religious faith. While fostered under the free and democratic principles of Methodist Protestantism no denomination has been excluded from the faculty or student body. The state, in consideration of this fact, has adopted this college into its educational system. In 1870 the Carroll County Academy appropriation was granted to the college, and the county scholars sent here. In 1878 a larger appropriation was granted, and a state scholar from each senatorial district allotted, while in 1898 the Legislature, with but one dissenting vote, doubled the appropriation to the college. All of the money appropriated is applied to the maintenance and education of the students sent by the state, and not to the private use of the institution.

* In 1863 Rev. Laurence Webster Bates, D. D., and Rev. Francis Waters, D. D., drafted the charter for a conference college, and H. P. Jordan had the bill passed through the Legislature.

Dr. Ward was not a college man and had no theories to uphold. The development of the college has therefore been unique and interesting. The courses of study and theories of discipline have grown naturally step by step until the college will bear comparison with any institution in all the essentials of a good college.

In 1886 Dr. Ward felt obliged, because of advancing years, to lay down the burden of the presidency. His mantle fell upon worthy shoulders in the person of Rev. Thomas H. Lewis, A. M., D. D., his son-in-law. His election seems to us to have been as necessary to the perpetuation as was the presidency of Dr. Ward to the founding of the college. To rare ability as a preacher, and as an educator, Dr. Lewis adds the high order of business capacity essential to the successful management of the thrifty growing college. Talents that would have brought large reward in business enterprises have been devoted with great energy and singleness of purpose to affairs of the college. The debt paid off, the erection of buildings, the improvement in equipment, the increase of students and the strengthening of the faculty are sufficient commentary upon the results of his labors. Nor has the spiritual influence of the earlier days been lost. The Christian association is the dominant influence in the student life. This is a safe college. Uprightness and candor prevail in sport, in study, and in the social life of the student body. No student of immoral tendencies, if he were allowed to remain, could feel comfortable in our college atmosphere.

Our graduates are holding honorable positions in the world. A large percentage of them are in the learned professions, while others are prospering in business. They are our advertisements. We feel that we are just entering upon our mission and have a brilliant future. Our limited space precludes any mention of faculty, or the daily activities of the college, and we close by saying, "Come and see."



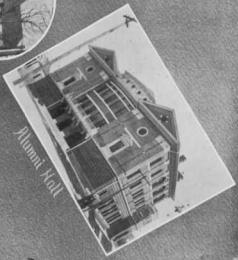
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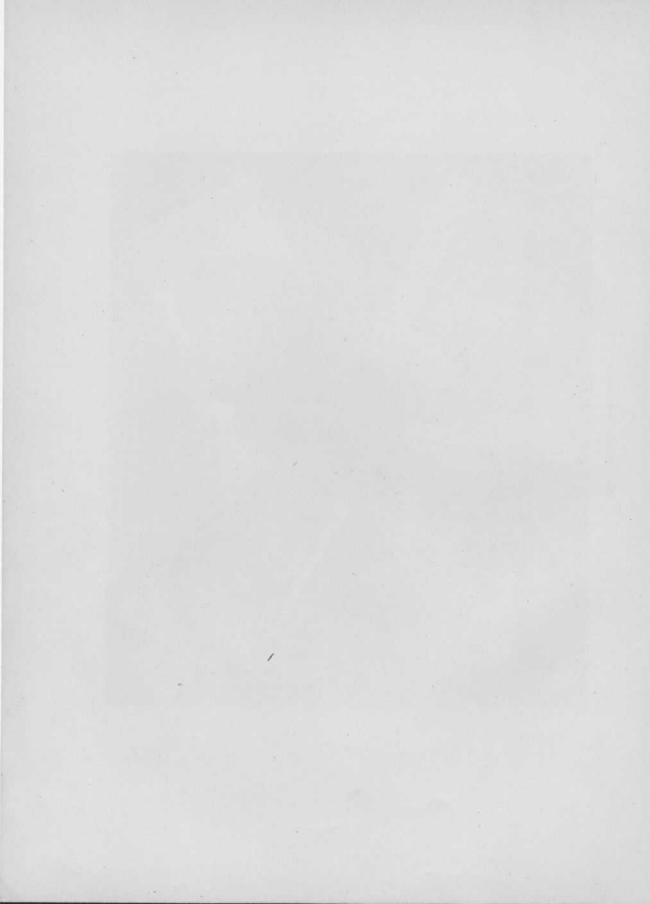
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Those who have not must be examined in the English Bible, grammar, rhetoric, geography, arithmetic, and United States history. At the end of three years of successful study a certificate of graduation will be awarded. College graduates may enter, without examination, the second year of the course, and after two years of successful study and the

presentation of an approved thesis, graduate with the degree Bachelor of Divinity. Non-graduates may omit certain studies.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars will cover the annual cost of board, furnished room, steam heat, electric light, laundry, and janitor's service. Books will cost from \$10.00 to \$25.00. Tuition free. By the courtesy of Western Maryland College, non-graduates may receive instruction in the departments of English, logic, and psychology. The semi-



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

nary provides a special course of lectures by eminent ministers, and offers prizes for excellence in extemporaneous debate, Hebrew and New Testament Greek. A limited number of free scholarships, yielding \$100 annually, is also at the disposal of the seminary authorities. The Board of Ministerial Education also aids by means of loans. In gen-

eral it may be said that any worthy student who is called to preach, after exhausting all his own means, will receive sufficient to enable him to complete his education in the seminary. The school opens middle of September, and is closed second Tuesday of May.

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JAMES LAWRENCE NICHOLS,	Oxford, Md.
FREDERICK JAMES PHILLIPS,	Sharptown, Md.
EDGAR ADGATE SEXSMITH,	Antioch, Mo.



MEMBERS OF STOCKTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Stockton Literary Society.



Established 1883.

Motto: διώκω κατὰ σκοπόν.

Presidents for 1899-'00.

First Term.

ROBY FRANKLIN DAY,
Damascus, Md.

Second Term.

CLAUDE CICERO DOUGLAS,
Montrose, W. Va.

Third Term.

FREDERICK JAMES PHILLIPS,
Sharptown, Md.

Fourth Term.

EDGAR ADGATE SEXSMITH,
Antioch, Mo.

Fifth Term.

HURFORD ORWELL LUCAS,
Demos, O.

Stockton Literary Society.



MEMORABLE is the year 1883 to all those who are interested in Westminster Theological Seminary, for in that year was organized the Stockton Literary Society. After years of profitable work, the society was disbanded, but it was only the setting of the star which was destined to rise again in the fall of 1898, when old Stockton was reorganized with all of its former glory.

Now was begun the most successful of any period in its history. From the beginning it has been the earnest endeavor of the society to make each member feel that he is a distinctive part of that body, and that on him lies the responsibility of making the society a success. We are glad to say that our men have responded nobly. To this we attribute our success.

Our work has been along those lines which will best enable us to perform our life-work—the most sublime of all callings—the up-building of the kingdom of God.

That society training is valuable will not be disputed by any one. We are sure many men who have been successful in life, whether at the bar, in the halls of legislature, or in the pulpit, look back upon the society hall as the place where they first felt the inspiration that lifted them to higher things.

Another year has come to a close, and it is with regret we think of leaving those of our number who no more will be seen among us. But they will not forget the many profitable hours spent within the walls of our beloved society. In the great reunion above we trust that we shall find that the influence sent forth from our society has “told on ages; told for God.”



Greeting

A book of thoughts in mingled measures,
The best culled from our school-day treasures,
Thoughts in prose and thoughts in verse;
Some are good and some are worse;
Some with revelry are rife;
Some foretell our future life;
Our dearest hopes and dreams of fame;
Ambitions high and lofty aim;
To you our inmost soul revealed—
Shall it be thus, or rudely sealed
By laugh and jeer, or idle scorn,
The genius queered so poorly born?
What welcome shall we gain from you?
Neglect? Reproof? Or praise; few!
Our best we've done, kind friends we plead
That you will turn the leaves and read.



Class Yell.

Mille et nongenti,
End of the century.
Nineteen hundred is our name,
Kalokálybia is our aim,
1900, 1900,
Western Maryland, rah !

Classical Yell.

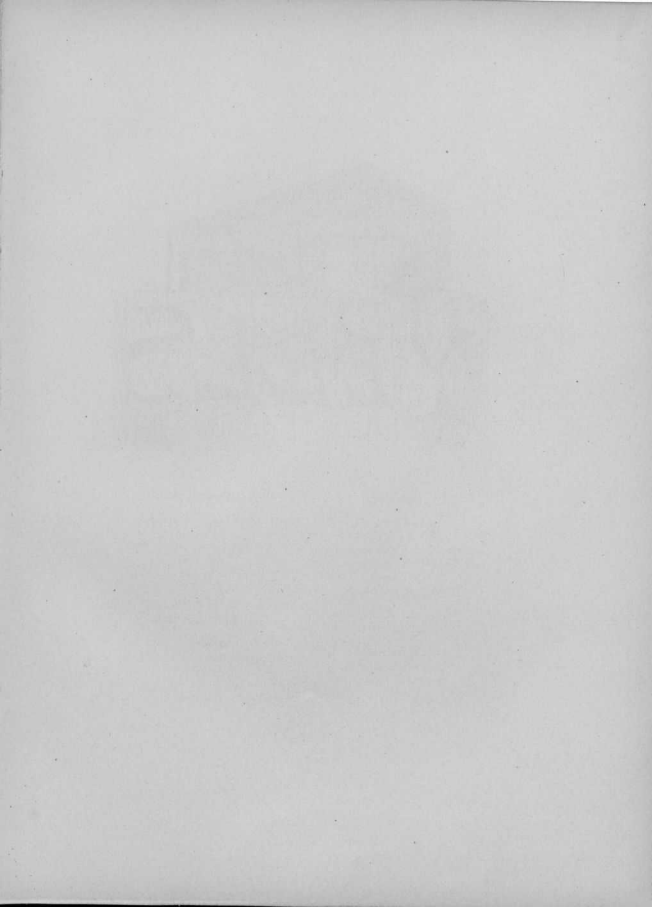
The century's going,
So are we.
Xaίpe et vale,
Rip, rah, ree !
Naughty-naught classical,
W. M. C. !

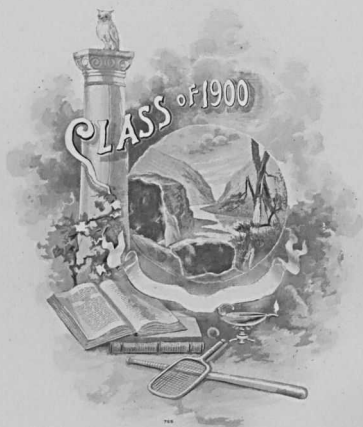
Scientific Yell.

Chemico, physical,
Course foundational,
Chemolitic ! chemolitic !
Science !

Historical Yell.

History, history, wah, woo, wah !
Political economy, rah, rah, rah !
Laissez faire, laissez faire, L'etat c'est
moi !
Historical !





765

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Class of 1900.



Class Motto.

Esse quam videri.

Class Colors.—Garnet and White.

Class Flower.—Red and White Carnation.

Class Officers.

President,

SAMUEL A. HARKER.

Prophetess,

HELEN K. GORSUCH.

Historian,

VERNON K. LAWSON.

Poet,

HARRY H. PRICE.

Secretary,

SILVIE L. STOWE.

Treasurer,

JOHN R. E. TURPIN.

Class Roll.



"A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good people together."

CHRISTOPHER CLARENCE BAKER, Lewistown, Md.
"His smile hath something excellent which lacks a name."



W. L. S.; Track Team, '98, Capt. '99, '00; Foot Ball Team, '97, '98, '99; Mgr. of Base Ball Team, '00; Webster Anniversary, '99; Pres. of W. L. S.

Is heir apparent to the throne of professional deadbeats. It was once rumored, during his senior year, that he had actually invested in a bag of tobacco, but when faced with the accusation he proved his entire innocence, thereby saving his right to the above-mentioned throne. Claims for his highest ambition "the plaudits of the nation," and to prove this claim he once sat during a whole meal (?) with his back to his girl without receiving a single smile. Holds the college record for note

writing, smiles, and deprived parlor nights. Wears curl papers to bed and uses Hall's Hairine for developing his moustache.

HARRIET ELLEN BAUCHAMP, Westover, Md.



"Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet."

Philomathean; Asst. Ed of ALOHA, '00; Pres. of Philo. L. S.; Vice-Pres. of Y. W. C. A.

Commonly called "Miss Bushong" by the "Bowknobs." She is fond of drawing impossible landscapes and of calling them high art. She is tall and willowy, has light frizzy hair, one blue and one gray eye. Compiles a lengthy treatise on art (?) every time she sends a drawing to the other side. Giggles semi-occasionally, with a few extras thrown in when nothing funny occurs.

NORA LOUISE ENGLAR, Medford, Md.

"Some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischief."



Browning; Pres. of B. L. S., '99.

A "jolly" by name and by nature. She is the Grand High Mistress of that distinguished triumvirate known as the Three Graces of '00, and as such is a veritable heart-smasher. Has adopted for her motto "Videre est Scire," *ergo*, Rubber Neck! The color of her hair seems to have raised much discussion, and expert opinions on the matter seem to differ widely. Some have gone so far as to call it vermillion, while others quite as persistently claim for it the name of chestnut sorrel. But upon one point all agree, *i. e.*, she is certainly a sorrel-top pure and simple. She dances like a dream, and as

a cake walker has excited the righteous envy of all the Ethiopian population of Carroll county.

ETTA BLANCHE GLADHILL, Westminster, Md.

"Night after night she sat and bleared
Her eyes with books."



Browning Literary Society.

Can be found at any time of the day sitting on the floor or in the waste basket, while the other tenants of the "Bower of Beauty" occupy her chair with their Trilbies. But she's the fountain-head of knowledge from which we all quaff in our last thirsty extremity. Always gives us the "newest" news from the "He Preparatory School," and keeps us posted on religious news of all kinds. Firmly declares she will never marry if she has to change her name, but we have found the magic combination—

Glad- } hill—
Tut- }

which straightens up matters somewhat and only requires a partial change.

HELEN KATHERINE GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

"They mock thee for too much curiosity."



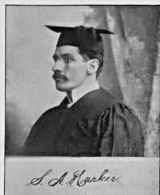
Browning; Pres. of B. L. S.; Class Prophetess.

From earliest childhood a most fascinating damsel and charmingly attractive to those of the stronger sex. Beginning with her advent into Levine Hall somewhere about the time that that hall was built until the present, she has never had less than three, and often several more, of the masculine persuasion as worshipers at her shrine. She shares on equal terms with "Doll" the motto given above, and lives up to every letter of it. She is an inveterate seeker after news of any kind, and has the curiosity of an African ante-lope. Holds the college record for num-

ber of strikes, hooked recitations and postponed essays.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS HARKER, Pennsgrove, N. J.

"He's able to pierce a corselet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery."



I. L. S.; Class Pres.; Irving Contest orator, '99; Alternate orator for Inter-Collegiate contest, '00; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '99; Glee Club; Orchestra; Pres. I. L. S.; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A.; Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Con., Cleveland, O., '98; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00.

This is a zoological specimen which has so far proved a stumbling block to all zoologists. It is, under ordinary circumstances, perfectly harmless and at times even gentle, but when aroused is a veritable fiend. It has a peculiar method of defending itself with its chin whiskers (see "Ching"), but does not, as was first supposed, have half its legs turned under

for use as feet. (This specimen is only supposed to be abnormally developed in this respect.) Has a voice like thunder, and it is said of him that before his capture, when in the wilds of Africa, he actually made the great pyramid wobble by one of his roars.

LILLIAN HORSEY, Crisfield, Md.

"'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings under your bow."



Philomathean; Pres. of Philo. L. S.; Vice-Pres. Y. W. C. A.; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '99; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00; Philo. Contest essayist, '99.

The kid of our class. Has a most charming and fascinating way about her which her friends are pleased to term cute, and which breeds death and destruction among the hearts of those of the masculine persuasion. Has two coal black eyes which some are so venturesome as to call devilish, and which she uses as her chief weapon of attack when any masculine heart is concerned. Is somewhat of an "elocutor," but shows up to best

advantage when "clawing the ivories" and dispensing sweet music thereby. She is a veritable talking machine, and can sav more in one minute than any other two girls in college. Is a close second to Helen in the number of her love affairs.

VERNON KEYFORD LAWSON, Crisfield, Md.

"Life is less than nothing without love."



W. L. S.; Class Historian; Webster Contest orator, '99; Pres. Ath. Asso.; Ed-in-chief of Monthly, '99; Glee Club; Orchestra; Pres. W. L. S.

A glaring case for the society of the Protection of the Innocent. He lives in a universe of love, surrounded by an atmosphere of sentimentality, penetrated by many smiles, buoyed up by numerous messages of love and affection, and having above all a brilliant sun which sheds over everything a halo of happiness and contentment. After a careful examination and search, most scientists class him in a peculiar genus of walking telegraph poles. By a peculiar arrangement of light reflection by means of mirrors, if he stands

on a clear day in one position for nine minutes he is able to cast a slight shadow. He expects to get a job immediately after graduation as a model for a new walking maching that has just been invented.

DAVID MARINE,

Williston, Md.

"He was in logic, a great critic,
Profoundly skilled and analytic."



Capt. Basket Ball Team, '99, '00; Member Base Ball Team, '98, '99, '00; Member of Foot Ball Team, '98, '99; Sec'y Ath. Ass.

A pure, unsophisticated youth, as yet unharmed by the ways of the wicked world. Is Past Grandmaster of the Williston Conclave of the Independent Order of Foresters. Would have trouble to catch a pig in an alley, in consequence of which he has all the legs of his trousers warped before buying them. Is an orator of note, and with his crossroad arguments could stir the Sphinx to action. As a "math. fiend" he has never been excelled, but "flunked" entirely when confronted with the personal equation of the

professor of English. For two years he was entirely invulnerable to Cupid's darts, but during the remaining two he has made up for lost time, and now he spoons anything from his girl's picture up to a dry goods sign.

KATHERINE THOMAS MERRICK,

Ingleside, Md.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"



Philomathean; Pres. of Philo. L. S.; Pres. Y. W. C. A.; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '00; Asst. Bus. Mgr. of ALOHA, '00.

A number one specimen of the genus "grind." Never goes to class without shawl, fascinator, rubbers, cape, etc., etc. Always reads French and Dutch "con expressione." Is inordinately fond of boys, and has a special weakness for extra parlor nights. Does not confine herself to the student body, however, but soars to conquests in the faculty, *e. g.*, the professor of Anglo-Saxon, who was reduced to temporary insanity during the second term of her Senior year by her charms.

LUTHER PAUL MILLER, Westminster, Md.



L. Paul Miller

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."

I. L. S.

Westminster's only son. Is somewhat of a base ball fiend, and as an organizer of teams and arranger of games he has never been equalled. Has boundless information concerning our military affairs, and can tell the name and size of every ship in our navy, besides the name, residence, and previous condition of servitude of every man of their crews—from jack-tar to admiral.

HARRY HEFFNER PRICE, Reading, Pa.

"I will speak tho' Hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace."



Harry H. Price

I. L. S.; Irving Contest orator, '98, '99; W. M. orator Inter-Collegiate contest, '00; Alternate orator, '99; Ed.-in-chief ALOHA, '00; Asst. Ed. of Monthly '98; Bus. Mgr. of Monthly, '99; Class Poet; Pres. Y. M. C. A.; Del. to Northfield Con., '99; Del. to Tri-State Con., '99, '00; Pres. I. L. S.

A man of boundless knowledge and information—is indeed a veritable "Emporium of Universal Knowledge." Has met every great man in the world—McKinley's dummy included. Is a great debater, and is so fond of argument that he scarcely ever eats anything that agrees with him. As a tamer of fractious steeds

he is unexcelled, and on graduation he expects to get a position as chief "broncho buster" in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. Has a laugh on him that would set a hyena into convulsions, and as a vocalist he reminds one of an angry bull. He is a side partner of "Strap," in that he uses Hall's Hairine for development of his monstache.

EVELYN JACKSON RINKER, Westminster, Md.

"Bid her discourse, she will enchant thine ear."



Browning; Pres. B. L. S.; Browning contest essayist, '98; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00.

An occupant of the "Bower of Beauty" and a member of the "Lazy Five." She has elocutionary powers that would draw a crowd in the middle of the Sahara, and uses them to good advantage. She will plead with her room-mates in melting accents, or heap epithets and opprobrium upon their unoffending heads that would stir a stone statue to tears. It has been rumored that she will take the stump for Bryan during the coming campaign. Doesn't consider Huyler's "in it" with "Gumbine's Best."

NORMAN ELLIS SARTORIUS, Pocomoke City, Md.

"This is a most majestic vision and charmingly harmonious."



W. L. S.; Treas. Ath. Ass.; Tennis Mgr., '97, '98.

An almost perfect specimen of that delicate and unusual shade of color known as Pocomoke green. Is possessed of a gait that is somewhat destructive to side walks, which would pay him thousands if he could exhibit before an assembly of jumping-jack makers. Has somewhat of an abnormal brain development due to the overtraining of his memory when quite young, and by the excessive use it was put to in solving puzzles. Is an inveterate spooner, but shows up to best advantage when occupying Socrates' basket, or guying "Dutch" or "Ching." As an arguer and debater he is the bane of the Senior Class, and wreaks death and destruction in his path wherever he springs one of his arguments. He is a howling free silverite, and only needs to grow chin whiskers to join the Farmers' Alliance.

JAMES HENRY STAUFFER, Walkersville, Md.

"Be still drum!

For your manager is in love; yea, he loveth."



W. L. S.; Member of Foot Ball Team, '97, '98, '99; Member Base Ball Team, '98, '99; Capt., '00.

Has been likened to the combination of a Roman catapult and the armor-piercing shell of a 13-in. rifle. For further reference on this subject see Capt. Cook and ten other men of the M. A. C. foot ball team. Is a drummer of some note, but shows up to best advantage when astride a thoroughbred fresh from the stable of Hinds & Noble. During his Junior year he developed a very bad case of somnambulism, and could be seen at any hour of the night strolling about Westminster's deserted streets.

SILVIE LEE STOWE, Isleta, O.

"That mighty orb of song."



W. L. S.; Mgr. of Track Team, '00; Tennis Mgr., '99; Sec'y Class; Glee Club; Member of Basket Ball Team, '99.

A homogeneous mixture of a western tornado and Ohio gas. Has a set of vocal chords that missed their calling and ought to have been used as a fog-horn. Has committed to memory two text-books on guard mounts and general tactics, and has reduced performing guard duty to a fine art. Rivals Plato with his arguments on Moral Philosophy, and expects to publish a treatise on Conscience immediately after graduation. Is an adept at letter writing, and expects to enter the paper trust in order to get his writing paper cheaper. Is one of Cupid's most humble victims, and simply can't wait until June. Can be usually found during his spare moments scrapping with "Sartie" as to who shall occupy Socrates' basket.

KATHARINE FINGER THOMAS, Buckeystown, Md.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden."



Philomathean; Pres. of Philo. L. S.; Pres. Y. W. C. A.; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '99; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00.

Here we have a truly excellent example of a girl who never talks (if such a thing can be imagined). This is a very rare specimen, perfectly harmless when not provoked, can see in the dark, and has lived for the past five years principally on love and pure mountain air. She is the standard of dignity, to which all the ambitious senior girls conform. As an elocutionist she rivals Demosthenes, and by her wonderful powers in this line has been known to hold the closest attention of the audience of students assembled for

Friday afternoon exercises for nearly twenty minutes. (This feat has never been accomplished before or since that time.)

ROY ZACHARIAH THOMAS, Frederick, Md.

"O! Amos Cattle! Phoebus!
What a name!"



W. L. S.; Webster Contest orator, '99; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '99; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00; Pres. W. L. S.; Glee Club; Orchestra.

A heartless heartbreaker from Frederick who escaped from his native town about three years ago, and since that time has not been able to give a satisfactory account of himself. He would hardly be accused of rivalling the Eifel tower in height. This fact is accounted for, according to his own account, by his growth being stunted while quite young by a too great indulgence in cubebs and Frederick soda water. Has quite a reputation as a mail carrier, and immediately after graduation expects to get a place

on the U. S. M. force upon this reputation. Is a ling(o)uist of note, but appears at his best when about to kill the Jew in the scene from "The Bells."

JOHN REGISTER EMORY TURPIN, Centreville, Md.

"The uncouthness of his language
And the quaintness of his thoughts."



W. L. S.; Vice-Pres. Ath. Asso., '99;
Mgr. of Foot Ball Team, '00; Asst. Ed. of
ALOHA, '00; Class Treas.

Has been very aptly described as
"linked sweetness long drawn out." Is
afflicted with an aggravated case of Cyrano
de Bergerac nose and can blush a deep
crimson whenever called on. Is a mem-
ber of the Tribby Club, and always has his
shoes built in a ten acre lot under the open
sky. Is a very reckless talker, and his
peculiar method of expressing himself has
caused the Recording Angel many sleep-
less nights. Is on speaking terms with
every member of Maryland's four hun-
dred, and can give you the pedigree and

family history of each one individually. Is as changeable as an April day,
and could be bluffed into swallowing a whale if necessary. Has a peculiar
passion for reading the Book News, and is regarded as *the* authority on all
late novels.

SARAH WEEKS, Westminster, Md.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."



Browning; Pres. B. L. S.; Asst. Ed. of
Monthly, '00; Browning Contest Essay-
ist, '99; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00.

One of the high lights of our noble
class. Is a living contradiction of the
proverb: "Opposites attract." Witness
her affinity, *aux blondes garçons*. Al-
though quite a chatterbox while awake,
she is even yet more communicative when
in a somnambulant state. Hates boys,
and vows she will never marry; thinks
seriously of entering a convent. She
holds the class record for the number and
excellence of impromptu recitations in
philosophy during her Junior and Senior
year.

BENJAMIN OGLE LOWNDES WELLS, Hyattsville, Md.

"Our omnipresent, damned, eternal noise."



W. L. S.; Member of Foot Ball Team, '97, '98; Capt. '99; Member Basket Ball Team, '99; Mgr. Base Ball Team, '99; W. M. Student Rep. to Inter-Col. Ath. Ass.; Bus. Mgr. of ALOHA, '00.

A most bewitching youth. Has a daring, dauntless, devilish, defiant, don't care manner about him which those of the feminine persuasion are pleased to call cute. He sayeth pretty gallant things to the ladies, and will spoon anything from a wax figure up. Speaks a gibberish peculiar to Southern Maryland, but under the careful instruction of the special elocution

department he is rapidly learning to make himself understood among civilized people without very much trouble. He spends most of his spare time guying "Sartie" and patching other fellows love affairs. During childhood he developed all the more prominent characteristics of a flea, and has never been known to stay still in any one place for over a minute at a time.

JAMES WILBUR YINGLING, Waynesboro, Pa.

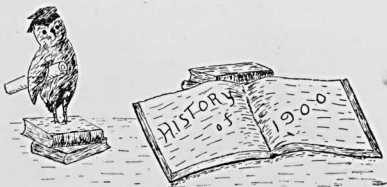
"For most profound and solid lying much renowned."



W. L. S.; Orchestra; Pres. W. L. S.; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '00.

A perfectly formed molecule of '00. Is a direct descendant of Ananias and Baron Munchausen, and as a composer of fairy tales would put Grimm to shame. Runs a regular extra to the "N. Y. Journal," which bids fair to eclipse that paper entirely. Holds the college record for the number and intensity of his love affairs, and the length and frequency of his letters. From early childhood he has been the most methodical of beings. Has a method of filing away letters peculiar to himself, which he expects to introduce in the business world next year. He lives with Stowe, and the two together are the sole proprietors of "Bummers' Retreat,"

which supplies the hall with all Latin, Greek, and French translations, tobacco, classical music and original theories on moral philosophy.



Prologue.



THERE is continually about us evolution in society, change and growth; and it is necessary that such be recorded that future generations may trace the development of governmental organization coincident with the advancement of the human race. As a class at college is, in a sense, a society, which is an aggregate of different forces, and therefore undergoes evolution and growth, it is necessary that the events within the class be recorded. Thus is devolved on the class historian the pleasant duty of bringing into historical form some of the events of the Class of 1900.

But a departure from the manner of writing history observed by former class historians will here be noticed. We chose to write a history of the class as a whole instead of writing a history of the individual members of the class, since facts concerning each individual will be given in detail in another part of this book.

With this preliminary remark, we will begin our history, beginning with the entrance of the class into the college, and noticing its changes, progress, etc., throughout its entire course.

freshman.

The year of 1896 was eventful in the lives of many, and especially in the lives of those who then decided to add to their incomplete training the polish from a college course. In that year, and perhaps before that, flashing hopes and bright prospects would loom up before the minds of many wishful youths, and as a result of these a crowd of boys and girls from different parts of the country arrived at Westminster in the fall of '96 ready to take a course at W. M. C. This crowd, with a few persons who were already at the college, was to form itself into the Class of 1900. Here was a crowd of young people destined to do wondrous things—and to “get done,” by the Faculty, of course; a crowd which, though small in number, was destined to undermine some of the fundamental principles of the institution, and to be the cause of the change of some of those things which had even been “the custom for thirty years!”

But as promising a crowd as this was, it was at its entrance into college a most conglomerate band of young people, representing different sections of the country, and displaying diverse temperaments and ideas. It is only wonderful that a crowd of people reared under so different circumstances, and manifesting so many different facts of human nature, should form themselves into a harmonious, systematic, and orderly body. Here were some from the country who had always been used to the open, balmy air, which didn't fail to have its effect on them when they came to college—for the air was *fresh*. Here were others from some isolated districts which had not the advantages of a polished and elegant life, and were, to use a *new* expression, a little “green;” and some, indeed, were so very “green” that they would hardly smoke—but they soon learned how after being here awhile. Others had always been reared in luxury, and had always lived on the “fat of the land,” but

were now compelled to live on the fat (another word for "lubricator") of the *lamb*! How could such a body of people ever adjust themselves to common conditions of order and regulation? But by a common feeling of interest and respect on the part of all the members of this crowd, and a willingness to acknowledge a common head and authority—that is, a willingness to sign a pledge to keep all the college rules—this crowd was bound by cords of mighty force into an organized and peaceful body.

Well, we were now at the college. Our highest hopes had now been realized. Nothing further, we thought, was necessary to give us successful and influential lives—unless it was to get a "down-town girl." So after having gotten such a girl, as many of us as *could*, we began our work with lightness of heart—and ended up with lightness of pocket book. We felt now that we were not made for the world, but the world for us, and that it should move in conformity to our ideas. The college soon became too small a place in which to confine our extensive thought and research—we therefore went "on the town." Our rooms also became too small for us—we occasionally broke a window pane, and then our rooms extended as far as infinite space.

This feeling of pride and importance was greatly enhanced by an event which occurred soon after our arrival at the college. And why should we not feel of the greatest importance when the "best class" in school had such suspicion of our real worth, though we were Freshmen, as to contemplate a class rush with us? But we were thinking, could we



"JERKS" ON THE WAR PATH
TO KILL THE "BLUES."

attempt a rush with *that* class?—but we hadn't time to think, for we heard the Sophomores were about ready to rush down upon us. What was to be done? Were we to remain in our rooms, and thus acknowledge our inferiority, or were we to face the foe as fearless, stalwart men? But hush, the noise of restless feet is heard on the floor above. What does it mean? Are they coming already? A faint silence steals over the Freshman hall, as if a death knell is being sounded. The noise is more distinct; yes, they are approaching, they are coming down the steps to the hall. At the sight of the enemy, the blood of the Freshmen runs hot, animation seizes their bodies, fearless spirit and dauntless courage now displays itself in their actions. Their rooms no longer hold them. Out they rush to meet the foe. The Sophomores advance to meet the Freshmen; the latter hold their ground. Again they advance; then the Freshmen advance, and now they engage in hand-to-hand conflict. First there is a rush, and then a hush. Sally after sally is made. The fight is kept up with equal success on both sides. At length, the professor of history, "Fritz," rides up to the scene of action as peacemaker. He dives into the river of battle to put an end to the fighting, but the current of conflict is too strong, and cuts him under, and he is seen no more. Finally, as the Freshmen stoutly withstand the successive aggressions of the Sophomores, the latter, thinking further effort to subdue the former but futile, withdraw from the conflict, and the fight is over.

This rush, it is needless to say, was not participated in by *all* the Freshmen, for couched in one end of the hall, convulsed with fear due to his natural feeling of timidity, could be seen a Freshman looking with fright on the waging conflict, and earnestly wishing the fight over, and the Freshmen victorious. That one was none other than the present class historian—but why shouldn't there be some one to record

such a battle? The best source for the facts of any battle is from an eye witness. But even the position of eye witness was far from being pleasant; however, it was much pleasanter to be an eye witness than to be Fritz's eyeglasses. So the said person preferred the former position, and, therefore, lives to-day to record the event.

But continued success almost always has its evil effects.



DOLL TAKING A CARE-WALK
TO GET OUT HER LESSONS.

But no reactionary force as yet set to work in our midst. Each victory over opposing classes, instead of giving us renewed conceit and intensified vanity, only made us the more hopeful and active, but not vainglorious. That eager, watchful spirit that was early manifested in the Freshmen, instead of becoming only a careless, sluggish ambition, began more and more to display itself. After we had vied successfully with the different classes in the college, we felt that there was still another

body we must meet, *i. e.*, the Faculty—not face to face, however, for we often had to turn our *heels* to the face of some of them. Hence no idle moments were spent; every mind was keen and active; every effort strong and vigorous. We felt we must soon try our hand with that body. We thus tried to think that making morning inspection was a thing of the past—we early learned, however, that keeping study hour was a thing of the immediate future. We thought we could best down that body by abrogating their power in laying down rules. But for every rule we broke, as in the case of the hydra of old, there came out a hundred new ones

(usually a hundred rather than *one*). Hence we soon found this body too strong and well-equipped for us, and began to direct our thoughts in another direction, toward the *pleasure* element in college life.

We thus began to feel that after all man was not made to mourn, but to make *others* mourn, and we eagerly set to



TAKING BREATH.



THE EXPLOSION.

THE EVOLUTION OF SIMP'S SMILING.

work to apply that principle. We knew that if we couldn't break all the college rules, we could at least break the night's rest of some of the "Profs." Hence the number of *tin cans* on the girls' side began to diminish, and the noise in the Freshman hall to increase. But the noise didn't continue after midnight, for we knew that we were not only breaking one of the college rules, and breaking the night's rest of the "Profs.," but were also breaking the heart of one member of the Faculty. At the thought of this, our hearts were melted to ten-

derness, our sympathetic feelings quickened, and our harsh spirit softened. As we thought a professor *crying* seemed rather unfitted to his position, we had compassion on him, and went to our rooms without further trouble.

Another event demands recognition by the historian, namely, the S. T. Parade (these letters don't necessarily stand for S-aints and T-heologians). As a result of the Freshmen speculative minds—they didn't 'spect the consequences, however,—a nocturnal march was undertaken. After receiving the proper vestment—or rather a *vest* is not *meant*—and the blessings of the gods, the crowd began its march. Now what a transformation had taken place

among the Freshmen! That band who was once considered so "green" was now changed to a doleful white—at least supposed to be white. And now what a ghastly looking crowd it is. They march along as frightful spectres in the calm, still night. The dull light from the waning moon adds a deathly appearance to their slowly moving forms. But they move but a little distance, for soon excitement is raised; the campus is filled with *ghost seekers*, i. e., "Profs." In their excited frenzy the objects throw off their ghastly habiliment and immediately assume the form of mortals, and begin their flight. But the band of "Profs." is too large, and the poor boys are overcome and taken to their rooms, but blessed with the promise of at least fifty demerits for their clever thought and subtle attempt at a S. T. Parade.

The history of our first year at college thus closes.

Sophomore.

We are now Sophomores. That Freshman verdancy and pleasure-loving spirit has now softened into more experienced manhood and serious inclination. We had heard of "silly Sophs.," but we know that term didn't apply to us, for we *knew* that we knew. Hence all our efforts were directed to gaining and maintaining that confidence and trust which is usually placed in Sophomores.

This was the year in which we became a strong and permanently organized body, with a president as a head and such other officers as



are necessary for the proper management of class affairs. No little thought was involved in selecting these class officers, and when the critical moment of election came it brought with it its cares and uneasiness. That is, the qualifications of the different officers were of such importance that every member of the class should be careful and thoughtful in his choice. The president, for instance, must possess the quality of patience, and have a slow temper; when he asks the president of the college for a class meeting and is refused, he must not get angry, but patiently and meekly must ask again. He must preside at meetings and devote three minutes to business and the remainder of the hour to social intercourse. He must be able to defend the class in all threats from the Faculty, and to remain composed in mind until the slight indisposition of the latter shall have passed away. The treasurer must have a bold face, and be liberal and truthful; he must with unflinching nerve and unflinching expression call on the members of the class for class dues; but when he fails to get it, he must be *liberal* enough to pay the expenses from his own pocket, and be *truthful* enough to say he didn't mind doing it! The secretary must be a good time-keeper, that is, must register all the *minutes* of the business part of the meeting; and must have a level head and not get confused and record anything that is said *after* the first three minutes. The poet must be a natural born genius; and must require but little sleep, that is, be able to get up at any time during the night, just when the muse inspires him, and compose verse. The prophetess must possess clear-sightedness and a keen insight into human affairs, and thus have the power of finding out other peoples' business; and to interpret correctly the future in terms of the present. The historian must have an extensive imagination and a hard conscience; he must imagine all kinds of things that would appear as history, and feel no compunction of conscience when vouching for their verity.

Thus can be seen the caution that is necessary to get persons with proper qualifications. But these, we are glad to



MISS THOMAS GIVING LESSONS
IN DIGNITY TO SENIORS

say, could be found in our midst; and with them the class began its course of progress, and has since continued to march on in the path of success and prominence—on the *demerit book*. We had now become a well organized body with a common feeling of loyalty and a deep sense of respect for the honor of that body, but there was still an undercurrent of fun running with rapid speed and adding its gentle influence to the whole mass.

Perhaps the fun of this year was

of a little less innocent character than that of the year before, but it is only natural for persons of *broader* knowledge and *wider* experience to make more daring enterprises and exploits. This is manifestly the reason for so bold an adventure as a raid on the *pantry*. The spice that came from the idea of performing an act for which there was a great penalty more than compensated for the cool reception the boys expected to receive in the pantry. But, alas! they didn't find it so cool after all, for no sooner had they begun to *prune* themselves, and to "*cabbage*" on the dishes, and "*hog*" on the bread, than some one appeared to make it warm for them indeed. A dash out the window was made, then a race of the fiercest kind occurred. But the few Sophs. who had once prided themselves on their superior ability in running now found that there was one on "the hill" who broke their record—and their backs, too, almost—*i. e.*, a professor.

But what most strongly characterized us during our entire Sophomore year was the peculiar physical instability and mental derangement to which we were given, *i. e.*, "Fitz." Indeed we were sure to have an attack of "Fitz" whenever we went to English recitation. It was enough to give any one *fits* to think of learning to write themes and orations by "the inductive and deductive method." But that was easy after all, for what it meant was that we were *induced* to write the themes and orations, and a "flunk" was *deduced* from them. So strongly did this method force itself upon us that "Mirabilu dicte," one of our number wanted to know if the examination would be conducted by the inductive or deductive method! From our reports we supposed it was the latter, and contented ourselves without further questions.

But as *tempus* continued to *fugit*, examinations came and went, and we were at last ready to begin another year at college.

Junior.

We had now reached what is indeed a critical period in one's college course, a period when one is brought face to face with his real situation, and is almost forced to accept the course of life which will more or less figure in his future welfare. The student at this stage of advancement

in his college course is made to feel the real gravity of college life, and the need of honest and earnest application and devotion to duty. If he has not done so before, certainly



MISS RINKER SPELL-BINDING
THE AUDIENCE

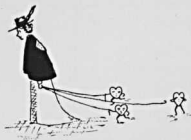
when he reaches this year he begins to be impressed with the seriousness of making a creditable record, since he feels that the record which he makes at the college will continue to be the record by which he will always more or less be known and judged.

With such a knoweledge of our situation and duty, we began our work for this year with diligence and perseverance. We already began to look into the future, and to shape our actions in a way that we thought would make it bright and attractive. Work became our inspiring motto, and lingered before our eyes as a sparkling beacon to direct us to the performance of duty and the accomplishment of good. Hence a resolute determination strengthened by flashing hopes and shining prospects gave an eminence to the Juniors which they since continued to hold. Thus they became active and spirited workers in every department of the college. The literary societies found them earnest and enthusiastic; the religious organizations, willing and cheerful; athletics, vigorous and untiring. Indeed, the "naughty-naught" boys have always been especially prominent in athletics, and in this year they gave forcible evidence of their prominence by winning the championship of the collegiate department in Basket Ball, also the championship in Base Ball, and playing a tie in Foot Ball with the Senior Class. Though the Juniors might not have excelled their fellow students in some other respects, yet they possessed skill and ability which were clearly manifest when the real and final test for work appeared.



Buff, Socratic Philosopher
up in a "Basket."

This, then, was the general trend of the Junior thought and ambition, and though we at times departed somewhat from this exact course, yet we never entirely forgot our real purpose in college nor ceased to be inspired by our present accomplishments and future hopes. Phantasmagoric scenes of wanton pleasures and worthless pursuits would flit before our thoughts, but would vanish without leaving even an impression of their persistent existence. *Innocent* fun, how-



MISS HELENGIVING
HER CAPTIVES AN AIRING

ever, we indulged in, and enjoyed. This we considered a necessary force in the development of any successful college course. Thus appears the reason for the indulgence in the innocent fun, "riding horses" and "smiling"—both innocent at first, but prolonged indulgence in either often produces results most harmful to the student! We at first thought this innocent fun, but we soon found that there was some peculiar force about each which made it *necessary* for one who had once engaged in the fun to keep it up. Thus to stop either meant disaster, but to continue meant work—but that was our *motto* after all.

But even though we now engaged in innocent fun, and found our college life made brighter thereby, we were not free from cares and perplexities. These continued still to beset us. In the almost constant change in the course of study our class received repeated shocks. Change in the books had given us no little degree of unpleasantness in our first years at the college, for as the change gave us no chance of buying our books "second-handed," it was necessary for us to order them through the Faculty. Being new at the

college, we regretted to put them to so much trouble—but we have learned since then that they *willingly* do the favor. But the change of the custom this year, which gave us three orations instead of one, no less brought with it a feeling of sadness to all the Juniors. But the change had this one good effect, it gave us the power of *criticising*—magazines, of course. But after adjusting ourselves to such changes, and making the best of our situation, we worked steadily on to the completion of another and our third year at college.

Senior.

Yes, we are now Seniors. That goal which had for a seemingly long time stood before us in its stateliness and attractiveness has now been reached. We now look back upon our other years as stepping-stones to this higher plane of scholarship and collegiate attainments. Bright, indeed, had always been our hopes when directed to the position of Seniors, and now that they are realized we are happy indeed. And we are Seniors in all the word implies; hence to say we are *dignified* is quite superfluous, for that is implied in the very word. The word, of course, means those who stand "between the Faculty and students"—we don't know whether that means to protect the students from the attacks of the Faculty or *vice versa*; more than likely *vice versa*. This of itself is sufficient to make one dignified; but besides this, when we returned this year, we were attracted by the sight



of new buildings, improvements in old buildings, etc. Now we thought of everything that could at all account for the change; but we found the conditions about the same this year as heretofore; and the only "new circumstance" we could think of was the fact that we were Seniors. Hence the conclusion, and the dignity, too. The fact, too, that the usual number of professors in Senior Hall is doubled this year goes to intensify our feeling of dignity. To think that so many *professors* would so willingly live with us gives us not only dignity but even conceit—in the fact that we are able to entertain them so well, especially at night. So after getting our backs at the proper angle with the ground, our heads elevated, our arms with proper swing, and adjusting ourselves to some of the local conditions, we were ready to appear as the *distinguished* men of the college.



weak, can easily find some means of satisfying his natural longing. This was found in the many "feasts" which have all along been participated in by us. While we remain the

Dignity, then, is one of the chief characteristics of the Senior host. But another one is the intense longing for that which is higher and better—than is found in the college dining-room. That same longing which has always been prominent in the lives of "The Century Class," still continues to manifest itself in their actions. That clever person who says we can not "live on air," especially when it is so rare, and on love, because it is in most cases too

same in this particular, we have apparently changed in one respect. We have become expert at gambling. The "game of lottery" that is always being played in the dining-room — handing one's plate up and getting a chicken wing *by chance* — gives us opportunity to play our hand; but, sad to say, we always lose.

A still greater change is now noticed by us, a change which we didn't effect, however, but one which *affects* us. This might be mentioned to show the difficulty some-



times of adjusting ourselves to changes. Always before this year we had been led to think that one would be considered present if he were in the class-room whether he failed in the recitation or not. But now a change is here. Now absence in mind (which, according to the Faculty, is a failure in a recitation) is considered absence in body; and so utterly confused were we at the change that we tried to convince the teachers that when we were absent in body, but knew the lessons, we ought to be considered present and given credit for the recitation, since it all depended on the mind. But we soon found that this was *one* law that wouldn't work both ways.

Our last year at college has indeed been brightened by many joyous events, and prominent among which is the Junior Banquet. This was an occasion in which the joyous propensity and civil conduct of the upper class men found their highest expression. The banquet was extremely enjoyable, not merely for the refined taste and most willing

hospitality which the Juniors displayed in entertaining us, but also for the total absence of anything like class rivalry and enmity, and the presence of the highest feeling of friendship which only could result in such a profoundly delightful occasion. It thus becomes one of the most enjoyable events in the history of our class, and always will linger in our memories with unalloyed pleasure and extreme delight.

Thus the history of the Class of 1900 closes. We have made a record, but what that record is we can not say;



the world must judge us. Our college course has been an enjoyable one, and, we feel, a profitable one to us; and our memories of it will ever be rich and bright. We have made associations here which will never be broken; we have received new thoughts which will help brighten our way. And now that we have completed our course we look forward into the future which is covered with a mist of uncertainty and obscurity. But we feel that with determined effort and dauntless spirit, the mist can be penetrated and the future presented in all its glory and brightness. To do this is our hope, our ambition; and we trust that as the years roll by, we may all be found so engaged in the activities of the world as to reflect honor and credit to the faithfulness and genuineness of the Class of 1900.

OUR GUARDIAN SPIRIT

Look with awe upon the dean—

Mighty dean!

What a look of savagery may in his face be seen.

How he fusses, fumes, and rages

Round the noisy dining-room,

While the Seniors are in clover

As they watch the angry rover,

And demerits seem to boom,

Laughing Ha! Ha! Ha!

'Twixt a cackle and a caw,

When they see the dust arising

And they hear the words surprising

From the dean, dean, dean, dean,

Dean, dean, dean—

From the fussing and the fuming of the dean.

Apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.

Statistics (Boys).

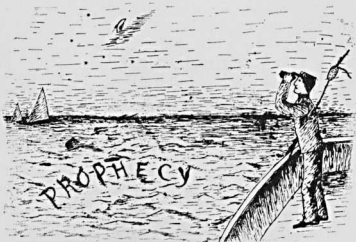
<i>Name.</i>	<i>Height.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>	<i>Density of Mustache.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Course.</i>	<i>Favorite Study.</i>	<i>Nick-name.</i>	<i>Profession.</i>
Baker.	5.9	21	165	0.5	Webster.	Classical.	Book-keeping.	Strap.	Ministry.
Harker.	6	27	155	1	Irving.	"	Anglo-Saxon.	Jers.	"
Lawson.	5.11	21	140	0.5	Webster.	"	Government.	Tel.	Teaching.
Marine.	5.7	19	146	0.25	None.	"	Philosophy.	For.	Medicine.
Miller.	5.5	18	127	0.0	Irving.	"	Elocution.	Bantie.	Business.
Price.	6	24	150	0.5	"	"	Anything.	Bush.	Ministry.
Sartorius.	5.8	21	135	0.7	Webster.	Scientific.	Philosophy.	" Sorry."	Medicine.
Stauffer.	5.9	22	165	0.9	"	"	None.	Buff.	"
Stowe.	5.11	21	150	0.7	"	Classical.	Philosophy.	Dup.	Teaching.
Thomas.	5.6	20	145	0.3	"	Historical.	History.	Brad.	Law.
Turpin.	6.1	19	150	0.1	"	Scientific.	Book News.	Redg.	"
Wells.	5.7	21	137	0.0	"	"	Chemistry.	Dutch.	Business.
Yingling.	5.6	19	115	0.1	"	Classical.	Mathematics.	Ching.	"

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Favorite Expression.</i>	<i>Manner of Smiling.</i>	<i>Favorite Song.</i>	<i>Characteristic.</i>	<i>Pastime.</i>	<i>Idea of Bliss.</i>
Baker.	That's all right.	Continual.	Mamie.	Borrowing.	Admiring himself.	Leading the procession into chapel.
Harker.	Great United States.	Once a meal.	The Girl I Left Behind.	Size of feet.	Writing letters.	Playing in a brass band.
Lawson.	Whap.	Oblique.	Sweet Marie.	Walking automaton.	Dreaming.	Going to Pocomoke.
Marine.	Ho! Beust.	Backwards.	Mid the Green Fields of Virginia	Stubbornness.	Base ball.	Cracker-jack.
Miller.	By Gosh.	Don't smile.	Because I Love You.	Talking Irrelevantly.	Doing the town.	A well organized base ball team.
Price.	Twisted nation.	General.	Marguerite.	Going down town.	Arguing.	Opposition.
Sartorius.	Daeg gone.	Howling.	Sweet Bessie the Maid of Dundee.	Illogical.	Getting guyed.	Eastern shore.
Stauffer.	I'll be durned.	Sly.	Prefers drum music.	Good natured.	Hunting drum music.	Taking examinations.
Stowe.	Hec.	Perpetual.	Anything classical.	All around man.	Keeping guard duty.	Ph. D.
Thomas.	Snag.	Snicker.	Ashore.	Bluffing.	Changing girls.	Parlor night.
Turpin.	D— it.	Blushingly.	The Old Oaken Bucket.	Changing around.	Getting burnt.	Eating.
Wells.	Like the d—l.	Out loud.	Anything.	Holding doors open.	Guying "Turp."	To weigh 150 lbs.
Yingling.	Oh, thunder!	Any old way.	Oh, Promise Me!	Has no time.	Numbering letters.	Pipe and rocking chair.

Statistics (Girls).

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Prospects. of Marrying.</i>	<i>Favorite Author.</i>	<i>Color of Eyes.</i>	<i>Height.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Favorite Study.</i>
Harriet Ellen Beauchamp. Nora Louise Englar. Etta Blanche Gladhill.	None as yet. Dead opposed. As soon as Jack gets a charge.	Augusta Evans. Dickens. E. P. Roe.	Hazel. Brown. Gray.	5.6 5.5½ 5.3	19 18 18	Philo. Browning. Browning.	Latin. Bugology. Ethics (?).
Helen Katherine Gorsuch.	Hopes to some day.	Paul L. Ford.	Brown.	5.3	19	Browning.	Pictures in Geology. Nothing.
Lillian Horsey.	Too young to think of any.	Capt. Charles King.	Brown.	5.3	17	Philo.	Human nature.
Katherine Thomas Merrick.	A bachelor maid.	Churchill.	Blue.	5.9¼	20	Philo.	Elocution.
Evelyn Jackson Rinker.	Doubtful.	Thomas Nelson Page.	Brown.	5.3	21	Browning.	French. Anglo-Saxon ?
Katherine Finger Thomas. Sarah Weeks.	Unfavorable. None in sight.	Paul L. Ford. Churchill.	Gray. Blue.	5.8¼ 5.7	19 19	Philo. Browning.	

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Pastime.</i>	<i>Expression.</i>	<i>Character- istic.</i>	<i>Nick- name.</i>	<i>Course.</i>	<i>Weight</i>	<i>Color of Hair.</i>	<i>Manner of Smiling.</i>
Beauchamp.	Dreaming.	Oh, dear sugar!	Not de- veloped.	Hat.	Classical.	120	Tan.	Giggling.
Englar.	Jollying.	'Scuse me.	Tidiness (!).	Jolly.	Scientific.	110	Vermil- lion.	Limited only by auditory nerves.
Gladhill.	Sleighing with Jack.	Oh, dear me!	Wit (?).	Etter.	Classical.	140	Brown.	Enchant- ing.
Gorsuch.	Loafing.	Girls let's hook.	Indifference.	Holly.	Historical.	113	Brown.	Grin.
Horsey.	Reading.	Plague it.	Fickleness.	Kid.	Classical.	110	Black.	Spasmodic.
Merrick.	Writing letters.	Woe is me!	Love of study.	Kitty.	Classical.	145	Chestnut.	Spontaneous burst.
Rinker.	Reading.	Don't care a picayune.	Independ- ence.	Jack.	Historical.	115	Black.	Doesn't indulge.
Thomas.	Loafing.	Good grief.	Talkative- ness?	Topsy.	Classical.	130	Brown.	On the sly.
Weeks.	Reading.	'Deed is it?	Dignity (?).	Sallie Ann.	Classical.	125	Yellow.	Aloud.



I WAS spending my summer at the sea shore, as is my custom, when one morning I with several others went sailing and tried our luck at fishing. It was a very warm day, and after three hours' work we had nothing to show for our labor, for the fish fled from such a boisterous crowd to more secluded parts. After we had turned towards the land I saw something floating near the boat. We stopped long enough to pick up the object, which turned out to be a bottle nearly covered with sea weed. Every one was curious to see what it contained, for it was tightly sealed so as to preserve its contents from the water. But I said that no one should see its contents until that evening, when we would investigate them on the beach in the moonlight. All were disappointed at my decision, and as we resumed our sail we continued talking about the mystery of the sealed bottle.

At seven o'clock that evening we gathered on the beach, and I opened the bottle. I removed a long piece of parch-

ment, at the top of which was written a short explanatory note which read thus:

June 13, 1906.

I, John Martin, sea captain, am an eminent astrologer, and often amuse myself by searching out what my acquaintances are doing by watching the course of the stars. On our present trip, I have been on the water in a merchant vessel for nearly a month, and as it has been such a stormy voyage we may be at sea another month; so in the few pleasant evenings, at my leisure hours, I have amused myself casting the horoscope. Six years ago, for about two weeks, I was in Baltimore waiting for my vessel to be made ready for leaving port. Finding time hanging heavily on my hands, I took a trip up to Westminster to see a distant relative of mine who was to be graduated that day. I did not again think of the incidents of that day until a few nights ago, when I found a program with the names of the members of the class which was graduated at that time on it. I determined to try my powers and see if I could discover where all of them were and what they were doing.

I intend to put this parchment in a bottle and send it adrift. Perhaps some friendly hand will find it whom it may interest; but if not, my labors will not have been in vain, for thus I have spent many evenings, during which time, without this occupation, I would have been very lonely. My discoveries are related below:

My first star shows me one of the halls in the Chicago University where a body of scientists is slowly gathering. After the gavel falls and calls the meeting to order, an aged scientist arises and addresses the chair as follows: "Mr. President, I move that the first paper heard to-day shall be the one prepared by Mr. Harker on 'The Fallacy of Believing in Love.'" The motion was put and carried, and in a few

minutes the scientists were given such a rare treat as they had never heard before. In clear, logical argument, demonstrated by psychological experiments, the rising young scientist proved that love was merely an abnormal develop-

ment of the brain, and that all who showed symptoms of it ought to undergo medical treatment. He stated that these conclusions were reached after he had made a perfect psychological examination of his own mind, having been married for four years and having passed through all the states of integration common to love making.



Regarding my last letter

Miss Weeks - Talking machine

When I turned for the horoscope of Mr. Lawson it was a long time before I could find the star under which he was born.

At last the star appeared and revealed his destiny. I can see him now as he walks slowly down the street, the cynosure of the whole town of Crisfield. By his exemplary conduct and moral rectitude, Professor Lawson has produced a revolution in the morals of his fellow townsmen. In his quiet, unassuming way he has led the people from their immoral life, politically and socially, to a higher plane of living. The women and children love him, and the men respect him as an exemplar in whatever sphere they may be.

I see N. L. Englar, dressed in the costume of a nurse, waiting on the sick and wounded in a hospital on a battle field, administering comfort and help to them, and they, on their part, anxiously awaiting her coming, for she displays here

that same magnetism with which she always won friends. She is not the gay, light-hearted girl that she was at school; but a more sober expression rests upon her face, and a more subdued air characterizes her movements, for the opposition that was put forward to keep her from leaving home for this sphere of life has changed her somewhat. But with all this opposition she wears a self-satisfied air, for she knows that she has done her duty. She lives in hopes that the war will soon be over so that she can again return to her home.

In Baltimore you will see the sign John R. E. Turpin, Attorney-at-Law. Jack was a proud man when he received his degree, and, after a short visit to his home, returned to the city to practice law. But this he found was not, by any means, an easy matter, for he waited and waited, but no clients came until he had been in the city nearly a year. By that time he was so discouraged he had almost given up in despair, but fortunately for him, he at last had a chance where he could show his powers as an orator. The side of the case he defended was certainly in the right, and he did full justice to himself and client. This case won for him a name which he has every day continued to strengthen, so that at the next election he is to be nominated for Senator. There is no doubt that he will be elected, for he has become a popular politician of the State.



In the town of Barclay lives Katie Merrick. She has turned her education to some advantage, for there, in a

school-room, I see her instructing her pupils and explaining a difficult arithmetical problem to one of her industrious (?) scholars. After being graduated she spent a year at home; but became so tired of wasting her time that she obtained a position as teacher in one of the schools, where she will soon be made principal. She has a great influence over her scholars, as can be seen when they are compared with what they were when she obtained her position. Her ideas are so far advanced on the rights of the twentieth century woman that she has been known to refuse three proposals of marriage.



BANTY'S "CHIEF THOUGHT."—WARSHIPS.

The next star points me to distant lands. Its predictions tell of a bright future for its subject. Silvie Lee Stowe is at present in Japan as chief philosopher in the court of the Mikado. After being graduated with honors at Johns Hopkins University, he accepted a position in the University of Ohio, which he held until called by the Mikado to his court to teach the members of the royal household. The old reign of superstition is quickly superseded by the reign of reason and logic, and the young princes are brought face to face with the most profound reasoning of the age. Dr. Stowe is not only the master of reason and logic, but is also a linguist of great ability.

There has been a collision between two trains near Pocomoke City on account of the disobedience of one of the

engineers. Cars are lying heaped up by the side of the track, and men, women and children are screaming. Some have been hurt, others are looking for friends whom perhaps they will never see alive again. Among the physicians who have been summoned is Dr. Sartorius. He has arrived quickly on the scene, and as quickly and quietly goes about his work in his cool manner as he relieves the injured and sees that they are removed as far as possible from the scenes of wreckage around them.

For a long time the star that belonged to number eight was obscured and the prophecy vague and indistinct; but finally, after much searching, the mist cleared away and the following noble prophecy appeared: Katherine Finger Thomas, who was, while at school, a leader in the Y. W. C. A., has developed the Christian phase of her character. Her life for the last few years has been spent in the noble work of saving souls for her Master, and she has been entirely successful. No one was surprised to learn about a year ago that she intended to devote her entire life to the promotion of the work of the W. C. T. U. She, of the whole class, has undertaken the noblest task, and when at last her work is finished on earth it can truly be said of her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."



"DAVE JUST ACROSS THE BAY."

The medical world has lately been surprised at the discovery of a new drug which will revolutionize surgical

operations. Its discoverer, Dr. B. O. L. Wells, is one of the three physicians of the Class of 1900, and his discovery was due to a long series of critical experiments in his laboratory at Berlin, Germany. Dr. Wells will soon return to America, where he will establish a school for the instruction of American physicians in advanced surgical operations. But one thing mars his happiness, and that is, he is not able to decide which one among his many friends of the gentler sex shall preside over his home. Rumor has it, however, that he will return to the town of Westminster and there cast the lot that will decide his destiny.

Sara Weeks followed the advice of her friends and entered a law school in New York. There she remained four years. By the time she was graduated she had decided that she would open her office in that city. She has not been practicing law long, but she has shown in the few cases already



given to her what a remarkable ability she possesses. She joined a woman's club, and has become a leader in trying to secure woman's rights; on which subject she is a very eloquent speaker. Surely Sara ought to be grateful to her classmates for encouraging her and giving her all the opportunities for talking whenever she desired, whether

she had anything to say or not, for it is due to this fact that she is now so successful in her work.

Among the historial novels that have lately appeared is one by a new author, David Marine. It is a southern story,

based on events which transpired during the Civil War. This seems to be one of the best histories of that time which has appeared in fiction, and, although this is his first novel, I feel sure he will publish more historical works. When in the history recitation little did his classmates dream that "Davy" would become such a genius, although it might have been seen in his brilliant orations, which always touched on history or economics, and which showed so plainly his preference for these branches.



Not long ago an entertainment for charitable purposes was given in Baltimore. Among those on the program was Evelyn Jackson Rinker, who recited a very difficult selection. She was encored and compelled to appear many times before her audience. This was by no means her first appearance before so vast a throng. Nor was there anyone present who felt that she would not make a success of it, for had she not charmed her schoolmates into forgetfulness of the present and compelled them to follow her whither she wished? When she had finished, many were in tears at the thought of the picture she had brought before them. In this humble way she is influencing many people to higher ideals in their daily life.

Dr. Stauffer is a very promising physician. His specialties are the Eye and the Ear. He began practicing medicine in Frederick, but decided that if he moved to a larger city he would have more opportunities for advancement. Now he

can be found at any time in Baltimore, where he has built up a very successful practice. He expects to sail in a short time for Europe as private physician to an old man whom he is taking over for his health, and it is probable that he will remain abroad for a year or more.

I see before me the picture of a happy home. The young pastor and his wife are sitting before the open grate, and are talking about his day's work among his people. The theory he had gained at the seminary enables him to carry on his pastorate successfully, but it is in his practical work that the Rev. Mr. Baker reaches the hearts of his people. There among the mountains of Pennsylvania he is devoting his life to the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, assisted by his young wife, who has labored faithfully with him for the last two years. His star predicts that his future will be bright and happy.

I see in the Salon in Paris a crowd of people looking at a picture which has taken first prize. It is called "Cattle Drinking." In this picture the sun, although hidden by clouds, bathes the landscape in light, and the water glistens in its rays, which gilds the coats of the animals; the effect of the sun breaking through the clouds is rendered with incomparable artistic skill. On looking up the number in the catalogue I see it was painted by Hattie Beauchamp. She has, for several years, been studying art in Paris, and has at last succeeded not only in having a picture admitted to the Salon, but also in taking first prize.

Roy Z. Thomas entered a large store in Philadelphia, where he was at first a traveling salesman, but through his faithfulness and diligence, he has obtained his employer's confidence and has been constantly rising. The horoscope

predicts that at some future day he will be taken into the firm. At present (June 13, 1906) he is engaged to be married to the daughter of the mayor of the city. His affability and good comradeship have made him very popular in social circles, and his marriage to the sweetest woman in Philadelphia comes as a matter of course.

Etta Gladhill has moved North from her old home at Westminster. She thought a long while about marrying before she finally consented to change her name, but was at last persuaded by a preacher that her life work was surely marked out for her with him, and though all her friends were sorry to see her leave, still all rejoiced to think that she was happy; and never has she regretted this change, for she loves her work, and her proudest moments are when her husband asks her advice about something for his sermons, which advice she is always happy to be able to give. Her star predicts that she will live a long and useful life among those for whom her husband labors.



The next star was dark and bloody. It indicated war, and the vision I saw was in conformity with its prophecy. Captain Miller was the only man of his class who entered the army. He has covered himself with glory and honor. Not long ago there could have been seen in the morning papers a glowing description of the glorious charge of Cap-

tain Miller and his men. Up a hill, held by some rebellious subjects of the United States, even to the very breastworks of the enemy, amid their shot and shell, he led his men with fiery valor, although many fell never to rise again. Riding



MISS MERRICK THE
CHARMING VOCALIST

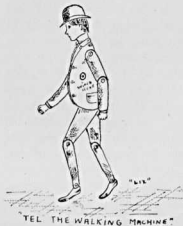
in advance of the others he urged them on so that they gained a decisive victory, and drove the enemy from their fortifications. It is no wonder his country rings with the plaudits of his name.

Lilian Horsey has spent her time in traveling. Last winter there was a large ball given in her honor in New York City, for her appearing there caused a stir in social circles. This was only the beginning of a series of teas, receptions, dances, etc., which continued as long as she remained in the city. Every evening was filled with engagements which she faithfully kept until her health broke down and she left to return to her home. Only now does the truth show itself. The girl whom every one thought a heartless coquette was herself conquered, and by a lawyer, who has displayed great skill in winning this suit after a long siege.

Next I see the interior of a magnificent church. It is one of the most beautiful churches in America. The sun streams in through vari-colored memorial windows, and the slow, solemn strains of the voluntary mount to the vaulted ceiling, while the congregation noiselessly fill the seats. Finally the vast building is full of well-dressed, cultured people, and

a subtle perfume fills the air and rises with the music. The music stops, and the minister steps into the pulpit with an abstracted air. Then we hear one of those beautiful, eloquent sermons for which Harry Heffner Price is noted. This talented man, after being graduated at the Seminary with high honors, at first was assigned to an unimportant charge, but through his faithful labors has risen rapidly to his present position.

*Once again I adjusted the horoscope. The vision was at first cloudy and indistinct, but now it grows brighter. Ah! it clears up. I see a large drawing-room in London where many distinguished people are coming and going. The whole room flashes brilliantly with the beauty of the gowns and the diamonds. All interest seems concentrated upon a central group where the guests are being presented to the Queen. But who is the lady that is doing the introducing? Her face seems famil-



iar. 'Tis Helen Gorsuch. Helen, after graduating from college, traveled extensively both in this country and abroad. Everywhere she went she was received into the most select social circles, where her quiet, unassuming ways and her most fascinating manners made her an instant favorite among all. After several very gay seasons on the Continent she returned home, and was shortly afterward married to the American ambassador to England. During her husband's term in England she has made herself very popular

*Written by a classmate.

among all classes, and holds up nobly her title of America's representative of the fair sex in England.

And lastly comes one who, even in his school days, earned the title of Professor Yingling. Truly can the old proverb



XRAY OF MISS HORSEY'S
BRAIN.

be applied to him by his classmates that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," for none ever appealed to him in vain for assistance in explaining some abstruse point in the lesson. After his graduation he took his degree in mathematics at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was teaching at the same time, but that did not hinder him from obtaining the highest degree of honor, so that the chair of mathematics in one of the best colleges in America was offered

to him, which he gladly accepted. Like all professors of mathematics he is somewhat eccentric, and the preference he showed at school for sweethearts taller than himself was followed in the choice of his wife. The stars say that Mrs. Yingling permits the professor to run mathematics provided she can run him when she pleases.

On reaching the end of the parchment I sadly rolled it up, and with the others turned towards the hotel. There was an element of positiveness in the predictions of the horoscope which made us feel that the destinies there revealed were true, and in solemn silence we pondered over the mysterious prophecy, as we separated for the night.

Class Ode.



TUNE—*Integer Vilex.*

DEAR FOSTER MOTHER! tried and true,
Our time has come to bid adieu;
A life, our hearts would fain renew,
We now must leave for e'er!

With heartfelt sorrow we dismiss
Our many joys and days of bliss;
To meet a life more full than this,
We now must part for e'er.

Within us shine thy truth and light
To guide us on in life's dark night,
But duty's call and visions bright
Invite our steps from thee.

Fain would we linger, but the call
Inspiring us, demands our all,
And fires our hearts from pleasure's thrall
To launch out on life's sea.

But couldst thou read our inmost thought—
The change and growth thy care has wrought—
Then wouldst thou know what pain is brought
Upon our hearts to-day.

The past is gone, our life work's near,
And aching hearts must leave what's dear
While falt'ring lips sing with a tear—
"Good-bye, good-bye, for aye!"

Class Poem.



Retrospective.

THE voiceless past, with pleasant mem'ries filled,
Now seems the fullest measure of our life ;
Full oft we live in its dim halls alone,
While phantom-like th' unnumbered deeds we've done
Are brought into our minds and lived again.
With ling'ring steps we pass thro' happy hours,
But swiftly haste to leave our sorrows dark
And pass to scenes more joyous and more bright,
When full to overflowing was the cup
Of joy, when loved ones, now departed, helped
Us bear the heavy load of duty's task.
Tho' fondly dwells the mind on such dear scenes,
A voice is calling now that bids us leave
The work we've done, and fill a larger sphere.

Introspective.

Our hearts nobly lighted by knowledge and truth
Now boldly the battles of life can assail,
And vigorous minds in the fresh blood of youth
Are ready to fight 'gainst the wrongs that prevail.
There's nothing that daunts us and nothing appalls,
The power of knowledge and truth makes us bold ;
We'll foster the good, and when'er duty calls,
The cause of the right and the just we'll uphold.
Like warriors in battle we'll spring to the fray,
Like warriors in vict'ry we'll succor the weak,
Like Christ with the erring we'll labor and pray,
Like men who are true for the truth we will speak
Till all of our country will stand for the right,
Until we have filled it with nobleness bright.

Extraspective.

The world is full of sin and deadly strife,
And Christian nations, dead to shame, are rife
With greed for conquest and unholy gain,
And thousands feel war's sting and bitter pain.
Base avarice, like a pall, in thick'ning folds,
Enthralls our minds in ignorance gross and holds
Them fast like fetters on the limbs of slaves.
Ill fares the man whose sense of freedom braves
The mandates of the merchant king or trust,
Or scorns the politician's sway, howe'er unjust.
And were it not that higher laws exist,
Or that the souls of sinning men persist
In turning to diviner light, we'd throw
Our armor down and yield unto the foe.

Prospective.

Across our future hangs a veil
Which hides our destiny from sight,
And tho' we grope in darkness on
We know that honor will prevail
And that the wrong must yield to right,
That sunshine comes when clouds are gone,
That if we conquer in our might the gain will all be ours.

Then hail the future promise bright !
Take up the sword of right and truth !
Let not your powers waste away
Engulfed in gloom of darkest night,
While yet the fiery blood of youth
Is coursing hotly for the fray ;
But let us up, and in the fight, engage with all our powers !

1900 Quondam Students.



HOLLIS ROSWELL BAKER,	Aberdeen, Md.
SAMUEL LUTHER BARE,	Reese, Md.
ALBERT FLETCHER CONREY,	Towson, Md.
DENTON GEHR,	Westminster, Md.
GEORGE GROOM,	Towson, Md.
BENJAMIN DAWSON JESTER,	Clayton, Del.
HENRY LYMAN JOHNSON,	Lynchburg, Va.
ARTHUR KINNEY,	Harrington, Del.
JAMES FISK LANE,	Millville, N. J.
WILLIAM PRICE LAWSON,	Crisfield, Md.
HOLMES McMURRAN,	Westminster, Md.
FRANK WATKINS MATHER,	Westminster, Md.
SAMUEL ARTHUR RICKEY,	Perryman's Md.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STERLING,	Crisfield, Md.
SAMUEL THARP,	Harrington, Del.
WILLIAM BERNARD VAN LEER,	Manasquan, N. J.
JOHN WELCH,	Georgetown, Md.
IRVING WHALEY,	Plymouth, N. C.
LEMOIN CLYDE WELLS,	West Lafayette, O.
HERBERT YOUNG,	Parsons, W. Va.
MOLLIE RAY CLARKE,	Pocomoke City, Md.
SUE SOMERVILLE COLTON,	Aquasco, Md.
LENA EARL COOPER,	Sharptown, Md.
ALMA CROCKETT,	Crisfield, Md.
HELEN SHRIVER CROUSE,	Westminster, Md.
EDITH WILSON EMMONS,	Westminster, Md.
NORMA ESTELLE GILBERT,	Westminster, Md.
GRACE ELSIE GORSUCH,	Westminster, Md.
EULALIA JOHNSON,	Westminster, Md.
FLORENCE WILLARD MILLER,	Westminster, Md.
MABEL ESTELLA MILLER,	Westminster, Md.
ADELE OGDEN,	Keyport, N. J.
DAISY ROYAL RICHARDS,	Baltimore, Md.
CLEMENTINE ELIZABETH ROBERTS,	Medford, Md.
IDA BROCKWAY SMITH,	Duchess Junction, N. Y.
NELLIE ANNA WANTZ,	Westminster, Md.
ANNA LETITIA WATERS,	Gaithersburg, Md.
LUMMIE VIRGINIA YINGLING,	Westminster, Md.
MAUDE EVELYN YINGLING,	Westminster, Md.

Class March.



LEON SAMPAIX, COMPOSER.

LA CLASS FIN DE SIECLE
DU
W.M.C.

A musical score for a piece titled "LA CLASS FIN DE SIECLE DU W.M.C.". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first staff contains the melody, and the second staff contains the accompaniment. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass. The piece concludes with a final cadence. The text "Sempre Belles" is written in a small, cursive font above the second staff, indicating a tempo or mood instruction.

Sempre Belles

Handwritten musical score for a piano piece, featuring multiple staves and various musical notations.

The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The music is characterized by complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and frequent use of chords and arpeggios.

Key markings and annotations include:

- 7* (fingerings) above the first staff.
- Finale* above the second staff.
- Coda* above the third staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the fourth staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the fifth staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the sixth staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the seventh staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the eighth staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the ninth staff.
- 1* and *2* (fingerings) above the tenth staff.

The score concludes with a final cadence and a double bar line.





T. E. CARTER, N.Y.C.
1900

Class of 1901.



Colors.—Purple and Gold.

Class Officers.

President.

E. A. COBEY.

Prophetess.

MARGARET F. REESE.*

Poet.

H. GILLIGAN.

Secretary.

J. E. SHREEVE.

Treasurer.

I. J. DASHIELL.

Historian.

R. B. DEVILBISS.





Class Yell.

Rickety, rackety, rah, rah, ree !
Rickety, rackety, who are we ?
Sumus fortissimi et nobilissimi !
1901, 1901, sis, boom, bee !

Classical Yell.

Hurrah, hurrah, 1901,
Classical, classical, di, do, dum,
Forum et ἀκρόπολις,
Nosti loci laboris,
Alceus, Homer, Virgil, Horace,
Antiquitate docti sumus,
ἐς τὸ πρόσθεν,
Let us on then
'Till the time when
We shall be
καλακαγαθώτατοι,
Rip, rah, ree !
Hurrah, yourah, hip skiti werah,
'Rah for the start on a century's run,
Classical, classical, 1901 !

Historical Yell.

Hoop-la, hoorah, hoorah, rho,
Septem juncti in uno !
Nulli secundus our only aim,
Classical branches far too tame,
Wolsey, Cæsar, Napoleon, Ney,
What do we call ourselves you say ?
Semper principimus,
Nunquam tardissimus,
1901, His-tor-i-cal !

Scientific Yell.

Ars utilissima,
Opus est optima,
Scientific, scientific a-a-a-h !

Modern Language Yell.

Allein bin ich, allein bin ich,
Il y a bien d' autres classes,
Allein aber bin ich,
Y en las lenguas modernas,
Here stand I seul et unique,
In these classes of Amerique,
1901 !

History of the Class of 1901.



SEPTEMBER, 1899, found the Class of 1901 again in the classic halls of Western Maryland, somewhat depleted in numbers but ready to begin the third year of its career with the same spirit which has always characterized it. We could but feel regret that some who had been so pleasantly associated with us for two years were now missing.

But happy in the thought of our reunion, we entered upon the duties of the year with a zeal which has penetrated the hidden intricacies of the mind, delved into the mysteries of nature, and solved the perplexing political problems of the day. We have maintained our reputation as a studious class, for there exists in the class a determination to master each lesson as well as possible. With such a spirit in our work our progress has been onward and upward into the realms of knowledge where reason rules prejudice.

Although we have worked diligently, yet our work has been tempered by recreation. We have passed the age of the infantile sports of the Sophomore and Freshman, but we have always been willing to undertake anything which will promise genuine amusement. With this end in view we purchased a barrel of cider with which we soothed our overworked nerves. We well remember the night when, behind a barricade of trunks, we watched the futile attempts of a professor to scale the heights.

One of the most noticeable events of the year was the ex-

tent to which teasing was carried on among the boys. These jokes furnished amusement for the whole hall, and every one from the "blonde-haired heart breaker" to the "lobster" has been a victim.

While the boys were thus happily engaged, the girls enjoyed themselves equally as well. Wit, beauty, and personal charms were everywhere in evidence. But to one of our honored day-students is accredited such a distinction between a smile and a laugh that it requires three languages to make it. While the boys can boast of a singer who can rival Orpheus, yet from one songstress comes such sweet strains of the psalms of "David" that even the Muses became envious. There is an artist among the girls whose work rivals that of the great masters. Contrasted in temperament, but inseparable companions, are those two girls who have as their fads rabbits and photography—for while one is childish enough to idolize her "Bunny," the other delights in photography because "Chem"-istry is so fascinating.

While this fun-loving spirit has made our class unrivalled in mirth, yet our work has made us equally prominent in every department of college work. Fate has been lavish in bestowing honors upon our class. In society, in athletics, and in every student organization connected with the college, Juniors have held positions of honor and trust, and right well have they performed their duties.

The reception given to the feminine portion of the Faculty by the triumvirate existing among the girls is worthy of note as one of the many characteristic deeds of this trio. This trio is just as despotic in their actions as ever was a Caesar, and naturally their fellow students feel toward them both love and dread.

While this trio entertained the Faculty, yet it remained for the class to revive a custom which had fallen into disuse for

several years. This was a reception given to the Seniors by the Junior Class. The readiness with which the invitation was accepted and the merriment upon the occasion indicated the good feeling which exists between the two classes. This occasion proved to be one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

Our class, as a whole, has never taken a very prominent part in athletics because we were not fortunate enough to possess statures of a Goliath or strength of a Samson. Yet not an athletic team has been organized upon the hill in which there can not be found Juniors who hold prominent positions.

Shortly after Christmas some of the boys were seized with a desire to learn telegraphy, which resulted in the establishment of a complete system on the hall. What wonderful progress has been made can be seen from the manner in which a message is received—by verbally asking the sender what he said. The future, however, promises better results.

And now at the threshold of our final year we look back upon the steep ascent of our progress with a feeling of satisfaction. Each day has found us nearer and nearer the goal which once seemed so far removed from us. Our path has not been free from difficulties, but in all these we have preserved a unity of feeling and interest which is so essential to the welfare of a class. We can only submit our record to the world for judgment of our success or failure.

Class Roll 1901.

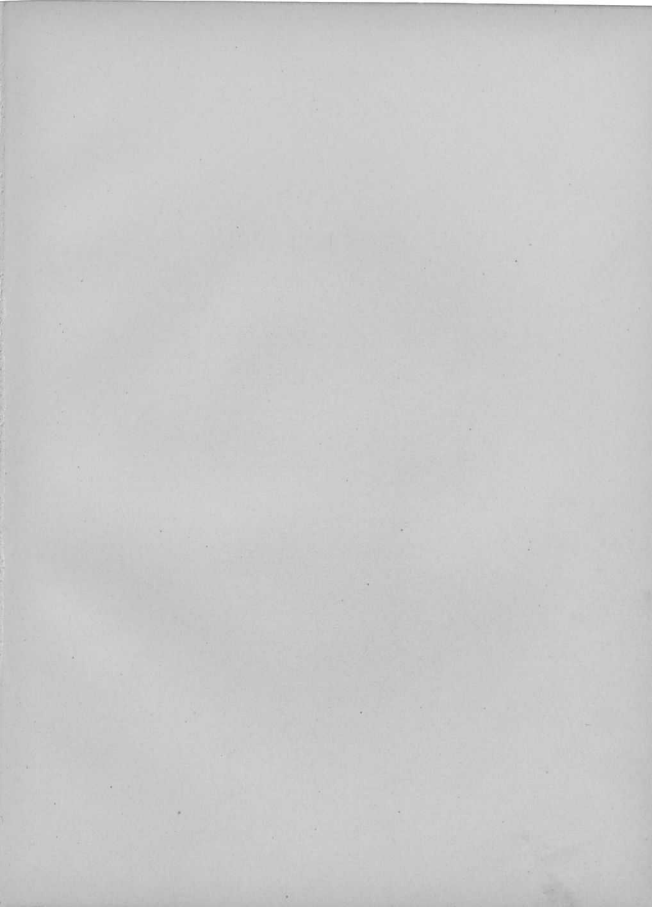


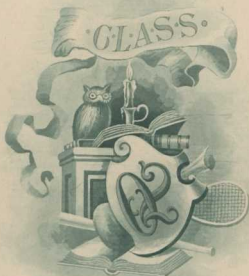
Boys.

BARBER, E., . . . Conoways, Md.
 BIXLER, E. C., . . . Westminster, Md.
 CATON, J. R., . . . Alexandria, Va.
 CLARKE, W. H., . . . Pocomoke City, Md.
 COBEY, E. A., . . . Grayton, Md.
 DASHIELL, I. J., . . . Tyaskin, Md.
 DEVILBISS, R. B., . . . Mt. Pleasant, Md.
 FITZE, G. C., . . . Westminster, Md.
 GILLIGAN, H., . . . Baltimore, Md.
 HARRISON, T. K., . . . Charlotte Hall, Md.
 HOLT, F. R., . . . Washington, D. C.
 KRAUSS, F. P., . . . Alexandria, Va.
 LANKFORD, H. M., . . . Princess Anne, Md.
 MARTLAND, H. S., . . . Newark, N. J.
 MYERS, G. H., . . . Hagerstown, Md.
 NEFF, C. W., . . . Cumberland, Md.
 NULL, A. G., . . . Frizzelburg, Md.
 PHILLIPS, C., . . . Kent Island, Md.
 SHREEVE, J. E., . . . Ellicott City, Md.
 TAWES, P. H., . . . Crisfield, Md.
 WEITZ, W., . . . Ashland, Md.

Girls.

ADKINS, E. U., . . . Salisbury, Md.
 ARMACOST, B. K., . . . Westminster, Md.
 BROWN, A. L., . . . Westminster, Md.
 CLARK, MARION, . . . Cecilton, Md.
 CROCKETT, N. M., . . . Solomons, Md.
 DAY, B. W., . . . Ridgely, Md.
 GLADHILL, C. F., . . . Union Bridge, Md.
 GRAHAM, JESSIE, . . . Westminster, Md.
 HARRIS, C. L., . . . Henderson, N. C.
 HARRIS, E. V., . . . Henderson, N. C.
 HARRIS, M. B., . . . Henderson, N. C.
 HARRIS, M. G., . . . Henderson, N. C.
 HOPE, F. H., . . . St. Michaels, Md.
 HUNTER, H. G., . . . Annapolis, Md.
 MAY, C. M., . . . Elkton, Md.
 McMURRAN, A. L., . . . Westminster, Md.
 PICKETT, M. C., . . . High Point, N. C.
 REESE, M. P., . . . Westminster, Md.
 SCHAEFFER, C. M., . . . Westminster, Md.
 WEIGAND, V. M., . . . Westminster, Md.
 WOODALL, F. B., . . . Georgetown, Md.
 WOODWARD, I. E., . . . Westminster, Md.





1904

E. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

Class of 1902.



Class Colors.—Dark Blue and White.

Class Officers.

President.

HOWARD S. ROBINSON.

Prophetess.

EDITH C. KIMMELL.

Historian.

J. H. K. SHANNAHAN, JR.

Poet.

H. WILSON SAULSBURY.

Secretary.

J. STERLING GEATTY.

Treasurer.

HENRY C. HULL.





Sophomore Yells.

* * *

Class Yell.

Chick-a-mur, chick-a-mine,
Chick-amuck, muck, moo!
Hullabalur, hullabaline,
Two, two, two!
Ad verum nitimur,
Claritas sequitur,
Western Maryland, Western Maryland,
1902!

Modern Language Yell.

Wir sind die Klasse der Berühmten,
Modern languages lernen,
Le tour du monde nous pouvons faire
Sans le secours d'un Homère,
1902,
Bravo!



ANOTHER collegiate year is drawing to a close, and again your historian is about to inflict another history upon the patient but long-suffering college world. It is with a keen sense of pleasure that he begins his chronicle of the past year's events, for the year has been one of progress.

On October 2d we had our first joint class meeting and elected our class officers. Mr. Howard S. Robinson, who glories in the fact that he is from Toddville, on the far-famed Eastern Shore, was elected president. We are confident that under his able leadership 1902 will continue to hold the high place she has already obtained.

Next came our entertainment on Hallowe'en. It is a time-honored custom that each succeeding Sophomore Class shall entertain the college on that evening in the gymnasium. This year it was our turn. The features of the program were a cake-walk and a presentation of presents to the Faculty. The presents were selected with a view of showing the characteristics of the receivers. We were very sorry

to learn afterwards that some took offense at the joke, and we wish to assure them, most sincerely, that no offense was intended.

Foot ball, in the meantime, had been receiving some attention. We put a class team in the field, but, alas and alack! we could find no one to play us. Not one of the classes would accept our challenge. We were particularly anxious to get at our old friends, the Juniors, but they wisely concluded discretion the better part of valor and declined. Our basket ball and base ball teams were equally as formidable and did good work.

However, all our efforts have not been confined to sports. The other branches of college work have received their due share of attention. We are still holding the foremost place in the literary and musical worlds.

Our girls! What shall I say of them? Was there ever such a class? They have represented us well in all branches of college work which they have taken up. Particularly is this true in music, and it looks as though the music medal will again go to a 1902 girl. However, all the musical talent is not confined to the girls' side. Some of our boys have marvelous voices. Those of you who have not heard Leonard's rendition of "A Skeeter-Hawk Sat on a Fence-rail" have missed a treat, indeed. This, with many other classics of a similar nature, may be heard on the "gym," steps during recess and other loafing hours, rendered by our choir. Our open-air concerts are too well known to need any special comment here. However, Leader Dever has asked me to announce that he is preparing a new song which will be given commencement week, and that it is entitled "The Bull Frog on the Bank."

This would not be our history in any sense of the word if I failed to make mention of one other of our accomplishments—our horsemanship. Perhaps a mere mentioning of it would

be sufficient, as we are pretty well known for this act. Everybody rides; because in this case riding is cheaper than walking, and, incidentally, easier. Unfortunately we lost two of our best riders, Gen. Lee and Col. Brierly. I understand that a movement is on foot to raise equestrian statues to them. During the reviews we open a dispensary—seminar—for the treatment and curing of injuries (zips) received from being thrown during the term.

Now then a word about our natural enemies, the Freshmen. They have not been aggressive at all, and have borne the yoke of Sophomore oppression meekly. Doubtless they were awed by the grandeur and nobility of the class above them. On a whole, though, our relations with them have been most pleasant. The only thing that caused any hard feeling whatever was the rush, and that was such a little thing that I almost refrained from mentioning it. Besides the whole world knows how we marched from end to end of their hall, driving them, a disorganized rabble, before us. Of one thing, however, they may be sure, if they succeed in igniting their effigy their orator will be permitted to make his speech—a courtesy not granted us last year.

Thus ends the chronicle of our Sophomore year. We have passed two mile stones in college life, there are but two more remaining to be passed and we are through. It is your historian's earnest desire that the histories of those two years may be written with as keen pleasure and enjoyment as the first two, and that they shall be equally as progressive.

Sophomore Class Roll.

Boys.

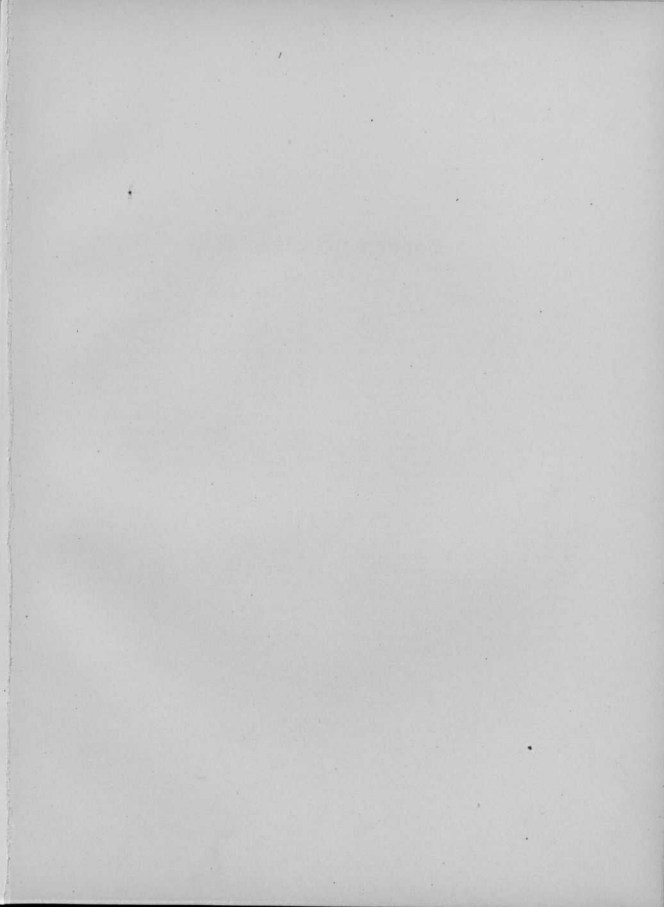
BARNHART, F. P., Denton, Md.
 BRIERLY, R. B., Beaver Falls, Pa.
 CHAFFINCH, L. H., Easton, Md.
 DAVIDSON, W. H., Beaver Falls, Pa.
 DEVER, W. K., Hope, Md.
 ELDERDICE, J. M., Mardela Springs, Md.
 GEATTY, J. S., New Windsor, Md.
 GLOTFELTY, W. B., Accident, Md.
 GRIFFITH, F. W., Upper Marlboro, Md.
 HULL, H. C., Frederick, Md.
 HUMPHREYS, G. L., Cove Point, Md.
 KOLB, C. H., New Windsor, Md.
 LEE, J. H. J., Towson, Md.
 LEGG, T. H., Mattapex, Md.
 LEONARD, J. C., Cambridge, Md.
 LEWIS, T. H., Westminster, Md.
 LITSINGER, J. E., Clarksville, Md.
 LYNCH, P. F., Theodore, Md.
 MELVIN, W. P., Baltimore, Md.
 PARSONS, E. E., Pittsville, Md.
 ROBINSON, H. S., Toddville, Md.
 SAULSBURY, W. H., Denton, Md.
 SHANNAHAN, JR., J. H. K., Easton, Md.
 SLAGLE, E. A., Westminster, Md.
 STANSBURY, B. A., Hampstead, Md.
 WEKES, W. W., Westminster, Md.



WILLIAMS, J. D., Dawsonville, Md.

Girls.

BAILE, I. I., Westminster, Md.
 BEAVEN, L. V., Hellsbor, Md.
 BLANDFORD, M. K., Clinton, Md.
 DE BERRY, E. A., Oakland, Md.
 ELLIOTT, J. M., Laurel, Del.
 GAMBRILL, B. E., Alberton, Md.
 GARRISON, S., Taylor, Md.
 HALL, I. C., Centerville, Md.
 HAY, E. A., Hagerstown, Md.
 HERR, S. L., Westminster, Md.
 JONES, M. J., Jewell, Md.
 KIMMELL, E. C., Aberdeen, Md.
 LINGO, A. C., Barton, Md.
 MORGAN, C. B., Cumberland, Md.
 MULLINIX, H. A., Frederick, Md.
 ROE, M. R., Forrest Hill, Md.
 SCHAEFFER, A. C., Westminster, Md.
 STAUFFER, H. N., Walkersville, Md.
 TRACEY, G. M., Trenton, Md.
 TULL, I., Marion, Md.
 VEASEY, M. R., Pocomoke City, Md.
 WARD, M. C., Forrest Hill, Md.
 WHITE, S. A., Powellville, Md.
 WOODALL, M. S., Georgetown, Md.





C. BARNES DEL.
1837

The Class Rush.



THE "Soph" he came down like a wolf on the fold,
But the Freshmen, tho' sadly outnumbered, were bold;
Though weak as to numbers, they could not but see,
There was strength in the valor of "Nothing and Three."

A small band of Freshmen, expecting the shock—
Ran forward to meet it, and stood like a rock.
As the North winds roll backward the mist they pursue,
So they rolled back the cohorts of "Nothing and Two."

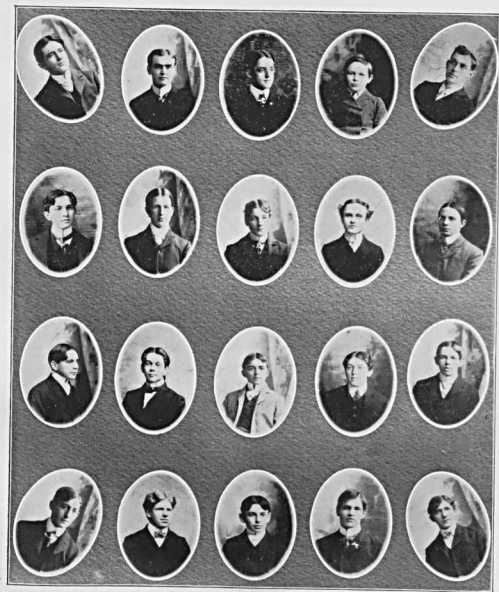
But many brave Freshmen were fated to fall,
And those who survived them were forced up the hall;
Still fighting as fiercely as brave men should fight,
In defense of their freedom, their home, and the right.

Now the combat was changed to a hand-to-hand fight,
And a great hole was torn in the silence of night.
Each man gave the slogan and closed with his foe,
'Till both were exhausted, and glad to let go.

Three times the "Sophs" charged, and three times they
were met
With a firmness the Freshmen will never forget;
Three times they came on for a fight to the death,
Three times they were glad to draw back and take breath.

Then as fast as the "Sophies" were able to go,
They ran up the stairs to their own hall to crow;
But we—the unprejudiced—readily see
The glory all rested with "Nothing and Three."





Freshman Class Yell.



Freshman Class Yell.

Chink ta, boom ta, chink ta, boom ta,
Sis boom bi,
Western Maryland, Western Maryland,
1903!

ελαίνωμεν εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν

κρατακάγαθ' ἔσμεν,

rip, rah, re,

Class number three of the century;
Chink, ta, ta, boom ta, boom ta, ta, bi,
Hip hurrah for 1903!

Freshman Modern Language Yell.

Voici, voici les grands Freshmen,
Am berühmtesten sind wir Menschen,
Modern language do we study,
And to it we keep steady,
Was ist im Leben besser?
Pour faire son chemin rien de meilleur,
1903, 1903!

Freshman History.



ANOTHER follower of Clio attempts to write the history of the Freshman Class. This time it is a noble class, and the task is undertaken with fear and trembling, for we know that no sketch, however well written, can depict the deeds of this class in a suitable manner.

The class is composed of thirty girls and twenty-two boys from six states of the Union, as follows: Maryland, 40; New Jersey, 4; Pennsylvania, 4; Virginia, 2; Delaware, 1; West Virginia, 1, and it may be truthfully said that the most popular girls and boys of W. M. C. are in our class.

We have won fame in athletics, and several boys of 1903 are star players on the foot ball, basket ball, and base ball teams of the College. In foot ball our men are always in demand, and on several occasions they have saved the school from the disgrace of defeat. In basket ball also we have had more success than the "Sophs," for we have twice as many players on the first team as they. We have several men on the base ball team and they are doing everything possible to keep the reputation of 1903 untarnished.

Although there have been several red letter days during the year, we shall mention only a few. October 3, 1899, is the first that deserves mention, and every Freshman remembers it with pride, for it was on this day that the Sophomores elected officers. My! my! how we did steal clothes! But not being able to get the president's pantaloons, for he had them on, we decided to remain quiet and meet them in

open conflict. They thought they would frighten us when they said, "You'll not get those pants unless you take them from our dead bodies." We wondered what we should do; but soon our schemers were at work to get a plan to foil the "Sophs" and rob them of their clothes. The plan was successfully carried out on October 24, 1899. While a crowd was out on the athletic field enjoying a game of foot ball, a few Freshmen were trying to get a trunk carried up on Junior Hall. Not being equal to the task, they asked "Barney" if he would assist them. The promise of an apple was a great incentive, and he very kindly helped them. While he was aiding the "trunk-carrier" other boys were searching trunks as fast as they could, "and what to their wondering eyes should appear" but the pantaloons? They were carried away as swiftly as possible, and when "Barney" appeared again all that he saw was a quartet of boys heeling it over the campus. As has been shown, we were successful in getting the pantaloons, and in a manner very creditable to our class. How sick the "Sophs" were, and how they did stare, for they knew too well they would never see those pantaloons again until they were in flames.

On March 3, 1900, the boys were successful in getting a vest from the treasurer of the Sophomore Class. The girls also succeeded in getting a hat from their prophetess. The girls of 1903 have had a hat of the latter since the day of the election of their officers; but like energetic persons, they were not satisfied with it, and on this auspicious day they very politely relieved the young lady of this incumbrance. On the evening of this eventful day the "Sophs" undertook to make a raid on Freshmen Hall. Although the attack was rather unexpected, 1903 was undismayed and bravely withstood the attack, which was made by twenty-four Sophomores against fourteen Freshmen, who were not only inferior in numbers but also in weight. Four rushes were

made, and not once were the "Sophs" successful in getting their entire class through the Freshman line. They were not satisfied by having a larger number of boarding students, but sent for their town students. This is something that has never been done before in the history of the college, and has been voted by all as a trick entirely unwarranted. Another day, or night rather, of importance, was Effigy Night, and it was enjoyed by every one connected with the College. The custom of burning an effigy of the Sophomore Class has almost been made a part of the exercises of commencement week, and the class of 1903 was not the one to depart from this custom. They burned their effigy with much skill and scheming.

The class has also been successful in the field of letters, and we hope we may be as successful in the future as we have been in the past; and, though we be few in numbers, that we may make our course an effective and glorious one, and when we have graduated may it be said that we—

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Views from our hand, no noble action done."

Roll of 1903.



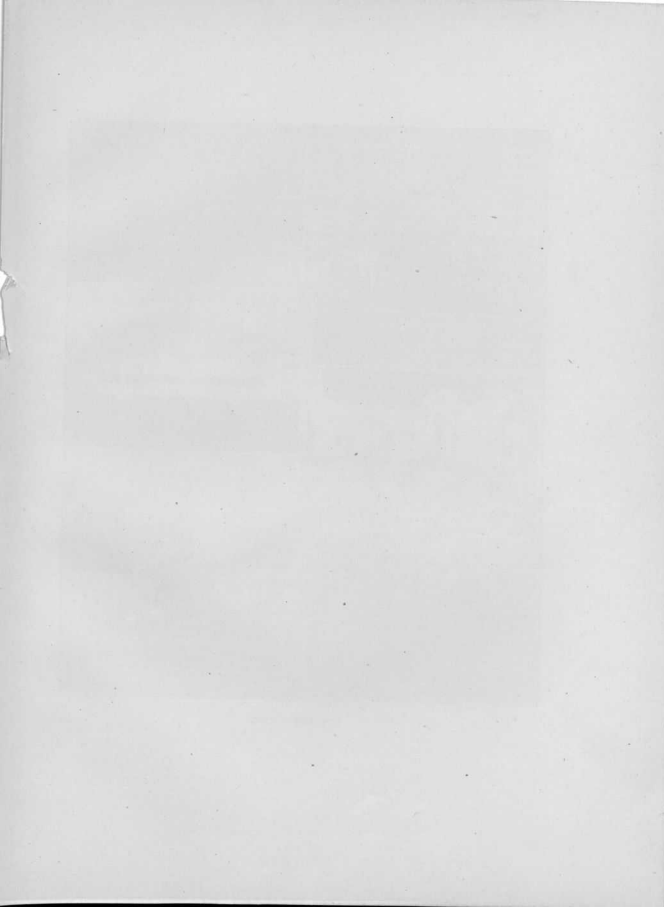
Boys.

F. BONNOTTE, JR., . . . Westminster, Md.
 L. L. BRIERLEY, . . . Beaver Falls, Pa.
 R. R. CARMEN, . . . Taylor, Md.
 T. E. COALBOURNE, . . . Whealton, Va.
 I. E. CROUSE, . . . Westminster, Md.
 E. A. DAVIS, . . . Wilmington, Del.
 R. R. DILLER, . . . Double Pipe Creek, Md.
 D. R. ENGLAR, . . . Medford, Md.
 H. C. HANCOCK, . . . Greenbackville, Va.
 H. B. HEINSHEIMER, . . . Newark, N. J.
 W. S. IRELAND, . . . Atlantic City, N. J.
 G. A. MEDDERS, . . . Kennedyville, Md.
 V. W. MILES, . . . Marion, Md.
 J. V. NICODEMUS, . . . Walkersville, Md.
 W. P. ROBERTS, . . . Baltimore, Md.
 W. G. SIMPSON, . . . Westminster, Md.
 F. R. SLOAN, . . . Lonaconing, Md.
 O. D. TALBOT, . . . Buchanan, W. Va.
 E. E. TARR, . . . Marion, Md.
 J. R. WHEELER, . . . Baltimore, Md.
 W. P. WATSON, . . . Allegheny City, Pa.

M. CROCKETT, . . . Crisfield, Md.
 E. W. DUNCAN, . . . Elizabeth, N. J.
 H. H. ENNIS, . . . Walbrook, Md.
 M. G. GARRISON, . . . Baltimore, Md.
 M. W. GEIMAN, . . . Westminster, Md.
 A. V. GILBERT, . . . Salisbury, Md.
 M. K. GOODING, . . . Chestertown, Md.
 M. A. GORSUCH, . . . Westminster, Md.
 C. V. GUNBY, . . . Marion, Md.
 E. P. HERR, . . . Westminster, Md.
 E. M. JENNESS, . . . Celora, Md.
 L. M. LINDSAV, . . . Westminster, Md.
 B. E. MANNAHAN, . . . Westminster, Md.
 E. MILLER, . . . Irvington, Md.
 C. M. MORGAN, . . . Westminster, Md.
 F. B. OGG, . . . Westminster, Md.
 R. D. REESE, . . . Westminster, Md.
 M. A. SENSENEY, . . . Union Bridge, Md.
 M. O. SHERIDAN, . . . Baltimore, Md.
 S. E. SHERIDAN, . . . Baltimore, Md.
 F. C. SPEICHER, . . . Salisbury, Md.
 I. W. TREDWAY, . . . Cambridge, Md.
 E. W. TROUT, . . . Newark, N. J.
 B. C. TULL, . . . Marion, Md.
 A. A. WATHEN, . . . Loveville, Md.
 F. T. WHEALTON, . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
 N. A. WHITMORE, . . . Westminster, Md.

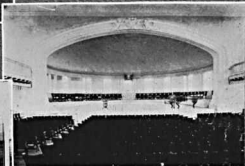
Girls.

F. M. AYRES, . . . Parkton, Md.
 J. L. COCHRAN, . . . Baltimore, Md.
 M. R. COOLEY, . . . Barnesville, Md.





Dining Hall



Auditorium



Baker Chapel



Library

COLLEGE VIEWS.



Officers of the P. M. C. A.



April, 1899 = April, 1900.

<i>President</i> ,	HARRY H. PRICE.
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	SAMUEL A. HARKER.
<i>Recording Secretary</i> ,	GEORGE H. MYERS.
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ,	JAMES E. SHREEVE.
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	GIDEON E. HUMPHREYS.
<i>Organist</i> ,	HARRY GILLIGAN.

April, 1900 = April, 1901.

<i>President</i> ,	CLAYBORNE PHILLIPS.
<i>Vice-President</i> ,	T. K. HARRISON.
<i>Recording Secretary</i> ,	G. E. HUMPHREYS.
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> ,	O. D. TALBOT.
<i>Treasurer</i> ,	R. B. DEVILBISS.
<i>Organist</i> ,	HARRY GILLIGAN.

Y. M. C. A.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION has much to do with shaping religious sentiment in any college where there is such an organization. And the religious status of the student body may often be determined by the prominence given to association work. It has been the boast of Western Maryland College, that she not only required a high standard of morality among her students, but this requirement has always met a hearty response from the students themselves. This, we think, is due more to the work of the Christian Association than to anything else.

Almost every line of work which can be successfully conducted by a college association receives attention here. Devotional services are held for thirty minutes every Wednesday evening after supper in the Y. M. C. A. hall. On Sunday afternoons, in union with the Y. W. C. A., meetings are held in Smith Hall Auditorium, which all students may attend. Bible study and missionary classes are conducted throughout the year.

Besides work among the students, much is done outside the college. This work is largely confined to the county jail and the almshouse, where services are held every Sunday. Many have been led at these meetings to give up the old life of sin and selfishness, and to look for strength and help to Christ, "the sinner's friend." Strong evidences of changed lives and testimonies of God's forgiving and adopting grace have often cheered the hearts of those of our members who spend their Sunday afternoons in carrying the "good news" to these unfortunate ones.

Delegates are sent each year to the Tri-State Convention of Maryland, West Virginia, Delaware, and the District of Columbia, and to Northfield, where ten days are profitably spent under the instruction of the most distinguished ministers and Biblical scholars of the highest rank.

Officers of the D. W. C. A.



First Term.

President.

KATHERINE T. MERRICK, '00.

Vice-President.

LILLIAN HORSEY, '00.

Recording Secretary.

MAUD WARD, '02.

Corresponding Secretary.

FANNIE HOPE, '01.

Treasurer.

CARRIE GLADHILL, '01.

Pianist.

MINNIE C. PICKETT, '01.

Second Term.

President.

KATHERINE F. THOMAS, '00.

Vice-President.

HARRIET E. BEAUCHAMP, '00.

Recording Secretary.

ABBIE WHITE, '02.

Corresponding Secretary.

COVINGTON MAY, '01.

Treasurer.

EDNA HAY, '02.

Pianist.

EULALIE HARRIS, '01.

The Young Women's Christian Association.



ONE of the great influences at Western Maryland College is the Y. W. C. A. It holds those girls who have had Christian influence at home nearer to Christ. The girls who have never observed Christian laws are led to seek the Lord.

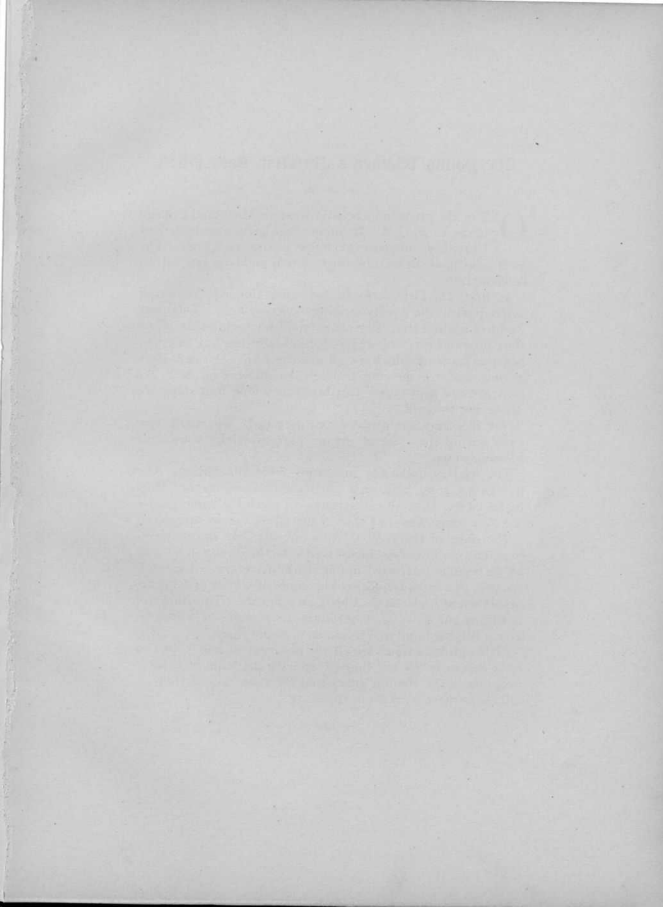
At first, the girls seem to feel some timidity in taking active part in the weekly meetings that we hold. This year we have noticed that they are gradually wearing this off, so that now our services are not formal meetings but heart to heart talks from which we all get comfort. The new girls at once feel at home, and through the influence of the Y. W. C. A. we are kept closer to Christ, in whose foot-steps we are trying to walk.

Our meetings are always well attended. The early services during the week of prayer were especially sources of blessing to us.

The leaders make the programs most interesting. The hymns are sung with such spirit and enthusiasm that they make us feel that all are striving to reach the same goal—the New Jerusalem—but that in this effort we are not alone.

The effect of the Y. W. C. A. is not felt only in our meetings, but in our college life as well. As the days roll on and as we become interested in our work, if we are not careful, we will, in a measure, forget the cause of Christ and his example unless under some Christian influence. This influence is felt, as our Y. W. C. A. girls are always on the watch to give a helping hand and to aid us in doing right.

Although we cannot see all the progress we had hoped to have this year, we are buoyed up with the hope of greater progress in the coming years, and with the help of God we will be earnest workers in His cause.





CAMPIONE ROMA

Browning Literary Society.

Established 1871.



Presidents for '99 = '00.

First Term.

EVELYN J. RINKER, '00.

Second Term.

SARAH WEEKS, '00.

Third Term.

NORAH L. ENGLAR, '00.

Browning Society.



RECOGNIZING that life without literature is bereft of half its pleasures, the female students of Western Maryland College more than thirty years ago organized a society for the purpose of pursuing, for pleasure as well as for profit, the delightful paths of English classics.

As the society was to be composed entirely of girls, "Browning" was selected as the name most fitting to designate the new organization.

Thinking of the end they had in view, they adopted as a motto characteristic of it, "*Vita sine litteris mors est.*"

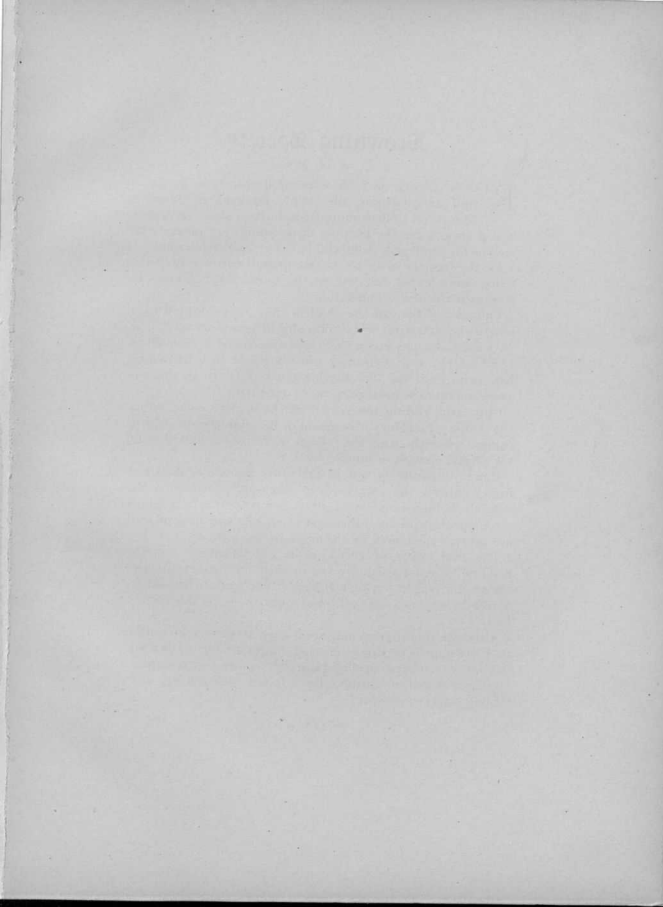
As the years passed on the society increased in size, till in 1882 a division was effected, and since that time Browning has as its rival the Philomathean, a society, to all appearances, having the same purpose as our own.

Only twice during the year does the Society come before the public. First on the occasion of its anniversary, held in connection with either the Irvings or Websters, and then at the society contest in June.

But in devoting herself to literature Browning does not forget entirely the social side of humanity, for during the year she holds two informal entertainments, at which things more substantial than the feast of reason and flow of soul are enjoyed each week by the members are served.

The first affair of this kind is the "Farewell to the Seniors," given the Friday before their final vacation; and the second is held during commencement week, when all ex-active Brownings are welcomed once more to the society hall.

Although its progress may seem slow to some who watch it, Browning is certainly moving forward; for to-day she has more members enrolled than ever before and is financially in a sound condition. Do not her well-wishers say, "Long may she prosper?"





CLARKSON

Philomathean Literary Society.

Established 1882.



Presidents for '99 = '00.

First Term.

KATHERINE T. MERRICK, '00.

Second Term.

HARRIET E. BEAUCHAMP, '00.

Third Term.

KATHERINE F. THOMAS, '00.

Philomathean Society.



ON January 12, 1882, a society was founded by thirteen young ladies who had been members of the Browning Society. This society was named Philomathean, the name signifying "fond of learning." The qualities of enthusiasm and perseverance have always been seen in the members of Philo., and improvements are made every year by honest labor on their part, until we firmly believe that Philo., will continue increasing both in members and strength, and although she may be called the youngest society in college we affirm that she will ever be loyal to her motto, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." Every year many of the new students join our ranks. This year sixteen of the new girls joined Philo., increasing its membership to fifty-one.

Every meeting is accompanied by an interesting as well as profitable program. One of the most interesting features which take place at our meetings is a debate, which is generally discussed very fully by many of the members.

This year we have subscribed to several of the best magazines, and in this way we keep in touch with the latest topics of the day. Besides our anniversary, we appear in public only once a year, that is at the oratorical contest held between the young ladies' societies during commencement week for the trophy presented by Professor Newell in 1888. Seven times out of twelve Pilomathean's contestants have been successful in capturing this trophy.

The past year has been a very pleasant and profitable one. Under the inspiring influence of the success which attended our contestants last June, we entered upon the year's work with the characteristic zeal and earnestness of all loyal Philos., and now, at the close of the year, we feel gratified to know that our efforts have not been in vain.



FABRICIUS

Irving Literary Society.

Established 1867.

* * *

Presidents for '99 = '00.

First Term.

H. H. PRICE, '00.

Second Term.

HARRY GILLIGAN, '01.

Third Term.

S. A. HARKER, '00.

Fourth Term.

J. R. CATON, '00.

Fifth Term.

S. A. HARKER, '00.

Irving Society.

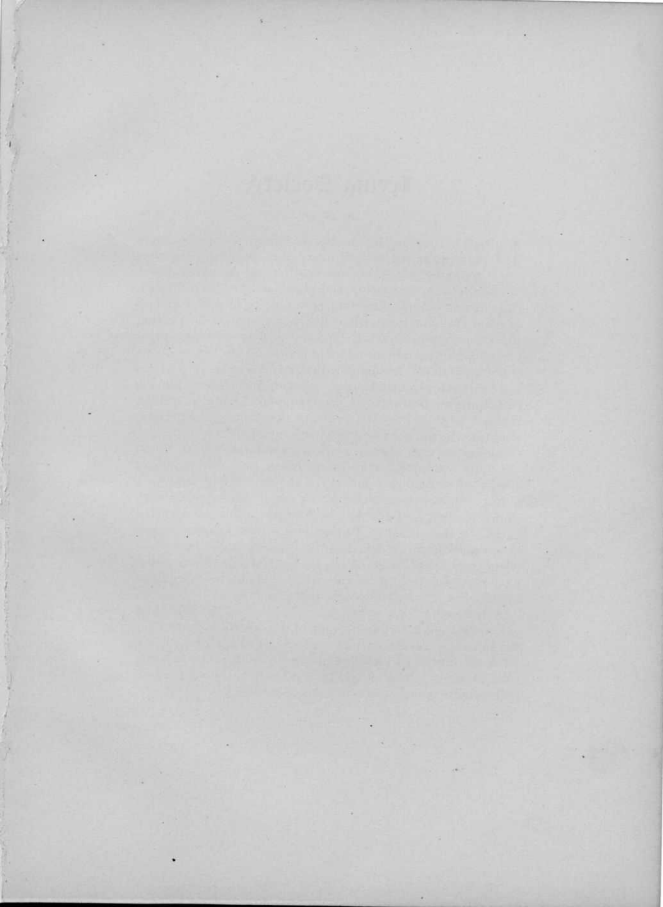


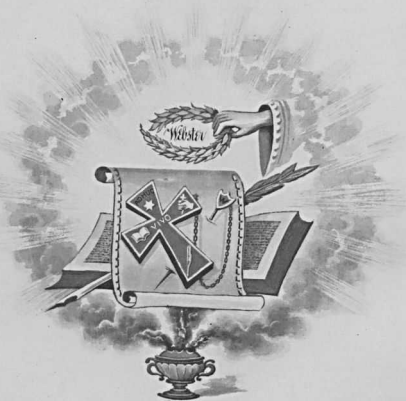
DRAWN together by the ties of human sympathy, man has organized himself into tribes, and realizing that the end of all is the conservation and the development of the whole, governments and societies have been formed. Only in this manner has man been able to progress and to develop the faculties with which he is endowed. Having this idea in mind, Irving Literary Society was organized and chose for its motto, "*Juncta juvant.*"

The halls of old Irving afford its members rare opportunities for development and improvement, and we feel that the essential and primeval characteristics of Irving have been realized when we see its members developing along those lines for which it was originally organized.

It offers a large library, and on its shelves may be found not only valuable books of reference, but also standard works of fiction and poetry. On our reading table are found standard magazines, which supply its members with choice reading and enables them to keep abreast with the times. Many pleasant Friday afternoons have we spent in our halls listening to the heated debate, the jokes of the witty, and the orations of the thoughtful; there our faults have been pointed out by the critic; there we first began to know what to say, and to say what we knew.

In reviewing this year's work and that of preceding years we cannot but feel proud of Irving Society, and for the future we see its path lighted up with hope and strewn with the laurels of hard fought victories, and we feel sure that those in whose hands Irving shall be entrusted will maintain its position as the leading society of W. M. C.





E. ARISTONIA

Webster Literary Society.

Established 1871.



Presidents for '99 = '00.

First Term.

J. W. YINGLING, '00.

Second Term.

R. Z. THOMAS, '00.

Third Term.

C. C. BAKER, '00.

Fourth Term.

V. K. LAWSON, '00.

Webster Society.



PROGRESS is the index to a successful career. It always represents patient labor combined with enthusiastic ambition. And we can find no more fitting application of this word than when it is applied to the work of Webster Literary Society during the past year.

We believe that never since 1871, the date of its birth, has the society experienced a more profitable year. The debates on the whole have been interesting and instructive. The great battles engaging the attention and the skill of our statesmen and philosophers have been fought out in Webster Hall. And the discussions, usually dry and uninteresting, have been made attractive and at times intensely exciting.

Beginning our career for this year in a new hall, we have worked steadily on. Largely through the unselfish efforts of those who left us with last year's graduating class, the hall has been furnished and put in a much improved condition. A careful revision of the constitution and a stringent enforcement of the rules has placed the society upon an unusually sound basis.

The annual entertainment was given in union with the Philomathean Society on the twenty-second of February. This was the first entertainment of the kind ever given in Alumni Hall, and the success of it was unexpectedly good, the societies being hampered by severe restrictions placed upon them by the Faculty. From a financial standpoint also the anniversary was eminently successful.

The society library has been well used, and due advantage has been taken by the members of the periodicals subscribed for by the society. This is an important feature of literary work.

Now with the past year's good record behind us, let Webster ever press forward true to her motto "*Adhuc vivo.*"



Athletic Association.



President.

V. K. LAWSON, '00.

Vice-President.

HARRY GILLIGAN, '01.

Treasurer.

N. E. SARTORIUS, '00.

Secretary.

DAVID MARINE, '00.

Managers.

JNO. R. E. TURPIN, '00, Foot ball.

C. C. BAKER, '00, Base ball.

S. L. STOWE, '00, Track.

E. A. COBEY, '01, Tennis.

Representatives to Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

PROF. W. M. BLACK, Faculty.

W. G. BAKER, '94, Alumni.

B. O. L. WELLS, '00, Student.





Robinson.	Burlingame.	Roberts.	Turpin.	Wheeler.	Baker.
Gilligan.	Stauffer.	Talbot.	Wells.	Fitz.	Nichols.
Chaffinch.		Marine.	"Freddie."	Lynch.	Dushnell.
				Legg.	

Foot Ball Team.



H. S. ROBINSON, '02, <i>Centre.</i>	T. H. LEGG, '02, <i>Right half.</i>
O. D. TALBOT, '03, <i>Right guard.</i>	I. J. DASHIELL, '01, <i>Left half.</i>
W. P. ROBERTS, '03, <i>Left guard.</i>	C. C. BAKER, '00, <i>Full back.</i>
J. H. STAUFFER, '00, <i>Right tackle.</i>	H. O. L. WELLS, '00, <i>Quarter back.</i>
J. R. WHEELER, '03, <i>Left tackle.</i>	D. MARINE, '00, <i>Sub.</i>
J. L. NICHOLS (Sem.), <i>Right end.</i>	P. F. LYNCH, '02, <i>Sub.</i>
H. GILLIGAN, '01, <i>Left end.</i>	L. H. CHAFFINCH, '02, <i>Sub.</i>

G. C. FITZE, '01, *Sub.*

<i>Manager,</i>	JNO. R. E. TURPIN, '00.
<i>Captain,</i>	B. O. L. WELLS, '00.
<i>Coach,</i>	GEO. BURLINGAME, W. of Va.

<i>Team.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>
NICHOLS,	151 lbs.
STAUFFER,	165 "
TALBOT,	168 "
ROBINSON,	175 "
ROBERTS,	187 "
WHEELER,	159 "
GILLIGAN,	151 "
WELLS,	131 "
DASHIELL,	149 "
LEGG,	166 "
BAKER,	158 "
MARINE,	140 "
CHAFFINCH,	143 "
LYNCH,	137 "

Average weight of team, 155 lbs.

SCORES.

Western Maryland vs. Druid Outing Club,	10- 0
" " St. John's,	0- 0
" " Maryland Agricultural College,	23- 0
" " Johns Hopkins,	0-10

Foot Ball in Ninety-Nine.



IN order to obtain any degree of success whatever on the foot ball field of to-day, two things are absolutely essential—good coaching and faithful training. Without these two requisites, no matter how good the material may be, the team obtained therefrom will never amount to much. This fact has been illustrated numberless times at other colleges, and the record of the W. M. C. team of the season just past is no exception. The material which responded to Capt. Wells' first call for candidates was, indeed, very ordinary to say the least, but they were taken in hand and by the united efforts of Coach Burlingame and Capt. Wells, together with faithful training on the part of the men themselves, the best team the college has ever been represented by was turned out. This year has marked the beginning of a new epoch in the history of foot ball in the college. At the beginning of this season the services of Mr. George Burlingame, an old University of Virginia player, were obtained as head coach and he took entire charge of the team. After a careful drilling in the rudiments of foot ball, and a practice game to show up the weakest spots, the league schedule opened up with a victory over Maryland Agricultural College. All the men showed up very well in this game and played like fiends, consequently, when a few weeks later they met their ancient rivals, St. Johns, it was a feeling of "do or die" in their hearts. This was the most exciting game ever witnessed on our gridiron and resulted in a tie, neither side being able to score. All the men played like veterans in this game, and it was with the anticipation of winning the championship that we met Johns Hopkins on the following Saturday. But we were doomed to disap-

pointment. Early in the first half our team became demoralized, owing to the Hopkins players' knowledge of our signals, and they never seemed able to recover from it, though they braced considerably in the last half. This ended our season, and although we did not win the championship, it was a very satisfactory season to everybody, and the advance made both in the knowledge and interest in the game amply repaid us for our year's work.

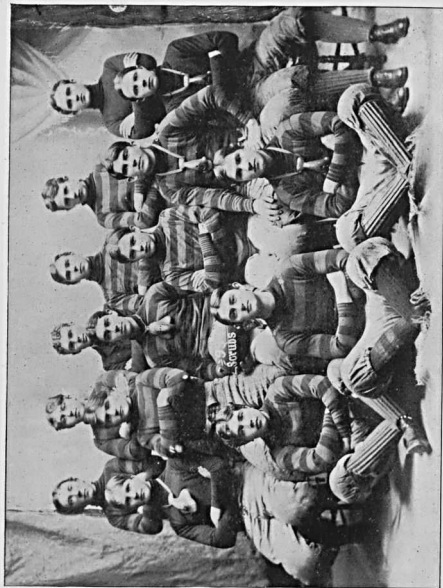
A sketch of the year's work in foot ball, however, would be incomplete without a mention of some of the individuals composing the team, and especially those players who graduate this year and have thus completed their gridiron records.

Capt. Wells deserves first mention on the list, both as captain of the team and as its most brilliant player. Weighing only 130 pounds, he is the smallest man on the team. His steadiness on all occasions and good judgment make him an ideal captain. His fierce, hard tackling, together with his accuracy in passing and handling the ball, have put him among the front rank of Maryland quarter backs.

Baker, next to Wells, is worthy of the highest praise for his work on the gridiron. He filled the position of tackle for two years, but last year was brought back of the line to full back, where he covered himself with glory by his brilliant work. He is a hard, fierce tackler, and as sure ground-gainer has no superior on the team.

The next man to be mentioned is Stauffer. During his three years' playing at tackle he has ever been relied on as a good blocker and sure ground-gainer. His work could always be relied on and was at times brilliant.

The playing of Legg, Dashield, Roberts, Gilligan and Nichols are all worthy of longer mention did space permit, but as such is not the case we will only mention their names.



Holt.
Turpin.

Brierly.
Marine.
Williams.

Dashell.
Dever.

Weitz.
Martland.
Geatty.

Roberts.
Chaffinch.
Lynch.

Tarr.
Watson.

U. M. C.

"Scrubs."



S. L. BRIERLY,	Centre.
J. S. GEATTY,	Right guard.
WM. WEITZ,	Left guard.
W. P. TURPIN,	Right tackle.
E. TARR,	Left tackle.
W. P. WATSON,	Right end.
P. F. LYNCH,	Left end.
J. D. WILLIAMS,	Quarter.
L. H. CHAFFINCH,	Right half.
D. MARINE,	Left half.
W. K. DEVER,	Full back (Capt.).
T. R. HOLT,	Sub.
R. W. ROBERTS,	Sub.
H. S. MARTLAND,	Sub.

Coach, I. J. DASHIELL.

Games Played.

	SCORE.
Loyola,	0
Scrubs,	22
First Team,	10
Scrubs,	0

Track Team.



Entered for the handicap games at Johns Hopkins University, May 16th, and the Intercollegiate Field Day to be held at Electric Park, May 26th.

For the Running Events.

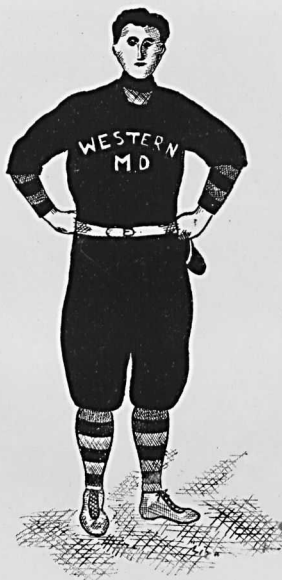
LEGG,
KRAUSS,
PATTERSON,
LYNCH,
STANSBURY,
MELVIN.

For the Weights.

ROBERTS.

For Jumps.

LYNCH,
HEINSHEIMER.





Holt, Barnhart.	Baker.	Patterson, Williams.	Tarr.	I Buringame, Sloan.	Talbot.
		"Pete."	Marine, Stauffer.	Taves.	

Base Ball Team.



BARNHART, '02,	Pitcher.
STAUFFER, '00,	Catcher.
TALBOT, '03,	First base.
MARINE, '00,	Second base.
TARR, '03,	Short stop.
ROBERTS, '03,	Third base.
SLOAN, '03,	Left field.
TAWES, '01,	Centre field.
WILLIAMS,	Right field.

Substitutes.

HOLT, '01,
PATTERSON, '04,
GILLIGAN, '01.

Manager, C. C. BAKER, '00.
Captain, J. H. STAUFFER, '00.

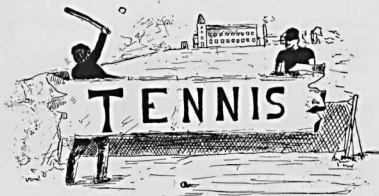
Games Played.

April 7th, Mt. St. Mary's College.
" 21st, Walbrook Athletic Club.
" 28th, Mt. St. Mary's College.
May 5th, St. John's College.
" 12th, St. John's College.
" 26th, Johns Hopkins University.

Base Ball in '00.



THE prospect for a good base ball team, although not so good as they have been in several preceding years, are nevertheless very promising. The loss of Baker, Whittaker, and Lee will weaken the team very much, and the hole left by their absence will be very hard to fill. But we have got in some very good new material this year, which, although somewhat green, can by proper coaching and practice be made to show up very well. Coach Burlingame and Captain Stauffer have taken the new men in hand, and after a little practice they, together with the members of last year's first and second teams who are still at college, can be expected to make up a first class team. The extremely late spring has handicapped us considerably in our early spring practice, and at the time this goes to press only two games have been played, and it is yet too early for anyone to make any definite predictions as to the real worth of the team. Barnhart will be the chief mainstay in the box, with Sloan, a new man, to help him out if necessary. Stauffer continues his good work behind the bat. The infield will be rather new with the exception of Marine and Roberts, who will be found at second and third. The whole outfield will be new, but will have the advantage of a year's work on last year's scrubs. Thus, although somewhat inexperienced in the knowledge of the game, the team is made up of good material, and with careful coaching and hard practice on the part of the men themselves there is no reason why the team of '00 can't be as good as any of the teams of preceding years and prove an honor to old W. M. C.



AS the season has advanced, the tennis players have been rounding into the pink of playing condition. Although tennis is looked upon by some as a "back number," the majority of the old players find as much enjoyment in the game as ever before. No game can be substituted for tennis which will give the same amount of invigorating exercise combined with scientific accuracy and individual rivalry. As in all athletic sports, the men who get the most enjoyment out of the game are those who put the most energy into it.

The playing this year is superior to that of previous years. The players have more control of the balls in serving, and the returns are made with more confidence. The swift line drives and speedy volleys, from near the net, make the second return almost an impossibility. The efficient lobbing in singles and the team work in doubles seem to indicate the return of the championship to W. M. C. this year.



Members.

PROF. G. S. WILLS,

PROF. W. R. REVELLE,

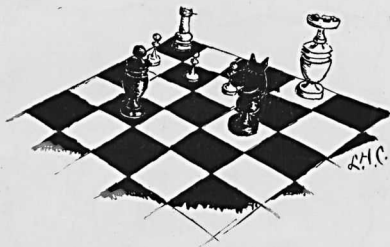
PROF. W. O. CLEMSON,

PROF. W. R. MCDANIEL,

PROF. W. M. BLACK,

T. H. LEWIS, JR.,

E. O. GRIMES, JR.



Chess Club.

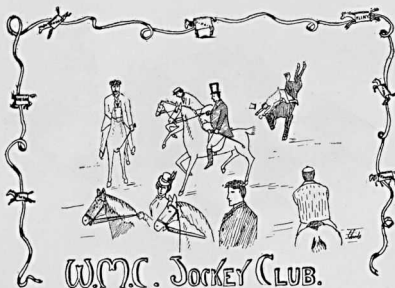


Officers.

E. BARBER, *President,*
 J. R. WHEELER, *Vice-President.*
 H. S. MARTLAND, *Secretary.*
 J. W. SAULSBURY, *Treasurer.*

Members.

PROF. BLACK,	MYERS,	MELVIN,
YINGLING,	BRIERLY,	COULBOURNE,
SARTORIUS,	WEITZ,	HEINSHEIMER,
HULL,	HARRISON,	BARBER,
SAULSBURY,	LEONARD,	WHEELER.



K. T. MERRICK, *President.*
H. H. PRICE, *Vice-President.*
J. W. YINGLING, *Secretary.*

Rubbers.

H. K. GORSUCH, N. L. ENGLAR.

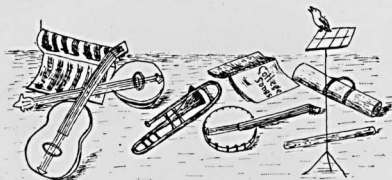
Members.

Expert Jockeys.

H. E. BEAUCHAMP,
M. CLARK,
S. WEEKS,
F. B. WOODALL,
V. K. LAWSON,
E. BARBER,
E. E. PARSONS,
R. B. DEVILBISS,
T. H. LEWIS, JR.

Beginners.

J. H. STAUFFER,
C. C. BAKER,
S. L. STOWE,
D. MARINE,
J. H. K. SHANNAHAN,
B. O. L. WELLS,
H. C. HULL,
P. H. TAWES,
W. WEITZ.



Glee Club.

First Tenors.

H. O. LUCAS,

J. L. NICHOLS.

Second Tenors.

H. GILLIGAN,

J. R. CATON,

First Bass.

J. H. STRAUGHN,

R. Z. THOMAS,

S. L. STOWE.

Second Bass.

S. A. HARKER,

PROF. REVELLE, *Leader.*

Orchestra.

First Violins.

PROF. SAMPAIX, *Leader,*

J. W. YINGLING,

V. K. LAWSON,

H. C. HULL.

Cornets.

A. STONESIFER,

K. KRAUSS,

H. LANKFORD.

Flute.

DR. BONNOTTE.

Clarinet.

G. F. MORELOCK.

Piano.

H. GILLIGAN.



Caton, Cobey, Wiegand, Gilligan, Reese,
 Kimmel, Myers, Merrick,

College Monthly Staff.



Staff for '99.

Editor-in-Chief, V. K. LAWSON, '00.

Literary Editors.

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COVINGTON MAY, '01.

Exchange Editor, E. A. COBEY, '01.
Local Editor, MARION CLARKE, '01.
Alumna! Editor, CLAUDE T. SMITH, '96.
Business Manager, H. H. PRICE, '00.
Assistant Business Manager, . . . K. F. THOMAS, '00.

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VIRGIE WIEGAND, '01, MARGARET REESE, '01,
E. A. COBEY, '01.

Exchange Editor, J. R. CATON, '01.
Local Editor, K. T. MERRICK, '00.
Alumna! Editor, C. T. SMITH, '96.
Business Manager, GEO. H. MYERS, '01.
Assistant Business Manager, . . . EDITH KIMMELL, '02.



FRIDAY, May 4, 1900, will always remain green in the memory of every member of the classes of '00 and '01 as a date which marks one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable evenings ever spent by its members while at W. M. C. On that evening '01 revived the old custom of giving the Seniors a banquet, a custom almost obsolete owing to differences between the classes for the past few years which could not be bridged over. But the degree in which this banquet surpassed any other yet given in the history of the college almost makes up for the long break in the custom. To say it was a success is putting it entirely too mildly, and our pen cannot describe half of the feelings of pleasure and good feeling that it was instrumental in bringing about.

At the appointed hour '00 repaired to the hotel Westminster, where they were received by the receiving party of '01. After spending some time in jolly converse in the beautiful parlors of the Westminster, headed by Dr. Lewis and Miss Reese, the prophetess of '01 and the hostess of the evening, we proceeded to the dining-room where the sight of

the banquet board loaded down with the delicacies of the season put every one in the finest of humors. It is entirely unnecessary to say that this part of the programme was thoroughly enjoyed, for, as has been said by some one, "It is almost impossible for even the bitterest enemies to quarrel over a good meal."

After the last course, Mr. Cobey, the president of '01, began the speech making by his response to the toast, "The Class of '01," and finished his remarks by proposing the toast, "The Class of '00," to be responded to by Mr. Harker, the president of '00. Mr. Harker made a very neat little response, in which he expressed the good feeling which had always existed between the two classes, and which had culminated in this banquet. Mr. Harker was followed by Dr. Lewis, who made a very bright and appropriate speech, in which he expressed his gratification at the revival of the old custom of Junior banquets and congratulated the Class of '01 upon the part they had played in this revival.

Dr. Lewis closed the speech making, and after he had finished we once more proceeded to the parlor where, after enjoying a few more minutes in conversation and having a general good time, we bade our hosts a regretful good night and brought to a close one of the pleasantest evenings ever spent while at W. M. C., and an evening which every member of '01 can look back upon with a feeling of honest pride.

MENU.

<i>Hotel Westminster.</i>		<i>May 4, 1900.</i>
Chickens.	Little Neck Clams.	Cold Ham.
Tomatoes.		Cream Potatoes.
Lobster.	Salads.	Potatoes.
Hot Bread.	Olives.	Biscuit.
Ice Cream.	Tea.	Cake.
Coffee.		Cocoa.

The Ecclesia.



SCENE: Room 143.

TIME: Most any old time.

Dramatis Personæ.

Classical Students.

BUSH,
JERS,
STRAP,
CHING,
SILV,
BANT,
FOR,
TEL.

Scientific and Historical Students.

DUTCH,
TURP,
SARTIE,
BRAD,
BUFF.

Boys sitting around on the table, radiator, beds, and chairs. Room full of smoke, through which the electric light appears as a small star on a hazy night. Classical Students assembled to get out Latin, others present just to pass away the time.

STRAP: Say, Ching, come on and read the Latin.

CHING: Well, get your book and all you fellows who ain't going to study have got to keep still or clear out.

JERS: Give me a cigarette first.

SEVERAL OTHERS: I'll take one, too.

CHING: Well, there's the box on the table.

STRAP: There's no weed there.

CHING: Well, get a fresh pack out of the drawer. Come on and get at this Latin. Ne equo credite,—trust not the horse.

SILV: What means "horse?"
 BUSH: "Equo."
 BANT: Wait till I sharpen my lead pencil.
 STRAP: What means "not?"
 CHING: "Ne."
 STRAP: Well, what means "trust" then?
 TEL: Oh! "credite."
 FOR: Did you say "ne" meant "trust?"
 BANT: We're going to have a dandy base-ball team down town this year.
 JERS: There it goes.
 DUTCH: Who's going to pitch?
 BANT: Oh, we're going to get a —
 TEL: Never mind the pitcher, but pitch into this Latin.
 BUSH: Twistednation, Tel, that pun was horrible. Quod equus falsus est,—because the horse is false.
 STRAP: Why is "quod" subjunctive?
 JERS: Substantive clause of characteristic.
 CHING: Well, that's a new one on me. Say, Bush, how about your being deprived of parlor for talking to a down-town girl.
 SARTIE: Oh, that means he's to be deprived of parlor down town.
 TURP: This faculty certainly sends forth powerful ultimatum. Guess pretty soon they'll have separate teachers for the girls and boys.
 BRAD: Are you going to kick, Bush?
 BUSH: I don't think so; I don't care for the demerits and I seldom go in parlor.
 BRAD: Oh, pshaw, kick for principle's sake. Besides it'll worry the faculty.
 CHING: Better hadn't, Bush, you'll have to apologize.
 SILV: I believe "Doc" did make you apologize because he shut you out of his office, didn't he, Ching?

SARTIE: Well, I wouldn't have apologized.

CHING: Oh, I had to or I'd have been shut up in his office yet. Confound, come on to this Latin.

BUFF: Say, I found cyniosography to-day.

ALL: Oh, get out.

BUFF: That's right. Sticking out of my Ethics.

BRAD: Yes, and I'm going to put it in my oration next term and watch the ten drop.

BUSH: I'd like to know how you spell that word!

DUTCH: Oh, you have to figure out the personal equation to get that.

FOR: Well, I think the personal equation is the long marks over the letters in Anglo.

CHING: No; I think it is the foot notes; because I got one of the foot notes wrong once and the personal equation's owner told me it showed greater knowledge than if I had got it right.

TEL: No; you'll never learn how to spell cyniosography by the personal equation; you must understand the "law of the language" and the "characteristic imperfections."

BANT: They're going to build a new postoffice down town.

JERS: Oh, what are you selling? Take in your sign. Gentlemen, if any one shows me an Anglo book after I leave here and there's a base ball bat handy I'm going to use it.

SILV: Oh, hec, get to this Latin, I have to read to-day. Qui equo cred —?

BRAD: Jers, if is is was, was is is isn't it?

JERS: But is is not was.

BRAD: What is was was —?

DUTCH: Say, fellows, Lilian Russell is going to be in Baltimore next week I heard.

SARTIE: Oh, I saw her in Pocomoke once. She and her whole company were there.

ALL: Wha-at!

SARTIE: That's right, you don't need to look. Why we paid her a hundred dollars.

BRAD: Oh, pshaw; you don't mean it! Not a whole hundred surely!

CHING: Don't let 'em guy you, Sartie.

SARTIE: Did Dutch put you up to say that, Ching?

SEVERAL: Oh, come down out of the basket!

BUFF: Say, For, what are the Boers doing in South Africa.

FOR: The British are retreating.

BUSH: Well, does that answer the question?

FOR: Certainly.

BUSH: How?

FOR: Well, if the Boers follow the British the British must retreat, hence when the British retreat the Boers must follow them.

CHING: Suppose both the British and the Boers retreat?

FOR: Oh, well, that's a special case and I don't see that it has any bearing on the question.

BUSH: Oh, come down, For!

CHING: Well, I'm going to translate Latin. This is hard as thunder; here we've been working for an hour and only have out two lines. *Qui equo credit*, he who trusts the horse —.

TEL: Whap!

BRAD: Snag.

STRAP: Did you hear the latest regulation of the Faculty, that if a man answers "Not prepared" he is to be marked absent on the ground that he is present in body, but absent in mind.

TURP: Well, then, if a man stays in his room and thinks about the recitation he ought to be marked present.

DUTCH: Well, I've an idea. If a man don't know his

lesson very well, why let him answer "Not prepared" and get his absent mark; that's much better than a five or six.

SARTIE: I've just been thinking how much they make on us on board here. Now we pay four dollars and a half a week and there are at least a hundred and fifty students. That makes six hundred and seventy-five dollars for a week's receipts. Now how much do you suppose a week's board costs?

BUFF: Oh, about four hundred dollars.

SARTIE: Well that leaves two hundred and seventy-five dollars a week almost clear money, and for thirty-six weeks ninety-nine hundred dollars.

BUSH: Well, now; do you know they make a lot of money on books, too. Now there are about two hundred and seventy-five students here this year and each one buys an average of ten dollars' worth of new books. That makes twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars, and at least ten hundred of that is clear.

JERS: Yes, and our five dollar room deposit they put out at interest and they make something on that.

DUTCH: Well, say, I'm going to bed.

SILV: I wish I had out the Latin.

BANT: Oh, I won't get called on to-morrow; I recited today. They certainly do work us almost to death.

STRAP: Well I'm going on the path and get a smile.

SARTIE: You don't crow any more, do you, Strap?

[All the boys leave.]

CHING: } Hey, shut the door!
SILV: }



Flunk, Flunk, Flunk.

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
In the saddle bold and free !
And I would that the horse would canter,
And not run away with me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
He never has felt the fear
Of a flunk when the pony runs 'way !
And the mighty horse goes on
In his gallop over "The Hill !" !
But O, for a hint from the silent "prof.,"
Or the sound of a voice that is still !
Flunk, flunk, flunk,
Then the pony flings me free !
But the tender heart of the "prof.," as he sees,
Will never give ten to me.

College Dictionary.



ALOHA, *n.* A book issued annually by the graduating Class of Western Maryland College, containing philosophical, scientific, and religious information.

APOLOGY, *n.* That which the president of the college demands of a student who has cornered him in asking for his rights.

ASTRONOMY, *n.* 1. A study of the heavens.

2. A study which none are wanted to take, yet all are compelled to take.

BLUFF, *v. t.* To deceive; to fool; to work professors, *e. g.*, "Doc" isn't easy to bluff.

BLUFF, *n.* A successful attempt at making a ten, *e. g.*, that bluff worked.

BRUTE, *n.* An organism bordering on the line between animal and vegetable kingdom. More commonly known as "prep."

CARAMEL, *n.* [Latin carus, dear, and mel, honey.] A preparation used by college girls to increase smiling.

CHURCH and CHAPEL, *interj.* Composition and meaning unknown. Used on Monday mornings only. Correlated to both or neither.

CUSTOM, *n.* An invariable, inviolable rule of college, which students may never break, but which the president can always break.

CYNOSOGRAPHY, *n.* Derivation and meaning entirely unknown. Probably something immaterial which must pervade all Senior orations. A "what-is-it." Consult George Stockton Wills on personal equations.

DEAN, *n.* One who never laughs, talks, or even winks his eye.

DESSERT, *n.* A mixture served twice a week to students after dinner when vegetables are high.

DESERT, *n.* A contracted form of dessert, *i. e.*, nothing. A waste.

DOUGH, *n.* 1. That which is served to students by the Faculty as food, *i. e.*, warm biscuits.

2. That which is served to students by parents, as money, *i. e.*, hot stuff.

ECCLÉSIA, *n.* [Greek ἐκκλησία.] An assembly peculiar to the Class of 1900, in which all matters, religious, educational, political, and social, are discussed.

FRESHMAN, *n.* One who doesn't

know and doesn't know that he doesn't know. A "greenie."

GLEE CLUB, *n.* An organization composed of male singers which furnish amusement for the students once a year.

HORSE, *n.* 1. An animal necessary to promote civilization.

2. A book necessary to develop intellect.

HORSE, *v. t.* To copy; to crib; to cheat, *e. g.*, he horsed his "exams."

JUNIOR, *n.* One who knows and doesn't know that he knows.

LETTER, *n.* A journal consisting of from twenty-four to one hundred and twenty-eight pages, issued three times a week, with a circulation of one.

NOTE, *n.* A supplement to the letter.

PROFESSOR, *n.* A measurer of students' knowledge, true or false.

PRECEPTRESS, *n.* A dean coacher. (See Dean.)

QUININE, *n.* The universal medicine of college given to students for all diseases.

SENIOR, *n.* One who knows and knows that he knows.

SMILE, *n.* (See Article—"The Art of Smiling.")

SNAG, *n.* (See Whap.)

SNIPE, *n.* An animal which all new students delight in hunting.

SOCRATES' BASKET, *n.* (Aristophanes' Clouds.) An imaginary place or condition which Seniors get in when they are guyed, *e. g.*, "Sartie's" up in the basket.

SOPHOMORE, *n.* One who doesn't know and knows that he knows.

STRIKE, *v. t.* To hit; to make a hit; to impress; hence to be forcibly impressed by some person generally of the opposite sex.

STRIKE, *n.* A mutual impressing of two college students.

STRING, *n.* 1. Something invisible, immaterial, but strong, *e. g.*, a girl says: "I have three fellows on the string."

2. Something visible, material and strong, *e. g.*, a girl says: "I have a letter or a box on a string."

STRUCK, *v. t.* 1. To remain quiet; to say nothing; to do nothing, *e. g.*, I got stuck *with* a girl in "parlor."

2. To be active; to speak; to do, *e. g.*, I got stuck *on* a girl in "parlor."

STUDENT, *n.* One who takes equestrian lessons. A jockey.

TEN, *n.* A proof of a successful bluff.

WHAP, *n.* (See Smile.)

ZIP, *n.* A proof of inability to bluff.



*There is a Divinity which
shapes our ends.*

The Book of Chronicles.



CHAPTER I.

1. Now on the sixth day of the ninth month of the second year of the reign of Andrew Johnson, there assembled, in Westminster, in Carroll county, which is one of the eastern provinces, a great multitude to witness the laying of the corner-stone of a great temple.

2. The means for the completion of the building being scanty, behold a decree was sent forth, "that whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with gold, with silver, with precious stones, and with frankincense for the building of the temple."

3. Now in the seventh month of the second year of the first reign of Grover Cleveland, Rabbi Lewis was anointed high priest.

4. And when for the second time the people had gathered themselves together at the temple, behold the annointed priest arose and read with a loud voice, the laws which he had made.

5. "Behold I make this decree: That whosoever shall alter my words or break these laws which I have read to you this day, let timbers be pulled down from his house, and being set up, let him be hanged thereon, and let his house be made a nest for ravens for this."

6. Now under the rule of this high priest the congregation of the temple grew, until there were assembled each morning, to hear the reading of the law and prophets, two hundred, fifty and three.

CHAPTER II.

1. So it came to pass, that on the fifteenth day, in the ninth month, of the fourth year of the second reign of Grover, that there came a great company of young men and women from the north, south, east and west to the temple that they might be instructed in the laws and customs of peoples and things.

2. Now, as was the custom of the priest, he made it that on the following day all those who were assembled in the temple should swear, by their sacred honor, never to break one of the laws which had been read in their hearing.

3. But, behold, the devil entered into the hearts of a number of those who had taken an oath to the priest; and it came to pass that when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a great smoke and angry flames were seen a short distance from the temple.

4. On the following day, when it was light, the Rabbis and their disciples went to that part of the temple grounds where the fire and the smoke had been seen the night before, and behold it was found that one of the buildings belonging to the temple had been destroyed.

5. Now it so happens that each year when the temple opens for service, that the Publican sits at the receipt of customs.

6. Each disciple is required to deposit with the Publican five talents as a security that care will be taken of the goods entrusted to him.

7. So that at the closing of the temple in that year, when the disciples went to the Publican for the return of their five talents, it was found that the Priest and the Rabbis had looked upon the burning of this building with great disfavor, and they were sorely angered with the disciples, and made a decree that one-fifth of one talent should be exacted from each disciple, and it was so.

8. Now, in the course of time, one who had waxed strong in mind thought to extend his wisdom beyond this world and become acquainted with stars, sun and moon, which have their abode in the firmament.

9. It came to pass that when the Rabbi, who understood these things, was told of the purpose and desire of this disciple, that he was wroth and would not hear the words which the disciple had come to speak to him.

10. Now, when these things had come to the ears of the High Priest, he commanded that the disciple be brought into his presence, and it was so.

11. It came to pass that when the disciple had come into the court of the High Priest, that he had also waxed wroth and spoke to the High Priest in such a way that he offended him.

12. Then, standing up, the High Priest said: "Be it known to you, O Rabbis and disciples, that I this day swear before you that this man shall be left in this room without sleep, without meat, and without drink, until he has confessed to me that he has done wrong;" and all the Rabbis answered: "Well done, O mighty Priest."

13. Not long after a sound was heard to come from the room in which the disciple had been placed; the High Priest came, and, because of fear, the disciple said: "My lord, I confess;" and his lord answered: "Well done."

14. And after this the High Priest called a council of the Rabbis and said: "It seemeth right to punish those who are in company with this disciple who has so sorely offended us.

15. "So, as a punishment to him and all the generations which are to follow, let us send forth the decree that, all shall know well the wisdom which he sought;" and it was so.

END.



J. G. C.



Many years ago in the halls of our college
Where professors abound to instruct us in knowledge,
Some bright senior girls of W. M. C.
Formed a secret band called J. G. C.

Seniors only at first to this band could belong,
But a trouble arose from this rule before long;
For the time was approaching for Seniors to part,
There must then be some members for next year's start.

After many discussions and a heated tongue fight,
They took in four Juniors as members one night,
Just twice in a year on a Saturday eve
Their jolly good meetings are held I believe.

Now in all secret bands, according to rule,
Not only in those that abound in our school,
A goat must be mounted, a ride taken too
And you mustn't fall off whatever you do.

Some never lose hold, but cling close to his back;
While some not so brave, are strewn over the track.
To those who have safely accomplished the ride
Admission is given with us to abide.

The rules are then read, the girl swears on her heart
That to none will she ever the secrets impart.
If she dares to betray them, ah! woe be to her,
The penalties awful she then will incur.

She would be so disfigured, I truly can say,
Her friends would not know her the very next day;
For her tongue by its roots would be torn from its place
And her eyes and her nose be erased from her face.

Her brows would be singed and her teeth all withdrawn;
And her hair, long and glossy, be shaved off e'er dawn.
Now no one has ever these rules disobeyed,
But their love for their order have always displayed.

Then their sessions are ended with something to eat
And you'll find that the dainties are wholesome and sweet.
The menu each time has to be just the same;
It is *fine*, and has won for itself widespread fame.

The eggs are well scrambled, the bread buttered thick,
The olives and pickles both served with a pick;
While the cream is vanilla, the ice—orange ice;
Oh! I can't tell you how good it is and how nice.

Now indeed you would have to go seek the world over,
Through thorns and through thistles, through daisies and clover,
Just to find any merrier, happier band
Than is here in this College of fair Maryland.

The Art of Smiling.



THE smile of a human being is the legitimate descendent of the grin of a monkey. It betrays a vacant mind. (See Dean, in College Dict.) Physiologically, it is the spontaneous contraction and relaxation of the *orbicularis oris* assisted by the *lavator labii superioris*, the *depressor labii inferioris* and the *depressor anguli oris*. As psychological phenomena, these contractions and relaxations are due to the excitations produced by synthetic vibrations resulting from the apperceptive functions of the cerebral hemispheres. Physiologically and psychologically, the smile is subject to the law of evolution. It is also subject to the laws of mathematics and physics. Where s = intensity of smile, e = distance between "strikes," and k = amount of caramels, the intensity " s " varies directly as amount of caramels or inversely as the square of the distance, or $s = \frac{k}{e^2}$. Smiles carry in the twilight when ether vibrations do not fall below twenty-one.



This cut represents the "grin" of a Freshman. You will note that it lacks refinement and intellectual expression. In fact, it is the twin sister of the grin of an ape. The slightest mental instability will produce it, and its width and loudness is unlimited until the Dean refines it.

This grin is more refined—it almost approaches a smile like unto the gentle Dean's. The subject now assumes a more intelligent look, and is even observed smiling to himself. (No visible excitation being present, we conclude that the smile is due to some past memory when the subject was yet a "brute" in the wilds of the "Prep." school.) At this stage of development the agent may be buried in thought, with a care-



worn expression on his face, when suddenly his face lights up—a grin appears and then it fades away into the same melancholy expression again. (The victim has seen his "strike," and the violent convulsions of the brain produced temporary facial distortion.)

When "strikes" are near each other the excitation is very great, and cerebral convulsions produce perpetual smiles. The vibrations sometimes reach 4,000 per second.

In the Junior year the girls are very adept, and indicate a most refined sensibility of what is graceful and proper. They have run the gamut of conquests, and have likely demolished the hearts of more than one of the sterner sex. The smile indicates—"I like to smile at you, but if *you* smile at another girl I'll get another strike—so beware!" And the young man usually bewares.



The art of smiling reaches its culmination in the Senior year. At that time a dusky shade appears on the upper lip of the dignified Senior, and the smile has a very spirituelle expression. It sometimes is very condescending toward those in the lower classes, and it lacks the vacant stare and

idiotic grin of the Freshmen. This, however, is not the most refined state of smiling. The Dean still remains the exemplar—his smile is unsurpassed.



Smiles are taken at W. M. C. for the same reason that “smiles” are taken in the business world, *i. e.*, as “eye-openers.” Our smiles are four fingers *wide* instead of three fingers *deep*.

The suitable formula to use when a young man receives a very sweet smile from his girl is “Whap.” When the smile is not so sweet, and is given with but little grace, or when he expects one but fails to get it, then he must say with a peculiar emphasis, “Snag.” Whenever a girl receives a box of candy, or a bunch of flowers, or a letter that has not come through the “kindness of Miss Katie,” then the girl must acknowledge it by a peculiar contortion of the left corner of the mouth. This smile is very expressive and is very, very often used.



When you are exceedingly sick, but can't do without a smile from your strike, the proper thing to do is to say: “I must go in for a cup of coffee.” If a young lady wishes to secure a strike she must smile modestly on the unfortunate victim and draw him on by sending him a box of caramels (see College Dict. on Caramels). As soon as she sees him yielding to her wiles she must smile a little more intensely. Finally, her “strike” will send her a ticket

for the base ball game, or for a foot ball contest, or perhaps he will invite her to help him spend some of his father's



money at an oyster supper down town. This compliment is acknowledged at breakfast, chapel and dinner by a decided twist of the right corner of the mouth. (Only experts can do this gracefully.)

Space forbids further description of this wonderful art. But if you wish to understand the sublimity of this art remember that no matter how much *capitis dolor* you have, or how many conflicting emotions disturb your *cor*, or from how much *animi languor* you are suffering, or have an *os distortum*, you must forget all for a *risus lenis* or forever be *non est*.

Boarding School Mathematics.



Definitions and Principles.

BOARDING school mathematics is the mathematics of a boarding school. It consists of three branches,—that of a boy's boarding school, that of a girl's boarding school, that of a co-ed boarding school. In this treatise, however, the last will always be understood to be referred to.

A boarding school is a point in space.

The faculty of a boarding school is identical with the school.

The president of the faculty may be regarded as identical with the faculty. For the power of the remainder of the faculty is infinitesimally small compared with that of the president, so that it may be disregarded in all calculations.

The power of a faculty is $\propto p$, where p is the number of presidents; but it is easily shown $p=1$.

A student may be either a fractional or an integral part of a boarding school according to his "bluffing" and "kicking" abilities.

The pull of a student is the number of degrees which he draws the faculty, or any part of it, out of its course, and varies from 0° to 360° .

The grades of a student vary directly as the cube of his pull, and inversely as the square of the number of demerits which he receives.

The number of demerits a student receives varies inversely as his pull and directly as his truthfulness.

If the bluffing ability of one student equal the bluffing ability of another, but the pocket-book of the first be unequal to the pocket-book of the second, then shall the pull of

these two students be unequal and shall vary directly as the size of the pocket-books.

Three meals of a boarding school are always less than a square meal.

Propositions.

The loci of the daily paths of all students must intersect at one point. Proof:—If these paths did not intersect we would thus have a college student going without his dinner—which is absurd.

Two boarding schools are equal if the president of one equal the president of the other. Proof:—Place the boarding school A on the boarding school B, so that the president of A shall fall on the president of B. Then the faculty of A will fall on the faculty of B, because, by an axiom, the faculty must take the direction of the president. For a similar reason the students of A will fall on those of B. Hence the boarding schools coincide throughout and are equal.

Exercises.

1. Calculate the income of the father of a student, if the pull of that student be such that the president will permit him to leave town without consulting the faculty. How much, if the student will not be demerited for going down town?
2. How many desserts will be given a week, if the president intends to erect a building 100 ft. long, 50 ft. deep and two floors high?
3. What is the average weight of the students in problem 2?
4. Construct a boarding school in which the decrees of the faculty are pleasing to the students.

Hint:—Let $d=0$, where d is the number of decrees.



Troubles of a Poet.



The professor has asked me to scribble in verse,
But from this I would fain be excused ;
For I'm bankrupt in head as well as in purse,
When it comes to the work of the muse.

In my attic alone with my thoughts, in despair
I strive for the rhymes which I lose ;
I swear at the prof as I tear out my hair,
But in vain I solicit the muse.

I spend weary hours in rhyming one word,
For the muse is a slippery sprite;
And just when you think you are safe on the road,
She will vanish away in the night.

I succeeded at the last all my thoughts to condense,
As I sat at my table alone;
And I find that the verse is complete in its sense,
But the metre, ah! where is it gone?

So I tackle the metre, and hustle the rhyme,
And both are quite hard to control;
Yet I try with my might still to bring them to time,
But I've muddled them both in a hole.

I throw down my pen with a sigh of content
As I think of my task thus near ended;
But, alas! when I read it, I plainly can see,
It is not the bright thing I intended.

Notes Taken in Classical Seminar.



The Arcadians and the Wasps were people, not bugs.
Hero once took a ride on a Beetle.

Some man went to Hades and came back to tell his adventures.

In the time of the Greeks it took seventy years to play one comedy—how long did it take to play a drama?

Terence was a borrower, forgot his rule.—“Neither a borrower nor a lender be.”

Herodotus lived at a place where he soon grew tired and scampered “chez lui.”

His pa wouldn't let him stay “chez lui”—Herodotus got mad and played leap-frog to get to Italy—only to arrive there and — *die*.

He was a well-read man—knew everything but the Class of 1900 and the “ALOHA.”

He was called the Papa of History.

Thucydides was a dude and the only wealthy author that ever lived; he had a gold mine.

Like Alexander Selkirk, he was exiled, but only for twenty years—meanwhile he lived on his gold mine.

When he came back into civilized countries he was “out-of-date,” and he skipped over to Thrace where he was killed by robbers—doubtless they thought he carried his gold mine with him.

His bones were carried to some place and Plutarch paid a visit to them.

His history filled an immense vacuum in the Peloponnesian War.

From his works you would never know whether he was Athenian or New Yorker. He had philosophical insight into causes and effects, similar to Dr. Ward. Had large funds of oratorical fireworks and when he set them off!!!!

Another Greek historian was Xenophon.

No one knows when he was born—probably never. Once got in a tight place in a battle and Mr. Socrates kindly pulled him out by the ear.

A man asked him to come to Sardis if he wanted to have a "hot time."

He went, had his "hot time," became leader of 10,000 Greeks.

He was a "jiner"—"jined" the Spartans to fight against—what?

Went to Corinth and probably died; if not he is still "vivant."

Xenophon's works are in seven books, three are read in schools, four are too hard.

He threw down Babylonia. Ran out of subjects and wrote on a horse.

Then on a dog, then on a housekeeper, then on a banquet—but neglected to mention the most important point—the menu.

Next wrote an apology for having written at all.

The only GRACEFUL man.

All Greeks were volcanoes, constantly erupting, not lava, stones, etc., but orations.

May 16, 1900. Last lecture of Senior year.

Having finished with all that is left to us of these grand, noble, oratorical, historical, rhetorical and observatorial men, we leave them to slumber in some far distant Greek tomb and call back to them—"Vale."

Wanted—More mountain air and less love, Thomas.
 Wanted—An opportunity to talk, Weeks.
 Wanted—To borrow something, Baker.
 Wanted—A few more girls, Harker.
 Wanted—A moustache invigorator, Lawson.
 Wanted—An interest in a tobacco firm, Marine.
 Wanted—A shoulder-brace, Miller.
 Wanted—A chance for an argument, Price.
 Wanted—A method for courting two girls, . . . Sartorius.
 Wanted—To form a trust on jokes with Lawson, . Stauffer.
 Wanted—A fog-horn and a ton of writing paper, . . Stowe.
 Wanted—To exchange a "Jewel" for a course in
 Linguistics, Thomas.
 Wanted—A remedy for blushing, Turpin.
 Wanted—A megaphone, Wells.
 Wanted—A mother's care, Yingling.
 Wanted—Everybody to buy an ALOHA, . . Class of "1900."

"The English Department."



PROF. GEORGE STOCKTON WILLS.

Troubles on the House Boat.



IT was a hot day in Hades. The mercury had just reached 4100°, and even his satanic majesty had remarked upon the heat and had ordered up two schooners of molten lead with which to cool himself off. I was sitting in the office of the "Hades Truth," a paper run in opposition to the N. Y. Journal, and having for its editors the shades of Ananias and Baron Munchausen, when I received a call to the editor's office. Proceeding there at once I found Ananias and the baron in a high state of excitement, the cause of which was a telegram which Ananias handed to me and asked me to read. It was as follows:

HADES-ON-THE-STYX, 4, 25, 2986.

"Have just received information that there is a great revolution on the House Boat. Send a reporter at once to investigate.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

"Are you willing to undertake the job?" asked Ananias.

"Certainly," I responded. "I will proceed there at once."

"Well, all right. I think your article, together with a few of the baron's recent experiences with the automobile, will make up for that big 'scoop' the Journal got on us in the last issue."

Hastily bidding the editors goodbye, I got my wardrobe of several asbestos suits together, proceeded to the House Boat, made the investigation, and this is the article that appeared in the "Truth" a few days later:



LADY KATRINA REPRIMANDS QUEEN ELIZABETH FOR SMILING.

TRoubles ON THE HOuse BOAT.

**New Arrivals Usurp Authority—Rumors of Widespread
Mutiny—The Next Few Days May Bring Out
Wonderful Developments.**

HOUSE BOAT, May 3, 2986, A. D.—For several weeks past the affairs of the House Boat have been in a state of confusion. Everything is turned topsy-turvy, and the inmates are nearly all on the point of mutiny. The facts in the case as collected by the "Truth's" reporter are as follows: Several weeks ago there appeared for admittance to the society of "Associated Shades" four new shades. They gave their names and earthly residences as follows: Thomas Hamilton,

Duke of Westminster; Lady Katrina, having charge of the ladies in the duke's castle at Westminster; Sir William Roberts, tried and trusted henchman of the duke and chief of the commissary department of his castle; Sir George Stockton, sometimes called Sir George, the Long, literary representative and court critic to the duke.

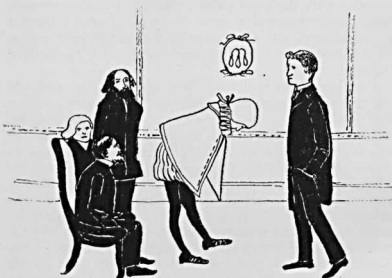
The very pleasant and almost courtly manners of the duke, together with the good titles which all of them possessed, made a good impression upon the shades, and it was after a discussion of only a few minutes that the House Committee decided to admit them to membership to the "Associated Shades."

After being admitted, for a little while all went well, and the new shades became very popular. But this popularity was destined to fall as quickly as it rose. The whole party, headed by the duke, began to grow very dictatorial and overbearing in their manner. Matters drifted from bad to worse until finally his Grace of Westminster usurped Sir Walter Raleigh's power as head of the House Committee and took entire possession of the House Boat. He discharged the old House Committee and appointed in its stead a committee consisting of Sir William, who held the position of chief lieutenant and commissary general; Lady Katrina who was given absolute authority over all the ladies with the title of Preceptress, and Sir George, "the Long," who was put in charge of the Poet's Corner with the right to criticise any of its occupants' productions before they were offered for publication.

With the above-named shades as his assistants, the duke has been running things with a high hand for the past month, introducing new customs and entirely overturning the old régime. Some idea of the great change which has been brought about by this usurper, and the almost universal discontent that has resulted therefrom, may be ob-

tained from a discussion which occurred between some members of the House Boat a few nights ago, and which it was our reporter's good fortune to hear. Nearly all the shades were gathered in the salon of the House Boat to discuss the change of government and how they could best get rid of these obnoxious visitors.

"Gentlemen," said Socrates, "in order that this meeting can proceed without interruption from this usurping duke I



HIS GRACE, THE DUKE, CENSURES LORD CHESTERFIELD.

would suggest that Napoleon detail a squad of his 'Old Guard' to protect the entrance to this room, and that Sitting Bull send out several of his most trusty braves to spy on the movements of this tyrant, and, if necessary, warn us of his approach."

"The point is a very good one," responded Sir Walter Raleigh, who was chairman of the meeting, "and I will

have it attended to at once. We will now proceed to the complaints that are to be made."

First, Judge Blackstone took the floor and stated that the action of the usurpers was wholly without legal backing, and he thought that they could be ejected from the House Boat in a perfectly legal manner.



SIR GEORGE, THE LONG, RETURNS SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY WITH
A LENGTHY CRITICISM.

Immediately after the judge had taken his seat Queen Elizabeth arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily agree with the judge when he says these usurpers ought to be got rid of. Why it was only yesterday that Lady Katrina caught me in one of my flirtations, out of my

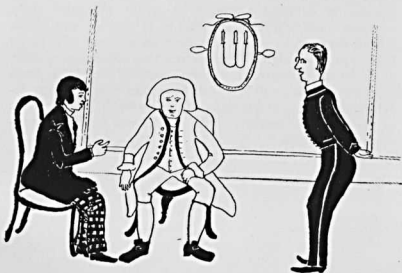
window, with Sir Walter, and lectured me within an inch of my life, and said the next time she caught me doing anything of the kind she would report me to the House Committee and have me deprived of the next thousand 'parlor nights.' She has hedged us about with so many rules and regulations that it would take an unsophisticated Quakeress to obey half of them, and if the present conditions continue life will rapidly become unbearable."

The queen was followed by Lord Chesterfield, who said: "Doubtless you ladies have suffered somewhat by the change, but I hardly think you have suffered a bit more than the men. A few days ago I went to the Duke's office on some business, and, instead of receiving me as he should have done, he gruffly told me he was busy and slammed the door in my face. I remonstrated a little while with him for treating me in this manner and then left. Later in the day he summoned me to his office and demanded of me an apology for my rudeness to him, and told me I hadn't the first principles of manners. Gentlemen, what do you think of that! The idea of anybody daring to make such an accusation against me—me, Lord Chesterfield! It is simply preposterous and I, for one, will do all in my power to get rid of him, either by law or by force."

"Ah, my lord," spoke up Shakspeare, after Chesterfield had taken his seat, "you are a little sore on this subject of manners, but you should see what one of this immortal committee has done to me, and after that I don't think you would again give your wounded feelings a second thought. A short time ago I wrote a play, and in accordance with the rule recently enacted by this new committee, submitted it before it was published to Sir George, 'The Long,' the critic of the Poet's Corner, for his approval. He handed it back to me, to-day, cut all to pieces and with the following criticism written on the back: 'Vague and without form, lacks

the necessary amount of cyniosography so essential to this style of writing, and is entirely void of the usual application of the 'personal equation.' This completely floored me, and if he continues in his present position, I don't see how I will ever get another play through his hands for the publisher."

Shakspeare was greeted with wild outburst of applause as he took his seat and was followed by several speakers, who also had grievances to state. Epicurus complained of the



SIR WILLIAM EXPLAINS WHY THE FOOD DOES NOT SUIT
EPICUREANS.

horrible fare which they had been getting since Sir William had taken charge of the culinary department, Shylock had a complaint to make of having come out at the little end of the horn in a deal he had made with the Duke, Charon was very sore on the Duke because he (Charon) had lost his job as janitor because he wouldn't stand a cut in his wages which

the Duke wanted to make; and, finally, Gen. Eagan closed the speech-making of the evening by stating to the assembly his grievances against Sir William for introducing into the House Boat commissary a special brand of prepared bullneck which, for toughness and non-edibility, put his own preparation of Hispano-American war fame entirely in the shade.

After Gen. Eagan's speech, on motion by Demosthenes, a committee, consisting of Judge Blackstone, Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Socrates, was appointed for the purpose of devising a scheme by means of which these usurpers could be got rid of, either by law or by force, which scheme they are to report at a meeting of the shades to be held to-morrow night. The meeting then adjourned to meet again on the morrow. Everybody around the House Boat is on the *qui vive* and it is hard to predict exactly what developments the next few days will bring forth. A full report of the adjourned meeting of the shades will be found in to-morrow's "Truth."



"THE STAFF" *ωμέγα*.



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