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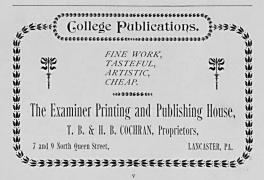
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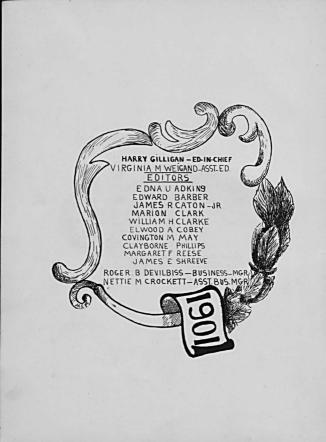
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Dedication.

To William Roberts McDaniel, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, this Volume is respectfully dedicated in commemoration of his long and faithful service in this Institution.



w. mcdlamiel,



Milliam Roberts McDaniel.

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HOUGH destined to enter the most peaceful of all professions, the one furthest removed from war and its wild alarms, the subject of this sketch began his life almost at the beginning of the stormiest period of our national life. Born near St. Michael's, Marvland,

August 11, 1861, his boyhood was spent on that far-famed eastern shore that has produced so many of the best things in Maryland from oysters up—or down—to politicians.

After graduating from the St. Michael's High School, young McDaniel entered the Sophomore class of Western Maryland College in September, 1877, graduating as salutatorian of his class in 1880; and since that time his life has been almost continually centered around his Alma Mater. The year after graduation he taught in Buckeystown, but in the following year returned to Western Maryland College as tutor in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. The next year, however, desiring still further to equip himself for work in his favorite branches, McDaniel again left the college, and in September, 1883, entered Johns Hopkins University as a graduate student in mathematics and astronomy, registering himself as a prospective applicant for the degree of Ph. D. Again his absence was a short one, for in March, 1885, before he had completed his second year at the Hopkins, the chair of mathematics at Western Maryland College was made vacant by the death of its holder and McDaniel, though with considerable hesitation as to the advisability of interrupting his work at the Hopkins, consented to accept the position and to begin work at once. Thus began in March, 1885, his last period of work at the college, a period which has continued without interruption until he now stands second to Dr. Reese alone in length of service. During all these years he has filled at all times the position of professor of mathematics and secretary of the Faculty. A single glance over the catalogues of the college gives some conception of his versatility when we remark the number of departments in which he has worked. When German was first made a part of the curriculum, McDaniel was asked to take that work in hand, as German had been one of his minor studies at the Hopkins. Later, the development of the work created the necessity for a department of modern languages with a separate professor in charge.

When a desire for athletic provess came upon the student body, Mc-Daniel, at the solicitation of the president, took up the department of physical culture, and the first work in this line was given to the students in front of old Ward Hall. While working in this department McDaniel devised and copyrighted an admirable system of club-swinging by note that has been extensively used in various school resorts throughout the country. The merit of

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the system was deservedly recognized by Dr. Sargent, director of physical culture at Harvard University, and in 1887 McDaniel was appointed instructor in the Summer School at Harvard, having charge of the classes in club-swing ing. And all this as a mere aside from his regular and more serious work in mathematics. In the summer of 1889 he was a member of the faculty of the Chautauqua at Monteagle, Tenn., in charge of the work in physical culture, to which was added at the last moment the department of mathematics, the professor engaged for that chair being unexpectedly prevented from coming. The following summer McDaniel was invited to return and take charge of the work in physical culture and astronomy, but owing to the serious illness of his mother he was compelled to decline. The next year astronomy was introduced into the course at Western Maryland College, and this was put into the hands of Prof. McDaniel as belonging properly to the department of mathematics.

In 1895 the college had grown to such an extent that President Lewis found himself overtaxed with the office work incident to the management of the institution, and relief was given him by the appointment of Prof. Mc-Daniel as treasurer of the Board of Trustees, and in this responsible position he has charge, under the supervision of the president, of the not inconsiderable income and outgo of the college funds.

Prof. McDanie's work here has been by no means confined to office and class room duties; his influence is potent and far-reaching in everything that helps to create the best surroundings for college life. In 1891 the members of the resident faculty determined to organize a college Sunday-school, that students might have an opportunity here to carry on this useful and important branch of Christian work. Prof. McDaniel was elected superintendent, and has held this position ever since, a very fair proof of his efficiency and popularity. From its inception the Sunday-school has been a pronounced success, and this is due to no one so much as to its superintendent.

On November 21, 1895, Prof. McDaniel was married to Miss Ada, youngest daughter of John Smith, of Wakefield, who had been president of the Board of Trustees from the organization of the college until his death. With his marriage Prof. McDaniel abandoned his rooms in Hering Hall and established himself in a beautiful and artistic home on the college campus; and few homes can be found more delightful than this, presided over with grace and dignity by his charming wife and his no less charming daughter, Dorothy, who, though she has just passed her fourth birthday, numbers her lovers by the score.

The record of Prof. McDaniel's life and work is yet, we trust, far from complete. But its activity and its usefulness have centered in an unusual measure around Western Maryland College, and to him this book is dedicated by the Class of 1901 as a slight recognition of his hold upon the affections of Western Maryland College students, past, present, and to come.

Preface.

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T is finished! What a sigh of sweet relief escapes us as we realize that at last we have accomplished a task which has occupied the greater part of our time for the last few months. Oh, those precious hours that have been consumed in the flames of the midnight oil, as

time and again we have worked until our fingers refused to hold the pen, and our weary heads have drooped over the unfinished page; and those wild, fantastic dreams that followed—but now *it is finished*, and we realize that our midnight oil was not spent in vain, for before us we have in tangible form the results of those long weary hours of toil—the 1901 ALOHA.

We have tried to present in the present volume every phase of the student life at college, both serious and humorous, as it appears to us. We ask our critics to be lenient in their criticisms upon our first attempt in publishing such a book. We realize only too well its imperfections. If you will take the book in the spirit in which it has been written, we will promise not to inflict another one on you. If anything has been said about you, friend, which doesn't exactly please you, remember that you are probably giving pleasure to others, and so be content. We assure you that no harm was meant to anyone.

We desire to acknowledge publicly the kind assistance given us in preparing part of the literary matter by Professors Black and McDaniel, and to thank Mr. N. I. Gorsuch for his ready assistance in the business department. We would also express our gratitude to our arists—Misses Day and Hunter, and Messrs. Caton and Martland—for their hearty co-operation in the work; and to all who have in any way contributed to the preparation of the book we feel grateful. And now with these few words of introduction we leave the book in your hands.

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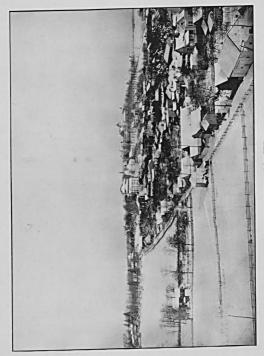
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General View of "College Hill."

Sketch of Mestern Maryland College.

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T has always been a characteristic of the American people in their remarkably bright history to place much importance on education. From the very first our pioneer fathers sought to establish schools as

plentifully and as conveniently as possible. As population increased the demand for schools increased. And though there have always arisen men who have expended earnest and energetic effort to establish conditions to meet this demand, many times it has been very difficult, and sometimes even impossible, to maintain a college where really needed. At all events the history of most educational institutions is marked by trials and struggles more or less discouraging and difficult to overcome. Yet the brightness of the final success is but rendered more brilliant by the gloom attending the beginning.

These facts have been manifested in the history of our institution. When the fertile and richly timbered lands of the western part of Maryland began to attract live and thrifty settlers there arose a need for a college in this section. Mr. Fayette R. Buell was one of the men to expend his efforts to meet this need, and as a result of those efforts, in the fall of 1866, there was laid the corner-stone of Western Maryland College. But not long after the completion of this building it became evident that the whole enterprise was in great danger of failing. The college was on a very unsound financial basis, and the leaders of the institution were brought face to face with the fact that, unless immediate relief was found, their cherished hopes and ardent desires would crumble before the irretrievable defeat of all their carefully laid plans

It was under these circumstances that Dr. James Thomas Ward heroically came to the assistance of Mr.Buell. By his remarkable popularity and the incorruptible integrity of his character he succeeded in securing a sufficient amount of money to relieve the embarrassment, with the understanding that he should become the president of the college. This position the venerable doctor held with credit and distinction until 1886. During this period the institution grew rapidly, both in efficiency and in the number of its students.

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In 1886 the declining years of Dr. Ward made it necessary for him to resign his position. His son-in-law, Dr. Thomas H. Lewis, succeeded him. When Dr. Lewis assumed the duties of his responsible office, the college was performing a good work, but its progress was greatly hindered by a debt that still remained unpaid. Dr. Lewis directed his first efforts to discharge this debt. By his rare business ability, added to his other high intellectual capacities, he accomplished his purpose in three short years. Before the close of 1898 the last cent of the debt was paid, and the institution emerged from the doom that for a long time had been hovering over it. Since then it has rapidly advanced in a brilliantly successful career.



Alumni Hall.

No more suitable place for such an institution could be found in this part of the country than the position now occupied by Western Maryland College. From the summit of Parr's Ridge, on which the college stands, there is presented to the eye a scene of rare beauty and unusually picturesque loveliness. The situation is also surrounded by healthy and invigorating atmosphere. The college occupying a position near the Western Maryland

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R. R., thirty-four miles from Baltimore, is conveniently accessible to all parts of this section of the country.

This spot, now known as "College Hill," was once used for a short time, just before the memorable battle of Gettysburg, as a Federal position. At



Baker Chapel.

present, instead of being covered by a woods with cannon stationed here and there, it is decked with buildings which make it a small town in itself. The original structure of four stories has been improved by a large tower. Wings have been added on both sides until the edifice is now 273 feet long. These

+ 21 +-

wings have been named for those whose efforts have done much for the advancement of the college. Owings Hall, Smith Hall, Hering Hall and Ward Hall all remind us of some of the benefactors of the institution.

Besides these improvements, Yingling Gymnasium, a building splendidly equipped with strictly modern appliances, and Baker Chapel, beautiful and comfortable, inspiring in its very appearance a reverential feeling, stand as monuments to the memory of those who gave of their means the funds with



President's Residence.

which to build these structures, thus showing their appreciation for, and their interest in, this college.

Then there was erected in 1891 Levine Hall, to be used for a primary department. Since that time this building has been enlarged, and is now used for the entire preparatory portion of the school. On the campus are also situated two handsome residences, occupied respectively by the president of the college and the professor of mathematics. The entrance to the college

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grounds is marked by a beatiful arch, called "Ward Memorial," erected in honor of the first president by his niece, Mrs. Hurley, of Washington, D. C.

But the crowning emblem of progress, so far as structural improvement is concerned, is Alumni Hall, occupying a conspicuous site on the premises, at the corner of College Avenue and Main street. On the first floor of this



Levine Hall.

building are situated society halls, committee rooms and a handsome ornamented banquet hall. On the second and third floors is the beautiful auditorium, with a seating capacity of about fourteen hundred.

Thus the college is in every respect in a very flourishing condition.

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She has always maintained a high standard of education, and men and women in every profession of life stand as noble representatives of her efficiency. But the courses are steadily being raised. There is now demanded a higher advancement for entrance into her halls than formerly, and men are graduated with higher intellectual development.

A glance at the catalogue of students will show how widely known the college is becoming. Students are in attendance from north, east, south and west. Even Cuba and Porto Rico are represented among our ranks.



Ward Memorial.

Thus we see for Western Maryland a bright future. We are grateful to her for the men she has given to our country. We congratulate those who have been privileged to receive the benefits of her training. We are proud of the opportunity that has permitted us to become among her graduates. And we say that even more blessed will they be who attend here in the years that are to come.

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Theological Seminary.

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Non-graduates who are prepared for the Sophomore class of College may, without examination, enter the Junior class; and after three years of successful study and the presentation of an approved thesis, receive a certificate of graduation and be enrolled among the Alumni.



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Stockton Literary Society.

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Organized 1883.

Motto: διώκω κατά σκοπόν.

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CLIFFORD SYLVESTER KIDD, Bridgeton, N. J.

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fourth Term.

CHARLES EDWARD FORLINES, Burlington, N. C.

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Stockton Literary Society.

Stockton Literary Society.

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VERY student who graduates from Westminster Theological Seminary and enters the active work of the ministry will many times in his life be called upon either to make an impromptu speech or to

discuss some question in a public capacity where he meets with opponents, or he may be called upon to preside over a temperance meeting, a quarterly, annual, or general conference.

It was for the purpose of assisting the student to stand upon his feet and think deliberately that the Stockton Literary Society was organized in 1888.

Every Friday afternoon of the scholastic year at three o'clock the Society holds its regular meeting. At these meetings a programme is rendered consisting of readings, recitations, orations, lectures, and a debate. In these debates questions of a literary, ecclesiastical, sociological, and moral character are discussed.

The annual reunion of the Society on Monday evening at 8 o'clock of commencement week is considered by all who participate by far the most pleasant event of the scholastic year. At these reunions a banquet is served, and the literary genius and the young theologian combine their wit in suitable toasts.

How far short the Stockton Literary-Society has come of producing men of ministerial and literary culture with ability to detect fallacies in debate and to defend the truth, as well as men competent to preside with dignity and grace over any parlimentary body, we leave for the intelligent criticism of our parishiomers in the future.



Mhoa Dig!!!

In far off days I now recall, When reigned the great Bill McKinley, There came to saintly Senior Hall A man with hair cropped quite thinly.

Harold James Turner, if you please, A. M., A. B., and Ph. D. "I am from Hopkins, gentlemen !" He was indeed a *prodigy*!

But to return unto the tale Which I indeed wish to relate— It was a cold November night, The time was waxing sorely late.

And in the hall recalled above The Senior boys were gathered round; But nowhere in his room or out Was Dr. Turner to be found.

"Where is he?" was the question asked By all the boys both large and small; For 'twas indeed a strange event That doctor should be off the hall.

Later and later grew the time, Until at last his lordship came. The boys they heard him enter his room, And—well now heed a deed of fame ! A menagerie broke loose Could not emit so strange a sound As came from Doctor Turner's room ;

The boys all quickly gathered round.

"Whoa Pig ! Whoa Pig !!" the doctor cried, In accents desperate and wild ; Then came a clash, a fearful crash, To which the Deluge might seem mild.

Tables and desks and furniture, Of any sort and every kind, Seemed to the boys outside the door A common rendevous to find.

A Babel shaken to the earth, Or a Niagara's cataract, Could not make near the noise that was Produced by the *Pig-Turner Act*,

And after all the tunnult ceased, And when the storm's great work was done, And the debris was cleared away, A search to find the cause begun.

The doctor opened then his door, Th' expectant throng of students surged, And looked and laughed and then gave way As the cause of all emerged—it was a *pig*.

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Class of 1901.

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Class Motto. "Quisque suos patimur manes."

Class Colors.

Purple and Gold.

Class Officers.

President.

E. A. COBEY.

Prophetess.

MARGARET F. REESE.

Distorian.

R. B. DEVILBISS.

Poet.

H. GILLIGAN.

Secretary.

J. E. SHREEVE, JR.

Treasurer.

I. J. DASHIELL.

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Prologue.

NCE again the ever-encircling years have completed another cycle. The old century with its wonderful triumph of human genius has disappeared in the abyss of the past, while the present with its splendid possibilities is still new-horn from the ages of certarity. At such a time, more than at any other, all nature seems to assume a more serious aspect and all creation appears to mourn the approach of its final dissolution. Nowhere was this seriousness more keenly appreciated than in the Class of 1901, where the closing hours of the nineteenth century witnessed the achievements of a class of men and women who were fated to enter upon the sterner duties of life under such propitions circumstances.

History is the record of human progress; applied to a class, it is a chronicle of those events which mark the progress of a class toward its final goal. From year to year, a history of this class, as a whole, has been published in former editions of these annuals, to which we would refer you for a summary of our progress; but, in this sketch, it is the purpose of the historian to record not so much the serious record of each one as a component part of the whole, but those idle whims and fancies which have marked the life of each as interpreted in the light of their appearance to the class. The historian disclaims any intention whatever to ridicule or to deride, but has recorded everything in an utmost spirit of friendliness.

With this as an introduction let us now turn to the class roll:

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Edna Urith Adkins became a member of the class in the Sophomore year. She was so impressed with the importance of her exalted position that she immediately began to conduct herself with all the dignity of a queen. For three years she has not only striven to uphold her own dignity, but she has also considered it the solemn duty to reprove her classmates for their levity. She delivered periodic lectures upon the proper manner of conducting oneself at the table. At the close of the Junior year she forewore all love in order to act more in accordance with her dignity.

She is so serious-minded that she can not see a joke, although it is repeated an infinite number of times. A favorite trick of her fun-loving companions has been to send her upon some booless errand, either to meet some one in the parlor or to report to a teacher. Repeated failures have not made her wary. Once, however, the joke was turned, for through compassion,

one of the teachers soothed her wounded pride with "something to eat," much to the chagrin of the perpetrators of the joke. Her genial disposition has created a large coterie of friends, but at home she is secure from the annoyance of persistent suitors, who are frightened away by the vigilance of her protectora bulldog. She is a talented musician and an earnest society worker.

After finding the Class of 1900 ill-suited to her temperament, Bessie Katherine Armacost united her fortune with that of the Class of 1901 in its Sophomore year. She, however, has cherished a warm spot in her heart for one member of the former class, and as an expression of her feeling can frequently be heard singing "Little Boy Blue" as the nearest approach to "Little Boy Green," of Pocomoke. But she,



deeply grateful to the Class of 1901 for the advantages which it has offered to her, has faithfully endeavored to promote the welfare of the class even to the extent of denying herself the enjoyment of a box of teaberries which had been sent to her from Pocomoke. At times, however, she drives her mates almost to distraction by her strennous efforts to sing *alia*.

This young lady is fond of literature—especially that of a sporting nature. She early developed a fondness for *herses* and during her college course made a thorough acquaintance with the standard breeds. Her ability in managing these marks her as a jockey famous for winning all the contests in which she enters. It is probably a result of her ability in this respect that leads her to take such deep interest in horse racing. She is thoroughly up-to-

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date on all subjects relating to race horses, and is as familiar with events at the races as the most confirmed "following" of the "talent."

Chief among the curios treasured by the class is Edward Barber. Discovered at the beginning of the Sophomore year he has been a source of endless anusement. He may be briefly described as a mixture of "Anny Rannell" sand and strawberries, showing no effects of the sand but the "soft" effect of the strawberries. Under the thoughtful ministrations of his mates his grosser monstrosities were made more presentable. They soon convinced him that he was neither a walking "Webster" nor a "Liddell and Scott," but they have not been wholly successful in reforming him. He alone has the distinction of informing his lady friends of the order in which he holds them in his estimation. Wasic has such charms for him that while he makes been known to walk a mile through a rain storm in the vasi endeavor to make the acquaintance of one songstress.



read a newspaper in church, to stay out late at night, and to "play the fool" in general. Never has he been known to learn any news until it has become ancient history, but history appeals to him so strongly that he, while grieving for one of his unsuccessful strikes, seating himself in a fence corner, aptly termed himself "Napoleon mourning for his lost empire."

There are only two boys among the graduates who are not boarding students. The first of these is Edward Clinton Bixler. For five years trudging through rain, snow, sunshine, and mud in winter and summer, "Benny," as he is called by his class mates, has faithfully attended school, thereby setting a wholesome example to some of his less energetic classmates, who, under more favorable circumstances, have been less conscientious in performing their duties. A man with such energy would naturally rank high in scholarship, and "Benny" has indeed done this. Were it not for his natural diffidence and his kind-

ness of heart in not wishing to afflict his schoolmates by posing as an elocutionist, he would have taken more honors than he has taken. Mosquitoes are rare in Carroll county, for he has seen them so seldom that they present to him the same mental picture as *misquoted*. Apples, cider, and milk are plentiful in these parts, and through the kindness of his heart his starying classmates have not been forgotten. We have a standing invitation to make our presence known, and frequently have we availed ourselves of the invita-

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tion, always to receive a royal welcome. Always willing to extend a helping hand, he has endeared himself to his companions, who see in him one who can be trusted on every occasion.

Fresh from the protecting care of home, and untainted by the ways of the world, James Randall Caton, Junior, entered the portals of Western Maryland College in the autumn of 1897, at the tender age of sixteen years, and, what is most remarkablel he has never grown any older. Breaking away from old influences and entangling himself in the meshes of flattery, this child began a conquest of hearts with the result that he is the "Napoleon" of society. The number of female scalps and bleeding hearts dangling at his belt mark him as the champion flirt. For this accomplishment one of his

victims has called him conceited. But unlike Alexander, he is not weeping for more hearts to conquer, but now he is content with establishing his supremacy in one, and congratulating himself on his good looks. "Jimmie" is a remarkable personage in many respects. He is intelligent enough to rank high in scholarship; he was the Freshman class leader, and he possesses more than ordinary talent in music and art, but with these attainments he is too lazy to take full advantage of his opportunities. He has always aspired to be an athlete, but in this he has been handicapped by his knock-knees. When he is standing erect they form a triangle with the floor as a base; when walking they strike against each other with monotonous regularity.

"She is one of the brightest girls that ever came to this institution," were the words used by a professor in speaking of Marion Clark. "Madamemoiselle" has been a class leader for every term since the Sophomore year, at



which time she entered college, but with all this she has failed in her attempt to establish woman's intellectual superiority over man. She is a perfect mystery to her classmates, who frequently misjudge her through ignorance of the real motives which actuate her conduct, but she can be easily influenced through her susceptibility to flattery and her proneness to credulity.

Her college life has not been one continuous ray of sunshine. In the first place she was heard to remark that some one, unknown to anyone except herself, had kindled a spark of love in her breast in the Sophomore year, but unavoidable circumstances made it impossible for this to grow. Grieving over this sad prospect and worrying over the belief that she was the target for all the jokes of the class, she sought refuge in the "insance asylum" in the

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Seior year. It is reported that *she says* that she does not study, but by her natural ability can acquire full command of each lesson. In the midst of persecution, assuming an indifferent air and appearing wholly cheerful in her indifference, she proclaims herself the most abused person in the class.

The eastern shore has many valiant defenders, but *highest* among these stands William Henry Clarke. True to the instincts of a Pocomoke mosquito, he has been an affliction to his classmates in exhausting their patience with his marvelous praises of his native town. Once he attempted to prove by his Personal appearance that the "full dinner pail" was in evidence among the "sand barrens" of Worcester county.

"Shad" is prone to make balloon ascensions. Let some one point a



finger at him, say Pocomoke, and then watch the result. Immediately he begins to rise until at last you can hear a faint idiotic laugh, by which you know that he has reached his journey's end.

"Shad" is a musician, elocutionist, orator, singer, photographer, and what not! In his Freshman year he bought a guitar and in four years has actually learned three chords. His only fault as an elocutionist is that he resembles a telegraph pole too closely to gain the sympathy of his andience. His *howling* success has been in oratory, for rising to his full height he keeps his andience in a continual howl with his "As I was about to say." Inspired by the Worcester county whip-poor-will, he early sought fame as a singer, but his fate in the glee club destroyed that aspiration. The assiduous

attention given to photography in his Senior year earned for him the appellation "tripod." The earnest prayer of his mates is "May his shadow never grow less."

Elwood Alexander Cobey, whose brown eyes first caught sight of terrestrial things in Charles county (God bless her), is an unsolved phenomenon. After terrorizing his native town for fourteen years with his unearthly screams, this embryo orator developed his full power among the hills of Western Maryland. Beyond praying one whole night and counterfeiting an angel in robes of white, his sub-Freshman year passed by uneventfully.

> "Sleep is a gentle thing Beloved from pole to pole."

After seeing him we can readily believe the fable of the seven sleepers of Ephesus. There is only one thing that can cause his eye to flash or his face to assume a look of interest, and that is the smile of some coy maiden, but even this charm is not potent enough to arouse him effectually.

After taking a special course in the "gym." to cultivate a dignified appearance, his dignity sadly forsook him on several occasions; once when approaching a young lady for a favor he took a tumble in the snow, and again, when in response to his effort to lift a napkin from the table, the dishes began to scatter. He has amassed a greater string of nicknames than has fallen to any one else in the class.

It has been related that Nettie Maude Crockett, after passing through fire and brimstone unscathed, came from her island home to join the class in its Freshman year, confident in the expectation that she could brave the alluring charms of masculine smiles; but vain hope. Cupid aimed his shaft

only too true, another bleeding heart sought divine healing, and another crown of victory graced the brow of this mischief-loving youth.

She firmly believes that writing makes one exact. With this in view she has become an adept in the art. The number and frequency of her letters are rivalled only by the diligence with which she carries water to throw on whatever specimen of male humanity who ventures under her window. She is not a respecter of persons, but visits the same penalty upon professor or president as upon students. In addition to this she has a most decided mania for dancing, despite all rules and regulations to the congrary. It has been her misfortune to be caught almost every time she has



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attempted to dance; but not even the sharp reproof which she invariably received moderated her ardor. She wishes to have her own way in everything, and domineering over her room mate she will stamp as wrong whatever may conflict with her opinion.

Even before arriving at the age of discretion Isaac Jones Dashiell began to wander up and down the face of the earth in search of wisdom and understanding. After investigating by actual experience the benefits conferred by several other schools, he chanced to light upon College Hill, where he became a member of a class whose intellectual attainments have for five years somewhat quieted him, but he still retains some traces of his former

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roving disposition. He delights to stroll over the country, and frequently can be seen plodding his way along a road the directors of which were reported to have considered at one time the advisability of charging him toll for the unusual heavy wear on the road. The direction in which he is accustomed to walk is the outcome of an attempt on his part to demonstrate that he was impervious to the charms of womankind. Twice has he unconditionally surrendered, and now he is as meek as a lamb, so meek that certain young ladies of the town have shown a desire to have him for a pet.

"Dash" is a foot ball player, and as such has an enviable record. His speed and "dash" have made him a valuable man, for many times have his opponents caught a glimpse of a curly head "dashing" over the gridiron. His cross-country training is the secret of his success. The enthusiasm displayed by his mates at the beginning and end of each ramble shows how well his efforts are appreciated.

Fortune has been gracious to Beulah Williams Day. She did not make



her appearance as a member of the class until late in the Sophomore year. At the close of the Junior year, she bade farewell to all, intent upon the purpose of foregoing the pleasures of college life, but she returned to graduate as the sole devote of science among the "contray" sex. She alone has had the courage to bruise the tender flower, wield the knife, or endanger her life in the chemical laboratory.

Strange to relate, she is especially fond of mathematics, which she uses to solve all perplexing problems; especially is this true of her love affairs. By this she determined upon which one of two luniors she should lavish her affections.

She proved that B was a mean proportional between A and C, and that D was a common factor to all, not only to her own, but to the satisfaction of one of these Juniors. This was proved by suspending a figure on a porch by a hammock, and then circumscribing it by an arm which was not glass. The results were equalized by smoking a pipe of peace belonging to one, and giving the other a ginger cake. There is one, however, who believes that her affections are directly under divine control, for he prayed that they be given to him.

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*Fresh from the mountainous wilds of Frederick county, where his early life was spent in rustic simplicity, Roger Buckey Devilbiss, immediately upon his entrance in the autumn of '97, created the impression that great things were to be expected. Before long he let it be known that he possessed great influence with the State Legislature, and that unless the college authorities treated him as he wished he would heap vengeance upon them from that source. But his reputation as a student was more stable than all his influence with the Legislature, and he maintained a high standing in his class throughout the course. But the most characteristic feature which shows itself again and again in his history is his wonderful capacity for argument. How many rainy Sundays or idle evenings have the boys of 1901 gathered around him and listened to the worderful (2) words which proceeded out of his mouth.

the effect of an opiate injurious only to the ears. When we had listened for a little while each in turn fell asleep, and remained so untill the sun shone again. However, in testimony to his past achievements, his historian can bear him no better wishes for the future than that its success be equal to that of the past.

"In a flutter, in a commotion, in a thorough ferment."

Something like a cyclone in the person of Harry Gilligan struck College Hill shortly after the autumnal equinox in '97. These breezes have not entirely subsided, but the very atmosphere in which he lives so enervates one that even work becomes attractive (?). What with walking the streets of Westminster —this exercise is probably responsible for his charming walk; witness the remarks of Doctor



Lee. What with playing the baggageman when some of his mates were kind enough to deliver his trunk at a certain residence in town. What with seeking an invention for a screen to hide lovers' kisses—his first attempt failed miesrably—what with inflicting his musical effusions upon the students as a member of the glee club, choral society, chapel choir, and orchestra, and what with doing a thousand and one other triflex, he has tried to create the impression that he is unusually industrious. His time has indeed been fully occupied, whether with work, however, is open to question. His cares and responsibilities have so multiplied that his heart has been weakened. While

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*Written by a classmate.

playing football last fall he was heard to remark that his heart was troubling him. Investigation showed that his love affairs were not progressing very smoothly. Later advices, however, offer a hope for his recovery.

Before becoming a member of the Freshman class, Carrie Frances Gladhill experienced an uneventful career, but since that time events have passed in varied succession. It was here that she first learned the conditions conducive to star-gazing, and, needless to add, practice has made her familiar with the heavenly constellations. Her heart has been lost, found, and if extra precaution is not taken is in danger of being lost a second time. Her experience is sufficient proof that the heart is a safe (2) moral guide, for upon its disappearance she considered it no sin to violate rule number *cleven*, which



she had pledged herself to observe. But the moment her heart was recovered the violation of this rule became an unpardonable crime. From all reports she is wont to hang mistletoe in some place by no means secluded, and she permits it to remain there all the year round. She considers it her solemn duty to sign each and every pledge which may be presented to her in order that her example may influence others to do likewise. If the same principle can be applied to her work one would be led to believe that the sole object of existence is to dust pictures. There is one pleasure which she has been denied, a moonlight ride upon the water, for from her description these cannot be very enjoyable when the rower must get out and push the boat.

The distinctive type of the individual known as the "Tar Heel" has more than local celebrity. It is to the consideration of several representatives of this type that the narrative now turns. For no accountable reason Carlia Louise Harris receives the first recognition. For three years she has been an earnest student and a worthy member of the class, but we fear that this attachment is merely outward, while her heart still reverts to the old "North" state. Her absent manner and the dreamy expression of her eyes tell more eloquently than words of somebody who was left behind. Then how comforting must those frequent messengers be when even their salutation almost fills a closely written page. In this way she receives such exact information

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about home affairs that she mortally despises the newspaper clippings sent from home. Since she has such an affectionate nature we ought not to be surprised that she loves her music teacher so devotedly that she pulls his hair until he screams. The few who gain her approval are indeed fortunate, for they escape the sharp criticism which she visits upon everything which arouses her disapproval. Her sharp wit and ready tongue give her words double force. She is a musician of some talent and a strong advocate of temperance.

In contrast with her sedate and matter-of-fact sister Enhalic Vivian Harris is capricious. It is impossible to forecast her actions, but one may be sure that they will be unexpected. She will drink water from only one glass at the table, and that a cracked one. She is subject to the "blues," and is prome to melancholy. Of course such a one is imaginative and fanciful. In the first place she began to construct strange tenses for the French verb by using the present participle with the auxiliaries. She works so industrionsly

at perfecting these that she has never been known to know her lessons. Naturally she would be a firm believer in ghosts and kindred spirits of the nether regions. Her slumbers have been constantly interrupted by a mysterious rapping on the window of her room, and strange voices have disturbed the quietness of her night. A rational explanation of these mysteries would make them the fanciful echoes of a mind worn out by a too frequent perusal of the ghostly adventures of her "Ichabed."

She also blessed the class with her presence in the Sophomore year, since which time she has devoted considerable time to the cultivation of her musical talent, both vocal and instrumental. She is kept under close surveillance by her relatives lest she should lose her allegiance to her native state.

There are still two more representatives of



the old "North" state who have returned to the Alma Mater of their father in search of the wisdom of the gods. There was some hesitancy in presenting one before the other, but as senior partner of the company Mabel Blanche Harris deserves first mention. Naturally she is the "boss," and for three years the burden of the oversight over her relative has fallen upon her shoulders. It is strange that she, too, is a firm believer in ghosts, and has also been disturbed by some mysterious noise on the window and by strange voices. In

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her estimation E. P. Roe's novels could be substituted for the Bible with equal fitness.

Science has enabled man to do many things, but will it ever be able to make all things possible for him? This young lady hopes that it will, and that very quickly. She is the possessor of a treatise upon "How to be Beautiful," by the latest scientific method, whose instructions she is diligently obeying in the confident hope of success at last. After fruitlessly trying the "chicken-heart" cure, she chanced upon these formulas, which are kept as a profound secret. How long it will be before there is some perceptible improvement no one knows, but for her own sake and that of humanity let every one hope that success will at last crown her efforts.

The fourth one from the old "North" state to become a member of the class in its Sophomore year is Myrtle Grace Harris. For three years she has not only been "bossed" by her sister, but she has been compelled to do all the house work. Yet such an affliction has not ruined her disposition. Despite crosses and losses she is always genial and uncomplaining. Her sharp wit, which she can use to advantage, attests her keen appreciation of fun, and



her firm conviction that nothing can outshine her native state-not even is a mule from North Carolina less stubborn than one from Virginiashows her lovalty to every cause in which she is interested. For some unaccountable reason she has not been so popular, especially among the boys, as she deserved to be, but supposedly because they dread an undeserving comparison through a prejudiced eve with those of the sunny South. She has devoted considerable effort to music, and is wont to give concerts with several others. usually on Sunday evenings. These are enjoyed by all except the audi-

tors. It is necessary to record that she is one of a few who do not find it necessary to study on the Sunday previous to exams.

After vainly endeavoring to teach young ideas how to shoot, Theophilus Kenoley Harrison came to this institution three years ago to give his ideas a

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larger range in which to practice archery. He has succeeded right well. although some of his shafts have not taken the direction intended. A class is indeed fortunate which has a member prepared to meet any emergency. We have been this since the Sophomore year, at which time "Bark" came into our midst, proclaiming himself a "man of tact and ability." His ability displayed itself in the construction of a travelling appliance so novel in its design that he was immediately dubbed "Bark." It may be well to add that this design was a result of applied economics. His tact can be seen when "guyed" by his mates; he stows himself on board of his canoe and makes a tack to sail into regions more conducive to his peace of mind. To see him put away provisions one might imagine him the captain of an ocean liner. He has made his mark not as a brilliant reciter, nor as a quick wit, nor as a keen thinker, but as the most abominable interrogator extant. His one redeeming quality is that he always apologizes before asking the question. Does he do this because the questions are nonsensical? He has been our foreign missionary sent to the engine-room to convert the night-watchman.

God created all things, even rabbits, and therefore let no man murmur. Our pet, Felix Renouf Holt, hopped into our midst in the Freshman year.

since which time he has experienced a world of vicissitudes. "Bunny" has a warm attachment for womankind, and soon six young ladies-actual count-had a devoted slave in this young Orion, for he is a mighty hunter, and he has visited death and destruction upon many rabbits and partridges. This fact, together with his personal appearance. especially his eyes, give him the name of Bunny, Now to Bunny's taste rabbits and partridges are much more toothsome than candies, and with these as inducements he began to seek comfort for his aching heart. Rabbits and partridges disappeared here and there, but the comforting smile never came. At last, on the verge of despair, he anchored in a haven of rest in which, with only a few breezes to ruffle the calm, he has since been "harbored."

He is fond of posing for his photograph, and as a result has quite a collection of pictures of him-



self which he has consigned to his protector (see May). He has had troubles of his own with embryo poets. These have immortalized his achievements on every possible occasion. He has acquired a fund of useful information

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upon the finer (?) points of shooting, fishing, foot ball, base ball, and tennis, on whose broad foundation he has "bluffed" his way through college.

The class could well be undannted by the intellectual obstacles which must be surmounted in a college course, when it had an ever-present "hope" to revive its drooping energies. Fannie Harrison Hope made her presence known in the Sophomore year. She soon distinguished herself by displaying a fondness for the proverbially dry, difficult subject of mathematics, much to the envy of her more unfortunate classmates, who could find nothing commendable in the "stuff." No wonder the boys are shy of her. A mathematician and yet a veritable talking machine. What mortal mind could comprehend such extremes in one person and *that a girl*! Could there be a greater antithesis? Such a one would be expected to be too practical to put any credence in superstitions, but she certainly does all in her power to fulfill



proficient in swinging these.

all necessary conditions for those bearing upon Hallow E'en. We have not been informed of the result and can not testify to the truth or fallacy of these legends, but we would refer any one seeking information upon the subject to this young lady, who will be pleased to supply not only legendary but practical information upon all Hallow E'en superstitions. She is an athletic woman. taking deep interest in all lines of athletic work, but she herself has achieved special distinction with Indian clubs. She is unusually

Reared in the ancient town on the banks of the Severn, Helen Genevieve Hunter made her appearance in the Freshman year as one of the goodly number who were to become members of the class of 1901. Of course she impersonated the quaint mien of her native town, and for that reason she soon became known as one who had "decided ideas upon some subjects." She is extremely independent and is a believer in neither lending nor borrowing, yet she will lend a helping hand wherever she can. Some naughty individual once published a joke about her and one of the boys in the class. After this

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she "cut" the boys in her class and turned her attention to the associate professor of Latin and Greek, whom she judges to be more intellectual than the "addled-brained idiots of her own class," who take delight in such jokes. She is fond of the classics, and will write Latin sentences by the hour, which she will take to a professor for correction and incidentally to enjoy a few moments of conversation. Although it is quite the fashion for those who are sufficiently aged to boast that they have lived in three centuries, we would not believe that she was so old as she would have us believe when she informed the census taker that she was born in 17—. She has foresworn all love, and with one of her classmates has vowed celibacy, but we are inclined to think that there was some secret understanding between these two before the vow was made.

After serving his native state for three years in the capacity of a soldier,

Franklin Porter Krauss abandoned all hopes of military glory and the rigid regulations of military life to serve the goddess Minerva and incidentally to bow low before the more rigid regulations of Western Maryland College. What a soldier he must have made! With innocence and simplicity written upon his countenance, who could imagine him assuming the sternness of a soldier? He is a student for the ministry now, but he still retains his aversion for those people who are "too good." His mates, however, are unanimous in saving that he lives the life he professes. His quiet, unassuming mien has won for him many friends, which fact has helped to smooth the rough road of college life. But, reader, you must not think that



he has discovered the royal road to learning. In the first place he admits that his sweetheart has "ipiled" him. Frank tried to solace himself by "raising" a mostache, which was not only his pride but also that of every one in the class; by the way, it was the only one in the class. For a time everything went "swimmingly," but the blow came at last. While playing foot ball one day he heard one of his opponents remark that he was too young to play against so old a man. That night the mustache came off and Frank has since been confortless. There is not the slightest doubt that man has descended from a monkey. The missing link has been discovered in Henry Marshall Lankford. This hybrid entered the Sophomore class displaying all the exuberance of one suddenly receiving some great honor. Here he was immediately christened "chemical blonde," because his hair was an exact imitation of hemp strands. This specimen can scarcely be called civilized, because he is always playing the fool to attract the attention of certain young ladies and cause them to smile at his grotesque performances. He is blissfully ignorant of the real purport of their smiles, but regards them as an evidence of love.

"Chem" soon fell violently in love with a young lady (his strikes are usually violent), and, while thus deeply infatuated, offered to sell his bicycle for *two cents* to buy flowers for her. When she "turned him down," he prayed that the Lord would restore her to him. His heart was soon healed only to be cut in twain by another blonde. Immediately his eyes became weak, and he began to wear glasses for the sole reason, as he informed his love, that she



was wearing them. Things again became boisterous, and after struggling bravely "Chem" found another who has since "mothered" him. At this point the class desires to return its thanks for the *numerons* good things he has given it to eat, and also to express its regrets that "the bread was scarce."

It is always well to be on time. Harrison Stanford Martland comes early and goes away late. He came to Western Maryland College ages ago—in fact, he is a landmark in college history, and is a compendium for all information about graduates and quondam students for the last decade. This "baby" (he is the youngest in the class) began at the *lawest* and crawled to the highest round in a college course after eight vears of patient labor.

Of Scotch descent, this thin-haired child met with only one serious disappointment in his whole life. This was the defeat of the Shamrock at the hands of the American yachtsmen. So intense was his interest, so loyal was his support, and so ardent were his praises of the challenger, that he has since been known as "Shammy." He once tried to show his manhood by helping to "smoke out" one of his classmates, but he did not consider the character of the *lobaca*, which had been *cspecially* prepared for him. One

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result was noticeable, he has since eschewed tobacco in all forms. For some time he has been between two loyalties, that to his own class and some inexplicable (2) charm which has been building an attachment for the Class of 1902. In his youthful days he aspired to be a soldier, but one night's encampment cured that longing. He has been the most fortunate member of the class in escaping detection in any pranks played upon "profs." To students.

Some people possess boundless power. Covington Mackall May belongs to this category. In imitation of Joshua of old, she bids the unlocked wheels of time stay in their wild flight and they obey her. Feeling that unless some heroic measures were taken she would pass her "teens" too quickly,

she so manipulated time that she celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of her birthday on two different occasions. Let all scientists cease their investigations; she holds the secret to the "Elixir of Life," the "Fountain of Perpetaal Youth," and the "Guiding Power of the Universe." She will, however, attempt to write poetry, comic, sacred, lyric, epic, even doggerel, which she expects her classmates to appreciate with due respect to her poetial (2) gift. Oh, the horror of it all)

She is fond of pets and curios. She has a pet cat, a lazy, well-fed feline specimen into whose sympathetic ear's he pours all her troubles and griefs. This cat is a famous mouser, with a brilliant record of three mice in five years. But her greatest pride was the "Bunny Corner," of which she was long the possessor. This is noth-



ing more or less than one side of a room converted into a miniature art gallery in which are hung, in endless number and variety, photographs of "Bunny" taken at all ages and in all conceivable poses. Interspersed among these are verses of poetry commemorating the feats of this hero.

The charms of 1901 are indeed potent. Anna Lee McMurran succumbed to their power and bade farewell to the class of 1900 to cast her lot among the children of fortune. This wonderful change happened at the beginning of our Sophomore year when, from far and near, hosts came to seek protection under our guiding star. She is our silent member; she for a wonder never says more than what is absolutely necessary, and sometimes not even that much. Even the "profs." experience great difficulty in per-

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suading her to break her silence long enough to tell them what they do not know about the lesson under consideration. She will tramp around the country all day on botanical or geological excursions and never speak the first word. When too hard pressed by the "profs," persuasion to speak he first or organize a searching party. What a remarkable girl! What wonderful thoughts are concealed from humanity! But when she does speak listen for the accent, southern, purely southern. Although residing at present in Maryland she is a native of Virginia, where she has acquired the southern accent. Unlike some "georfs" she is not "afred" of "hosses," as she has manifestly shown in her college career.

Some people achieve greatness by sheer audacity. George Hammond Myers early created the impression that he considered himself the only person capable of doing *everything* under *any* possible condition. His first act upon arriving in Westminster was to "take in" the town, after which he



"bluffed" his way into the Sophomore Class. He has since acted as if Providence had created verything for his personal aggrandizement. His customary pose bespeaks him as the monarch of all he surveys. To his classmates he is known as the "Great I am."

He is famous as a tease, but he is not impervious to all such attacks on himself. Do not under any circumstances dance on his carpet or black your shoes on his trunk nor let him think that you intend to write poetry (?) about him. He does not like this. Nor should you remind him too forcibly about one Thanksgiving Day. Although you may not know it, he can outgeneral anyone upon the hill as a "spooner," but "suspicious appearances" did make him sick after one botany excursion.

Distatisfied with the present school of speculative thought, he has established a school of philosophy built upon his own views. At present he is earnestly at work trying to spread its principles. During his three years at school he has maintained high rank as student and now leaves laden with many wellearned honors.

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Less than a quarter of a century ago the mountains of Western Mary-

land reverberated with the echo of a fierce Democratic warhoop. In this manner Carl Webster Neff announced to the world that it owed him a living, for he owed his life to the Democratic party alone. It was well indeed that his home was in a country frequented by "ravens" and as yet unused to the finer arts of civilization, for civilized man would never have permitted such extravagant use of lung-power. After he had well-nigh exhausted the patience of his compatriots, and after he had frightened the pupils of his school by his stentorian voice, he came to this hotbed of Democracy, where for three years he has raised a continual howl amid the plaudits of the curious multitude. His religious cred is the platform of the Democratic party although his Satanic Majesty himself were its standard bearer. Such is our class politician of whom we were solicitous lest the deteat of the Democratic party in the last

Presidential campaign should result in the death of our friend from disappointment. He, however, is still very much alive, but we regret to annoance that the present political complexion of the State is likely to cost the loss of such a citizen.

The other graduate who has braved the weather to attend school is Arthur Garfield Null. The first years of his life were spent as a bare-headed, bare-foot, light-hearted country boy enjoying life in its fullest measure with no burdensome cares to trouble him. But the time came when such pleasures must be relegated to the past. This was in the Freshman year, when he first became acquainted with the ways of mankind. He soon established an



agency for a green grocery store. Through him we have ordered our apples, cider, pears, and the like. Apples, however, are his specialty. He retails these by the pint and half-pint; nor can he be accused of cheating *himstelf*. He promised to deliver pears in the same quantities if so desired, but the pears always dropped out of the market whenever orders for them were given. He is not always so niggardly with his wares, but he opens the abundance of his heart when he is supplying cider. He never is willing to dispense this in quantities less than a barrel, but stocking his bar with such a quantity he will gladly surrender possession to all comers. In some manner these proceedings were discovered, and our genial friend lost all interest in the wholesale cider traffic.

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Now comes the "old man." Everyone has heard of him. If it had not been for him, what fun we would have missed! Clayborne Phillips has whiled away many years replete with experiences as varied as March weather. After solving the "mystery of the gas-meter," he came into our fold as a Freshman. His troubles did not end here, but they have multiplied with increasing years. His life has been darkened by one continual disappointment. For four years he has been seeking for some girl who would "love" him (he *lover* them a(l), but his disappointment has only been deepened. His hopes were raised to the highest pitch at the beginning of his Senior year, when some one kindly remarked to him that he was not the least eligible of a(l)



mankind with the increased number of female students. His fondest hopes have not yet been realized, but his perseverance is something more than extraordinaay. He is like a rubber ball. Although he may be overwhelmingly "squashed," he regains his customary form with no injurious effects. Not even do "insults" about "Christmas presents" or "tickets" dampen his ardor. He has been in constant dread lest the girls should get some joke on him. Get him to explain his system for regulating his correspondence, how his calendar will reveal a mass of marks and letters which on interpretation shows the name of the correspondent, the date upon which he last wrote, when his letter was received and when he should receive an answer.

Still another from the old "North" State clamors for recognition. Minnie Calpurnia Pickett sang herself into the class in its sub-Freshman year; she is still singing. Her talent is undoubtedly for music, to which she has devoted considerable attention, but surely she must feel some regret for the awful racket, musical and otherwise, which she made while cultivating this talent. But, generally speaking, she is very considerate for the welfare of her friends, especially those of the male sex. Nor does she wish to share their companionship with her friends of the same sex. She clearly showed this the first time that she met those at school. She chanced to meet one who was especially entertaining. Of course she did not wish to lose his company, but when a new-comer came to claim her attention she did the unexpected in deliberately leaving him and accompanying the first one around the parlor, because, as she said, she liked to talk with that man. Only after persistent

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entreaties could she be persuaded to leave him and return to the one whom she had so unceremoniously forsaken. You wish to hear about her two-cent due letters? Well, she is accustomed to receive once a week or oftener, a letter from some one in the Sunny South who fails to place sufficient postage on the envelope. We will leave it to the reader to surmise the cause.

For five years Margaret Fuller Reese has wended her way over hill and dale to be reckoned as one of the "Immortals." She comes from the neighborhood of "Roop's Frog Dam," where she passed the early years of her life, free from urban restraint. It is a wonder that she did not kill herself long ago for, blessed with a dare-devil spirit, she could always be found doing all manner of outlandish things. She was a "holy terror" indeed. But Providence spared her from an untimely fate, and she has survived to become the "tomboy" of the class, the impersonation of mischief, the summum scena for

stubbornness, and the embodiment of independence. Maturer years have not destroyed her love for adventure, but the frolicsome days of her youth find imitation in those of womanly dignity. She has always taken a deep interest in those affairs of the class which have incurred some risk or excitement, especially in regard to the effigy. It was in connection with his that she showed her belicose



spirit. The Freshman girls attempted to steal her hat—she is the prophetess of the class—and then the scrimmage. It was indescribably indescribable, one against many, but the might of that one. Hatpins, hair-pullings, scratches, bites and all the horrible accessories of girlish warfare. Numbers finally prevailed, but her reputation as a "scrapper" was established.

Witnesses of the magic charms of 1901 still appear. Cora May Schaeffer is the last, but by no means the least, especially in stature, to sever her relations with another class for that of 1901. She saw the error of her way in time to thrust the burden of her presence upon the class in its Sophomore year. It is wonderful how that girl became attached to the class, for in the Senior year she left her home in town to board at the college in order to be more closely associated with her classmates. What a self-sacrificing spirit that required. Everybody, however unimportant he may be, is of some use

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in the world. "Corah's" sphere of action has been to supply opinions on every possible subject, for occasionally (?) she has *decided* opinions of her own which she does not hesitate to express when the least occasion is offered. The opinions are original, too, nor does she hesitate lest they disagree with the common acceptance. Extraordinary girl, with opinions more than extraordinary! We to the one who unfortunately arouses her ire! Y et she lives in mortal agony lest some one express some "opinions" about her. She is prone to apply to herself everything she hears which is detrimental to anyone else. Her faults must be many or her meckness unbounded.

Some people never bask in the smiles of fortune. James Edwin Shreeve has never failed to come out at the little end of the horn in everything he has undertaken, but he comes up from defeat after defeat with the same smiling countenance-his smiles-O, they reflect the glory of heaven in their radiancy, flashing evidences of an all-consuming love, cute manifestations of a pleased vanity, and honest expression of a good nature. With such a perpetually beaming countenance, "Mollie" tries to ingratiate himself in some girl's favor, but for some reason his infatuation is of short duration. He does not become discouraged at this, but immediately begins an attack elsewhere; for that reason his strikes have been without number. He applied for admission to the glee club, he was rejected; he became a candidate for the track-team, he was the slowest runner of them all; he aspired to become a pugilist, he endured untold corporal punishment to win the plaudits of his mates, but never once has the serenity of his mind been disturbed. The more he is teased, the closer the corners of his mouth approach his ears. He is lured into many embarrassing situations, but he is still the same "Jimmie." He is the target for all wit, but he cannot see the point of a joke. What a stock of good nature in a small body !

There are a few specimens of humanity closely akin to the lower animals. Patrick Henry Tawes resembles the "lobster." He began to beat his way in life so long ago that he can not remember when he was not kicking. The truth is that he can do nothing else but beat his way and oppose everything that any one wishes done. He is an excellent specimen of his kind; when anything becomes too hot for him, he is sure to squeal, although he delights to make things warm for other people. But a wonderful change came over him in his senior year. "Pat" one day announced that he was twenty-one years old. His mates felt that he should be "impressed" with a lasting realization of his increased responsibility. The result—a consultation, an assessment, a birthday girl —a jumping-ick presented at the support table, as

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call upon the gentleman to offer our congratulations, a trunk placed in the center of the room, a paddle mysterionsly produced, the gentleman escorted to the position of honor after a desperate (?) resistance, the ceremony performed, then escorted to the banquet hall, the inner man satisfied, the enjoyable event a thing of the past. Our efforts were not in vain, for our friend laid aside the frivolity of youth for the sedateness of manhood.

"Pat" is a fraid of women; he will run whenever he chances to meet one, but judging from the time it requires him to make his toilet and the primping he does before the mirror, one would suppose him the "warmest dude in the bunch." He is our invalid who has taken an enormous quantity of patent medicine.

For eight years the name of Virginia Murray Weigand has been enrolled as a member of the class.' So much at least of her name is on the roll; but it is rumored that the above is not her full name, but that she bears a string of names far too heavy for one of her stature, the initials of which would justify the appellation of "alphabet" as a nickname. The historian cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but would refer the reader to the subject for its confirmation or denial. She is an elocationist of more or less merit, whose forte lies in the rendition of tragic selections in a manner painfully comic in its seriousness, while her effort to express the comic is the deepest tragedy. At present she is in great demand as an actress, whose sole aim is to crucify an artistic interpretation of well-known characters. While her star as an actress is rising, it is not likely to reach its zenith unless the adroitly laid plans for her future life should suffer defeat. Like all girls, she expects to be married, but her husband must be rich and captivating, for she believes that her attainments demand an acception to the ordinary man.

One more history completes the record of the "Illustres." Fate has decreed that Frances Bagwell Woodall should be the subject. She became one of this illustrious number in the Freshman year. At that time her mind was filled with dreams of social conquests, of public opinion enslaved, and of herself as monarch of all that she surveyed, regiming as the belle of the school. In a short time she had cleared the field of all rivals, and had wellnigh realized her fondest hopes, when she fell a victim to pride and arrogancy, bred from success too easily achieved. But she considered herself a natural born leader and began to contrive some scheme by which she could accomplish her new-formed object, to rule the class. She gathered around herself two other girls, and in this way formed what has been known as the "triumvirate." a trio far-famed for their deeds.

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ness but for their singularity, and as "inexpressibly inexpressible" as the originator herself. Needless to say such strategy never proceeded from the mind of any other mortal, but all in vain. Fortune was unfriendly, the class refused to be ruled, her independence took a tumble, and then her womanly nature asserted itself. She remains as the leader of the triumvirate and the heroine of a few "maxculines." Such is the social queen.

Epilogue.

The history of 1901 as a class has been completed. The record has been made; it must stand forever beyond our power to change it. Perhaps it is not what some of us would wish, but then others never see us as we see ourselves. We believe that it is no worse than the average, better we trust. Impressions have been created, reputations established, and characters revealed which not even the great future can entirely efface. The pleasant associations of our college days will remain fresh in the memory long after its vexations have been forgotten.

Our relations as a class have been for the most part pleasant. True, our path has not been wholly free from discord, but in all we have preserved that unity of feeling and interest so essential to the welfare of a class. We did not find the "road to learning" less difficult than did our predecessors, but we met each difficulty with a calm serious determination which triumphed in the end. But we did not cultivate the intellectual side of our nature alone, but we spent many pleasant hours in amusement. In every field of action we have creditably acquitted ourselves.

Now this remains only in the memory; the hour for parting has arrived. No more shall we together spend the passing hour; each must separate to his own sphere of activity. Associations have been established, friendships formed which not even a lifetime can destroy. Duty calls us elsewhere. The future alone is open to us. What that may bring forth mortal tongue can not tell, but whatever may betide each will cherish tender memories of Western Maryland and 1901.



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Statistics of 1901.

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ONTRARY to the usual custom of arranging and compiling the class statistics, it has been determined that for our ALOHA a "choice of qualities" would be better obtained by a vote of the class. We are Seniors! We shall soon be college graduates. And so we feel that

the age of our girls and the religion of our boys must not remain a secret any longer.

But the question then presented itself of how we should award the complimentary characteristics which we had picked out for the members of the class. Doubtless the class would not all speak at once. Surely no one was clamoring for the unsurpassed privilege of the titles so clothed with honor and dignity. And yet we well knew what blessings of love (?) would await those who distributed the unsought honors. Therefore a ballot has been resorted to as the best and most efficient method of determining the statistics. If any member of the class feels her beauty spot has been passed by unnoticed, or that his talents have unfortunately escaped acknowledgement, they have only their classmates upon whom to heap their blame and unbounded criticism. The vote has resulted as follows:

Mr. Barber and Miss Hope have been elected, though not unanimously, the two Most UNIMPORTANT members of the class, a result due, no doubt, to their former prominence and distinction.

Mr. Bixler and Miss Myrtle Harris have carried off the prize as the CLUMSISST. Spectators who have beheld this couple waltzing have been impressed, no doubt, by the appropriateness of this selection. "And those who came to laugh at them then turned aside and wept."

Mr. Caton and Miss Crockett, after numerous conquests during four years, have secured undisputed sway as the GREATEST HEART BREAKERS.

The lofty honor of CLASS BEANPOLES unquestionably belongs to Mr. Clarke and Miss Eulalie Harris. Their right let no man dispute.

Mr. Cobey and Miss Pickett have *awakened* to find the honor of the SLEEPIEST waiting for them, due no doubt to their record as members of the class.

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Mr. Dashiell and Miss Armacost, our "Pretty people," have captured the infantile vote of the CUTEST

Mr. Devilbiss and Miss Weigand have been presented with the hard fought choice of CLASS BABIES.

First and foremost among the candidates for the SPOONIEST members of the class stand Mr. Gilligan and Miss Gladhill. The former is from Baltimore, the latter is from Union Bridge; that is sufficient explanation, is it not?

Mr. Harrison and Miss M. B. Harris, although with only three years of dining hall experience, have been so punctual and attentive in that line that they have carried off first place as the GREEDEST.

Pre-eminent, unquestioned, and undisputed Mr. Holt and Miss May stand adorned and honored with the loud and enviable title of GREATEST TATTLERS.

Mr. Krauss and Miss Hunter by their dogmatic utterances and erratic actions have secured the honor of the CRANKIEST.

The imperial offices of GREATEST SCIENTIFIC FLIRTS are recognized as belonging certainly to Mr. Lankford and Miss Clark.

Mr. Martland and Miss Woodall have all along striven to impress upon their classmates their utter ignorance of what work is, and consequently have been elected the LazIEsr.

Mr. Myers and Miss Carlia Harris have won for themselves by their over-bearing demeanor the supreme honor of being the MOST CONCETTED.

Mr. Neff and Miss Schaeffer, after a noisy record in the class, have secured the first place as the LOUDEST.

The unique title of GREATEST HAYSEEDS has been bestowed upon our country girl and the old man, viz., Miss Reese and Mr. Phillips.

MAMMA'S DARLING, that dear and comprehensive term which may mean so much, according to the *surrounding* circumstances and in proportion to who "mamma" is, is recognized by the class as belonging to Mr. Shreeve and Miss Adkins.

By common consent the appropriate title of Most BASHFUL has been bestowed upon our class flirts, Mr. Tawes and Miss McMurran.

After tedious and difficult labor, and by the free use of midnight oil, and as a result of untring and weary efforts on the part of the committee, the following additional statistics of the class have been compiled. And we hope that they may be of interest to our readers:

The average weight of the class is officially announced as one hundred and thirty-nine and one-half pounds.

The average height is five feet six and two hundred and seventeen,

three hundred and eighty-fourths inches; and the average age is twenty and one-sixteenth years.

Eight of the class are Methodist Protestants, six are Protestant Episcopalians, three are Lutherans, two are Methodist Episcopalians, two are Presbyterians, one is a German Baptist, one a Reformed, one a Hedonist, one a Heathen, one a Protestant Utilitarian, one an Agnostic, and one an Epicurean.

Politically the class is well composed, as twenty-two are Democrats, six are Republicans, three are Prohibitionists, and one is a Teetotaler.

Thirty per cent. of the class dance, twenty per cent. pretend to do so.

Twenty-five per cent. wear glasses. Of these fifteen per cent, wear them because they have to, while ten per cent. wear them because they think they ought to for their own beauty's sake.

Seventy-five per cent. of the class smile, fifteen per cent. grin, and ten per cent. make "goo goo eyes."

Four members of the class are red headed, one is white headed.

Only one in the class can raise a moustache, as has been frequently proved.

One member of the class told when his twenty-first birthday came, the others wisely held their peace.

Fifty per cent. of the class passed a resolution declaring that the college needed them worse than they needed the college; Dr. Lewis and Prof. Mc-Daniel met together and held a private "Faculty meeting" between themselves. Fifty per cent. of the class reconsidered the matter and decided that they needed the college worse than the college needed them.

One hundred per cent. of the class never has any stamps.

Eleven per cent. of the class are subject to Rhetor Nosos. For further information consult Dr. Lewis or the Faculty.

Character ranges between Beastly and Perfection.

One hundred per cent. are in love.

All except two expect to be married. For further information see Hunter, in History of 1901.

One member of the class is dignified from the Faculty's point of view; all the rest are dignified from their own point of view.

Fifty per cent. of the class had the pleasure of seeing Doctor Lewis when his "blood was boiling."

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Prophecy of 1901.

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HE year 1911 finds me, Margaret Fuller Reese, an ardent advocate of Woman's Rights. My choice of a career was a great surprise to my friends and likewise to me. Shortly after graduation, being in a neighboring citvo na visit. I had the good fortune to hear an elo-

neghnooning city on a visit, i had the good notice to heat all eloquent address on Woman's Suffrage. Hitherto I had been perfectly indiffeent to anything of the kind. Indeed, the idea of woman entering public life had always been repugnant to me. My soul was stirred to its depths, and before I left the hall I was thoroughly persuaded of the error of my previous convictions. I determined henceforth to devote my time and talents to secuing to woman the elective franchise. My efforts succeeded beyond my expectations; witness the fact that the polls are now open to every woman in Maryland, a state of affairs which is in no small degree owing to my untiring efforts. Wearied by the constant strain attendant upon speech-making, I was forced to give up work and, seek rest in a quiet cottage in the Adirondacks. The story I am about to relate may not seem altogether consonant with the intense practicality of my political career; but remember that truth is stranger than fiction.

It was midsummer eve. I was lying in the hammock on the veranda

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idly watching the tops of the great pine trees swaying to and fro in the breeze. Gay snatches of music from the hotel near by broke in upon my reverie. As if in a dream my thoughts wandered back over the past years to my girlhood. Many pleasant scenes pass in rapid succession before my inner consciousness. Once more I am on the campus of Western Maryland College, one of a train of black-robed girls and boys. Though in gloomy dress we have a decidedly triumphant air. It is the familiar commencement procession in "mortar-board" and grown. As we march along to the inspiring strains of "Ein Feste Burg" no doubt we present an interesting study to the reader of the human countenance. We are all glad. But the "summa cums" are humbly glad that they may not have the appearance of crowing over the

others. The "cum laudes" may show a little more triumph, as the weight of honor is not so great and are therefore less liable to the imputation of unwarranted conceit, and those who simply graduated may rejoice unfeignedly, and who shall say them nay! So vivid was the whole affair that at length I awoke to reality with a start, scarcely believing that what I had seen was but a fancy. Half in sorrow at the delusion I cried out unconsciously, "Ah, how I wish I could see them all once more." I had hardly uttered these words when again I cried out, this time in amazement, "What is this mediæval apparition that ventures to brave the clear-seeing eyes of a twentieth century woman?" I shook myself. I pinched myself. I found I was not asleep, and all the while the subject of my astonishment regarded me with a quizzical expression, maintaining an unbroken silence. But perhaps you would like to know what it was that threw me into such a



state of agitation. It was nothing more nor less than the diminutive figure of the oddest little man that ever appeared before the eyes of a latter day skeptic. He was standing on the edge of the veranda in the most whimsical attire. His doublet and knee-breeches were of hunter's green. His stockings were scarlet and so were his shoes. The crowning glory of his costume was his broad green hat with two large silvery plumes. The little man apparently was alive to the incongruous nature of the situation, for he looked amused beyond expression, and at last broke into a short jerky langh and said, "You are not dreaming. I am a fairy, though I suppose you would call me an 'embodied fancy'. I am the fulfiller of spontaneous wishes uttered on mid-

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summer eve. I come in response to your call, and although I cannot show them to you I can tell you where they all are and what they are doing. Would you like me to tell you a story about them?" Would I like to be told about them? For a time I looked at him in speechless amazement, and then I cried out, "Oh, yes; tell me about my classmates." The little man floated towards me and perched himself on the edge of the hammock, clasped his hands around his knees, and swaying back and forth he began in his jerking way:

"The first scene is the home of a prominent doctor in Washingtonthe home of Edna Adkins _____. It is the night of a great ball. The



elegantly furnished salon is brilliant with myriad lights and adorned with masses of exquisite flowers, suggesting wealth and high social position. The guests have all come, and Edna moves gracefully in their midst, the central figure of the brilliant assembly. She is so charming and self-possessed that the guests have to acknowledge that even in their great diplomatic city there is no hostess better versed in the art of entertaining."

"Harry Gilligan's classmates always accused him of being fickle, but who dares accuse him of infidelity when after all these long years of separation he is still devoted to the little dark-haired maiden in Westminster. Perhaps you know about the numerous boxes of candv he used to send her. This custom

gradually grew to be a mania with him. Not knowing what else to do he has opened a confectionery store on Lexington street, in Baltimore. He is not a very good business manager, for although thousands of pounds of candy are manufactured every year he never has any to sell. You may go into the store and ask for whatsoever kind you will, you will always receive the same answer, 'I am very sorry,' bowing profoundly, 'I have just sent the last pound away.' One would think he would grow more sensible with his years, but he is a hopeless case."

The quaint little man swayed back and forth in the breeze and laughed in queer little jerks.

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"You will find Beulah Day in Rome to-day. She has reached the lofty

pinnacle for which all artists strive but few reach. There are no words to express the magnificent beauty of her paintings. Everybody regards her as a perfect genius except the 'art critic.' But even he has something to learn of art. Besides being a very great artist, Beulah has become a society woman. She is charming and graceful as ever, and her cosy little home is in a perfect whirl of gayety."

"'L'aiglon' was revived in Paris last winter, and there appeared on the stage of the 'Comedie Francaise' the most brilliant actress France has known. It was Mile. Marion Clark. What is wonderful about her is that she was an

American by birth, and knew nothing whatever of French until she went to school and learned the language. She was so bright that she soon became master of it. She went to France to live in order to acquaint herself with French customs. There she met Sarah Bernhardt, who soon discovered that there was the making of an actress in the little mademoiselle. As her health was failing she decided to teach mademoiselle, so that she might have a successor who would do credit to her instruction. Her efforts were crowned with success, for today mademoiselle's brilliancy exceeds even that of Sarah Bernhardt."



"Jones Dashiell is nothing but a grown up boy. The same old tease he used

to be. He studied medicine for several years under a famous doctor in Salisbury, and has turned out to be a renowned Homcopathist and faith-curist. At least that is what the poor unsuspecting natives will tell you. You know he always had a trick of looking wise as an owl, and when he puts on his glasses and his learned expression he can work miracles with his patients. He keeps bachelor's hall, and does his own cooking. He is always making Maryland biscuits, and sometimes he becomes so agitated that he gives his patients biscuits instead of pills. I regret to say that after eating his remarkable biscuits his patients always die. Why, I cannot tell. Perhaps the biscuits kill them, perhaps they die from want of faith. The oldest inhabitants will tell you that the death-rate has never been known to increase with such marvelous rapidity as it has since Dr. Dashiell appeared with his Maryland biscuits."

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"The life of a missionary is not a bed of roses by any means. A few days ago a scene was enacted in the heart of Africa, the mere remembrance of which makes my blood run cold. A band of cannibals were dancing round a large pot, preparing to boil poor Eddie Barber, who risked his life to save their souls. He appeared utterly oblivious of their horrible preparations, and preached away as unconcernedly as if there were no such things as cannibals and boiling pots. His wonderful composure was not at all surprising, for he always was a remarkably self-possessed young man. As the thrilling words of "predestimation" rang through the inngle the stern features of the cannibal



chief began to relax, then a look of wonder flitted over his face and at last transfigured with awe and respect he fell at the missionary's feet. By his flow of eloquence Eddie overcame the savage nature and saved his life. If his success continues as it has begun he will be regarded as a great benefactor."

"If Carlia Harris would only mend her ways and settle down she would make a charming housekeeper, but like a ship without a rudder she wanders over the globe seeking in vain her lost 'lobster.' To be sure there are just as good lobsters in the sea as ever were caught, but she does

not think so. She is a great traveller, and is quite familiar with both continents. However, she seems to prefer the countries that border on the sea, and spends most of her time on the sea coast. Although Crisfield is not noted for its lobsters, yet I think if she were to go there she might find the lobster she is looking for."

The old man chuckled to himself, and then went on :

"When a man grows too lazy to do anything that requires any amount of labor, then it is that he imagines he has a 'call' to preach. He joins the Methodist Conference and gets a charge, not always to keep, however. That is what most of them do, but such is not the case with Frank Krauss. The gift of preaching was born in him, at least the gift of holding people's atten-

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tion. At all events he has become a great preacher and occupies the pulpit in Grace Church in New York. He has a happy home and a sweet little wife. What more could a man wish !"

"Frances Harrison Hope is an eminently sensible woman, who has come to the wise conclusion that if there were better cooking in the world there would be less sickness, and so she has set hersel for reform—not the whole world, but a part of it—in the cooking line. She has established a cooking school in New Orleans where rich and poor alike are taught to cook. Not all sorts of so-called fashionable dishes which are absolutely worthless.

but the good wholesome things that sustain life. She is a very thorough woman and her school is an excellent one. Some of her more lofty-minded friends were inclined to make slighting remarks about her life work, but let me tell you, there is no more praiseworthy career."

And the old man glared volumes at a poor innocent fire-fly which happened to fly near him.

"On leaving college it was Henry Marshall Lankford's determination to become a doctor. He went to the University of Chicago, studied faithfully and upon graduation came out at the head of



his class. Then he went back to the far-famed eastern shore and put out his shingle in the town of Princess Anne. It is more than probable that he would have been successful if it had not been for that bad habit he had of making such fiendish faces. It has grown upon him so much that he is constantly twisting his face, even when he does not mean to do so. One day he had a very nervous patient, and when he began to examine the man's eyes 'Chem' unconsciously began to make his 'monkey face.' The poor man was so shocked at the sight that he went into convulsions and had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance. I don't think he has ever recovered entirely. That little incident ruined the poor doctor's practice. For lack of something better to do he hired himself to a museum, where he can make 'faces' to his heart's content."

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"Roger Buckey Devibbiss is at the head of the department of Latin and Greek in Princeton University. After his graduation at Western Maryland he studied for three years in Harvard and obtained a Ph. D. Then he went to Europe to visit the countries where ages ago flourished the languages which are his specialties. He devoted much of his time to ancient literature and gave his attention during leisure hours to the study of the modern European languages. He is now a very accomplished linguist and in all the leading schools of the country the merits of Professor Devibliss' text-book on almost any language under the sun are fully acknowledged. Such a brilliant record may sound astonishing to a stranger, but no one who knew him even

doubted his ability, for he always was considered the brightest boy in the class."



"In Southern Maryland, on the bank of the Patuxtent river, stands a little cottage surrounded by giant oaks and shrubbery. The well-kept lawn slopes down to the river's edge to where a little boat lies moored in the shadow of an oak tree. In the boat are two figures—a woman and a man. She is leaning over the side dabbling her hands in the water and looking at him. He is fishing and looking at her. Once upon a time she was called Nettie Crockett, and I have heard people say that his name is Slivie. And although they have been fishing together in the same little boat for a good many years, it is quite as pleasant to them now as it was on the day they first tried it. Like all human beings, they have their little quarrels, but as a whole they are peaceful, hanov and contented."

"Along the shore of the Amazon river, far from the reach of civilization, stands a tiny tent inhabited by T. K. Harrison and his bosom friends, snakes, bugs, worms, tropical plants and the like. "Kenny" is the world's greatest naturalist, and that is not at all surprising, for in his school days he was much more fond of poking around after snakes and lizards than he was of studying his lessons. After graduation he began to study nature in earnest, but soon became disgusted with his family, who always greeted him with shireks of terror whenever he appeared with one of his beloved snakes dangling from his pocket or a handful of choice bugs. One day he flew into a rage because some one had burned his pet butterfly, and passionately declared he would go to some place where no one would disturb him and his belong-

+ 66 +

ings. And so he packed his traps together, bade his family farewell, and went to South America. He pitched his tent along the Amazon, and there he lives solitary and happy as a lark."

I laughed to myself as a vision of my classmate in his lonely tent flashed through my mind, and I wondered if he, too, were thinking of his classmates, or if he were too absorbed in his precious snakes.

"Down in North Carolina, not many miles from Henderson, is a large, comfortable country house standing in the centre of a pine grove. The wide hospitable looking porches, the immense lawn are swarming with children of all shapes and sizes. Some are playing, some working, and a few others are enjoying themselves quartelling with each other. It is a home that Mrvtle

Harris has established for poor orphan children. Here they are fed and clothed and taught useful occupations. She is greatly beloved not only by all her little waifs, but by all who know her. Her gentle manner, her kindness of heart, and her sympathetic nature have won for friends all who know her."

"Arthur Null, the tall member from Frizzletown, began to study for the ministry, but upon learning that French was included in the course, he decided that preaching was not in his line and returned home. He then enlisted in the Frizzletown regiment and soon rose to the highest command. He drilled his



regiment so well that when the inspector came to review them he was so struck with their ability that he ordered them to Fort McHenry to protect the Baltimore Harbor against an invasion of riotous Cubans. The immense stature and the fine military bearing of Major Null scared the invaders so badly that they started to run and haven't stopped since. His grateful country rewarded this excellent service of Major Null's by making him Brigadier General."

After this recital of heroic deeds the old man laughed long and low to himself. $\label{eq:2.1} \div 67 \leftarrow$

"The greatest cinch of all," he said, "is 'Ole Man Clayborne.' Maybe you have not heard about it, but he has turned out a great society man, a regular sport and quite killing among the ladies. Times change, even on the Eastern Shore. Of late it has been the custom there, except in leap year, for girls to go to see their sweethearts. Well, Clayborne Phillips is the most sought after of all men. He can't stir out of the house without being surrounded by a whole crowd of girls. It really used to be a shock to his modest, retiring nature, but he has become accustomed to it by this time, and would be entirely lost without the dear creatures. Perhaps this will prevent him from ever getting married, for he surely could not get along without the devotion of the whole sex."

FARLY-, HARRISEE CENUS... OLDMANS SPECIES... TARABEL

"In one who bears the name long ago made famous by the immortal Shakespeare we should look for something extraordinary. Such a person is Minnie Calpurnia Pickett. All the hopes and promises in her sweet. clear voice have been fulfilled, and she holds at her feet thousands enthralled by its magnetic power. To-night she has been singing her favorite opera, "Faust," and it's a tired little Marguerite that is going home, - home to rest and quiet. To-morrow she is going to her

cottage on the beautiful French Broad to rest and be peaceful and happy. There is magnetism in her manner as well as in her voice, and the mortal is not living who could know her and not feel the influence of her sweet gracious ways."

How glad I felt to hear that my dearest friend was having such a beautiful success.

"It seems to me that some people are born queer and grow more queer

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each day they live," the little man went on with a disapproving snift. "Now there is Felix Holt. He always was a funny chap, who lost his head whenever a girl 'made eyes' at him. He has tried his hand at all sorts of occupations and has become a kind of 'Jack of all trades.' Some time ago he decided in his 'happy-go-lucky' way to try farming. His father gave him a tract of land near Takoma Park and left him free to do as he pleased. Poor Felix hadn't an idea of his own how affairs should be managed, so he adopted the wise plan of doing as people advised him. And such a farm as he has! It looks a good deal like an African jungle. He might make a good farmer and settle down to be a good business man some day, if he would only stop trying to speak so many foreign languages.

"The triumvirate's friendship was so well established during school days that one would naturally expect to find them together still. In the suburbs of the city of —, surrounded by elms, stands a white cottage like a bird in its nest, and here the three friends live. Famie Woodall is still the same delightful home-body she always was, and so she stays at home and keeps house for the other two. She has grown even more charming and graceful than she was in her school days, and her gentle dignity has won



many friends for her. Her friends always called her 'old maid,' because she was so neat and tidy, but there is not much danger of her being an 'old maid' all her life if the frequent visits of a certain young doctor can be said to signify anything.

"To Covington May belongs the honor of being the most celebrated elocationist the world has known. It is not at all surprising to her friends that she occupies such an elevated position in Fame's ladder. She always had the reputation of having the most musical voice in the class.

"She has just returned from a tour through the European countries, where she has been covered with glory wherever she has been heard.

"Helen Hunter has turned out to be quite a remarkable woman. She is an artist, a literary woman, and a lecturer. Hers is a wonderful career. As an artist she has no inconsiderable talent; she excels in literature and as a

+ 60 +

lecturer. The gods themselves know not such eloquence. Perhaps you remember the soul-stirring manner in which she used to deliver her essays."

Perhaps I remembered! Was anyone likely ever to forget after having once heard her?

"George Myers always impressed his classmates, and in fact all who came in contact with him, as one who would make his mark in the world. There were, however, a few malicious minded people who very unjustly charged him with being conceited. He started out in life with the fixed determination of becoming a lawyer. He has met with success which exceeds even his own expectations, for to-day he is a profoundly learned indee and



occupies a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States."

And then I wondered what the girls would think if they knew that "The Great I Am" had risen to such a height.

"Mabel Blanche Harris completed her course in music at the Boston Conservatory three years ago. She is a pianist of great ability and is constantly gaining in skill. There is an inexpressable charm about her playing that has won renown for her both in America and in Europe. Success has not turned her head, and in spite of all her glory she is still the same quiet, modest little woman as when you knew her."

"Dr. Martland has met with more success. He is the only doctor in the class who is worth mentioning. His degree came from the Columbia University, and he has quite an extensive practice in New York City as an eye and throat specialist. It was truly remarkable how many women on Fifth Avenue were suddenly afflicted with their eyes immediately after Dr. Martland opened his office. His violin is never far from him, and sometimes when his fractious patients worry him almost to death with their imaginary ills he takes down his violin and plays sweet, sad airs to them until they forget they ever imagined they were ill. It is my private opinion that it is not the eyes, but the heart that is affected most often. For let me tell you, Harrison is not such a bashful chap as he used to be."

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I always did know that "Shammy" was not half as bashful as he would have liked people to believe.

"The gentle manner and unexcitable disposition of Bessie Armacost admirably fitted her to become a Red Cross nurse. At present she is in the hospital of ______ in Russia. The wards are filled with long rows of white cots upon which wounded soldiers lie. She moves quietly up and down among the sufferers, stooping now and then to smooth a fevered brow with her gentle touch, and the weary faces all turn toward her like flowers toward the sun."

As the old man spoke of this noble work of love and mercy a picture

flashed through my mind—a picture of "Becky" "cake-walking" up and down my room at school with the pickle bottle full of water over her shoulder. The water got spilled by "accident."

"The large lecture room in the Uuiversity of Berlin is crowded with students and professors, all listening attentively to a tall 'grave man who is explaining the method of solving some very difficult problems. It is Edward Clinton Bixler, professor of mathematics at the Columbia University. He got his degree at the Johns Hopkins and has been at the Columbia two years. He is considered the best mathematician in the United



States. All Germany is wild over him. He is lecturing in Europe for this summer only. In the fall he will return to New York and continue his work."

Presently the old man went on: "Maybe you would like to hear about Mr. Neff, since you two always got along so well together. Before the election of last fall, while Mr. Neff was campaigning in Cumberland, the Queen City of Maryland, the citizens suddenly realized what a vast amount of gas was going to waste, and that it might be utilized for lighting the city, and at the same time fearing that unless it was the gas might settle over the city and poison them. And so they hit upon a plan to set the wheels in his head in motion, and since the wheels have been started the flow of gas has been continuous. What an enviable fate! To shine so brightly in the Queen City."

"There is a certain class of people in this world who seem never to be able to tell the exact truth, not even if their lives depend upon it. Anna McMurran is one of that class. She has never married, and is now living in 'Gawdonsville,' Virginia, where centipedes attain the remarkable size of two feet. She owns a very fine grove of lemon trees, each of which bears about ten bushels of lemons every year. Consequently she is never obliged to buy any lemons. She is such a thorough old maid that she will allow no one to live with her. Her only companions are twenty-seven cats."

To think that "Mac" should be an old maid! How we girls used to



envy her because she had more "strikes" than any one else in the class.

"While at school Carrie Frances Gladhill was noted for her kindness of heart and her love of caring for the sick and afflicted. Everybody imposed upon her good nature, and poor 'Tam' was always trotting round the halls waiting upon some invalid classmate. Now her time is even more taken up with these duties. At present she is head nurse at Johns Hopkins Hospital. She is much beloved by everybody and her cheerful countenance is the most welcomed in all the wards. It has been hinted at that she will leave the hospital some day, but it is not probable. She is still wavering in her decision as to whether

she shall take 'Jim' or 'Ernest.' It is to be hoped that she will not disappoint both poor fellows and that she will soon show her good common sense by choosing one or the other."

"Way down on the 'Eastern shore,' almost at the end of nowhere, is Harry Clarke. He is teaching, or, more correctly speaking, is making desperate efforts to teach. French and German in the University of Pocomoke. He is not very successful, poor man! Perhaps he would be more so if he were not so bashful and so easily 'rattled,' and if his pupils were not so prome to notice his mistakes. Besides, in one of his classes, there is a charming little lady with saucy blue eyes and fly-away curls, who disturbs him very much. For my part I can't see how blue eyes and curly hair would disturb anyone. Yet, strange to say, whenever Harry looks at her the color creeps into his face, and never a word says he. Building air castles, I suppose."

The old man paused and looked out over the shimmering lake at the canoes darting about in the moonlight, then chuckled to himself.

"Perhaps you remember what a tremendous heart breaker Elwood Cobey used to think himself. Well, he is paid back for it all. He studied music several years and then went on the stage to try his hand at grand opera. There, alas for Elwood, he fell into cupid's trap. He loved the prima donna

to desperation, but she cared naught for him and crushed his heart as one might crush a flower under foot. He left the stage and buried himself in the forest of St. Germain. There in his little hermitage he lives shut off from mankind. At night he sings, pouring forth in his voice the passions of unrequited love, and the ignorant natives, mistaking his lamenting for the cry of an enraged wild cat, quake with fear. I have heard him myself. I'll confess it is hair lifting."

And the old man chuckled again.

"It is the unexpected that always happens," he went on, after a pause. "While at school it was Eulalie Harris's intention to be-



come a great singer. She has a very sweet voice and still sings a great deal, but she is not the renowned artist we expected her to be. She married a preacher several years ago, and is now living in a little country town in the mountains of North Carolina. The position of minister's wife, organist, leader of the choir, and general confidant is not very lucrative, especially in the 'tar heel' region. And if it were not for her large flock of turkeys I am arraid Eulalie and Jim would starve."

"Far off in the Rocky Mountains is another of your classmates. Most of you know him as "Lobster" or "Pat," but a few knew that he was christened Patrick Henry Taves. He has penetrated the wilderness of the formid-

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able Grand Canon of the Colorado, and has subdued its fierce power. Now railroads thread its sides, bridges are crested over it, and tunnels run through the cavernous rocks. All this is his work, the work of the most skillful engineer of his time."

" If I mention the name Cora Schaeffer you cannot fail to remember in what a state of unrest her fickle heart was during your Senior year, alighting on first one and then another unsuspecting victim. At last she was caught in the snare of a wily young lawyer, who carried her away to a quaint old town in Pocomoke Swamp. Cora always had unusual literary talent, and, although her home duties keep her busy a great part of her time, she often



finds time to write many charming articles for the leading magazines. Lately she has begun a book which is to be published soon."

"There is on Charles street, in Baltimore, an unpretentious house with a modest sign on the door, J. E. Shreeve, dentist; no one's teeth are warranted to be extracted without pain. This office is better patronized than any other in the city. The reason for this is very obvious. It is because people have been made to recognize his merits as a dentist after being attracted by the unusual sign. It is a wonder that any one so truthful can live in

such a wicked world without being polluted. But since Jimmie has lived through so many years of veracity he has the prospects of becoming an old man."

"Virginia Murray Weigand is the leader of society in New York. She lives in one of the most magnificient Fifth Avenue palaces—a fit setting for so rare a jewel. She does not need her luxurious surroundings to make her attractive, though it serves to enhance her beauty. She has everything that heart can wish—even to a half-dozen dresses a day. Her wardrobe is stupendous. Lately she has had an addition built to the back of the house for the express purpose of storing away her cast-off clothes of yesterday. At last she is satisfied and supremely happy." I was glad to hear that "Ginnie" was so satisfied, but in my heart I doubted it.



"James Randall Caton has reached such a pitch of self esteem that he never mentions himself without taking off his hat, consequently his hat is seldom on his head. Two years ago his native state, Virginia, elected him representative. He introduced a bill for the preservation of the aristocracy of Virginia, which failed to pass. Whereupon, Mr. Caton rose up with his dignity, handed in his resignation and left the House. He then took up his

old occupation—that of art critic—and went to Rome. Artists and poets tremble before his great comet which threatens to eclipse them and throw them into utter oblivion."

"And now my tale is ended, good night."

"Good night," and as I watched he disappeared into the mist rising from the lake and I was left alone.



+ 75 +-







"Her eve Has that compelling dignity Which common spirits fear."

Philomathean; Pres. Philo. L. S.; Asst. Ed. Monthly, '99; Asst. Ed. ALOHA, 01; Philo. Contestant, 1900.

Dubbed "Idna" by "Madame" the day she promised her "five" in French; the name has since clung to her, and is used frequently among her classmates when they wish to be especially affectionate. A devotee at the shrine of music, she has made much progress in the art, and stands high in the good graces of "Sam," who seldom favors her with less than a ten.



Beser I Amacont

BESSIE KATHERINE ARMACOST, Westminster, Md. " Multum in parvo."

Browning.

Called "Becky" by the girls; she is not characterized by the traits that made Thackeray's Becky famous, but on the contrary is rather tractable and very popular. For many years she has been an active and earnest member of the Browning Literary Society. As treasurer of that organization she will always be remembered for the precision and care with which she managed its financial affairs unaided, strange though it may seem, by Maryland's present comptroller.



Edward Barber

EDWARD BARBER, Conaway, Md. "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

I. L. S.; Pres. I. L. S., 'or; Pres. Chess Club, 'oo; Winner Chess Tourney, '01; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Washington, '00; Member of Foot Ball Team, 'oo; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, 'OI.

The fool of the class. He is very short, stout, and reminds one of Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom he has been chosen the twentieth century prototype. He is noted as a singer, orator, lover, and elocutionist. It is said that when he first entered school he was so green that he would not even sun-burn. But Eddie has improved, and is perhaps the best specimen of "Cruelty to Animals" living, He is very funny, and his face is ever boiling over with wit. He has a copyright on the word "devil." He is very good natured and is an ardent lover of port wine.

EDWARD CLINTON BIXLER, Westminster, Md.



" Who does the best his circumstance allows, Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more." I. L. S.

The only farmer in the class. He is the quietest and the most bashful lad among us, and was never known to talk unless absolutely necessary. This is a fortunate attainment, for he is not liable to be "mosquitoed" (misquoted). He is very generous, keeping the entire class in provisions, and has the honor among the girls of once getting all the " 1901 " boys full. Benny's large head is set off to beautiful effect by its red color and a large white spot in the middle. This is one problem, at least, that he could never solve,-the necessity of that white spot. It is, indeed, a hard

JAMES RANDALL CATON, JR., Alexandria, Va. "A man who has arrived at such a pitch of self-esteem that he never mentions himself without taking off his hat."

I. L. S.; Pres. I. L. S., 'oo and 'or: Irving Orator, 'oo; Mgr. of Base Ball Team, 'or; Glee Club; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, 'or; Ex. Ed. of Monthly, '00.

The most celebrated heart-breaker in the class; possesses a remarkably high opinion of himself, and somehow or other infuses this idea into his lady friends-has derived from them on account of his notable figure and stately bearing the appellation of " Model Senior." Delights to tell his friends that he is a direct descendant of Cato, and says that his name proves it. Studies little, but is either so bright or so good at bluffing as always to rank high in his class. Is so good at argument that his chief friend in the faculty-P. I. G. of science, informed him that he would be a star in the legal profession. "Jimmy" is a very precocious little boy,



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thing to wash out.



MARION CLARK, Cecilton, Md. "Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup, That runs for ages without winding up."

B. L. S.; B. L. S. Contestant, '99, '00; Pres. B. L. S., '01; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '99, '00; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '01.

Mam'selle has been accused of being the most conceiled girl in the class, but surely any girl who can recite perfectly without previous preparation *six l casons* "straight" is justified in being so. Is a perfect chatterbox, and, although it is entirely unnecessary, the girls seem to take especial delight in winding hear up. Their favorite place for this performance is the dining hall, where they alford much anuscement by doing it. Is a fiend on the question of history, and spends much time in the library reading. Among other things noticeable in her character are ascarsic speech and cruchly to roommates, of whom she has had three in a three years' sojourn at W. M. C.

WILLIAM HENRY CLARKE, Pocomoke City, Md.

"Long and lean, lank and thin, as one of Satan's cherubim."

W. L. S.; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, 1901.

The modern "Wilson" of 1901. Second only to Barber as the Bonaparte (boney part) of our class. Has a voice which is a cross between a nutneg grater and a foghorn. Has been for the last two years the leader of the College Glec Club. Is the easiest guyed man in the class, and is often used as a rattle for the amusement of the children. Harry is a grare tala for forming plans which he never carries out. Because of his corpulency he is called " shadow." He has never been in love because he *looks down* on the girls.



Or 7. Clarke

ELWOOD ALEXANDER COBEY, Grayton, Md. "The ladies call him sweet and the Devil did grin, For his darling sin is pride that apes humility,"

W. L. S.; Pres. W. L. S., '01; Class Pres.; Webster Orator, 'co; Mgr. of Foot Ball Team, 'co; Alternate Orator for Intercollegiate Contest, '01; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '01; Mgr. Basket Ball Team, '99, 'co; Exchange Ed. of Monthly.

A perfection of false modesty. A man who never entered any thing but which lew ass are (2) he would come out tast. Is also very dignified, and chewing tobacco is the only bad habit he has formed. His reputation ranks high as a "songest," and his rendition of "Sweet Marie" and "Sleep On" are especially touching, he is usually known as the "A lip Yan Winkle of 1904." Because of his devotion at the shrine of Morpheus. Elwood is quite a sport, and goes driving quite frequently, but never likes it to be known.

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NETTIE MAUDE CROCKETT, Solomons, Md.

"And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true."

Philomathean; Asst. Bus. Mgr. Monthly, '00; Asst. Bus. Mgr. ALOHA, '01.

Ever since "Pad" entered the hulls of W, M. C, she has been a victim to a home sickness that even the smiles of her numerous admirers have not sufficed entirely to allay. Has suffered, too, from the lack of appreciation displayed by some of her fellow students, and her attitude toward them is described by the following words, addressed to her room mate,—"All the word's a little quere but thes and me, and these's a little quere." Notviltstanding all this, however, she still retains her beauty, and is a moving power in the class and in P, L. S.

Member of Foot Ball Team, '98, '99, and 1900, Captain 1900; Class Treasurer; Member of Base Ball Team, '99.

Commonly known as "Dash." Prefers athletics to scholarly attainments, and has made quite a record for himself in that line. Is very fond of walking, and frequently takes long strolls on the pike; it has been whispered, however, that there are other attractions than the exercise. His knees seem to have a strong dislike for each other, for they have separated as far as possible, winning for him the tile of the "cnets" 'man in the class. His curly hair and winning ways make him a favorite with the girls, while his love for athletics enders him to the hearts of the how.



Philomathean.

+ 80 +

The best dressed girl in the class, and one of the few who like to walk down town to church; is constitutionally opposed to all kinds of work, as befits one of artistic temperament. Is characterized by a crown of bright hair that casts a halo round her face. This she seeks to heighten by gaining whatever knowledge she can about persons and their effects. She procures her information in a way that would win any lawyer a reputation for cross-questioning, and would make a Yankee forget his nationality. However, if questions won't accomplish her object, there are other methods, but they are serents.



W. L. S.; Pres. of W. L. S., 'or; Class Historian; Bus. Mgr. of Aloha, 'or.

A newly invented "wind jammer." Does nothing but spit fire from morning to night. The class hopes to make a profit on him by using him to blast stone quarries in his native county, "Buckey" is a thorough business man, prompt in all his transactions, and exacting in his demands. Is especially skilled in handling pet names and choice epithets, and has nicely adapted himself to making people feel small. He is quite a debater, too, and his logic would put even the world's greatest philosopher to shame.

I. L. S.; Pres, J. L. S., 'co, 'or; Ed.-in-Chief of Monthly, 'co; Ed.-in-Chief of ALOHA, 'or; Pres. Ath. Asso.; Irring Orator, 'co; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Baltimore, Washington, Northfield; Class Poet; Glee Chib; Member of Foot Ball Team, 'co, 'or; Member of Bass Ball Team, 'or; Member of Orchestra.

A regular western tornado. Always in a rush, always in a flurry, he never does anything right at the right time. Has a disposition that is mindful of a penny lemon. It has been said that he is so *disagreeable* that he never goes near an open window for fear of *disting out*. And what a spooner: why he would spoon a clothes line provided it had a dress hanging on it, and at the mention of 'soft sayp' his face brightens up brillantly. Harry is a bright boy, a good rider, and is trying to get from "Eddie" his copyright on the word devil.



- Karry Gilligan

CARRIE FRANCES GLADHILL, Union Bridge, Md. "Th' important bus'ness of her life is Love."

Philomathean; Pres. Y. W. C. A., 'or.

Somewhere, somehow, sometime, our representative from Union Bridge had attached to ber the significant sobrigmet of "Amunia;" and it has since clung to her with a tenacity equalled only by Sinbad's burden. Acknowledged: "only a little queer " by her admiring roommate, she has been known to indulge in only two frivolities, one of which is writing touching letters on the backs of programs, the other the tabit of throwing water on her neighbors of the first floor. Is thoroughly in carrest, and attends strictly to her life work, and to the weifare of the Y. W. C. A., which is included in it.

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CARLIA LOUISE HARRIS, Henderson, N. C.

"Thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd with thy tongue." Philomathean.

Before everything else, she is a girl of practical common sense and penetrating judgment, not to be deceived by persons or things. Some time in the dim and distant past she gained the idea that as good critics were rare, there was room at the top for her to turn her ulterist to account. Immediately she began to practice on whatever material she could find, and since that time neither relatives no fellow students, nor even the faculty, indeed, have been exempt from her attacks, harmless though they often prove. Besides being a critic she is an excellent anatteur photographer.



EULALIE VIVIAN HARRIS, Henderson, N. C. "Thy rapt soul setting in thy eyes."

Philomathean.

St. Cecilia's rival as an organist and singer, she lives in her art only to be aroused occasionally by the rudeness of an imaristic world. Devoted to her music she resents as personal anything that appears intended as a depreciation of it, but he suffers less from this than from the attacks of camera fiends axions to perpetuate her memory and her room through the medium of flash-light photographs taken during study hour.



Shabel 03 Hours

MABEL BLANCHE HARRIS, Henderson, N. C. "Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Philomathean.

Familiarly known as "Mab," the name being derived through her diminuitive size from the queno of the fairies, she spreads about her as she moves the aroma of her intelligence. Is a skilled musician, reading for one lesson as much as one hundred pages of Beethoven, and an indefatigable student of all the branches in her college course. She has mastered in her short life at least a dozen of Slatkspers's plays, and has become acquainted with other standard authors in like proportion. Unexcelled in discussion. Latirely independent she regards boys merely as "specimens," and reads their characters as easily as she would translate a page of Tacitus. MYRTLE GRACE HARRIS, Henderson, N. C.

Wyate of Assister.

"Of stature she is passing tall And sparely formed, and lean withal,"

Philomathean; Asst. Ed. Monthly, 'or.

Resting her reputation on the fact that she is the heavies girl in the class, she can afford to be independent and true to North Carolina, and remain supremely indifferent to the charms of Maryland. In conjunction with her sister she sometimes entertains a select lew at an ice cream social at which the "least of reason and flow of soul" is not so great as to obscure the ice cream. All those who have been fortunate enough to receive an invitation to one of these soirces are willing to stake their liberty on North Carolina hospitality.

THEOPHILUS KENOLEY HARRISON, Charlotte Hall, Md.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my mouth let no dog bark."

I. L. S.; Pres. of I. L. S., '01; Vice-Pres. of Y. M. C. A.; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Wilmington, '01; Member of Foot Ball Team, '00; Asst. Mgr. of Foot Ball Team, '00.

The baby of the class. Familiarly known as "1 Bark," and is one of the queerest compounds in the class. Is very fond of discussing abstruse subjects as well as his hearers. Seems to care little for the girls, and seldom goes to "Parlor," but spends his time at mursing bables. Is quite a German student, and often gives the professor of modern languages useful hints. Tabls quite a good deal, but rarely says anything. Is a good-hearde old soul and kindly considers his opponents when on the ball gridfron. Bark is a big eater, and was never known to get sick from eating "hard crab,"





FELIX RENOUF HOLT, Washington, D. C. "Every inch that is not fool is rogue."

W. L. S.; Member of Base Ball Team, 'oo, 'or; Tennis Intercollegiate Champion, '99, and Representative, '00,

The queerest looking thing living. Because of his likeness to a rabbit is called "humy," and because of his monopoly has secured a "corner" on the name. Is characterized by a big, flat nose and large eyes. Is the most generous man in the class when there is "something to ett" 'involved. Feix is such a firt that he has three or four girls on the string at one time (usually with them holding the strings). Feix, after leaving school, expects to pose as a model for an art gallery and studio, and already has some fine specimes on exhibition.

+ 83 +



FANNIE HARRISON HOPE, St. Michaels, Md. "Our greatest good and what we least can spare is Hope."

Philomathean.

Believing that early rising is conducive to "health, wealth, and happines," Fannie Hope is always ready for the mail bell at 7,50 Λ . M., and collects and distributes all the mail that fails to the lot of the inhabitants of Celestial Hall. So conscientious is she that she even goes to the trouble to tell them when they don't get the much hoped for letter. During her Sophomore and Junior years some of her friends were bold enough to call her "Tom," but no one this year has dared to brave her Senior dignity to that extent. Though accustomed to "tens" in Math., and fondly attached to it, he admits that Astronomy is more than human nature can stand.

Farmer Tope

HELEN GENEVIEVE HUNTER, Annapolis, Md.

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Philomathean.

Helen Hunter is the "deep" member of the ——th Triumvirate. Is thoughtful on all subjects, considers the modern novel mere trash, and feels at home in nothing less sublime than Emerson's Self Reliance, in which she finds more philosophy than Emerson ever dreamed of. All her aspirations are toward that culture which finds is ideal in Latin prose, and guitar accompaniments of "Over the bannister leaned a face." She looks over the etiquette of the triumvirate and a member of that organization is not permitted to dispense with a chaperon even during the summer vacation. Newspapers for laides are almost repulsive to her.



Felen & Luntor

FRANKLIN PORTER KRAUSS, Alexandria, Va. " He has a misplaced cycbrow on his upper lip."

I. L. S.; member of Track Team, oo, 'or; member of Orchestra.

The exceptional man in the class. Is the only one who can run a hundred yarks in to/5 seconds; the only one who neither helps to joke nor becomes the butt of a joke; and the only one who has neither had a girl nor tried to get one. He has a passionate liking for owis, and his features have been transformed into those of that bird. His disposition does not allow him to be despondent, because ever before him gleams the "Star of Hope," making life happy. He alone can raise a mustache, and is said to have but one idea, and that is a wrong one.

+ 84 +



HENRY MARSHALL LANKFORD, Princess Anne, Md.

"When he is best he is little less than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast "

I. L. S.; Member of Orchestra,

Darwin's missing link. Is a pretty little animal, and is quite a favorite pet among the fair sex, who (Woodu) would all like to own him. Called "Chem" by his classmates because of his snowwhite hair, which is supposed to be the result of a chemical compound. He expects to be a physician, but judging from his reputation at school it is supposed that he will be a veterinary surgeon, "Chem" is a disciple of Darwin and Huxley, and prides lumself upon the fact that his ancestors were monkeys. Has no religion, but is a good old chap, attentive to the sick, and is popular with his classmates.

Y & Chasters

HARRISON STANFORD MARTLAND, Newark, N. J. "Good at a fight, but better at a play."

W. L. S.; Member of Foot Ball Team, '00; Member of College Orchestra.

A mixture of Scotch and Irish, commonly known as "Shamrock," Is our sporting Cupid, and lives the fastest and easiest life of any one in the class. Is a veritable ladies' man, and is quite experienced at making "goo_goo' reyes. It can atel the exact shape of the world by the practical knowledge gained at the First National Bowling Alley, "Shammy" is a good, kind, little child, and is one of the few in the class who don't drink. He is quite an athlete, and runs like a prune. He is also noted for his good looks.



B. L. S.; Browning Contestant, '00; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '99, '00; Asst. Ed. of ALOHA, '01.

Covington May was described to one of the teachers by a Westminister stor-keeper as "the young lady who invariably found the largest pickle in the barrel." Is always warbling and holds the elocation class spell-bound whenever she bursts forth into the sweet strains of "Joco Divine," her favorite. Is a mumber of the Triumvinte, a giggler to the verge of hysteries, and possessed with a peculiar foundess for sewing the sleeves of other people's garments, as well as with a passion for concealing alarm clocks, set at unearthly hours, in the rooms of her sleepy neighbors. In spite of her fun, however, she can be serious even to the extent of reading Latin to the other members of the Triumvinte.

+ 85 +-



ANNA LEE MCMURRAN, Westminster, Md. "Silence is golden."

Browning.

There is no doubt about it, some of the girls treat Anna Mc.-Murran shamefully, they make her langly in class and then, of course, she can't answer her question. It is too bad, But better things are coming. Virginia, the land of chivalry and romance, lies before her. There, freed from the trammels of school life, she will be able to enjoy society, and induge in one of the sports famous throughout the South,—and justly so—horse-back riding, a thing she her unable to enjoy the last few years.

W. L. S.; Pres. W. L. S., '01; Webster Orator, '00; Intercollegiate Orator, '01; Bus. Mgr. *Monthly*, '00; Webster Anniversarian, '01; Sec. of Y. M. C. A., '99.

A truly great man (?): Georgie is said to be conceited, and no doubt he is, but it can also be said that the has more reason to be conceited than most men. Characterized by a superfluidy of selfconfidence; and whether in the halls of learning or in the presence of women, he philosophizes as Cassar of old by asying: "1 came, and is celebrated as the founder of the new school of philosophy known as: "Phatonos Onol," Georgie is considered handsome (by some), yet it has been remarked that if beauty is only skin deep, he had better skin himself.

CARL WEBSTER NEFF, Cumberland, Md. "I tell you the earth did guake when I was born."

I. L. S.; Pres. I. L. S., 'or; Irving Anniversarian, 'or; Member of Track Team, '99, '00, '01; Mgr., '01; Treasurer of Athletic Association.

As Shakespeare would say, "He is a man of unbounded stomach." At one time, upon reading of the death of a man in Chicago caused by eating I turkey, a dozens hard boiled eggs, 6 soft-shelled can bas, s small fire, 5 loaves of bread, a quart of whiskey and brandy, Carl exclaimed, "O death! where is thy sting?" Is noted as a spacker and dancer. In the latter accomplishment, in the gracefulness of his movements and the perfection of his style, be reminds one of a street-baser dancing. Is the most radical boy in the class, and it is dangerons to enter into any plans be ever formulates.



yes A. Myers





" Is this the thing the Lord God made to have dominion over land and sea?"

W. L. S.; Base Ball Team, 'oo, 'or; Captain, 'or.

Characteristically known as "negative Pat." Nothing is done correctly unless it has been done oppositely from what it should have been. Is one of the many specimens of Eastern Shore curios set on exhibition at W. M. C. Is void of all shape and form, and there is nothing known to exist with which to compare him. Has spent most of his time at school in telling the boys that he would not return the following year, and a post-graduate course has been instituted this year to suit his convenience. Pat is a ball player, but is classed as a woman hater. Fresh from his mother's care he has been placed under the loving protection of "Roly Boly" while at school.

VIRGINIA MURRAY WEIGAND, Westminster, Md.

"Doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt I love."

Philomathean; Asst. Ed.-in-Chief of ALOHA, '01; Asst. Ed. of Monthly, '00; Philomathean Contestant, '00; Pres. of Philo. L. S., '01.

"Gimie" enjoys the distinction of being the only town member of the Philomathean Society. Of her many talents, the one which she has cultivated most is elocution. In this branch she has been commended very highly by her instructor, who can compare her voice to nothing more agreeable than a nutnerg grater. About two years ago she developed a fad for novelties in tranks, and since that time has been industriously collecting them. She keeps her specimens in the front hall carefully guarded by lock and bolt, bat once a naughty boy stole one and then were the times saf? Well, rather.



- m Kirginia Wagand-

France B. Throdall.

FANNIE BAGWELL WOODALL, Georgetown, Md. "Ye nutte brown mayde."

Philomathean.

Really fond of outdoor sports, she even enjoys gymnasium, and is almost as found of swinging clubs as she is of dancing. She is a photographer of some merit, and divides the alto honors of the class with Miss Armacost. As a member of the 1901 Trimwirite she has gained some distinction, and cultivated to perfection her evident talent for making choc-late. In the class and in the school he is very popular, but has made some enemies by the peculiar abruptness of her manuer. Has been given the sobriquet of "Wease" by some of her classmates on the "other side."

+ 80 +



In Memoriam.

ET us turn, my class-mates, from the festivities which mark the successful termination of our course to bestow a parting garland upon the grave of one whose memory shall ever remain fresh in our hearts. We will enter into no enconium upon the character of our departed friend. It needs none. Far more beautifully than it can be written was it lived and acted in our midst. It was not his to shine. "Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife he kept the noiseless tenor of his way." Yet those who knew him best saw in that soul a fire, and in that spirit a patient endurance and quiet determination to excel, worthy the emulation of each and all. He had scarce entered upon the highway of life; the rosy dawn of manhood was but kissing the eastern hills, when his burden became heavy and he sank to silence by the wayside. It was a belief of the ancients that those who died young were especially beloved by the gods. Beautiful indeed the thought, noble the hope. Whence then death's pain? Has barren philosophy robbed us of the hope of ages, or in the night of death does heaven's bright vision grow dim? O Life! grand miracle and mystery that thou art, must we stand forever gazing at the great WHENCE and WHITHER, which form the beginning and the end of thy fathomless contemplation? When Christianity was carried into Britain it is said a chieftain once asked his councillors whether or not they should accept the new creed, when one rose and responded: "So seems the life of man, O King! as a sparrow's flight, when a man is seated at his board. The sparrow enters at the window, lingers for a moment in the warm firelight, then vanishes into the outer darkness; but whence it cometh or whither it goeth we know not. If this new religion tell us aught of these, let us follow it." So let us in that beautiful faith in which our class-mate died find refuge from our grief, strength for our lives, and hope and comfort in the dark hour of death. We must part now from the scenes which we have lived together with him. But more enduring than the marble which marks his resting place, fresher than the garlands which bloom upon his grave, brighter than the stars which blaze in his immortal crown shall be his memory in the hearts of 1901.

+ 00 ÷

Class Ode.

唐唐隆

We are thinking of our school days, we are longing For the happy hours that have forever flown.

We shall ne'er forget the scenes we leave behind us, Nor the tiny seeds of friendship which were sown.

Not the thry seeds of riendship which were sown. How they grew and waxed in splendor as we wandered 'Mid the fragrance of our happy college bowers! Ah! 'tis sad to know that we must leave forever

All the pleasures of our college happy hours.

CHORUS.

Now we part, dear friends and school-mates; Part to meet perhaps no more. Sever all those ties that bind us, As we pass the threshold o'er. We shall love thee, Alma Mater, Long as shines the glowing sun:

And shall ever cherish fondly Our loved "Class of 1901."

As we launch out on life's sea with all its breakers, As its restless waves eternal round us roll, Then thy light will guide us, dear old Alma Mater,

Safely past the rugged rock and treach'rous shoal.

We would linger on thy bosom, gentle mother, But visions of the future lure us on.

+ 01 +

May thy teachings and thy precepts ever guide us Till our life on earth is o'er, the vict'ry won!-CHO.

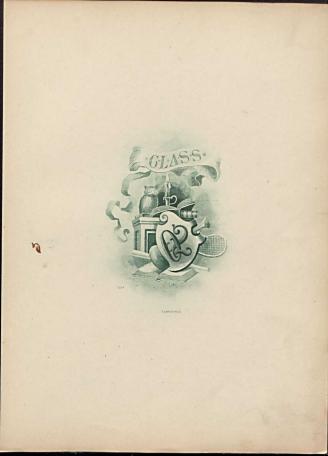
Quondam Students of 1901.

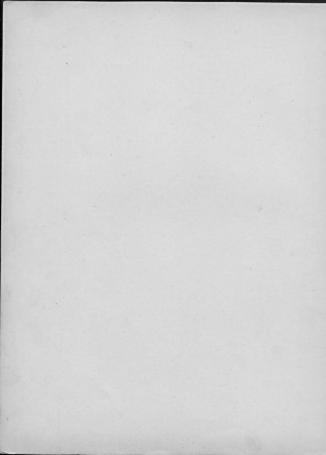
唐 唐 唐

CARROLL ALBAUGH,												
JOHN THOMAS ANDERS,												
IDA ISADORA BAILE,											. 1	Westminster, Md.
ELVA GERTRUDE BENNETT, .											. 5	ykesville, Md.
LINDA CHILDS BOWEN,											. I	Bowen's, Md.
ANNA LEE BROWN,											. I	rederick, Md.
RITA LECOMPTE CATOR,											. 1	aylor's Island, Md.
URSA MILNER DILLER,											7	West Point, N. Y.
MAYNARD DWYER,									-		. t	Jnity, Md.
ROBERT KLEIN EASTER,											. I	saltimore, Md
JOHN MAURICE ERBE,												
GEORGE CALVIN FITZE, .												
WALTER MELVIN GRAHAM,												
JESSIE GRAHAM,											. 1	Westminster, Md.
CHARLES EDWARD HARDY, .											. 1	Vestminster, Md.
SARAH LA RUE HERR,												
WADE HAMPTON INSLEY,	-										. E	sivalve, Md.
WILLIAM ROSWELL JONES,												
WILLIAM WAMPLER KING,											. F	ittsburgh, Pa.
JAMES HENRY JARRETT LEE,												
JAMES ERNEST LITSINGER,												
SAMUEL SWOPE MATHIAS, .												
LAWRENCE FREE MCDONALD,												
MABEL ESTELLE MILLER, .												
ALMA ALVERDA MYERS,												
CARL RICHARD PHILLIPS,											. F	rederick, Md.
CARLTON EDWARD POISAL,												
MARGARET ALVERDA ROYER,											. V	Vestminster, Md.
ANNA GERTRUDE SAUER,												
ANNIE ELIZABETH SCHAEFFER											. V	Vestminster, Md.
WALTER HOWARD SMITH,											. S	pringfield, Md.
HELEN MARY TURNER,											. B	ryantown, Md.
HATTIE VIOLA WARD,											. Ja	arrettsville, Md.
NORMA VISTA WATTS,												
*WILLIAM WEITZ,												
IRENE ELIZABETH WOODWARD												

* Deceased.

+ 02 +





Class of 1902.

唐唐唐

Colors. Dark Blue and White.

flower.

White Rose.

Class Officers.

President.

H. S. ROBINSON.

Prophetess.

E. C. KIMMEL.

Distorian.

G. I. HUMPHREYS.

Poet.

H. W. SAULSBURY.

Treasurer.

H. C. HULL.

Secretary.

J. S. GEATTY.

+ 93 +





Distory of the Class of 1902.

唐唐慶

HE waning days of last September found the portals of Western Maryland again swung back; and when the golden beams of October's sun first kissed the gallant crest of the Maryland Highlands, they found that thirty-four girls and boys had crossed the threshold of their Alma Mater, glorying in the pride and strength of Juniordom.

Exulting, though, as we did in the pleasure of being Juniors, and in the satisfaction of having passed the second mile-stone of our college career, nevertheless it was with mingled sorrow and regret that we noticed the large depletion of our number as compared with former rolls. For since our enrollment as a class, we have had members from the muddy waters of the Ohio to the storm-lashed coast of the Atlantic. Even a "King" residing in sight of the "Statue of Liberty," and a bright, jolly lass from near the dismal swamp of the old "Tar Heel" State. But now, other than "Maryland, My Maryland, "the "Blue Hen" is the only state that can claim a member under the fostering wing of 1902. Some evolutionist might term this a survival of the fittest, but your hymble historian would rather claim that the ever guiding "finger of destiny" has pointed out to our lost members more useful fields of learning and action, thus necessarily making them "Qondmas" of 1902.

But it was with a strong determination to improve that the gallant remainder of the host started in on the year's course. We now recognized that we had reached the point where we must play the parts of *living* actors in $\rightarrow a_5 +$ the drama of College life. New duties have fallen to us, and with them heavier responsibilities. And though we are a more youthful class than any of our predecessors, still we have assumed those duties and responsibilities with that same grit and resolution manifested by the most auspicious class that has gone out from the walls of V. M. C. And dimly outlined on the horizon of our future we see Justice, clothed in robes of purity, clasping in her outstretched hand the garland of fame, beckoning us on to fields of labor, truth and honor.

The Nanghty-two Class is well represented in every organization on "College Hill." On the athletic field she *plays* quite an important part. More than half of the players on the last foot ball team were members of this class. In basket ball she is equally well known and feared, easily winning the game which decided the championship of the College by defeating the Freshman team by a score of 16 to 5. In the class room it is easy to "Wade" into the problems of Political Economy, to "Trace(y)" the lines of historical development, or for "Weeks" to translate the orations of Ciecco. Supremely she reigns in the dining hall, even though our "Ling(s)" uist failed to "Lynch" her smiles, and "Legg" was fortunate enough to Sell(man) his, while Robinson has(hes) those of "Sweet Marie."

And now what shall I say of our girls? What a loyal class they are! Vain, indeed, would be the attempt to write their history, for they can rightfully boast of a (im)mortal "Iris," at whose shrine all worship. Suffice it to say that beauty, wit, talent, and ambition are characteristic of the girls of 1002.

It is a matter of pride to us to know that there is a kindly feeling existing between 1902 and the other classes on the "Hill." Especially as regards the class preceding us, who "once upon a time" were avowed enemies. Class differences, once so tinged with bitterness, have been swept away. We are all here for the same purposes, and side by side we will be found endeavoring to uphold the honor of the dear old "Gold and Green."

The fun-loving spirit is very prominent at "Saratoga Place"—where the Junior boys dwell. Even the steady old "Deacon" willingly (?) joins in. Occasionally someone is heard blowing a trombone accompaniment to another *someone*, who is vainly endeavoring to walk a crack in the floor at 12 P. M. But this gives only a faint impression of us who room on "Dreamy Avenue" and "Slumber Lane."

And next year we will be Seniors! Why even the word itself bespeaks dignity, but can we who are so jolly and free ever assume that aspect? We do not care to appear dignified, nor will we be so. For throughout our college course there has flowed beneath the mirth-loving ripples of the surface a $\Rightarrow oo +$ steady current of right action, and we feel sure that this will carry us through our Senior year in a way none other than natural and relevant.

Progress is advancement toward maturity or completion, and well does this word characterize the spirit that animates the Class of 1902, for a retrospective glance of our path from the embryonic stage to our present state shows a conquest nobly made.

To the fond associations of the present year we bid a lingering farewell; and sanguine in the light of true optimism—a faith justified by facts, we await with eagerness our final triumph, proud and confident in our soul-inspiring motto—'Ad verum nitimur, Claritas sequitur."



Junior Vells.

唐唐唐

Distorical.

Modern Language.

Hullaballoo! Hullaballoo! Zip, Zam, Zee, "I'm the State." "I'm the State." Can't you see!

Rorical ! Historical ! Truth makes free !

Science ! Deutsch ! Economy ! Bip, Bam, Boo

Laissez faire ! Laissez faire ! We're Ten and Two,

Rorical ! Historical ! 1902.

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

Class Yell.

Chicka-amur, chicka-amine, Chicka-amuck, mool, Hullabalin, Mullabaline, Two, two ! Ad verum nitimur, Claritas sequitur, Western Maryland, Western Maryland, 1902!

Classical.

Classis fortissima Classis bonorum Linguam studemus pulchram Latinorum, λο΄γοι Έλλημικόι εἰ ὑι κ΄αλλιστοι και ἐκ ἀιθρώτων ἐομίαν ἀβιστοι Classical ! Classical ! 1902.

Scientific.

Rickey-go-rax, go-rax, go-rax, CaPS, CaPS, CaPS ! Grund und Wirkung suchen Wir, Wissenschaftlick auch sind Wir, Lernen alles was ist treu Zwei, Zwei, Zwei ! Rickey-go-rye, go-rye, go-rye.

+ 08 +

Class Roll of 1902.

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Boys.

Gírls.

CHAFFINCH, L. H., .		1	. Easton, Md.
GEATTY, J. S.,			. New Windsor, Md.
GRIFFITH, F. W., .		14	. Upper Marlboro, Md.
HULL, H. C.,			
HUMPHREYS, G. I., .			
INSLEY, W. H.,			
Коцв, С. Н.,			
LEGG, T. H.,			
LEWIS, T. H.,			
Lynch, P. F.,			
MELVIN, W. P.,			. Baltimore, Md.
PARSONS, E. E.,			
ROBINSON, H. S.,			. Toddville, Md.
SAULSBURY, H. S., .			Denton, Md.
SHANNAHAN, JR., J.	н	. K	., Easton, Md.
STANSBURY, B. A., .			. Hampstead, Md.
WEEKS, W. W.,			. Westminster, Md.
WILLIAMS, J. D.,			

BEAVEN, L. V.,
Elliott, J. M., Laurel, Del. GAMBRILL, B. L., Alberton, Md.
Elliott, J. M., Laurel, Del. GAMBRILL, B. L., Alberton, Md.
HALL, I. C., Centreville, Md.
HAY, E. A., Hagerstown, Md.
HERR, S. L., Westminster, Md.
Jones, J. M., Jewell, Md.
KIMMEL, E. C., Aberdeen, Md.
LINGO, A. C., Barton, Md.
MORGAN, C. B., Cumberland, Md.
MULLINIX, H. A., Frederick, Md.
SCHAEFFER, A. C., Westminster, Md.
STAUFFER, H. N., Walkersville, Md.
TRACEY, G. M., Texas, Md.
TULL, I., Marion, Md.
VEASEV, M. R., Pocomoke City, Md

+ 99 +-

Class of 1903.

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Colors. Maroon and Gold.

flower. American Beauty Rose.

Class Officers.

President. Robert R. Carman.

Vice-President. ROLAND R. DILLER.

Prophetess. ETHEL MILLER.

Distorian. Edward E. Tarr.

Poet.

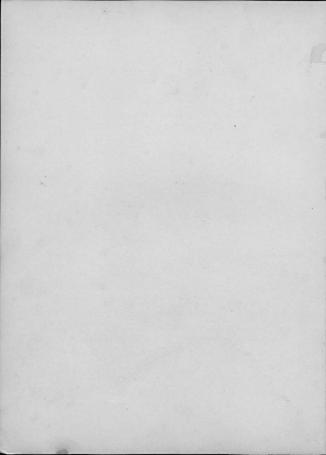
D. ROGER ENGLAR.

Secretary. WINFRED P. ROBERTS.

Creasurer. Clifford H. Hancock.

+ 100 +









Distory of the Class of 1903.

唐唐唐

Class Vell.

Chink ta, boom ta, chink ta, boom ta, Sis boom bi, Western Maryland, Western Maryland, 1903! ελαίγωμεν έζς το πρόσθεν

κρατακ'άγαθ' 'άγμεν, rip, rah, re, Class number three of the century. Hip Hurrah for 1903 !

Modern Language Vell.

Voici, voici, les grands Sophomores, 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 !

B

IKE all historians, the writer feels his own incompetence and the greatness of the subject he is going to write upon. He realizes that no pen should attempt to write the history of so celebrated a class. When we entered the College in the fall of eighteen hundred and

when we entered the conege in the fail of eighten manage and intervine, everyone felt that we were something beyond the ordinary. The history of our Freshman year has already been heralded to the world. How bravely we struggled! How gracefully we wore the garlands of victory!

We came together as Sophomores in the fall of nineteen hundred, and to our sorrow found that a large number of our class was missing. Yet we can boast that we still have the largest class in College.

This year we lost one of the most popular men, not only of the class, but also of the College, our beloved President, Mr. Okey D. Talbot. Although we miss him very much, yet we know we have a worthy successor in our present President. We also lost two others, who were rapidly developing into "Artists," and we feel sure that some day their pictures will be found in the Salon. We are well known in the athletic world. Our prowess upon the field has been established. We organized a class team and issued challenges to the other classes, but after seeing our practice upon the gridiron, and not wishing to lower their colors to our invincibles, they *moly* ignored our challenges. We have been uniformly successful in athletics. Victory has perched upon our banner at every contest when we were not fighting under disadvantages. All the new features in the grannasium for the year have depended largely upon our class for success. It is to the Sophomore Class that athletics at the College owes much of its success. Let us take a look at the College foot ball and base ball teams. Here is where can be found noble representatives of our class.

But it is not only in athletics that we excel. Attend some of the meetings of the Faculty and listen to the praise bestowed upon our class for its intellectual ability. We advanced so rapidly in mathematics that our professor was compelled to divide the class, thereby leaving the impression that he did not wish us to be so very "studious."

We are musical. We have members who warble like nightingales. Our masculine "Sister" receives encore upon encore when "she" sings in "her" inimitable voice,—The Golden City. One of our members is skilled in "magic," and often entertains us by causing his teeth to disappear.

Would you desire to be moved by the eloquence of speech, lifted by the powers of music, touched by the artist's pencil, or reached in any other way, you can find your satisfaction in our class. Readers of the College Monthly readily acknowledge that we possess two 'poets whose equals cannot be found among the students. We also possess two ''Jockys'' who will some day outrival Tod Sloane. Our social events have been delightful, and especially the evening we feasted at the expense of the lady teachers—my, my, how we did eat ''*becistakl*''

We now come to the history of our girls. How proud we feel of them, "Our Girls!" When did ever a previous class have such girls like these? Among the girls of 1903 you will find as many and as diverse characters as in any previous class, but we wish to claim a certain superiority for "Our Girls." We believe this claim is recognized by the upper classmen, especially by that Senior who declares that the embodiment for him of "Sweet Marie" is a Sophomore. But we do not rest our reputation on the suggestion of a song, but on the singers themselves, as exemplified in our "Popular eigeler," and

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"Realistic mimic." Besides our singers we have a pianist whose pompadour rivals Paderewski's curls, and who will surely win the medal.

Intellectual ability is seen in every member, and is developed along all lines, as is illustrated in the artistic education of one member of the class.

In temperament "Our Girls" range from a monument of "Sarcasm" to our quiet little "Puss," who in her Quaker gray is the primmest little flirt in the class.

Last but not least (although she is in size) is little "Midge."

Thus ends the history of our Sophomore year. We feel sure that under the leadership of our noble President we will ever be true to our motto, "Let us go forward, we are the bravest and best."



Class Roll of 1903.

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Boys.

F. BONNOTTE, JR.,		. Westminster, Md.
S. L. BRIERLY,		. Beaver Falls, Pa.
R. R. CARMAN,		. Taylor, Md.
E. A. DAVIS,		. Wilmington, Del.
R. R. DILLER,		. Double Pipe Creek, Md.
J. B. EDWARDS,		. Westminster, Md.
D. R. ENGLAR,		. Medford, Md.
H. C. HANCOCK,		. Greenbackville, Va.
H. B. HEINSHEIMER,		. Newark, N. J.
J. S. HURLEY,		. Seaford, Del.
W. S. IRELAND,		. Atlantic City, N. J.
F. L. JOHNS,		. Seaford, Del.
G. A. MEDDERS,		. Kennedyville, Md.
W. P. ROBERTS,	÷	. Baltimore, Md.
W. G. SIMPSON,		
F. R. SLOAN,		. Lonaconing, Md.
Q. D. TALBOT,		. Buchannan, W. Va.
E. E. TARR,		Marion, Md.

Girls.

F. M. AVERS, .			Parkton, Md.	A. A. WAT
I. S. BEVANS, .			Pocomoke City, Md.	F. T. WHE
J. L. COCHRAN,			Baltimore, Md.	N. A. WHI

M. CROCKETT, .				. Crisfield, Md.
E. W. DUNCAN, .				. Elizabeth, N. J.
H. H. ENNIS,				
M. G. GARRISON,				. Baltimore, Md.
				. Westminster, Md.
A. V. GILBERT, .				
				. Chestertown, Md.
M. A. GORSUCH	ι.			. Westminster, Md.
C. V. GUNBY,				
				Pocomoke City, Md
				. Westminster, Md.
				. Westminster, Md.
E. MILLER,				
				. Westminster, Md.
				. Walkersville, Md.
				. Westminster, Md.
				. Harrington, Del.
				. Westminster, Md.
				. Union Bridge, Md.
M. O. SHERIDAN,				
I. W. TREDWAY,				
E. W. TROUT,				
B. C. TULL,		2		Marion Md
A. A. WATHEN, .				. Loveville, Md.
				. Philadelphia, Pa.
N. A. WHITMORE.		2	÷.	. Westminster, Md

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Of the Paris Exposition you have all heard tell, Of the many Exposition goers—Oh ! so swell ! And maybe—but I doubt it—of our Profs, as well, Who " punched " and " pushed " the cattle, as their purses did compel.

There was Billy and old Jobby and Roger Revelle, For *he* meant to go but couldn't, as the case befell. So Billy, the doctor, and the bulls all in one cell, Now set out for Paris—it seemed to them for — !

Billy wore blue goggles—which he says he ne'er will sell— Just to help his eyesighd—I'm afraid he cannot spell ! The truth to tell at all times my conscience does compell: It was to hide his face, friends, for Billy is a *swell* !

And so they went to Paris, where Jobby used to dwell, And saw the Exposition; were they *sporty*? Well, I'd *yell* ! No longer now *bull-pashers*, with the cattle all pell-mell, They were "Exposition Goers from America "—so swell !

I wonder if they're satisfied—I wonder if they'd tell All the little things which on the trip befell. Well, they *went* to Paris, with the cattle in their cell, And now are back at home again, and *fast getting well* !

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Class Roll, 1904.

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Boys.

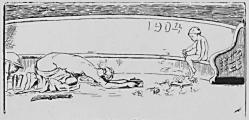
AVDELOTTE, W. J., Snow Hill, Md.
BARTLETT, R. H., Alexandria, Va.
BYRD, N. E., Baltimore, Md.
CLOUGH, N. C Hope, Md.
ELDERDICE, C. M., Baltimore, Md.
FLEAGLE, B. E., Mayberry, Md.
HARRISON, H. L., Crumpton, Md.
HOFFMAN, W. L., Hansonville, Md.
INSLEY, L. I., Bivalve, Md.
KRAFT, H. E., Tannery, Md.
MARTLAND, R. B., Newark, N. J.
MCCLAIN, L. F , Shickshinny, Pa.
MELVIN, JAY, Pocomoke City, Md.
ORRICK, S. H., Glyndon, Md.
PATTERSON, H. C., Baltimore, Md.
RIGGIN, H. S., Seaford, Del.
SHAMBERGER, J. C , Shamburgh, Md.
SHAW, J. E., Westminster, Md.
TOADVINE, PAGE, Landonsville, Md.
TURPIN, W. P., Centreville, Md.
WEIGAND, J H., Westminster, Md.
WERNTZ, W. C., Baltimore, Md.
WHITE, G. L., Whiteburg, Md.
WHITE, W. W., New Market, Md.

Girls.

Abbot,	Α.	F.,				Washington,	D.	C.
Abbot,	J.	М.,				Washington,	D.	C.
ALBAUG	н,	N. 1	۰.,			Westminster.	M	1

BANKARD, A. L., Westminster, Md.
BENNETT, M. J., Westminster, Md.
BROWN, S. A., Fawn Grove, Pa.
CHISWELL, E. G., Poolesville, Md.
CLARK, M O., Laurel, Md.
COULBOURN, C. B., Crisfield, Md.
DAY, MATTIE, Ridgeley, Md.
DEVER, M. I., Hope, Md.
DODD, M. E., Carmichael, Md.
FRANKLIN, B. A., Westminster Md
FRAUNFELTER, C. M., New Windsor, Md.
GEHR, M., Westminster, Md.
GEIMAN, E. C., Westminster, Md.
GEORGE, E. L., Sudlersville, Md.
HORSEY, N. E., Crisfield, Md.
JAMESON, E. P., Newburgh, Md.
MANIFOLD, E. M., Fawn Grove, Pa.
MASON, B. L., Parksely, Va.
MILLS, M. L., Brooklyn, Md.
PICKETT, J. M., High Point, N. C.
REAVER, S. J , Westminster, Md.
REIFSNIDER, M. L., Westminster, Md.
ROBERTSON, M. G., Warfieldsburg, Md.
ROWLEY, M. P., Chincoteague, Va.
SELLMAN, N A., Baltimore, Md.
SHERIDAN, S. E., Pocomoke City, Md.
SLAGLE, C. G., Westminster, Md.
STERLING, M. A., Crisfield, Md.
STONESIFER, S. G., Westminster, Md.
STOOPS, ELSIE, Crisfield, Md.
STREMMEL, M. M., New Windsor, Md.

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freshman Vells.

Class Yell.

Gee-ronr, gee-rar, gee-rar-rar-roar ! Twenticht century year No. 4, 1 Mille nongenti quattuor ! XLoos Iwosómo rérrapa Dix neut cent quatre ! Neunzehn hundert und vier ! viv maaarxeus/apar tes israpio/apar tes israpio/apar Kaldeimus et vincemus Ac adire manchimus ! Gee-hee, gee-rar ; gee-ha, gee-roar ! Rah for the Class of 1904 !

Modern Language Vell.

Zip pel let te ! A lak ka rire ! Die grossen und die starken, wir, Nous surpassons la scientifique Et l'historique, et la classique, Modern Language—evermore, Western Maryland—1904 !

Distory of 1904.

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HE month of September, 1900, found a number of students on College Hill seeking admission into various classes. After the preliminary examinations were over, and the students assigned to their respective classes, the Freshman Class was found to be composed of twenty-

four boys and twenty-mine girls, representing six States of the Union, as follows: Maryland, 44; Pennsylvania, 3; Virginia, 3; North Carolina, 1; Delaware, 1; and New Jersey, 1.

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With an earnestness which has characterized our every effort throughout the year, we went to work, and we may safely say that we rank with the most studious classes on the hill.

During the year there has been very little excitement in our class, owing to the abolishing of the effigy burning by the Class of 1903. With the abolition of this custom goes the long-time rivalry between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. They (the Sophs.) have not even troubled us with a class rush, a custom which has been followed by preceding classes for years. We had hoped that they would at least have given us the opportunity of rushing them, and by so doing, although our number was small, we could doubtless have shown them the great Herculean strength of the phalanx of 1904. Poor fellows! Perthaps they were a little too timid.

For all that as we take a retrospective view of the year which has caused us so much trouble and anxiety, we find many things to encourage us. Earnestly and persistently have we attempted to trot, gallop, and canter upon horses almost unmanageable. Of course we are young in the business and have to bear the reback of the Professors time and time again. We look forward, however, to the Sophomore year with the determination to perfect our riding ability.

Turning to athletics, we are indeed rivals whose ability is recognized by upper classmen. We were represented on both the first and the second teams of foot ball, and also on the college basket ball team. Again we find 1904 hovs among the star players on the first team of base ball.

As an individual class, we have made a record of which we might well feel proud. The first thing which attracted our attention after arriving on College Hill was foot ball, and we at once set to work to organize a class foot ball team, which we did in short order, but not being able to schedule a class enne the team was disbanded.

Next came basket ball, and likewise we had our team in that. Our first game was with the sub-Freshmen, whom we easily defeated. The second and last game was with the Juniors, who won after a hard fought game.

We must not forget to mention that we were also represented in the track and field sports. These were held in the gymnasium during the winter months, and as soon as the weather permitted they were transferred to the Athletic Field. Some of the best athletic material of the college is found in our class. We have had some meets during the year, and we had the pleasure in one of these, at least, of defeating those whom we delight in defeating, namely, "The Sophs."

Next came the base ball season, and the Freshmen showed their prowess there also. But what of the girls? you are doubtless saying. Ah! we have twentynine who have gallantly seconded every attempt of the '04 boys to bring honor and glory upon our class. They have been present at all our athletic contests during the year, and by their encores they enthused us with the desire for victory. Finally they shared with us the spoils of victory. Like the boys, they are wonderfully studious, and their intelligence and farsightednees add lustre and fame to the noble band of 1904.

They are particularly efficient in music, being especially talented in both the vocal and the instrumental line.

At last we come to the close of our Freshman year. It is needless for us to say that we are happy, for that would be only mildly expressing our feelings. We are grateful that we have climbed successfully the first round of the college ladder, and we hope that it has been to the intellectual advancement of each member of our class. The Sophomore year now confronts us, and we promise ourselves that if it be the will of Providence that we should return next year, not only will we pursue our studies more diligently, but we will also strive to add fresh laurels to the "Class of 1904."





Officers of the Y. M. C. H.

* * *

Hpril, 1900-Hpril, 1901.

President,		•	•						· CLAYBORNE PHILLIPS, '01.
									. T. K. HARRISON, '01.
Recording .	See	re	eta	n	·, .				. G. I. HUMPHREYS, '02.
Correspond	in,	g.	Se	cre	eta	n	, .		· O. D. TALBOT, '03.
Treasurer,	•	•	•	•					· R. B. DEVILBISS, '01.
Organist, .									· HARRY GILLIGAN, '01.

Hpril, 1901-Hpril, 1902.

President,	 . E. E. PARSONS, '02.
Vice-President,	 . T. H. LEGG, '02.
Recording Secretary,	 . E. E. TARR, '03.
Corresponding Secretary, .	 · F. E. RATHBUN, '05.
Treasurer,	 · W. S. IRELAND, '03.
Organist,	 . C. L. ELDERDICE, '04.

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The Young Men's Christian Association.

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MONG the many organizations on "College Hill" the Y. M. C. A. stands in the front rank." Our Association plays an important part in the training of Christian men for active Christian work. In our hall young men learn to overcome the embarrassment of speaking in

public, and are enabled to proclaim God's truth with force and conviction, under the inspiration of the deep religious atmosphere of our meetings. Our men are also engaged in carrying Chris's messages to those who are confined in the county jail and almshouse. In this work they not only have the joy of seeing the hearts of these people awakened by the divine touch to a realization of sins pardoned, but they also feel that they are obtaining experience that will be of great value to them in after life, as instruments in God's hands in performing His assigned work.

Then we feel that our meetings are influential in bringing into determined active effort those Christians who have not very deeply felt the duty of working in some tangible form for the advancement of God's kingdom. Individual influence for good and individual responsibility for the salvation of the world are stongly emphasized in all our meetings. Many are thus led to take a more active part in Christian work.

And many who come to College without having professed Christianity are led to change the course of their lives. Many are born again through the influence of our Y. M. C. A.

And in addition to all this, we feel that the conduct of many others who do not publicly profess to be Christians is greatly influenced for the better by the Association. The standard of morality is raised, and the general tendency of action made to flow in better channels by the Y. M. C. A. work.

Meetings are regularly held for one-half hour on Wednesday evening, and for forty-five minutes on Sunday afternoon in Smith Hall Auditorium, in joint meeting with the Y. W. C. A.

Besides these, Bible Study and Missionary Classes are conducted each week throughout the year. The Week of Prayer is observed, during which special effort is made to reach the unsaved.

We are represented in the Tri-State Convention of West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia. Delegates are also sent to the Summer Conference at Northfield, where an inspiring and instructive session is held each year.

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Officers of the Y. C. H.

* * *

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President,	 . MINNIE C. PICKETT, '01.
Vice-President,	 · CARRIE F. GLADHILL, '01.
Recording Secretary,	 - COVINGTON M. MAY, '01.
Corresponding Secretary,	 . Helena N. Stauffer, '02.
Treasurer,	 - Edna A. Hay, '02.
Organist,	 . EULALIE V. HARRIS, '01.

Second Term.

President,		· CARRIE F. GLADHILL, '01.
Vice-President,		. Myrtle G. Harris, '01.
Recording Secretary,	•	. EMMA W. DUNCAN, '03.
Corresponding Secretary,		· EDITH A. DE BERRY, '02.
Treasurer,		- A. VIRGINIA GILBERT, '03.
Organist,		· Edna U. Adkins, '01.

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HE universal truth that an organization cannot exist in a state of rest, but must either progress or retrograde, may be truly applicable to the Young Women's Christian Association. We are glad to say that we have progressed during the past year, and, although we are not able to see all the good that has been accomplished, yet we know that the influence and power of this Association is felt deeply, not only by all its members, but also by all the girls on College Hill who have not as yet united themselves with the Association as active members.

When we leave our homes as Christian girls, and as members of our weekly prayer-meeting in our home-church, we are glad to know that our mid-week meeting may be continued while we are at College.

We hold our services in our Association Hall every Wednesday evening immediately after supper. These meetings are almost always well attended and much good is derived from them. It seems most fitting that we should have our meetings during the week, rather than on Sunday, for Sunday is taken up with other religious duties as it should be; and then, too, we hold joint meetings with the Y. M. C. A. every Sunday afternoon, while, during the week, when we have so many temptations to overcome and so much to worry us, it is a great relief to be able to go to these Wednesday evening meetings, to get away from school life and school books for a short while, and to be able to commune with God and receive help and comfort from Him.

This year we made a little departure from the usual custom of conducting our meetings. Heretofore leaders have been appointed to take charge of the meetings, and were left to choose their own subjects. As a consequence of this, it was hard to get the girls to lead the meetings, for they were at a loss as to what they should choose for a subject, and then very often the same subjects would be presented several times; and although they were as true and as beautiful the last time as the first time they were discussed, yet the girls seemed to lose interest, and it was found necessary to change the programs. For in this age it seems that there must be something to arouse an interest in the individual. So we decided to study the regular Christian Endeavor topics. Great interest has been manifested in these topics, and each member is given an opportunity to take some special part in the service.

We hope that those who take our places year after year will be interested in this important work, and that the Y. W. C. A. may continue to prosper, and that it may prove a blessing to them, as it has to us.

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Irving Literary Society.

Established 1867.

* * *

Presidents for '00-'01.

First Term. CARL W. NEFF, '01.

Second Term. Edward Barber, '01.

Third Term. JAMES R. CATON, JR., '01.

Fourth Term. Theophilus K. Harrison, '01.

> Fifth Term. HARRY GILLIGAN, 01.

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Irving Society.

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TTERARY societies, it has been said by some scholars, are the best organizations found at college. They are formed with the purpose of training the students in public speaking, and in putting the theory of knowledge gained in the class-room into practical use. For these reasons Irving Literary Society is one of the best organizations at W. M. C., and it offers to the student may means of advancing himself. He is thus equipped for his life's work, and for the first time is taught what his life's work means.

Named for the greatest of American literary men, Irving Society strives to carry on the work which was so wonderfully instituted by his great genius. For this development we offer a large library to our members composed of histories, biographies, sciences, and fiction of the standard authors. All the latest magazines are found upon the reading table, and these enable all to follow closely the history of the present time.

But the greatest advantage is found in the opportunity given to develop one's power of public speaking. The debate is a regular part of the program, and all have an opportunity to speak.

The Senior members of Irving this year presented to the society a beautiful mirror to aid the orator and debater in their gestures, and it serves not only as a beautiful ornament, but as a great help as well.

This year we varied somewhat in the form of our anniversary from the usual custom of the past few years. We had two farces instead of one with the literary program, and the change proved quite a success.

When we look back over the path that Irving has followed in the past year, although not strewn with garlands of victory, its course has been marked by an enthusiasm and earnestness that presages for her success in the future. At least those who depart from her half this year, sorrowing in the adversity and rejoicing in the success of our society, do so with the realization that to her will belong largely the credit of our life's success.

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Browning Literary Society.

Established 1871.

* * *

Presidents for '00-'01.

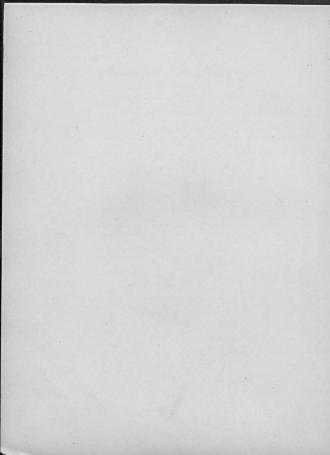
First Term. MARION CLARK, '01.

Second Term. Cora M. Schaeffer, '01.

Third Term. COVINGTON M. May, '01.

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Browning Literary Society.

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N 1867 the girls of Western Maryland College, realizing that "Life without learning is death," organized a literary society to be devoted entirely to literature and truth. As the society was to be composed

only of girls, it was thought that the name of a distinguished woman of letters would be the most appropriate for this literary band, and right wisely did they call the society after the greatest of English writers-Elizabeth Barrett Browning, adopting at the same time the motto: "Vita Sine Litteris Mors Est." And this motto was painted upon a handsome banner, which also bears the date 1867.

From the first the society made untold progress, the number of members increasing, until in 1881 it was found necessary to form a new society under the name Philomathean.

Although both societies have the same purpose in view, the same love of letters and truth, there has always been some rivalry which is shown more clearly, perhaps, at commencement times when two members from each society compete for the Newell trophy.

In 1901 the faculty, realizing that the hall in which we had been holding our meetings for thirty-four years was too small, gave us a suite of rooms on Smith Hall. The entrance to this hall is by a vestibule, which leads you into a hall, and on either side is a bright room. One of these rooms is the society hall proper, and a fine room it is. From four large windows you have a splendid view of the surrounding country, while the aspect within is none the less inviting. Neatly furnished with entirely new furniture, it is just the place to inspire one to seek after the truth, raising her to ennobling influences, and creating in her firm resolutions. On the other side of the hall is the reading room, and where can one find a more cheerful spot? Book-cases stand along the wall, and in them are contained books to meet every demand. The table is covered with the latest magazines, and the new books are not wanting there. Indeed hardly a week passes without some late book being added to our already full supply. While we ourselves, as active members, have worked hard and faithfully for our new hall, we must not forget to say that the ex-Brownings have helped us in every possible way, and to them we owe a debt of gratitude for the generosity which is ever characteristic of a Browning. The society comes before the public twice each year, once at the contest, and again at the joint entertainment given with either the Webster or the Irving society.

With a new hall, a sound treasury, a good library, and earnest, active members we feel encouraged and proud, for surely we see "success" facing us.

Mebster Literary Society.

Established in 1871.

* * *

Presidents for '00-'01.

First Term. Elwood A. Cobey, '01.

Second Term. Roger B. Devilbiss, '01.

Third Term. CLAYBORNE PHILLIPS, '01.

Fourth Term. George H. Myers, '01.

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Mebster Literary Society.

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NCE more the ever-encircling round of years has completed a revolution and another year of scholastic work is ended. Has it been a failure or a success? Have opportunities and time been wasted or used to good account? As to Webster Literary Society her members

can one and all testify with a ready answer in the affirmative. For of all the organizations and lines of work open to the student at Western Maryland College, we consider the literary societies to be the most valuable, and the work done in them to be the most lasting and beneficial to the student when he shall have gone out to face the graver and more serious questions of life. Classics and sciences may be forgotten, axioms and formulas may leave no traces of their presence, but the ability to express one's self before the public, and to convince and defend when called upon the rostrum, or the seat of honor, are accomplishments which go with us through life, and which always stand us in good stead. Webster Literary Society stands ever ready to bestow these gifts upon whoever will take advantage of the opportunities which she offers. And her sons scattered far and wide and achieving honor and distinction, look back with fond remembrances of the past upon the days spent in Webster Hall, and place there the beginning and foundation of their careers.

Throughout the past year Webster has held her own, and gone on steadily advancing in the good work in which she is engaged. Our debates have shown instructive and beneficial work, and the showing made by the under-classmen deserves especial comment. The large and capacious hall now occupied by the society is a great advantage, and the efforts made by the members to furnish it are in the right direction. The members of Webster Literary Society, like those of all college organizations, never suffer from financial overflows, and all work done in the above-named manner is necessarily somewhat handicapped. But we hope for better results in the future.

Five years have elapsed since the writer first entered Webster Literary Society, and in that time success, marked and indelible, has crowned her efforts. Whether on the stage in public contest or in the hall, our beloved society has never swerved. Her star of destiny has ever carried her on to fame and glory, making orators of stammering youths, and shedding a radiance of literary culture to all who come within the scope of her powers. And as a parting and certainly a heartfelt wish may I say: "Go on in thy good and noble work, may Fortune ever favor thee, and when at last standing undaunted and triumphant upon the threshold of time yet boldly declare: ADHUC

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Philomathean Literary Society.

Established in 1882.

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Presidents for '00-'01.

First Term. MINNIE C. PICKETT, '01.

Second Term. Edna U. Adkins, '01.

Third Term. VIRGINIA M. WEIGAND, '01.

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Philomathean Society.

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HE Philomathean Society was founded January 12, 1882, by thirteen young ladies, former members of the Browning Society. It is the youngest, and yet we believe we may truthfully say, that it is the most progressive society on College Hill. Philo.'s motot, to which she always strives to live up, is "Vestigia nulla retrorsum:" "No retracing of footsteps." We aim to improve our society more and more each year, realizing that we cannot stand still; we must either advance or retrograde.

In the College year now closing we have made greater progress than ever before. We have increased both in numbers and excellence. This year twenty-one new names were enrolled, raising our membership to sixty-six. Our debates have been unusually spirited and interesting, and a number of new features have been introduced in our programmes. Besides the debates music takes a prominent place on all our programmes. As yet we have no piano in our Society Hall, and so we have to confine ourselves to vocal music, accompanied by guitar or mandolin.

Owing to the great increase in our membership this year our old hall became too small to accommodate the society, and we were compelled to have a new one. Through the zealous work of the members and the kind assistance of our old members this new hall has been fitted up and furnished, and Philo. has now as handsome a meeting place as any society on College Hill. This year the society gave, jointly with the Browning Society, an opera, the Mikado, the proceeds of which were used by the two societies to help cover the expense of the new halls. Philo, invited the Faculty and the members of the Browning Society to the opening meeting in the new hall, and a programme was there rendered differing little in character from those which we have at our regular Friday afternoon meetings.

As a rule, besides our Anniversary Entertainments, we come before the public but once a year, this is at the oratorical contest which is held between the Philomathean and Browning Societies during Commencement week for the trophy presented by Professor Newell in 1888. Eight times out of thirteen Philomathean contestants have been successful in carrying off the star.

We subscribe each year to a number of the best magazines, and hope in the near future to much enlarge our library.

"No retracing of footsteps" for Philo. We strive ever upward, and may the olive wreath of glory ever crown her efforts in the future as in the past, and may she ever continue to hold an important place in the intellectual life of Western Maryland College.



Hthletic Association.

唐唐唐

President.

HARRY GILLIGAN, '01.

Vice-President.

HOWARD S. ROBINSON, '02.

Treasurer.

CARL W. NEFF, '01.

Secretary.

THOMAS H. LEGG, '02.

Managers.

Foot B	ali	ζ,					•	•				· Elwood A. Cobey, '01.
Base B	al	Z,		•	•				•		•	· J. RANDALL CATON, JR., '01.
Track,				•								· CARL W. NEFF, '01.
Tennis,												· LAWRENCE H. CHAFFINCH, '02.
Basket	B	ali	ζ,									. H. WILSON SAULSBURY, '02.

Representatives to Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

Faculty,						3					•	PROF. WILLIAM M. BLACK.
Alumni,												STANLEY D. TAGG, '99.
Student,			•				•					ELWOOD A. COBEY, '01.

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Barber. Turpin. Legg. Lynch. Harrison. Martland. Roberts Dashiell (Capt.) Holton (Mascot.) Prof. Holton. Chaffinch. Gilligan. Robinson Cobey. Talbot. Tarr.

> Melvin. Shannahan.

foot Ball Team.

唐唐唐

H. S. ROBINSON, '02, Centre. L. H. CHAFFINCH, '02, Quarter Back. O. D. TALBOT, '03, Right Guard. J. H. K. SHANNAHAN, '02, Right Half. W. P. ROBERTS, '03, Left Guard. I. J. DASHIELL, '01, Left Half. E. E. TARR, '03, Right Tackle. T. H. LEGG, '02, Full Back. W. P. TURPIN, '04, T. K. HARRISON, '01, Sub. Left Tackle. W. P. MELVIN, '02, H. S. MARTLAND, '01, Sub. H. GILLIGAN, '01, Right End. E. BARBER, '01, Sub. P. F. LYNCH, '02, Left End. F. R. SLOAN, '03, Sub.

J. H. STRAUGHN (Sem.), Sub.

 Manager,
 E. A. Cobey, '01.

 Captain,
 I. J. Dashiell, '01.

 Coach,
 C. A. Holton,

Team.						Weig	ght.	Team.				Wei	ght.
GILLIGAN,						160	lbs.	CHAFFINCH,	۰.			152	lbs.
TARR, · ·						137		SHANNAHAN,				148	**
TALBOT				2	ř.	169		DASHIELL, .				154	**
ROBINSON,						175	**	LEGG, · · ·				165	44
ROBERTS,						203	"	HARRISON, .				160	**
TURPIN, .					1	141		MARTLAND, .				135	**
MELVIN, .						135		BARBER,				135	**
LYNCH, .						145	**	SLOAN, · ·				149	**
						0		1					

STRAUGHN, 156 lbs.

Average weight of team, 154 lbs.

Scores

W. 1	M. C.	vs.	Gettysburg,		. 0-13
	**	"	Cloverdale A. C.,		. 28- 0
	**	**	Mt. St. Joseph's,		. 28- 0
		"	Mt. St. Mary's,		. 0-0
		**	Gallaudet,		· 11- 6
1.1	"	"	Episcopal High School,		. 0-0
	"		Johns Hopkins,		
	"	**	Physicians and Surgeons,		. 5-6
			St. Johns,		

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Track Team.

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Entered for the Maryland Inter-Collegiate Field Day games to be held at Baltimore, May 18, 1901, to decide the collegiate championship.

100 Vd. Dash.

220 Vd. Dash.

LEGG, RIGGIN, KRAUSS.

RIGGIN, KRAUSS, DAVIS.

440 Yd. Dash. Legg, Chaffinch, Patterson.

Relay Race. Legg, Patterson, Stansbury, Riggin, Krauss, Chaffinch.

> **Figh Jump.** BONNOTTE, CHAFFINCH, TARR.

Broad Jump. CHAFFINCH, RIGGIN, PATTERSON.

Pole Vault. Bartlett, Martland, Lynch.

> Shot Dut. Roberts, Gilligan.

> > Bammer.

ROBERTS.

+ 132 + /



The Track Team.

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O year in the past history of Western Maryland College athletics has had so much to record in track and field work as has the one just past. Under a director whose strong point was this class of work,

and with an enthusiastic and ambitious band of students behind him, our track work has advanced very rapidly, and now we boast of a track whose accuracy in construction and whose efficiency in equipment cannot be excelled, we think, anywhere in the State. The track, built through the energetic efforts of the students, prof. Holton, and the financial aid so kindly given by our business friends of Westminster, fills a fitting place and supplies a much felt want. Our runners, hitherto compelled to resort to any field or track available, have now a good one of their own.

This advantage and thorough training told in favor of our men in the Hopkins meet in Baltimore in March, and also in the great inter-collegiate meet held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on April 27th, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. In the former contest Western Maryland obtained medals for the relay race, and in the latter we came out third in the relay, beating out the teams of St. John's College and of the University of Maryland. Our past successes for this season entitle us to hopes and expectations for the future which we never dared to raise before. And our track work shall go on improving and shall hold a leading place in winning fresh laurels for our Alma Mater.

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Sloan. Carman. Patterson. on. Holton, Shreeve, Gilligan. Charles. Simpson. Ho Williams, Riggin. Aydelotte.

Turpin. Holt. Tawes. Roberts.



Base Ball Team.

* * *

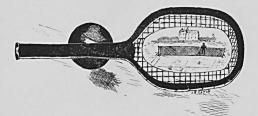
R. CHARLES,	W. J. AVDELOTTE, '04,)
W. J. AYDELOTTE, '04, Pitchers.	W. J. AYDELOTTE, '04, Left Field F. R. SLOAN, '03,
F. R. SLOAN, '03,	J. D. WILLIAMS, '02, Center Field.
W. P. ROBERTS, '03, Catcher.	P. H. TAWES, '01, Right Field.
W. G. SIMPSON, '03, First Base.	T. K. HARRISON, '01, Sub.
H. GILLIGAN, 01, Second Base.	R. R. CARMAN, '03, Sub.
H. S. RIGGIN, '04, Third Base.	H. C. PATTERSON, '04, Sub.
F. R. HOLT, '01, Short Stop.	W. P. TURPIN, '04, Sub.
Captain,	P. H. TAWES, '01.
Manager,	J. R. CATON, JR., '01.
1 11	7 F2 G 7 104

Captain,	•			•		•		. г. п. таwes, 01.
Manager,								. J. R. CATON, JR., '01.
Asst. Man	a	ger	٣,					. J. E. Shreeve, Jr., '01.
Coach,								· R. CHARLES.
Trainer,					-	-		· C. A. HOLTON.

SCHEDULE.

April	13			· University of Maryland,	, at Westminster, Md.
				· Gallaudet,	
**	27			· Maryland Agricultural,	
May				· Atlantic Athletic Club,	
	4			. Mt. St. Joseph's,	" Baltimore, "
••	11			· St. John's,	"Westminster, "
	15			. Mt. St. Joseph's,	
••	18			. Mt. St. Mary's,	"Emmittsburg, "
••	24			· Gallaudet,	"Washington, D. C.
••	25			· Maryland Agricultural,	" College Park, Md.
June	1			· Johns Hopkins,	"Westminster, Md.
	8			· Gettysburg,	" Gettysburg, Pa.
	10	*.		· W. M. C. Alumni,	"Westminster, Md.

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Tennis.

原质质

E. A. COBEY, ¹⁰I,
 F. R. HoLT, ¹⁰I,
 F. W. GRIFFITH, ¹⁰2,
 H. C. HULL, ¹⁰2,
 H. C. HULL, ¹⁰2,
 W. H. INSLEY, ¹⁰2,
 W. H. INSLEY, ¹⁰2,
 H. W. SAULSBURN, ¹⁰3,
 R. R. DILLER, ¹⁰3,
 F. L. JOHNS, ¹⁰3,
 F. BONNOTTE, ¹⁰3,
 F. BONNOTTE, ¹⁰3,
 W. P. TORPIN, ¹⁰4,

+ 137 +

Htbletics at Mestern Maryland, 1900-1901.

OTWITHSTANDING the stringent and determined opposition encountered by the promoters of athletics in all the colleges, the immense benefit to be derived from athletic training stands everywhere unquestioned and undisputed. We grant that a too free participation in sports on the part of any student is detrimental to his intellectual development. They represent the negative poles of college life, and each may materially interfere with and injure the other. But does any parent wish to see their son returned to them, after the scholastic year is finished, pale and emaciated? Were our bodies given us for abuse? It is the aim and object of athletics to promote that physical development which is especially needed by the student; to render an active mind yet more active by clothing it with a robust body. To put out men and women into the broad fields of life who are developed on *all* sides, who enjoy the life of the "golden mean," and who are fully capable of enduring life's varied duries and hardships.

With this aim in view, striving to promote the students' welfare, we have labored earnestly to make athletics a success at Western Maryland College during the past year. How far we have succeeded is not for us to judge. We think and hope that our college has been assisted and made more prominent by our efforts; and we who depart this year, though we leave to those who are to succed us a vastly unfinished work as a legacy, yet we hope to see the cause of athletics pushed with even greater vigor in the future. May they enter and push on the work heartily, profiting by our failures and magnifying our successes by their own!

The year in athletics opened, of course, with the season of foot ball. This sport, so distinctly a college game and so widely recommended by athletic instructors, has had an unexpectedly successful year at W. M. C. The team developed unexpected strength early in the season under the direction and instruction of Captain I. J. Dashiell. Contrary to custom, the manager arranged to open the season with a strong team. As it resulted, our men profited by the first hard game. Also on the mid-week trip, which the Faculty granted us, our men showed up unusually well. Our old rival, Gallandet, before whom we had always bitten the dust, whom all considered above our class, was met and defeated on her own grounds. And such an ovation as the Faculty and students gave the team upon its return was probably never known

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before in the annals of the college. We are deeply gratified by the work done by our team this year, and we look for even better results in the future.

During the winter months, when all athletic work lies dormant, Western Maryland showed remarkable activity. Basket ball, both with outsiders and among the classes, was carried on. And the work done in the indoor athletic meets held in the gymnasium attracted wide attention and reflected credit upon our students. In order to stimulate this class of work, a gold medal was offered to the most successful contestant in these contests. This honor was carried off by Mr. Bartlett, of the Freshman Class. This class of sports was promoted to an extent not usually reached this year, and besides entertainment and enjoyment, we feel that all who took part are much benefited by the training.

But by far the best part of our article on athletics remains yet to be told. For "unto all whom it may concern, native and foreign, know ye by these presents" that Western Maryland College has a track, and we do not boast when we assert that the track at Western Maryland may be favorably compared with any in the State of Maryland. We have long needed a track of our own. Our runners in competing abroad have always been seriously handicapped by not having the proper facilities for training. Roads, pikes, or any place available have been utilized. But through combined efforts of the Athletic Instructor, Prof. Holton, the Athletic Association, and the students, the work has been pushed to a successful issue. Dr. Lewis rendered valuable assistance in this work also. The track, one-eighth mile in extent, is firmly constructed, properly levelled and banked and is an excellent one of its kind. It was formally opened to the public on April 13th. An inter-class meet was held at that time in honor of the occasion which was conducted very successfully. The features were, one mile run, 440 vard run, 220 vard run, 100 yard dash, relay race, running high jump, running broad jump, and putting sixteen pound shot. Our college was represented at the Indoor Meet held under the auspices of John Hopkins University on March 16th. Five men competed for us on that occasion, the relay team winning medals. We will also be represented at the great athletic meet on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, under the control of the University of Pennsylvania. This is a contest in which we compete this year for the first time, and from our present outlook we have good ground for hope. Of course, we will be in form for the Inter-Collegiate League meet on May 18th, held by the League of Maryland colleges, of which Western Maryland is a member. Next year this meet will be held on our home grounds, and with our excellent track now available we look for good results. Never have we known track work and foot ball to advance to such a satisfactory stage, and we hope to see our standards raised. We

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have good material. Let the students work and let all Alumni and others interested in the welfare of our college contribute freely to the good cause.

Nor can base ball, whose reputation is national, be left behind in the recital of our successes. For four long years since the championship days of '96 have we striven to win honors in this time-honored sport. But not until this year have we reflected much credit upon our college. Although the season is opened with a defeat—University of Maryland, 12; Western Maryland, 6—on April 13th, yet this was an unexpectedly good showing against this professional school so far above our class. Coach Charles and Captain Tawes have striven hard for the team, and the marked improvement shown at this early stage of the season shows that their efforts have not been in vain. We are pleased to note the interest taken in base ball this season and look for a return of former glory. Especially have we built hopes and expectations that victory will be achieved by our team in the League contests. A strong schedule has been arranged, and we may reasonably expect to be defeated by those unversities and colleges which outclass us, and, owing to difficulties in our path, good offers have been reluctantly rejected.

Tennis stands on a good footing also. Never advanced to the dignity of other sports, it remains, nevertheless, an attractive, interesting, and relined sport. There promises not only to be great interest taken in tennis this spring, but also a championship coming to Western Maryland. Circumstances are favorable to its promotion this year, and we look for a successful season.

But let us depart from the usual custom of bestowing *all* honor upon the boys in this department of college training and see if the girls, who have nobly held their point with the boys in other respects, can sustain their reputation in this particular. They are not so far advanced as to have a completely organized association as the boys have, but the cause of athletics is not dampened by this fact. Under the direction of the gymnasium instructor the girls have taken great interest in performing as well as possible the work assigned to them, and it is through this co-operation with the instructor that they have been enabled to succeed in any degree. Especially basket ball has been prominently brought out by the girls this year and given its proper sphere.

But we reserve a special paragraph in which to express our esteem and gratitude for the invaluable assistance rendered to the cause of athletics among us by Prof. Charles A. Holton, the director. His tircless energy in foot ball, his energetic direction of indoor sports, his splended achievement in our track, and the general assistance given by him we deeply appreciate. We are glad to have his co-operation, and here take space to thank him again for his patriotic efforts in behalf of athletics at Western Maryland College.

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Chess Club.

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President, H. W. SAULSBURY. Secretary-Treasurer. J. B. EDWARDS.

Members.

E. BARBER, S. L. BRIERLY, L. H. CHAFFINCH, J. B. EDWARDS, T. K. HARRISON, H. B. HEINSHEIMER, H. S. MARTLAND, W. P. MELVIN.

G. H. Myers, F. E. Rathbun, H. W. Saulsbury,

At the close of the second year of the existence of the Chess Club a sketch of its organization might be of interest to the friends of the game. To the best of our knowledge this is the first shrine to Caissa ever erceted on "College Hill." The idea of forming such an organization originated with Mr. Wheeler. By the united efforts of Messrs. Wheeler and Barber the first club was organized in 1899 with a membership of eight, which number was increased before the end of the year, and furthermore in 1900. Two tourneys have been held. After a close and exciting struggle Mr. Barber was declared the winner of the one held this year. These contests have been confined to our own college, but the club hopes to be represented in the near future in inter-collegite contests.

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Orchestra.

First Violins.

PROF. SAMPAIX, Leader. H. C. HULL, '02. H. S. MARTLAND, 01. G. LAMOTHE, '06,

Cornet.

A. STONESIFER, F. P. KRAUSS, '01. Second Violins.

PROF. CLEMSON, J. C. SHAMBURGER, '04, W. W. RATHBUN, '06, D. R. ENGLAR, '03,

Trombone.

H. M. LANKFORD, '01, S. STONE.

Flute.

Clarionet.

Piano.

DR. BONNOTTE.

G. F. MORELOCK.

H. GILLIGAN, '01.

Double Quartette.

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Sopranos.

MISS SCHOTT, A. C. LINGO, '02.

Tenors.

PROF. W. M. BLACK, H. GILLIGAN, '01.

Altos.

MISS B. COCHRAN, I. W. TREDWAY, '03.

Basses.

PROF. W. R. REVELLE, J. H. STRAUGHN (Sem., '01).

Maryland Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

Organized in 1898.

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Members.

Maryland Agricultural College. St. John's College. Washington College. Western Maryland College.

Officers for 1900-1901.

PROF. C. S. RICHARDSON (M. A. C.), President. PROF. J. C. CLARKE (W. C.), Secretary. PROF. J. W. REESE, Ph.D. (W. M. C.), . . . Treasurer.

Contest.

1899, at Western Maryland, won by C. C. DUCLAS, of Western Maryland. 1900, at St. John's, won by H. H. PRICE, of Western Maryland 1901, at Maryland Agricultural, won by D. G. ANDERSON, of Washington College. Western Maryland's representative, G. H. MYERS, tied for second place with St. John's representative.

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Kolb. Harris. Smith. Legg. Humphreys. Stansbury. Tull. Herr. Kimmel.

College Monthly Staff.

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Staff for '00.

Editor-in-Chief, HARRY GILLIGAN, '01.

Literary Editors.

ALBERTA C. LINGO, '02,

M. LOUISE REIFSNIDER, '04, CHARLES H. KOLB, '02.

Exchange Editor,	•						· WADE H. INSLEY, '02.
Local Editor,	•						· COVINGTON M. MAY, '01.
Alumnæ Editor,			,				· CLAUDE T. SMITH, '96.
Business Manager,			•				· GEORGE H. MYERS, '01.
Assistant Business	A	lan	iag	er	÷.	•	· NETTIE M. CROCKETT, '01.

Staff for 'o1.

Editor-in-Chief, GIDEON I. HUMPHREYS, '02.

Literary Editors.

S. LA RUE HERR, '02,

Myrtle G. Harris, '01, Thomas H. Legg, '02.

Exchange Editor,				,	· Charles H. Kolb, '02.
Local Editor,	•				· IRIS TULL, '09
Alumnæ Editor,					· CLAUDE T SMITH '00
Business Manager,			\mathbf{x}		· BENJAMIN A STANCHURY '00
Assistant Business Man	ag	er	,		· EDITH C. KIMMEL, '02.

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Banquet.

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HE past four years have given to the Class of 1901 many joyful and pleasant experiences. Some of these have found their source in the efforts and deeds of our class members themselves, but others have come from the hands of fellow students who have not been associated

The control of the class room. The crowing honor of these that have been given us by members of other classes came on the evening of the 10th of May, when we were tendered a banquet at the Hotel Westminster by the Class of 1902.

Doubless there may be some experiences that we do not wish to remember when we leave here, and doubtless we shall forget some others that we would like to remember; but surely the pleasant evening we spent at the banquet will linger with us long after many others have faded from our minds, gathering around it many happy thoughts of our association with the Class of 1902.

As soon as we received the invitation from the Juniors, we began to look forward to a good time in store for us, and in no way were we in the least disappointed. The Juniors did everything they could to prepare a splendid evening for us, and the experience of every one of us emphazes the fact that their efforts were abundantly successful.

We were conducted from the College to the hotel in closed hacks, and, notwithstanding the large number of our class, we were all carried there in a short while. After arriving at the hotel we were received by a committee, and the hearty welcome they each gave made even the most bashful of us feel

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perfectly at home. A few moments of pleasant conversation were indulged in, and then came the summons to the dining hall. The long line of couples proceeded to the table, presenting a very marked effect as some of the Senior boys in their academic gowns took their places besides Senior girls in robes of black, and some of the Junior boys beside Junior girls, with couples of Senior boys and Junior girls, and Junior boys and Senior girls mingled here and there.

We can truthfully say that, though the entire evening was an extremely pleasant one, the time spent at the table was no less pleasant than the most pleasant part of our entertainment. We all went with keen appetites, and were amply prepared to do justice to the excellent menu provided. Course after course was served as the two classes sat and enjoyed themselves in satisfying their appetites to the rhythm of merry conversation, each with the one beside him. Once during each month, and in base ball and foot ball seasons a little oftener, the boys and girls are permitted to talk with each other, but only twice during the whole year are they permitted to eat at the same table, at Thanksgiving and at the Junior banquet. It has been said that at Thanksgiving the girls demonstrate the fact that they are as healthy eaters as their partners, and surely on the evening of the 10th they demonstrated this fact anew, to the entire satisfaction of all the boys present. And we do not mean to say that the boys had any the less appetite than usual. Thus the boys and girls alike plainly manifested their appreciation of the preparations made for their enjoyment at the table.

The time spent at eating seemed very short, and we were all surprised to hear the toastmaster say, that, owing to the lateness of the hour, some of the toasts would have to be omitted. However, Mr. Robinson, President of the Junior Class, responded to "Our Seniors" in a spicy and delightful speech, giving to us an idea of the splendid program that the various Juniors selected for the purpose would have rendered if time had only permitted. After Mr. Robinson had spoken Mr. Cobey, President of the Senior Class, responded to "Our Juniors," in his usual impressive manner. Then Professor Black responded to "The Occasion."

We left the table for the parlor, where we again met the committee, not as before, in the expectation of the pleasure awaiting us, but in the enjoyment of having really experienced it. And truly can it be said, that the expression "I have certainly had a splendid time" came from sincere and thankful hearts.

The Juniors have reason to feel proud of their kindness towards us. We trust that they also have reason to feel that the Seniors have fully appreciated their kindness, and we extend our best wishes to them that they may enjoy a similar evening next year.

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- MENU ----

Clam Soup

Chicken, Maryland Style Cold Ham

Tomatoes

Peas

Salad

Crab

Mayonnaise Dressing Stewed Potatoes

Rolls

Olives

Ice Cream

Pickles

Strawberries

Coffee Crackers

Cheese



- TOASTS -----

Toastmaster,		•	•			•	•	•		GIDEON I. HUMPHREYS, '02.
Our Seniors,										· · HOWARD S. ROBINSON, Pres., '02.
Our Juniors,										ELWOOD A. COBEY, Pres., '01.
The Occasion,	•	•	5	•	•	•		-		· DR. T. H. LEWIS, Pres. W. M. C.
"College Strikes,"				•	•				•	EDITH C. KIMMELL, Prophetess, '02.
Senior Dignity, .						•				· · · · · · GEORGE H. MYERS, '01.
The Present Year,		•								· · · · · · CHARLES H. KOLB, '02.
"Alma Mater," .	•				•				M	IARGARET F. REESE, Prophetess, '01.
The Coming Year,										· · · · · · · · · HARRY C. HULL, '02
Parting,						•				· · · · · J. RANDALL CATON, '01.

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farewell to College Dill.

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Hopes, joys, and dearest dreams must pass away, In vain their rapid flight we strive to stem ; A few days more, and then Fate bids us leave, With all its beautics, "College Hill" to face The music of the world, embarking on A vast and unsailed sea-our future life.

Though 'neath thy cooling shade we oft were wont To rest ; thy lofty towers to ascend. Thy varnished views of beauty to behold, Which far and wide so freely fed our gaze ; To roam with merry hearts thy classic halls-A moment more must melt our joys and smiles. Thy shelt'ring trees, thy turrets, landscapes, all Unto the Past for us shall be ordained, And in our breasts will naught remain of thee Save mem'ries sweet and sad; but in our hearts Sacred treasures they shall ever be, too dear To hold as less than parts of our own souls. When deserts, peaks, or wooded plains shall be Between us, or e'en when the rolling sea Shall interpose its deep and briny bar, Yet oftentimes we still shall think of thee. Though never more our feet shall turn to tread Thy fost'ring soil, and we no more shall see The beauty of thy mountains, fields, and streams, Yet long as mem'ry lasts, in quiet hours, Our thoughts unbid shall oft revert to thee. Nepenthe ne'er can claim the friendships fond We formed while dwelling, for a transient time, Upon the brow of "College Hill," nor can She make the mind forget the summer dreams Of love, the long and sweet companionships,

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The kind and ready aid we'd oft receive From our learned instructors, to help us climb, With minds acute, along the rugged path That leads to fame. These memories beloved We can *not* forget; it shall ever be Our deep delight once more among thy groves To stroll in lingering retrospection.

But we must go; when Duty bids us leave The active scenes of youthful health and joy, However dear they be to our young hearts, We tarry not, but hasten on to find New fields of labor and delight, in which We hope still to engage to bravely wend Our winding way, 'mid sunshine and 'mid song. To think, to feel, and their ensuing acts. Are all of life, and vet 'tis grand to live; Cool night and restful sleep construct anew Each blooming day, and love, with fingers deft. Adorns each moment with a jewelled joy. But we now must part-teachers tried and true, Dear college friends, restraining ties that hearts Entwine with arms of love must now be rent, And our own classmates, many months with whom We've walked and toiled, ev'ry pain and pleasure Sharing, harsh Fate's decreed that also we Must break our bonds of love, and each and all Traverse the way that leads we know not where.

And now to all the social joys we've known On "College Hill," to all the silent songs Kind Nature often breathed for list'ning souls— To all that we have loved, we bid adieu; Alma Mater, dear, farewell, forever!

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H Letter Introducing Myself.

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WHITE HALL, August 14, 1898.

 $My \ Dear \ Friend$:—Your interesting letter came to hand on last Thursday. I would have received it sooner, but you were misinformed as to my first name; it is not *Frank*, but *Edward*. *** To save you any further trouble on that score, I will send you my address in full. ****

I do not know anyone who is going to the W. M. C., but know of two or three. I will give you their names, and I hope you will be kind enough to tell me something about them, for I suppose you know all of the students of the College, at least *all* of the *bays*. So here are their names and addresses: Mr. H— J— H—, Tabernacle, N. C.; Mr. J— H— S—, Clinton, Md.; Miss H— G— H—, Annapolis, Md. * * * *

Since I have requested this of you, I suppose I ought to tell you something about myself. If you think that I am some large, tall, handsome young athlete, you will be disappointed when you see me. Rather picture to yourself a small, uninitiated youth of nineteen, of short stature, of quite stout build, with brown hair, and very deep-set brown eyes; a face usually bearing a solemn, thoughtful expression, but not altogether immobile; a figure made quite straight by a year's military training at the M. A. C. A few words will suffice for the mental characteristics. An enthusiastic student of Languages, Logic, and Mental and Moral Philosophy, but an ardent hater of nearly all Mathematics—in truth, little short of a mathematical fool. And here are the emotional and moral: More of a poet than a warrior, but possessing a quick temper, and capable of making a *lixely scrap* when *excited*; yet not altogether vicious, and one who is coming to the W. M. C. with the modest purpose of preparing for the Methodis Minisity.

Well, I guess you are tired of reading this egotistical description, and you will soon learn the rest when you see me. * * *

Hoping to soon hear from you again, I am

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD BARBER.

(The above is the exact reproduction, with here and there an omitted sentence, of a letter received from the writer before he came to Western Maryland.)

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Ode to Paradise Hlley.

唐唐隆

(Apologies to Maryland, My Maryland.) Our hearts for purple and for gold, Paradise, O Paradise! Their love for thee will ever hold, Paradise, O Paradise! Our hearts to thee will ever cling, Thy gayeties we'll ever sing, As when we were within "the ring," Paradise!

On Hallow E'en we sat up late, Paradise, O Paradise! To con the mysteries of fate, Paradise, O Paradise! But noisy boys without the walls Disturb the watchers on the halls Just as the midnight o'er them falls, Paradise, O Paradise!

The night the J. G. C. girls meet, Paradise, O Paradise! The members have what's called a treat, Paradise, O Paradise! And after they have drained the dregs Of happiness from scrambled eggs, They dream of tables built of kegs, Paradise, O Paradise!

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And when exams, distress the mind, Paradise, O Paradise! Solace in thee we're sure to find, Paradise, O Paradise! For though we're not a checker board, We're candy pans, a goodly hoard, Protection better than a sword, Paradise. O Paradise!

Thy alleys and thy promenade, Paradise, O Paradise ! Excelled but by thy lemonade, Paradise, O Paradise ! Will soon be things of long ago, Which we remember not with woe, But with more bliss than we can show, Paradise, O Paradise !

Howe'er the years may change my heart, Paradise, O Paradise! My love for thee will ne'er depart, Paradise, O Paradise! But with my comrades on thy halls Remain as long as sunlight falls, True to thy dear old white-washed walls, Paradise, O Paradise!

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Independent Order of United flunkers.

唐唐慶

HE membership of this Order is strictly limited to those Seniors who study less than ten hours a term, to those who study all the time, to those who are subject to rheor nosos, to those who have " strikes," and to those who do not, but want them, to those who leave before school closes for a holiday and who fail to return on time, and to those who are *too* conscientions to "bluft."

By a unanimous vote the following officers were chosen :

Grand High Bluffer-"Boss of the School," GILLIGAN.
Keeper of the Classical Livery, PHILLIPS.
Grand Custodian of Arms, DAY.
Lover of the "Lasses,"
Grand Parlor Bric-a-Brac, MAY and WEIGAND.
Most Abject Spiritual Adviser, BARBER.
The "Innocent One," MARION CLARK.
Grand Emptier of Bottles, MARTLAND.
Supreme Chief of "Ideas," SCHAEFFER.
Past Dancing Master, NEFF.
Sole Deputy of Stubbornness,
Missionary to the Heathen,
Supreme Guardian of Sickness, LANKFORD.
Past Belle of the School,
Chief Conductor to "Limbo," CLARKE.
Past Master of "Chest-Patting," MyERS.
Illustrator of Vocal Kinetics, MCMURRAN.
"Dignified" Director of Music, COBEY.
Grand High Chancellor of "Cheek," HOLT.

Special "Bonery" Members.

CROCKET, SHREEVE, GLADHILL and NULL.

"Bonery" Members.

The remainder of the "push."

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H Characteristic Conversation.

唐唐唐



T was the evening before examinations and the Senior girls had gathered in one room to prepare Political Science. From all appearances the evening was to be devoted entirely to study. The Consti-

tution of our fair land lay open before them, and Dr. Ward had said, 'to interpret each phrase." The seven o'clock bell had rung, inspection had been made, so work began.

E-A-xs. "The legislative power shall be vested-"

F— W-LL. "Vested! that word reminds me of Revelle's vest he had on to-day. It was a green one with yellow stripes. I just dare Chem to wear one like it."

 $\rm H-H-ER.~$ "Oh! hush up, Fan, you have no more control over Chem than over the wind, but let's proceed."

C-S-ER. "Before we go on, suppose we see how many Democrats and how many Republicans are here. Republicans, hold up your hands." (The hands are held up.) "Why, Tam, you aren't a Republican; indeed, I don't believe you know what you are."

C—G-LL. "I do so, but to avoid further disturbance, I will leave the room." $(Exit \ Tam.)$

E-A-Ns. "Of course, some one had to get mad, and before we forget it, let's get the Amendments straight."

 $N{-}$ С-етт. "Talking of amendments, reminds me of what Falstaff said, 'Amend your face.'"

C-S-ER. "Oh! for goodness sake, don't talk about English, but I guess I'm all right, for Devilbiss has promised to write my essay for me."

H— H-ER. "That's not right; there's no logic in that. How much good my logic did me! I know all about arguing. I was the best one in the class and only got 9.5; but I don't care, I don't work for marks, don't like them, and wouldn't have them if I could get them."

C-M-Y. "Never mind, Divine, you have always said that if you don't get good marks you will be a success in the world."

M- H-15. "'If you girls don't come on and study I will tell Miss Katie on you. I believe in telling her everything I know, so beware!"

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 $\mathrm{F-W\text{-}LL}$. "Well, go on Mab, and give us the next item for consideration."

(Mab adjusts spectacles and begins.)

"Well, here is an important one for our class. 'The Congress shall have power to give to Inventors the exclusive right to their respective Discoveries;'s or Imove that we send the following 'Want List' to Congress for patents: Wanted:—A comprehensible form of constitution for school use (for the Senior class); a copyright on jokes (Miss May); a guide for keeping two strikes from conflicting (Miss Crockett); a speaking-tube from Mab's room to Miss Katie's, to report all rule breaking; an everlasting tooth-pick (Mr. Myers, Mr. Devilbiss); a new method of smiling (Mr. Martland); a permanent strike (Miss Clark); a hair-dye (Chem.)—"

C-M-Y. "Hush, girls! Miss Katie is knocking on the radiator for quiet; no, indeed, she is coming up."

(Miss Katie enters.) "Girls, make less noise." (Exit Miss Katie.)

C—M-Y. "Listen, I have a joke to tell you. Once upon a time there was a Sister of Charity—"

F-W-tL. "Now, if you begin that I will leave the room; besides, here comes Mademoiselle, and if she gets hold of it the boys will have it before morning." (Enter MIle.)

 $\rm E-A\text{-}xs.$ "Mlle., explain what is meant by 'Movement of Political Thought ?"

Mile. "Ohi that's easy; it is a question discussed in the forum and concerns political expediency, and is a result of territorial growth brought on by the non-political decisions of National Courts. But, really I must go home and read David Harum. I know I'll flunk to-morrow for I haven't opened a book." (Exit Mile.)

N-C-ETT. "Whew! but I'm glad the walking dictionary has gone; but upon my soul, there is 'Corah' in the corner fast asleep."

Corah. "No, I'm not; I'm dreaming of my latest."

(9:45 bell rings.)

"Oh, my! there's the bell and we haven't been all over it yet."

(Miss Cochran on inspection.) "Girls, go to your rooms, and, remember, "no hooking."

The College faculty.

唐唐唐

Come one, come all, who care to see In varied exhibition,

Our M. P. "Zoo," on College Hill-We'll charge you no admission.

Of all the queer menageries, That ever posed for public show, Ranks first the College Faculty, As all the stately Seniors know.

Gentle Reader, come now with me, And I'll at once proceed to name The wild and savage quadrupeds, Whom State nor Church can ever tame.

"There's 'Old Doc,' a growling lion, Who scarce can brook his iron pen; An india-rubber deity Who condescends to dwell with men.

"Here's 'Billy Black,' the beast that kicks, And often brays without a cause; He loves to lecture Senior boys On oaths in French and College laws.

"There's 'Billy Mack,' the busy beaver, Whom girls adore—the college clerk— He keeps accounts for roaring 'Doc,' Who keeps him working like a Turk.

"' 'Uncle Jimmy,' the 'Latin horse,' Now neighs with joy to see us; He helped old Noah build the ark, And sailed with brave Æneas.

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"Here's bristling George, our great bull-dog, Who e'er delights the rag to chew; He boasts he knows more politics Than Billy Bryan ever knew.

"See our priceless prize addition From J. H. U., of brilliant fame; Who proudly bears the title, Pig, And thinks it such a pretty name.

"Over there is chubby 'Rolly,' Who is *said* to be a teacher— Our little baby elephant— Also known as local preacher.

"Across the lot stands old 'Bow-knots,' As jolly as he can be— Our little pet French setter— There's ne'er a joke he doesn't see.

"Here's stout 'Samplay,' our grizzly bear, The finest dancer in the land; He makes pianos fairly talk, And fiddles too to beat the band.

"There struts 'Roger,' the gay peacock, The Emperor of far Japan; He's loved by many savage 'brutes,' Who think he's such a dandy man.

"Here comes young 'Clem,' the mocking-bird, Who always does as 'Roger' bids; And sometimes bears 'persuading' clubs To help him fan the erring *kids*.

"Young 'Charlie' is our swift greyhound, Who's often merry, gay, and free; But, my dear, just raise his dander, Oh, what a woful sight you'd see!

"Miss Katie" is our mother-hen, Who has to watch the girlish chicks; And she *docs* guard them, *I tell you*, Despite their cries and constant kicks.

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"'Madame Bonnotte' now comes to view, And fills the girls with boundless glee; But, gentle Muse, be careful here— For she's the wife of Doctor B.

"'Madam Moore' is our only deer, She's dear and gentle as can be; How could I call her aught besides?— She's been so good and kind to me

"'Stevie' is the cutest bantam, As prim and tidy as yon please; Art is e'er her constant study— She sketches landscapes, men, and trees.

"There saunters 'Belle,' the proud peahen, As stiff and sharp as any knife; So far as we can read the signs, She's well cut out for Roger's wife.

"Here's 'Queen Lil," Lilliputian gnat, 'We teachers,' Library police; She's ever busy chasing smiles— When will her both ring buzzing cease?

"List to 'Miss Schott," the nightingale, Her gentle voice sounds strangely sweet; And she's as clever as can be-Why just to know her is a treat.

"And 'when Marion's name is told' We think of Iuscious Huyler's candy; She has the meekness of a lamb— In all her work she's always Handy.

"Now we must close our exhibition, We hope you've all enjoyed the show; If you find the least omission.

Upon our head all censure throw.

"Perchance we ne'er may see again In heaven, or earth, or hell, This rare and far-famed Faculty— 'Fond menagerie, farewell!"

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The Senior's Hallowe'en.

原原原

At W. M. C. it was, in "Paradise" there, And we looked like queens robed in white that night,

A looking-glass each in our hands so fair, And a candle's tapering light.

Of all the nights in our college year,

The best, to our minds, is this Hallow-even-

And e'er in our hearts will its memories so dear The sweetest place be given.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow, And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,

As we thought of the fate we'd soon foreknow Ere the first faint break of day?

Well, there in garments of white we stood Together, the Seniors of 1901;

Our gaze was fixed on the tower imbued, And our hearts beat fast with fun.

So all were silent, but none were sad, Like queens we leaned on our full white arms, Secure of our fortune we could but be glad,

So confident of our charms.

I have no doubt, at that mystical hour, We were thinking then, as we held our glass,

Of our former loves, though we *hoped* in the tower

For a Marquis of Carabas.

And I swear, as we thought of them thus in that hour, And of how, after all, old things were best.

Our fickle hearts told us (Ah! moon on the tower)! To give up this foolish quest.

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We turned and looked, the old loves were not here,

And the moon, as we gazed, seemed to beckon us on,

So one by one we ascended with fear

The dark tower stairs so lone.

The wind was high in the tower that night, But one taper remained in a maiden's fair hand, Yet who would be craven to turn in affright

Or float the white flag o'er this band?

A voice rang out mid the moonbeams above, Sweet Nettie stood in her snowy array, *Her* taper burned brightly, her symbol of love,

We heard, in soft accents, her say:

"The clock strikes the hour; by my candle's clear light O'er my shoulder he peers in the glass.

Dark and *so* handsome—I'm pallid with fright— *My* Marquis of Carabas."

One by one, all but Nettie, crept down from the tower, With no taper to burn, how *could* lovers appear?

Tho' Hallowe'en night and twelve was the hour-No sign to show they were near.

We are not dead, and we are not wed! Courage, Seniors! the old *are* best. The Hallowe'en moon may not always thus shed Her beams on a *fruitless* quest.

*

H Shopping Party.

"Dr. Lewis Prefers."

唐 唐 唐



T the request of the Faculty, I wish to make the following announcement, that "In view of the numerous abuses of the privileges they have hitherto held, the members of the Faculty deem it wise to place the young men, for a time at least, under the same restraints

patce the young mean for a time subjected. The new rule will be put into execution this afternoon, when one of the professors will take charge of a shopping party. No one will be taken unless he give reasons why it is *obsolutely necessary* that he should go, and the party is limited to twelve." This announcement, made in chapel on Friday afternoon, was such a shock that no one thought of rebelling, but quietly made the necessary arrangements for gretting down town under the new conditions.

Promptly at 3:45 the party started out, but was delayed a few moments at the arch, while one of the number went back for his overshoes, which he had intentionally forgotten. With military precision, they marched to Grumbine's, where orders for chestnuts, sour grapes, soft soap, confectionery, etc., were left, to save time, because "Dr. Lewis prefers that no time be wasted on these trips." "To Mather's" was the command of the teacher in charge, as the procession left Grumbine's. Half way down the street, a boy with a bundle called out "I have to go to the shoemaker's." He was met with the unexpected answer that "Dr. Lewis prefers all shoes to be patched at home." From remarkable premises he proved that his case was exceptional, and carried his point to the extent of keeping the line waiting till he took his much abused property across the street and rejoined the crowd. Finally the line reached its destination. There it was found that there were applicants for permission to visit the florist, the photographer, and the post office. Their requests were met with blank refusal and "Dr. Lewis prefers," first, "that all flowers be gathered from the campus;" second, "that all pictures be taken in

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Baltimore," and, third, "that all letters be sent K. O. B." Crestfallen they entered Mather's and went immediately to the second floor to look for picture frames, passerpartout, etc., only to be brought down by the now familiar phrase, "Dr. Levis prefers that the boys do not leave the first floor without a teacher."

With few mishaps, many bundles and infinite repetitions of *Dr. Lewis* prefers, the party reached Shaw's where they made the discovery that "*Dr. Lewis* prefers that the boys drink only one soda each." "Moderation in all things, boys!" Just at this time it was found that one of the young men had forgotten to stop at the taffy man's. He was not allowed to go back because "*Dr. Lewis* prefers that all taffy be home made," "or obtained in parlor," Tired and cross the party came again to Grumbine's; there one young man found it *absolutely* necessary to have his shoes mended some place on Pennsylvania Avenne. For a good and sufficient reason he gave out that they would feel out of place anywhere else. He was allowed this, but was followed by the inevitable *Dr. Lewis* prefers that the line remain unbroken after we leave Shaw's, and—an awful noise startled me—the supper bell, and it was all a dream. Sleep made impossibility probable, but it did not remove weight from the command, "You will make inspection at 6:30 in the morning." "*Dr. Lewis* prefers that we go prompty to meals."

College Songs.

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At W. M. C. there are college boys, There are college girls and college joys, There are college songs I'll tell to thee If you'll have patience to list to me:

'Tis "One little word" that Eddie sings, With "One little word" the college rings, And Chem bursts forth in his boyish glee : "There's but one girl in the world for me."

On Paradise a girl sits alone Thinking over the days that are gone; There're no pictures now for her to see, Singing: "Bring back my Bunny to me."

Then Randall sings to his heartfelt glee, "Oh, come to me now my sweet Marie," And Edna hums with the choir nearby, While Ebenezer she raises high.

And Tom warbles forth in glad surprise, While Divine stands by with tearful eyes; But Tom heeds not the distressing cry Which sings: "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

Nettie has a song, her very own, Which she sings at school and sings at home; She sang this song in secret to me, And each line was, "Oh, which shall it be?"

I asked Mam'selle her favorite song, Winking at the boy who is very long, She said (just so to give me the gist) Slyly, "I have scratched you off my list."

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And Dash walks home in the twilight drear, Of goblin stories he has no fear, And he ponders over mem'ries sweet As he softly sings, "My Marguerite."

Still another Senior has a song, Which he shouts and shouts the whole night long, And shaking hands, so the story read, "I'll never marry," he sternly said.

There are other stories I might tell, For other Seniors have songs as well As those I have told, and just as true, But the whole class sings, "Adieu, adieu!"



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Che favorite Pastimes of the "Anti-fresh Hir League."

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LEWIS-Alternating between pleasantness and disagreeableness. REESE-Telling jokes antiquated and otherwise.

McDANIEL-Trying to appear busy.

WARD-Perfecting a strutting walk.

BLACK-Recounting European experiences.

WATTS-Whimpering.

BONNOTTE-Drowning his troubles.

SAMPAIX-Shaving? ? ?

TURNER-Blushing.

REVELLE-Eating.

CLEMSON-Journalism (reporting).

HOLTON-Loafing (?)

SMITH-Denying (?) herself to aid her charges.

COCHRAN-Spooning.

MOORE-Digesting "swallowed bluffs."

STEVENSON-Seeking some excuse to show her authority.

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SCHOTTE-Making herself an unsolved enigma.

BROWN-Acting independently.

MADAME BONNOTTE-Studying English.

HANDY-Exercising patience.

HOPKINS-Bearing the burden of us all.

The Bible and "1901."

唐唐慶

Barber: So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And after this Job opened his mouth and cursed. Job ii, 7; iii, 1.

Bizler: And he took and sent messes unto them from before him; but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank and were merry with him. Gen. xliii, 34.

Caton: If thou seest a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him. Prov. xxvi, 12.

Clarke: And there was a man named Zacchaeus, and because he was little of stature he ran before and climbed into a sycamore tree. Luke xix, 3–4.

Cobey: Why make you this ado and weep, he is not dead but sleepeth. Mark v, 39.

Dashiell: And walking by the sea of Galilee, he saw two brethren, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishermen. Matthew iv, 18.

Devilbiss: And as he passed from thence he saw a man named : Matthew, a *publican* and a *sinner*, sitting at the receipt of customs. Matthew is, 9.

Gilligan: As snow in summer and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool. Prov. xxvi, 1.

Harrison: Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not. Mark x, 14.

Holt: And he answered them, saying: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil? He spake of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon, for it was he that should betray him. John vi, 70–71.

Krauss: Who can understand his errors? Psalms xix, 12.

Lankford: A horse is a vain thing for safety. Psalms xxxiii, 17.

Martland: His eyes shall be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk. Gen. xlix, 12.

Myers: I thank God I am not as other men. Luke xviii, 11.

 $N \epsilon f f$: A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul. Prov. xviii, 7.

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Null: Now Barabbas was a robber. John xviii, 40.

Phillips: And the ass opened his mouth and said unto Baalam, "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times? Numbers xxii, 28.

Shreeve: Hast thou found honey? Eat only so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith and vomit it. Prov. xxv, 16.

Tawes: And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of life. In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even; and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning. Deut. xxviii, 66-7.





Modern Languages.

唐唐唐

Yell—Allein bin ich, allein bin ich, Il y a bien d'autres classes, Allein aber bin ich, Yen las languas modernas, Here stand I seul et unique In these classes of Amerique, 19011

Song-"I live for myself alone."

Roll Call.

F. R. HOLT,	F. R. HOLT,
F. R. HOLT,	F. R. HOLT,
F. R. HoLT,	F. R. HoLT,
F. R. HOLT.	F. R. HOLT.

Behold! I am far renowned as the "Bunny" of bunnies.

Colors-Rabbit Gray and Powder Black.

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Morning Inspection.

* * *

HILE joy is said to come in the morning, it is sometimes the contrary. You may imagine two of our boys who have doubtless burnt the midnight oil (for other purposes than study, however) suddenly aroused from their slumbers by the sunbeams in the morning.

CL----: Say, old lady, it is almost time for inspection. CA----: What time is it Crammer? I don't think I can possibly get out of bed, I am so sleepy!

CL-: I know, but if we are going to make inspection we had better get a move on us, for we have only two minutes to dress.

CA-: I suppose we had better get up, but I certainly hate the thought of it.

CL---: Old lady, I had the funniest dream last night I ever had in my life. I dreamed that you were a pig and Turner was after you.

CA-: Well, did he catch me?

-: I don't know-about that time I rolled out of bed and waked up.

CA---: Oh, my! How I wish I could lie in bed.

-: Just think we shall soon go home for the holidays, and then we may sleep as much as we want and not have a Prof. running round every morning to rout us out of bed.

CA---: Crammer, what do you say to missing inspection? It will only be ten demerits

CL---: Old lady, I was just thinking, after getting out of bed at one o'clock to look at those stars and other heavenly monstrosities, we should be allowed to sleep a week, and even longer if we should like.

CA----: Are we called upon to recite in Geology to-day? I haven't looked at it.

CL-: I don't think we are. Dr. Turner began at one end of the class yesterday and he will hardly begin there to-day, so I advise you to study the last part of the lesson well.

CA-: Crammer, those two minutes are gone, the bell is ringing and Dr. Bonnotte is now coming up the steps.

CL-: The die is now cast, we cannot now possibly get our clothes on in time for inspection, and we may as well lock the door and take it easy.

DR. B--: Rap! rap! rap! Inspection, gentlemen, inspection.

ANSWER: Doctor, we are up, but we can't find our shoes.

DR. B-: All right?? All right??

Dr. Bonnotte does not forget to put our names on his memorandum book, nor do we forget to return to our slumbers.

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Thanksgiving Supper.

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Time.—Thanksgiving Day, 4:00 P. M. *Place*—College Kitchen. *Observers*—Doc and Miss Katie.

LL students, from greenie Freshman to dignified Senior, look forward with the greatest pleasure to Thanksgiving Day, when they as Seniors shall prepare and serve supper. Now, for the class of 1901 the remarkable day had arrived.

As the clock struck four, the Senior girls were seen tripping down the hall toward the kitchen, with light hearts and pleasant faces, to take up their new and inexperienced duty. It is needless to say that some of the girls were disappointed on arriving at the kitchen and not finding the boys there. But, upon considering the awkwardness of boys in cooking, it was decided that they should not come over until an hour later. Now, do not understand us to mean that there was no one to greet us in our new work, for there were Dr. Lewis and Miss Katie waiting and willing to give directions in anything.

Not much time had been wasted before we were directed to get knives at once and prepare the chickens and celery for salad, while otheres were to get ready the dressing.

One hour had passed, then the boys began to make their appearance. Such a clatter and clang of voices that followed had not been heard since last "Parlor Night." In the midst of the excitement, having almost forgotten our responsible position as cooks, we were reminded that supper was to be served promptly at six o'clock. Then some of the boys rushed into the dining-room to arrange the tables, distribute the knives and forks, etc., Jimmie and "Longnose" quartelled as to who should preside over the salad-bowl, while others chipped chocolate to make caramels, which, it was *intended*, were exclusively for Seniors. Another delicacy which, as was thought, would be enjoyed only by Seniors was Maryland biscuits, for which we were indebted to Corah and Chem. How nicely Corah mixed the ingredients, and how diligently Chem beat them on the meat chopper, which was the only available block on the hill. At last one panful was ready for baking, and no matter how well Corah guarded the stove door some of them were stolen out and given to members of other classes.

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Well, it was ten minutes before six, and, as everything seemed to be ready, we hastened to assume more exactly the appearance of waiters and waitresses by putting on white aprons and caps. While thus engaged chocolate was heard to scream, "Oh, I'm burning, I want to get out of this place," and such a bubbling forth of discontent you never saw before. Its cry was immediately heeded, and from thence we proceeded to the dining-room and each one chose a table over which he was to act as waiter. But one of the boys was missed, and on investigation was found in the pantry, having gone there to look for sugar. On entering he heard a complaint in low, muffled tones, and discovered that it was poor old bread, which was so hard that it was insoluble even in hydrochloric acid. Being interested, he decided to remain silent and find out what was to follow. The complaint ran something like this:

"Oh, I don't want to be eaten yet, about next week I'll be all right for 'push.""

Then BUTTER (with a strong, yet sympathetic look), responded, "Don't worry, bread, you may think this existence a hard one, but"-----

BREAD-"Yes, it is a hard one."

BUTTER-"We are young yet, and as we grow older, strength increases; soon we can govern the pantry."

VINEGAR (with sour expression)-"Of course, you powerful things can soon get rid of poor weak me."

STRAP—"Oh, don't complain! Every time they wash my face they accidentally let some water run in my mouth and—

SUGAR-"Well, what do you feel like then ?"

STRAP-"'I feel like I could run around a plate as fast as Mademoiselle's tongue is always going."

SUGAR-"Ha, ha! I bet I'm not as sweet as those smiles that 'Tam' gets from Jimmie."

HOMINY-" Potato, those eyes you are making at Turnip reminds me of the way Barber looks at his girl."

POTATO-"Never mind! Turnip and I are in love."

TOMATO-"So you were spooning, were you? That is one of Neff's characteristics, by the way."

PEPPER—"I'd be silent, Tomato, if I were you. I really believe you are as red as Beulah's hair."

SALT.-"'Pepper, don't be so loud. I would remind you all that silence is golden."

VINEGAR-"Would you? Say, honestly, do I look as sour as Fannie looks at Chem sometimes, over Corah's shoulder?"

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MINCE PIE-" No, but my spirits are as low as Pud's when that letter from Ohio does not arrive at its proper time."

CELERY-"'Spirits? You never had any spirits in you, but, indeed, you're as round as Gilligan's face."

Now, Mr. Gilligan being the one who overheard the above conversation, was insulted at this remark, and decided to put Celery out of sight. About this time the door was opened and he was startled to learn that the supper bell had rung. But he hastened to get a waiter, and was soon in the dining-room with the others.

Supper was served, indeed, very gracefully, no waiters were dropped and no chocolate was spilled, and all seemed to enjoy being served by the 1901's. This fact was manifested by the numerous tips received.

The next scene brings us to the dining-room occupied only by Faculty and Seniors; the former were now acting as waiters for the latter. How the caramels and biscuits were sought for 1 but in vain!! They had been given by both the girls and the boys to their "strikes." But there were found preserves, pickles and cold-slaw which Corah had brought from home for the Seniors, and some one of the boys generously shared his Thanksgiving box with us by putting at our disposal a large duck.



+ 175 +

H flush.

MR. -

I have been directed by the Faculty to notify you that you have been given 25 demerits and deprived of February parlor night privilege for violation of rule No. deven.

MR. -

I am directed by the Faculty to say to you that your refusal to obey the direction of a member of the Faculty in the discharge of his daty, and accompanying that refusal with disrespectful language, is regarded by the Faculty as insubordination, and so serious a matter as to make it impossible for you to remain in connection with the College while you maintain this attitude.

In considering the matter, and remembering that this is not your first offence of the same character, the Faculty has decided to give you your choice between a suitable apology and a suspension. You will be given until tomorrow at 12 o'clock to prepare and present to the President of the College a suitable acknowledgment and disclaimer, which, after approval by the President, you will read to the male boarding students of the four college classes. If this is presented by the time stated, and afterwards read in the proper spirit, the matter will be dropped, otherwise you are notified of your suspension beginning at 12 o'clock.

MESSRS. ----

At the last session of the Faculty you were reported for continued absence from the class recitations in essays and orations. The Faculty directs me to notify you of the fact that it will be impossible for you to graduate without a grade of 7 in this department, and that you are not at present making this grade. This notice is given that you may govern yourselves accordingly.

MR. ----

I am directed by the Faculty to inform you that your son has been given 50 demerits for flagrant disorder. One of his latest offences has been to carry a bladder into the dinning hall, which, however, he did not burst.

MR. -

My Dear Sir:

I am directed by the Faculty to inform you that you were given 15 demerits for your absence from chapel yesterday, and to say that you will be given 25 demerits for your next absence from church or chapel.

Very truly yours,

W. R. MCDANIEL, Secretary.

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Chewing the Rag.

唐唐唐

It was some time ago at Western Maryland College, Where now no students "haze" nor make the Freshman "fag," Where many pilgrims go, to seek the fount of knowledge, There was a learned "Prof." who loved to chew the rag.

He'd walk along the street erect as any statue, His movements full of art, his step with grace imbued,

He never deigned to bout, save when he glared straight at you, His habits though were fair, but, alas! the rag he chewed.

All governments he knew, from England to Norway; He taught the Bundesrath, the Reichsrath and Riksdag,

He knew all laws and constitutions of his day; He knew the Council Chambers, but yet he chewed the rag.

All history he knew, 'twas revealed like a book, Causes of ancient wars and quarrels oft renewed, To solve the tedious problems, no end of pains he took;

But worst of all his vices, still the rag he chewed.

He was a man, broadminded, intellect and body, too, But still he seemed to all, much like a hunted stag. For all his evil habits, 'tis sad but yet true—

This one was *paramount*, he always chewed the rag.

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The fall of Nebuchadnezzar.

唐唐隆

T last everything had been arranged for the combat. For the first time in the history of Western Maryland College there was to be a game of foot ball between the Faculty and the Senior Class. Contrary, also, to all other contests on the gridiron, this one took place in February. As such an occurrence is so unprecedented, perhaps it would be well to cite some of the causes leading to the game.

Nearly ever since the beginning of the year the Faculty and the Senior Class had had very serious differences of opinion. Matters rapidly grew so bad that at last, at one of the meetings of the august body, it was decided that war was inevitable. The majority thought that the best way to settle all grievances was to have a rough-and-tumble-all-around fight, and the athletic field was chosen for the scene of the battle. The next day a notice appeared upon the bulletin board, which read as follows:

"Whereas, in the course of collegiate events, it has become necessary that our authority and prestige be maintained and my absolute despotism established, I, Thomas Hamilton Lewis, President of Western Maryland College, in behalf of the Faculty of said institution, do hereby challenge the Senior Class to a game of foot ball, to be played on Saturday, one week from this date; to which challenge I herewith place my seal and signature."

LINE-UP.

boorigace.								veight.
Doc, Lewis, Capt.,								. 160
Rolly, r. g., Watts, .	•							. 240
Bull-dog, l. g., Ward, .								. 280
Bow-knots, r. t., Bonnotte,								· 150
Pig, l. t., Turner, .								. 140
Billy Mac, r. e., McDaniel,								. 145
Billy Black, C l. e., Black, . The Dean,		•	•	•				· 135
Uncle Jimmy, q. b., Reese,								. 130

Coach-Holton. SubsHopkins (Qu	ne,).	Co	ocł	Ira	In	à	Be	Ile	j.	•	170
Ditto, l. h. b., Samp Roger, f. b., Reve	paix, . llo	•	•				•	•	1	•	•	165
Pound wanting, r. h. b., Cler	nson, .	•	•	•	•	•	•	• •	•	•	•	155

T. H. LEWIS, Pres.

2 Feb., 1901.

In less than half an hour after the appearance of this notice a meeting of the Senior Class was held, and we voted unanimously to face the Faculty. Five minutes later the formal acceptance appeared upon the board:

"In behalf of the Senior Class, I hereby accept the challenge of the Faculty to a game of foot ball, to be played on the date specified.

LINE-UP.

Sobriquet.												и	eis	wht.
Chem,	· c., Lankford,										2			157
Frankie,	· r. g., Krause,			2							2			145
Bark,	l. g., Harrison,		•											158
Cato,	r. t., Caton,													138
Molly,	l. t., Shreeve,					1								142
Harry,	r. e., Gilligan,													156
Shammy,														
Bunny,														
Eddy,	r. h. b., Barber.			-			1	2	Ĵ.	Ċ.,	÷.	1		125
Dash, l. h.	b., Dashiell, C	10	1		<u>.</u>			Ĵ			Ĵ.	0	0	155
Aguinaldo,	. f. b., Cobey.							Ĵ.	÷		÷		÷	165

Subs. Phillips,

Bixler,

Neff.

E. A. COBEY, Pres.

Hard practice was at once begun. Every afternoon from three to six the foot ball field was alive with men and boys. Kicking, passing, falling on the ball, tackling, signal in practice, and all the preliminaries to a great contest were gone through with untiring succession. The time was rather short, but by hard work both teams had gotten into fine fighting condition by the appointed day.

February 9, 1901, dawned beautiful and clear. It was almost an ideal day for foot ball. The air was calm, but crisp and cold. The game had been extensively advertised, and, owing to the nature of the two opposing teams, curiosity drew an immense crowd. They filled the grandstand to overflowing, and swarmed upon the field. The gridiron was at once roped off, and the surging throng immediately surrounded the entire field with a mass of

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humanity fully twenty feet thick. At 2:20 o'clock the two elevens came upon the field in double-ouick time, amid the cheers of the multitude, and went through a few signals; then they quickly lined-up for the contest. The Seniors won the toss. The Faculty was to kick off; but they had an advantage in being in possession of the upper part of the field. Every player was in position. The referee blew his whistle. The crowd waited in breathless expectancy. Revelle made a run of ten vards and gave the leather a tremendous kick, and the game was on. The ball flew as though shot from a cannon, but was caught by Cobey within two vards of the goal-posts. Our boys formed a magnificent interference, and before it could be broken our sturdy full back had brought the ball back to within five vards of the centre of the field. "Line-up quickly, fellows," yelled Dashiell-"18, 23, 46, 10." As the last number died away, the ball under the arm of our active captain went around the left end of the Faculty with almost lightning speed. Sampaix plunged into the interference, but it ran over him to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," "The Dean," however, was somewhat more successful, and was about to make a beautiful tackle when he and "Eddy" went down together. Dashiell sped on, only one more man to pass, but that was Revelle. "Dash" tried to jump him, but was caught in mid-air and hurled to the ground. The Faculty at once began to pile on, but were stopped by the whistle of the referee and the efforts of the Senior players. "Gentlemen," thundered "Doc," "vou must break up that interference !" Never was the influence of one man more strikingly shown. "First down," shouted the referee. This time the Seniors tried the other end, but were thrown back two vards. "Doc" was off-side, however, and the umpire sent the Seniors ten vards farther up the field. The next time we tried the line. "Chem" plunged through "Doc;" but the heavy guards closed in, and only one vard was gained. "Third down, six to gain." Captain Dashiell decided to kick. Our line was light, but it played low, and held beautifully while "Bunny" sent the ball up the field. "Roger" caught the pig-skin on the Faculty's ten-vard line, and returned the kick. "Dash," who was playing back, made a beautiful running catch, and sent the leather back once more. Two men seemed to be having a game all to themselves. Again Revelle got the ball, and this time he charged down the field like a frightened ostrich-every stride seemed five vards. He tried to skirt our right end, but "Harry" made a dive at him and measured him upon the pebbles. "Now, boys, we've got them going," rang out the clarion tones of "Doc." The Faculty at once made their superior weight tell upon the line. By a series of plunges they advanced the ball fifteen yards. But there they stopped. They "bucked" the line again ; but this time they met a stone wall, and the referee called out-"Second

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down, five yards to gain." Then the Faculty tried the ends, but soon realized our superiority at these points. Dashiell and Barber shattered their interference as though it were a pane of glass, and Gilligan and Martland were found invincible. So the ball went over. Both sides were now playing steadily and hard; but we bulfied the Faculty beautifully by a "fake" kick, and advanced the ball to their twenty-yard line. Then came the tag of war. We had to fight for every inch, but we made our gains. Slowly but surely we approached the goal-line. But the time was growing short. We were now just half a yard from the last chalk mark. "Third down, goal to gain," shouted the referee, while the spectators looked and listened in speechless silcnce. But the words were scarcely uttered when our wind-jammer yelled "time." "Time," softly croaked the other time-keeper. It was hard, but there was still another half, and a long one, for it was to be a battle royal.

It had been unanimously agreed to have an intermission of extra length. For twenty minutes the Faculty enjoyed the ministrations of their three nurses. For twenty minutes the Seniors recuperated under the kind attention of their fair classmates, for, strange to say, the Faculty had permitted our grids to officiate in that capacity. While we rested some starting discoveries were made. "Billy Mac" announced that he had discovered a number of new stars while playing, but said that he didn't wish to see any more, that he would rather study the heavens alone, with the aid of a telescope. "Bell" bravely agreed to take his place. "Uncle Jimmy" declared that the fray was worse than old Marathon, and that he would rather look on for the rest of the game. "Queen Lil" took his place. "Shanmy's" stomach was rather unsteady as a result from Rolly's rolling on it, but "Clay-balls" made an able substitute. "Bull-dog" had done a similar kindness to Barber's head, but Neff formed an equally troublesome opponent for Black. "Bark" had ninyured a side and "Benny" took his place in the line.

There was a look of fixed determination upon twenty-two faces as the second half began. Holt kicked off. He put only moderate force into the motion; but there was skill behind it, and a moment later the leather rested in the grand stand. Again he kicked, and this time the ball was caught on the edge of the gridiron and hurried up the field; but Neff sprinted as though he were running a hundred yards dash and downed "Roger" on the fitteenyard line. "These Englishmen fight beautifully," shouted "Doc," thinking of Waterloo, "but they must give way. Tackles back " It was a hard push, but the gain was small. "Guards back," yelled the Captain. This time they went through our line as though it were paper. The next time we bowed to meet them, but the superior weight of "Kolly" and "Bull-dog" was too much, and again the refere called "first down."

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hammering the line at every rush. Finally the heavy weights became somewhat winded, but still slowly made their gains. At last the ball was on our five-vard line. "Fellows, we must hold them-play lower yet," called out Dashiell, still confident in his men. We were now on the rising ground under the shadow of the goal-posts. We had the advantage of position. Our line was still active, while that of the Faculty was growing weary. "Guards back," again called "Doc." In two rushes they advanced the ball three yards. "Now, my men, only one more and we have scored." But there were eleven determined men to be ploughed through. It was, indeed, the last charge of the "Old Guards;" and when at last the dust had cleared away and that mingled mass of heads, limbs and trunks was separated, a beautiful little teninch expanse lay between the leather and the goal-line. "Up and at them, boys," shouted "Dash," in his ringing, cheering tones. Never did an eleven more quickly and nobly respond. Our tackle plays were quite a surprise. "Cato" literally ran over "Pig," who grunted out that it was disrespectful, but the referee did not notice it, and "Molly" trotted beautifully down the field. Twenty yards now separated the ball from our goal-posts. Then we tried the weakening line. "Frankie" sent "Bull-dog" sprawling, and we were now on our thirty-five yard line. The quarter-back kick worked like a charm-we had reached the center of the field. The next time Holt dropped back and sent the ball flying down the field. "Roger" grabbed at it, but it bounded away and the next moment "Harry" lay upon the ground with the ball resting securely beneath his breast. The Faculty now realized that it had met a crisis and bravely did their best. We were forced to "buck" the line, but it was no longer impregnable. Our gains were slow, but steady. We were now three yards from the goal. It was the second down. The Faculty's line was playing so low that we could not hope to go through it, but they seemed unconscious of another danger. The ball was snapped. A moment later Aguinaldo leaped with the ball into mid-air and landed safely on the other side of the goal-line, before he could be tackled, five seconds before time was up. The game was won.

Still not a yell, not a cry of victory, went up from our eleven—we were too tired, too happy. But our girls did the shouting for us. We listened to their plaudits, basked in their smiles, marched back to college amid their cheers and songs of triumphs. Most gloriously had we won a long and hardfought battle; but we didn't ask for "Parlor" that night—we knew better than that.

SUMMARY OF THE GAME.

Score-6 to 0.

Time-Thirty-five minute halves. Touch-down-Cobev. Goal-Holt.

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Umpire—Myers. Referee—Dr. Simpson. Linesmen—Clark and Miss Schott. Timers—Devilbiss and Miss Handy. Water-carriers—Null and Miss Stevenson. Nurses for the Wounded—Miss Moore, M. Bonnotte, Miss Smith, Senior girls. Spiritual Advisers and Undertakers—Tawes and Miss Brown.

Old "Doc" plodded homeward in sadness and humiliation. Nebuchadnezzar had fallen. He, who was wont to strut about the college grounds exclaiming, "Is not this great Bablyon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" looked now as though he heard the voice from heaven saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, the kingdom is departed from thee." It was most truly a crushing defeat, a cruel fate. It was many days before the eyes of our president flashed with their old light and pride; and then it was with a less definant gleam, an increased wisdom.

Moral-

If ever you should chance to be The president of a college, Don't think you rule the universe By the greatness of your knowledge; For you will groan in deepest grief When cruel Fate shall bring to pass That you shall sadly realize You're doomed, like Doc, to bite the grass.



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The Hdvantages of Co-Education at Western Maryland.

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HE president said he didn't want no philosophical treatise but wanted us to get down off our philosophical high horse and dig for the common everyday truth but we all know that truth is philosophy so I can't help putting some philosophy in although I ain't no phi-

losopher but with such a prize in sight I want to express my views which are correct for I have been here for one year and have seen all of college life and truthfully say I don't know whether or not its advantages are more than its disadvantages but I am bound to say they are and to prove this I will begin at the beginning and say that it teaches them that's the boys politeness for they have to foot it up to College because the girls monopolize all the cabs the town can afford but because it appertains to the subject I ought to speak next of the wonderful practice in composition (I got mine in that way) for you know you are liable to get those things called strikes how some boys and girls get to grinning and making googoo eves at each other the Faculty thinks that this is a disadvantage but it ain't and I can prove it for strikes increase the general stock of happiness by increasing the happiness of two who are a part of the whole and whatever increases the happiness is a good for I heard a Senior say so and whatever is a good is an advantage therefore strikes are advantages that is philosophy although I did not mean to use it it somehow just slipped in and as I was going to say the strikes can't talk with each other all they want and hence must write so that the English teacher gives them perfect marks in composition and even in one year become so adept (I heard someone use this word I guess its right) that the authors we study aren't half so good but while on the line of letters you must be resourceful for you know you must not let the Faculty see you passing your letters so you learn to be quick and sharp and make good business men and women but speaking of those smiles they cultivate the facial expression so much and show your false teeth if you have any or if you are too young for these they make pretty dimples but supreme above all is parlor night that is when you can talk to the girls when you get a chance and this is the acme of human invention boys and girls talking to each other at the top of their

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voices they got there by climbing up the vocal chords and sitting on hard back chairs two yards apart when they are not being run out and that is when you rival perpetual motion and here you learn to talk about everything under the sun and again athletes can send tickets to games to their strikes who come out and root for them others do that too and that is a big advantage because you get no you see oh I don't know but here at Western Maryland you can display your attainments to good advantage I think I have made myself clear but if it is confused and hard to understand so are the advantages of co-education at W. M. C.





H freshman's first Letter home.

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MY DEAR POP :--

I've been intending to write to yer ever since I arrived, but I am told that a college student must not write home to his ole man unless fer money, and somehow or other I've caught on to the spell.

This is a queer place up here, indeed, pa, it far exceeds my greatest expectations. I never saw such a large building—why, pa, Jones's grocery store on the cross-roads is not near as large as this place, and I declare I never saw so many boys and girls in one place. They call it co-education, but I believe it must be without the "co," cause I ain't co-ed with none yet. And the faculty is a queer body, too. They are as much stuck up as the circusposters on our back fence. All of 'em have nick-names, too. Two of them who are called "Billies" are big sports and are always wearing Saint Alberts. But "Doc" is queerer than any of 'em. Why, pa, he struts around here like a peacock, and yer would think that he owned the place. He holds the faculty in his grasp more easily than the "Umbria."

I can't get use to the place somehow or other. We don't get much to eat, yet we had ambrosia for desert to-day. One of the waiters said that for fear of our taking the desert from the table, there would be no desert. They don't kill the beef up here like we do, they smother it.

I am trying fer the foot ball team, pop, and I am playing centre rush. I never saw the game before, but I like it. They injure people same as killing hogs. The boys think I like it so much that they made me deliver an impromptu speech on foot ball in society. I was awfully embarrassed and couldn't say a single word. It was just like ole deacon Mulberry preaching his first sermon. I don't see how Patrick Henry, Cicero, and Sam Jones ever could say as much as they did. Pa, the boys up here don't like my manner of dressing. They seem to think that my clothing is too short fer me, 'cause I heard someone say I ought to get a full dress suit for social evenin's. When I get one, I want a gray one. Pa, I can't help but think of home. I would like to know how everything is. Has that old black hen hatched out yet? I certainly do miss feeding the cows and pigs. "Charlie" is a good ole animal, and I know he hated to see me leave. Who is doing the milking in my place now? Give my love to Aunts Hannah and Manthie. Does Josh still call on Polly? I swear, pa, I believe she is only trifling with him. Well, I must close, as some boys have come for me to go snipe hunting, and, as they treat me so nice. I hate to refuse.

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Your loving son,

JONATHAN.

Logical Deductions.

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THE first name on the roll should be the class leader. Edna Adkins is the first name on the roll. She ought to change her name.

> Laughing makes people grow fat. Bessie Armacost is stout. She ought to be disappointed in love.

Ministerial students are angels. Barber is a ministerial student. *He ought to reform.*

Farmers are awkward. Bixler is a farmer. *He will be a dancing master.*

Good looking people are conceited. Caton is the handsomest boy in the class, *He is the most conceited*.

Over-worked people get sick. Marion Clark works too hard, She ought to stop making "goo-goo" eyes.

Tall people have higher brains than others. Clarke is tall. You can not "rattle" him.

Everybody should learn to take teasing. Cobey does not like to be teased about his girls. *He should keep his "spooning" jokes a secret.*

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Man loves but once. Nettie Crockett has been engaged a dozen times. She will die an old maid.

All eastern shoremen like fish. Dashiell is an eastern shoresman. *He likes Carroll County Pike.*

All red-haired people need plenty of fresh air. Beulah Day has red hair. She likes moonlight on warm summer nights.

All men are liars. Devilbiss does not always tell the truth. *He ought to stop his "wind-jammer.*"

All lovers have rivals. Gilligan is a lover. *He is afraid of "Hoboes.*"

Smiling makes one too spoony. Carrie Gladhill is spoony. She smiles too often at Jimmy.

Birds of a feather flock together. The four "Harrisses" come from the same place. *They ought to migrate.*

All nurses are babies. Harrison is a nurse. *He is the biggest baby in the class.*

Rabbits hop. Holt is a rabbit. He ought to stop "rubbering" in at Junior Class meetings.

All stars shine. Fannie Hope wears glasses. She is the light of the class.

Contrary people have few friends. Helen Hunter is contrary. She would not trade pictures with the class.

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All men are animals. Krauss is a man. *He looks like an owl*.

Everybody has a face. Lankford makes faces. *He acts like a monkey*.

All bowling alley balls are smooth. Martland patronizes bowling alleys. *He is a slick article*.

A zoo has animals. Covington May has a zoo. She ought not give the Senior boys such names.

Silence is golden. Anna McMurran seldom speaks. She is a sensible woman.

Some people can tease. Myers likes to tease. *He can NOT be teased.*

Politicians are corrupt. Neff will be a politician. *He is excused for hooking church so often.*

Militia are useful. Null is from Frizzelburg. *He will sell apples by the half pint.*

All men become old. Phillips is called the "old man." *He ought to have a girl.*

Noise is discordant. Minnie Pickett sings. She is hard-hearted.

Some people are cowards. Margaret Reese likes to fight. She "bosses" Ike.

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New things become old. Cora Schaeffer always is talking of her latest. She is a heart-breaker.

Jokes are nonsense. Shreeve cannot see a joke. *He is a joke himself.*

Whatever is is right. Tawes says that it is wrong. *He is NOTHING whatever.*

All "strikes" smile at each other. Virgie Weigand smiles at Harry — She has two fellows on a string.

Pride goes before a fall. Fannie Woodall is still alive. *She is a weasel.*

Drunkards are full. The 1901 boys ate a big dinner at Bixler's. The girls say that they get drunk.

Women must obey men. The 1901 girls are contrary. They fuss among themselves and get cranky.

All birds have mouths. Each member of the 1901 Class has a mouth. They all are birds.

Kinetics of Love.

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T is the purpose of this treatise to briefly set forth a few of the scientific principles relating to one of nature's most powerful forces-love. The most marked pecularity is that the apparent quantity of love varies inversely as the amount of light or public vision to which the

particles acted upon are exposed.

The unit of love is that quantity of affection required to raise the temperature or ardor of the object transmitting the force through a definite degree of exuberance of spirits. Love is positive and varies directly as the square of the distance.

The fundamental equation of love is

$$L = p^{2} + ia \times Re (Ma + Pa)$$

in which L represents quantity of love, p the path, never a straight line, ia the intensity of affection, d distance, and Re (Ma + Pa) the external resistance of Ma and Pa.

Let us take the two particles s and s' to illustrate the action of the law. From some cause or another the particle s becomes positively smitten. When s is brought near s' we find that s' becomes a permanent magnet, though it may be either positive or negative.

The lines of force going out from s' are parallel, and tend to attract the particles s; e. g., let s and s' be situated on the same horizontal plane; the time most suitable for this experiment is between 10 and 12 P. M., with as little light as possible falling on the particles. Now when left free to act we find that the potential energy of s is transformed into the energy of a rapidly accelerated motion towards the origin. This continues until the particle s passes the "safe sparking distance," which Prof. Watts, of W. M. C., has found to be thirteen inches. When the particles come in actual contact there is a slight explosion, and we have the equation

ks + si = kiss,

in which k is the kinetic energy of particle s, and i the attraction of s'.

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Now suppose the particle s' to be sitting upon the sofa with s_i the latter can then be said to be making rapid progress.

The undisturbed relative orbit of s about s' as a center of attraction is often affected by the presence of a perturbating body, whose type symbol we represent by "Pa." This body often causes the particle s to change its relative position, and take up an accelerated motion through the orifice by which it entered the field of the permanent magnate s', the particle comes "nil," but it is not lost, for it is regained as s files of linto space at right angles to it.

The medium through which the force is transmitted is the voice, although due to the interruption the eyes may perform this function. The point of osculation, the normal pressure, and the angle of elevation of feeling may be found by substitution in the fundamental equation. In view of the facts herein set forth, no elementary lover should abandon hope no matter what be the circumstances of time or place. In doing this you show a proper faith in the honesty, accuracy, and ability of one who has devoted the best part of her lifetime to the study of this science.



H German Conversation.

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SCENE-Dining Hall. TIME-2 P. M.

PARTICIPANTS:

"BILLY" BLACK, "UNCLE IIMMY" REESE. "PIGGY" TURNER, "SAMPLAY" SAMPAIX,

"SING"-the Waiter.

This particular group of educated men, in order to facilitate their linguistic proclivities, indulge in conversations during meals, using English, French, German and Latin alternately. At this particular meal they are carrying on a German (2) conversation, which was overheard by the first table of Senior boys.

After blessing has been asked upon *this food*, which, by the way, consists of knives, forks, spoons and glasses, together with the napkins and napkin-rings of those who are fortunate enough to possess them—at least, only *such* food is on the table at the time—the conversation begins:

BILLY-"This is the noisest crowd of boys and girls"----

UNCLE JIMMIE (interrupting)—"You forget, Prof. Black, that this is to be a German conversation. You"—

PIGGY (interrupting)—"Sie haben es auch a-a-a-a forgotten, Herr Doctor."

SAMPLAY-" Passen Sie mir das-das-das lubricator, s'il vous plait."

PIGGY-"Potatoes, slaw, lubricator, und stahl Brod! Kein Wunder dass die studenten a-a-a fuss um die-die meals."

BILLY-"Nicht so laut, Doctor, die Mädchen mögen Sie hören, und dann wird es all über die Schule gewiss gehen."

PIGGY-"'I don't care-oh, I mean-ich kāre nicht wenn sie mich gehört haben."

UNCLE JIMMY (soothingly)—"Ich sage, Herr Turner, wie kommen Sie und Herr Caton an?"

PIGGY (blushing)—"Wir haben alles Recht nun, a-a-(stammering) —except—that—es—gicbt—ein—a-a-a-a-Mädchen zwischen uns."

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BILLY-"Ein what?"

SAMPLAY-"Potatoes, please."

PIGGY (to himself)-"'I came near getting caught that time!"

BILLY-"Confound it, here's another Athletic Association notice to be read!"

UNCLE JIMMY-"German, Herr Black, oh, I mean Deutsch!"

BILLY-"Ich bitte urn Verzeihung !"

PIGGY-"Prof. Black. sehe jene Knaben a-a-a barking at me!"

UNCLE JIMMY-"Oh, ja ! et illae puellae-Oh ! I'm getting mixed up; I mean jene Mädchen scheinen zu a-a-a bark at me!"

BILLY (laughing)-"Oh, downor-I-I-ich meine dass Sie sind a-a-a wrong; sie haben einen men-menagerie-die senior Knaben und Mädchen -und sie barken zu einander jede-jede-jede-Oh, what is meal, Doctor?"

PIGGY-"Something that we"-

UNCLE JIMMY-" Deutsch, mein Herr !"

PIGGY-"Ich bitte um Ver-Ver-Ver; oh ! what was that word you used for pardon, Prof. Black?"

BILLY-"Verzeihung."

PIGGY (smiling)-"Oh, ja, ich bitte um Verzeihung, Doctor, aber meal ist etwas dass wir sind-sind-a-a-supposed zu haben drei Zeiten des Tages."

BILLY-" Ich meine, was ist das Wort für meal?"

SAMPLAY (interrupting)-"Etwas Kaffee, Sing !"

UNCLE JIMMY-"Prof. Sampaix, haben Sie ein gutes Orchestra dieses Jahr?"

SAMPLAY-"Ziemlich gut-(abruptly) die lubricator, s'il vous plait."

PIGGY (blushing)-"Ich wünsche dass jene senior Knaben wollten nicht so viel look at me; sie a-a-a embarass mich!

SAMPLAY-"Ich glaube dass sie von den Pig denken, ha! ha! das war ein gutes joke-I mean Spatz. Passe das slaw, monsieur le docteur!"

BILLY-" Ich glaube nicht dass sie auf dir ansehen; sie a-a-a were smiling auf die Mädchen."

UNCLE JIMMY-"Die Mädchen sind ready die Knaben auf zu-zu-eat. Sie machen mich von dem alten Paris und Helen denken."

PIGGY-"Well, if this is what you call love-oh, I forgot-wenn dieses ist Liebe; sie scheinen as though sie hätten H2S unter ihren Nasen."

SAMPLAY-"'Ich habe genug; excuse me!"

(SAMPAIX leaves.)

(Just now the sound of glasses tinkling like a bell is heard at the first table of boys, and one of the boys calls out, "We're ready, Prof,")

BILLY (mad)-"Those boys are impudent and "-

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UNCLE JIMMY-"Deutsch, Professor, Deutsch!"

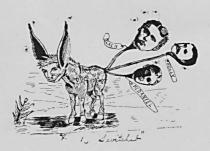
BILLY (bristling with anger)—"No, sir; I can't express it in German; those boys are the most impudent, ill-behaved, ill-raised, childish set I ever ran across."

(Continued chorus of noise from glasses.)

Well, just to get rid of them, I will ring the bell—(and he gives the bell a tap that makes an impressive silence immediately).

BILLY (after clearing his throat)—"I have been requested to announce the regular Monthly Business Meeting of the Athletic Association !"

(Two taps of the bell, and we are deprived of the rest of this delightful German (?) conversation.)



The College Commandments.

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ND the President spake all these words, saying: "I am thy loving father which hath come out of the land of the 'Eastern Shore' to thee, my dear children."

I. Thou shalt prefer this kindergarten to all others.

II. Thou shalt take off thy hat when thou meetest his Satanic Majesty, "Doc," even if he does pass thee with unseeing eyes.

III. Thou shalt not receive, send, or pass notes if thou art likely to be caught. If thou art caught thou shalt be called to "Doc's" office, where thou shalt be made to see how unwise it is to be caught.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to hook church; six days shalt thou loaf on the door steps, but the seventh day thou shalt loaf in bed, where the "Profs." may not see thee, and on Monday morning, with a clear conscience, thou shalt answer "both."

V. Write long and loving letters to thy parents, that thou mayest receive many bank checks from home.

VI. Thou shalt learn to ride well in all thy studies.

VII. Thou shalt not flirt, but shalt follow the illustrious example of the Dean.

VIII. Thou shalt not put pigs in Dr. Turner's room.

IX. Thou shalt not break into the pantry, for thou wilt find nothing.

X. Thou shalt not covet any Senior's "mortar board," nor his dignity, nor his "strikes," nor anything that is a Senior's.

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