

*Aloha*

*'03*



FRONTISPIECE.  
COLLEGE HILL AS SEEN FROM THE RAILROAD.



A Right Merry  
Greeting  
To You

Given under our  
seal and hand this  
seventeenth day of June  
MCM III A.D.  
CLASS OF 1903

. . Dedication . .

✽ ✽

To E. Oliver Grimes, Jr., H. M., LL. B.,  
we, the Class of 1903, do respectfully dedicate this book,  
in grateful recognition of his signal devotion to  
Western Maryland College,  
and of his unflagging zeal in promoting the welfare of  
that institution and all her varied interests.



E. OLIVER GRIMES, JR.

## . . E. Oliver Grimes, Jr. . .



**E** OLIVER GRIMES, JR. was born October 29, 1878, at Westminster, Maryland. His father being a member of the Board of Trustees of Western Maryland College, it was natural that Mr. Grimes should receive his academic education at this institution, which, moreover, was so convenient to his home. It was characteristic of Mr. Grimes, that he graduated at a very early age, after a very successful college career.

Having left this college with the Class of 1896, Mr. Grimes attended the University of Maryland for three years, during which time he fitted himself for his chosen profession, the law. While at the University of Maryland, he became a member of the Alpha Alpha Chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

In 1899, he received his degree and returned to Westminster, to the practice of law. Since that time with characteristic energy, he formed with Hon. Charles T. Reifsnider the firm of Reifsnider & Grimes, Attorneys-at-Law.

Mr. Grimes soon made it apparent that his field of operations was not bounded by the limits of the legal profession; the business world as well was soon to see in him, young as he was, a star of considerable and rapidly increasing magnitude.

But, meanwhile, one of those all-absorbing events not to be lightly touched upon, yet impossible to be omitted, was to dawn upon the life which it is our pleasure to chronicle; on January 9, 1901, Mr. Grimes married Miss Bertha Graver, of Pittsburg, Pa.

On resuming his business career, so pleasantly interrupted, Mr. Grimes soon caused himself to be recognized as one of the leaders in the commercial enterprise of his native town, aside from his association with many important corporations elsewhere.

Among his business connections may be mentioned the following firms of which he is one of the leading directors: The Merchant's Grocery Company, of Westminster, Maryland; The Westminster Hat Company; The Wakefield Mills and Lime Company, of Carroll County, Maryland; The Baltimore Fertilizer Company, Baltimore, Maryland, and The Shaffer Boiler and Engine Manufacturing Company, of Delaware. Yet, with all his extra duties, he has remained a lawyer *imprimis*. He is at present Referee in Bankruptcy in The United States District Court for the District of Maryland for Carroll County.

But the phase of Mr. Grimes's life which has made him an object of the highest esteem in the eyes of the Class of 1903, and has endeared him to every student and friend of Western Maryland College, is his fidelity to this, his first and dearest Alma Mater.

He has already been President of the Alumni Association, and is likely to be prominent in the management of the college in the future.

Meanwhile, he is never too busy to lend a helping hand to any of the Associations on "the hill;" and his many acts of kindness have earned for him the heart-felt gratitude of the student body. His substantial aid to the foot ball team during the last season has given to athletics at this college a stimulus which will remain powerful for years to come.

Accordingly, it is with feelings of the most profound pleasure that we have dedicated this volume to Mr. Grimes; may his bread not be cast upon the waters in vain, but may it return to him after a few days followed by many in which to enjoy it, and may his Alma Mater be blessed with many sons as faithful.

## . . Preface . .



IF one were oppressed with some mighty secret which must not be revealed, yet which was burning out his very brain with its wild insistent demand for utterance, perhaps he could fix upon no better plan than to write it in the preface of a book. Here he might suffer it to lie hidden for ages without fear that any prying glance of mortal eye, at least, would ever violate the sanctity of its retreat. But the fact remains that every well-regulated book must have a preface; and this, the Aloha of the Class of 1903, is distinctly a well-regulated book. So, for the benefit of such readers as may chance upon these hidden pearls, I give a few words in introduction of this devoted volume.

In this connection, it may not be amiss to call attention to the difficulties under which this book is produced. Primarily, it is intended to serve the Class of 1903, by whom it is published, as a memorial of their years of intimate association in college life.

But since the book is intended to be offered to the public as well, it is necessary that much of the contents should be of public interest, and capable of general application.

The editors believe that they have been fortunate enough to succeed in happily combining these two ends. Even those parts of the book devoted to matters apparently of the most restricted interest will be found not unworthy of general perusal.

Those who have read former Alohas will find in this one many changes, both in form and contents. Although the plan of the earlier issues is preserved, we have not hesitated to make even very radical alterations when anything was to be gained thereby.

In conclusion, we desire to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Charles C. Gorsuch, who has so kindly acted as our sponsor in the financial world; to Mr. Edwards and Misses Sensency and Garrison, our artists, and to Mr. Ward S. Ireland, our faithful and long-suffering business manager.

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BAKER CHAPEL.

ALUMNI HALL.

## . . The College Year . .



THE opening day at any college presents a scene full of life and color: the mingled emotions that are manifested in a thousand varied tones of voice or changes of expression; the gradual but insistent manner in which order and organization assert their ancient sway over the disorganized and disorderly gathering; the innumerable little crooks and turns of character and idiosyncrasies of conduct that make up the individual man, so hopelessly impossible to be dealt with in the rational manner adopted by philosophers toward that docile creature of their fancy, the *genus homo* in the abstract,—all this must deeply interest the student of human nature, and fill him with a keen delight.

Especially do these words apply to the cosmopolitan throng which assembled at Western Maryland College on September 16, 1902. When greetings and felicitations had been exchanged in countless tones, and every tongue—from East'n Sho' to Yankee—the old students looked around them and discovered that the Freshman Class was one of unprecedented magnitude. Not less than seventy-four elect from the ambitious youth of our land had sought out this renowned "thinking-shop" in order to sit at the feet of the "wise souls who teach—if any one gives them money."

The next surprise in store for the student populace was the discovery that our institution had been decapitated, as it were, by the Conference; and that our esteemed Head must hereafter be held in common with our contemporaries at Adrian. In other words, Dr. Thomas Hamilton Lewis, who has been President of Western Maryland College for seventeen remarkably successful years, had been offered, and had accepted, the Presidency of Adrian College, at Adrian, Michigan, to be held jointly with that of W. M. C.



GYMNASIUM.  
INTERIOR OF Y. M. C. A.

MEMORIAL ARCH.  
INTERIOR OF Y. W. C. A.

The friends of Western Maryland College could not but appreciate the commendation of her career, necessarily implied in the action of the Conference; yet it was not without a sense of heartfelt regret that they could relinquish, even to a kindred institution, a share in those abilities which were first displayed with such splendid results in connection with this college.

Men may come and men may go, but, as the student well knows, the college and college classes go on forever; accordingly, the two upper classes inquired in eager chorus, "Who is to teach us Philosophy?" And, flocking to the class-room, they found the answer in the person of Dr. Bartlett Burleigh James, who graduated from this college in '91, took his degree at Hopkins, and is at present pastor of the Second Congregational Church, of Baltimore.

Having satisfied themselves that their moral ideal was not to be neglected, the students turned to the Department of Chemistry, having learned that Dr. Moore, the presiding genius of last year, was not to return. Here they found installed Dr. Herbert Lowell Rich, a genial graduate of Wesleyan University, and a man invaluable to his student friends, for whom he is always ready to perform any conceivable service—from lecturing on igneous rocks to setting a collar bone. With these exceptions the Faculty remained that of last year.

The students and faculty having met and having acquired due respect for one another, the college routine was quietly resumed. At this point, we are happy to say, the history of the year might well be terminated, for so harmonious is the "noiseless tenor of our way," and so symmetrical the outline of our existence, that we journey on, week after week, "through silence," as the great historian has said, conscious neither of novelty nor monotony.

To such readers of this volume, however, as are unacquainted with the routine at this college, it may be interesting to read a brief account of some of the prominent features of our scholastic year. By those who will find nothing new in this sketch, we hope that it will be read, if not with interest, at least with indulgence.

One of the first concerns of the old students on returning to college at the beginning of the year is the



DINING HALL ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

enrollment of as many of the new students as possible in their respective literary societies; of these there are two among the young men—the Irving and the Webster—and two among the young ladies—the Browning and the Philomathean. Almost every student joins one of these societies.

At the same time, the foot ball squad is being formed and a team chosen. During the season, which usually lasts until Thanksgiving Day, a game is arranged either at home or abroad for every Saturday, with an occasional game during the school week. Our schedule includes games with the best teams in and around the State, and a reference to the portion of this book devoted to Athletics will show that we have not been found unworthy antagonists.

The winter months are devoted to basket ball, and faithful gymnasium work in preparation for the base ball and the track and field events of the spring.

So much for athletics. Meanwhile, there has been provided an abundance of intellectual recreation of the highest order. The most frequent form of entertainment is the Friday afternoon exercise provided, as a part of the regular college curriculum, by each of the three upper classes in succession. These exercises consist, when carried on by the Sophomores, of recitations; when carried on by the Juniors and Seniors, of original orations and essays, with an interlude, in either case, of music or song.

The fact that these entertainments are compulsory, though doubtless an unfavorable circumstance in many respects, at least insures the youthful participant an attentive and sympathetic audience.

Savage, indeed, must be the listeners who could willingly add to the embarrassment of these young aspirants, who are too frequently in some such condition as the Mantuan Bard seems to have had in mind when he wrote:

*“ frigidus horror  
membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.”*

Another entertainment held under the auspices of the faculty, and even more highly appreciated than the last, is the Friday night recital. These recitals, though not of regular weekly recurrence, are



INTERIOR OF W. L. S.  
INTERIOR OF P. L. S.

INTERIOR OF I. L. S.  
INTERIOR OF B. L. S.

very frequent, and serve to display to great advantage the talents and attainments of the special students in music and elocution.

And now as to the entertainments given by the students on their own responsibility. The most important of these are the two entertainments given by the societies at Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday. In each case a young men's and a young ladies' society combine their efforts, the combination being changed each year.

But most important of all college events is the sole social function which provides for the meeting of the two departments—the Parlor Night.

This event occurred formerly but once a month, and was then of two hours' duration. But one of the first acts of the faculty, on resuming its sessions at the beginning of the fall term of the present year, was to promulgate a decree to the effect that Parlor should henceforth be held every Saturday night, and should last for one hour.

At first thought, this seems to be a very considerable concession to the cult of Eros. But those who know the faculty of old are likely to regard this measure with suspicion. They are inclined to believe that the new regulation illustrates the principle set forth in the old saying that the only cure for love is marriage. For, though far from advocating such an extreme cure as that mentioned above, the faculty is far from encouraging love.

Finally the religious exercises are to be considered. The fact that these have been left until last is by no means significant of their relative importance. No other feature of our college life is arranged more carefully or insisted on more strongly than this.

The Sabbath exercises begin shortly after breakfast, with Sunday School, where members of the faculty act as teachers. Although attendance is purely voluntary, the classes are always large. During the morning the students are required to attend a church of the same denomination as that which they attend when at home. At night, attendance at the college chapel is required. During the second term, the evening sermons are preached by visiting clergymen.

Besides the religious exercises of the college proper, there are branches of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, which conduct separate mid-week devotional services, and a joint service on Sunday afternoon.

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So the months glide by, and ere we realize that the year has well begun commencement is at hand, with its contests, its reunions, and its various exercises, all of which we must leave to be chronicled by another hand.

To give, in the space devoted to the subject, any complete picture of our college is manifestly an almost hopeless task. But if the reader would catch a glimpse of a quiet spot where each hour has its duties, and where duties are rendered so pleasant as to seem almost pleasures; where habits of regularity and thoroughness are unconsciously formed, and so thoroughly impressed upon the mind as never to be forgotten—if he would inhale some fleeting fragrant breaths of such an atmosphere, let him take a journey to these balmy hills, and spend some days among the courts and corridors of Western Maryland College.





NORTH WING OF COLLEGE. SEMINARY.

RESIDENCE OF DR. ELDERDICE.

# . . Westminster Theological Seminary . .



## Historical.

**A**CTING on a resolution of Rev. L. W. Bates, D. D., the Maryland Conference, April, 1881, appointed Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., Rev. P. L. Wilson, and Dr. Charles Billingslea to formulate a plan for the establishment of an institution in which to train young men for the Ministry in the Methodist Protestant Church. One year later the committee presented a report, which was adopted, and on September 6, 1882, there was opened in Westminster, Maryland, "The School of Theology." September 4, 1883, the title was changed to "The Westminster Theological Seminary," and on April 8, 1884, it was duly incorporated by the General Assembly of Maryland.

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The Westminster Theological Seminary is owned and controlled by the Methodist Protestant Church through a Board of Governors and a Board of Visitors. The Board of Governors consists of five ministers and five laymen, appointed as follows: Three ministers and two laymen are appointed by the Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, every fourth session succeeding the session of 1884. Two ministers and three laymen are appointed by the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, and hold office for four years. The Board of Governors holds the property, elects the Faculty, and exercises general supervision over the interests of the Seminary. The Board of Visitors is composed of one minister and one layman, appointed by each patronizing Annual Conference—*i. e.*, each conference appropriating a collection to the Seminary.

The Board of Visitors, or any of them, has authority to visit and inspect the Seminary at all times, with a view to recommending to the Board of Governors such changes or improvements in the management of the institution as may seem desirable; and also to report to their Conferences in the case of any student placed in the institution by them.

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### **Scholarships.**

Free Scholarships, yielding \$100 annually, have been established for the benefit of deserving students. The donors for 1902-1903 are: Trinity Church, N. T. Meginniss, Joseph D. Baker, Alumni Association, Chestertown Church, and Dr. Joseph Watson.

## Prizes.

Four prizes have been founded for superior scholarship in Extemporaneous Debate, Hebrew, New Testament Greek, and Thesis.

Extemporaneous Debate—a purse of gold—established by Rev. E. J. Drinkhouse, D. D.; Hebrew—a purse of gold—by Hon. J. W. Hering, A. M., M. D., LL. D.; Greek—a purse of gold—by Mr. E. O. Grimes; and Thesis—a purse of gold—by Mr. J. Norman Wills.

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For "There is an inmost centre in us all  
Where truth abides in fullness, and to know  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,  
Than in effecting entrance for a light  
Supposed to be without "

To the other literary bodies on the "Hill" we extend our greeting, and sincerely wish you well. To every Alumnus of the Seminary we say, may you nobly fulfill your mission. For all the future students of W. T. S.—we hope that your path of life may be a royal one.

And now as present members we exclaim, "Long live Stockton!"

## “Greeting.”



IT would not seem altogether fitting to speak of the brilliancy of the sparkling waters without giving a few words of description and explanation of the fountain. We may say then that the preceding section of our Aloha has been devoted to the history and affairs of the fountain, the college; but now we wish to introduce our readers into the section of our book, exclusively devoted to the sparkling waters, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three, an issue from the never failing fountain. It seemed best to give a sketch of the college and college affairs as a whole, since we truly realize that it is the source of our present worth, and that it is to our Alma Mater that we attribute the fact that we are able at all to speak to the world as a class. The following section of the book, devoted to the history, characteristics, and deeds of our class, is indeed the sole purpose for which we strove to leave this book to our friends, our college, and to our fellow students, as a token of remembrance of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three. Should this book contain a complete history of our college, together with a complete history of its different organizations, and not contain this section of the book about which all else centres, we would consider our work a failure. We trust that our readers will do us justice and will not forget that this is only an account of a class in college, where the opportunities for greater accomplishments are necessarily limited; but if, perchance, we seem to have advanced beyond the limit and to have accomplished those things which lay beyond all human expectations, it will be remembered that the success was due to those marked abilities, unrelaxing ambitions, and lofty conceptions which characterize the class of 1903. We welcome you into the pages of the following section of the book devoted to our own class affairs, and hope that the reading of their contents may be to you a source of much pleasure, and may serve you as an ever-living memoir of the class which wishes ever to hold you among its dearest friends.



. . Class of 1903 . .



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Maroon and Gold.

**Class Motto.**

*Non iter est nobis Capuam.*

**Class flower.**

Jacqueminot Rose.

**Class Officers.**

**President.**

ROBERT R. CARMAN.

**Vice-President.**

J. SCOTT HURLEY.

**Orphetess.**

ETHEL MILLER.

**Secretary.**

WINFRED P. ROBERTS.

**Treasurer.**

H. CLIFFORD HANCOCK.

**Historian.**

EDWARD E. TARR.

**Poet.**

D. ROGER ENGLAR.

# . . 1903 Class Roll . .

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FANNIE MAY AYRES, . . . . .	Parkton, Md.
IRMA SCOTT BEVANS, . . . . .	Pocomoke, Md.
FERNAND BONNOTTE, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
ROBERT RICHARD CARMAN, . . . . .	Taylor, Md.
JESSIE LEE COCHRAN, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
ELWOOD ARTHUR DAVIS, . . . . .	Wilmington, Del.
EMMA WELTHEA DUNCAN, . . . . .	Elizabeth, N. J.
JOHN BOWEN EDWARDS, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
DAVID ROGER ENGLAR, . . . . .	Medford, Md.
HATTIE HAMILTON ENNIS, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
MABEL GOSHELLE GARRISON, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
MARY KATHLEEN GOODING, . . . . .	Chestertown, Md.
MARY AGNES GORSUCH, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
HARVEY CLIFFORD HANCOCK, . . . . .	Greenbackville, Va.
MARIAN HANDY, . . . . .	Pocomoke, Md.
EVA PAULINE HERR, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
JOHN SCOTT HURLEY, . . . . .	Seaford, Del.
WARD STONE IRELAND, . . . . .	Pleasantville, N. J.
GEORGE MEDDERS, . . . . .	Kennedyville, Md.
ETHEL MILLER, . . . . .	Irvington, Md.
WINFRED POULSON ROBERTS, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
ANNA MARIE SENSENEY, . . . . .	Union Bridge, Md.
EDWARD EUGENE TARR, . . . . .	Marion, Md.
IDELLA WITHERS TREDWAY, . . . . .	Cambridge, Md.
ETHEL KENOLEY TROUT, . . . . .	Elizabeth, N. J.
ALMA ANNA WATHEN, . . . . .	Loveville, Md.
NETTIE ALICE WHITMORE, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.



. . foreword\* . .



“THE mills of the Gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small.” In the case of the Class of '03, at W. M. C., the “mills of the Gods” have seemed to us at times to “grind” very slowly; but now that the year has arrived which we have looked forward to for four years, we sadly realize that they “ground” all too rapidly; and it seems but yesterday that we stepped into the classical halls of Western Maryland College. The “mills” have “ground small,” for never has a class graduated that has left such a commendable and enviable record. Every man and woman in this “Unequaled Class” is fitted to go out into the world to fight the battles of life, sure of victory; for we wear the breast-plate of Educa-

\*The girls' histories have been written by Miss Ennis; the boys' by Mr. Tarr.

tion, and brandish the Sword of Determination to Win, overcoming all difficulties that seem insurmountable to any one else. We shall undertake to write a history of the individual members of the class, instead of writing a history of the class as a whole. In society, there is continually going on a change, there is growth, there is progress; and history is a record of human progress. Thus, upon the historian is devolved the pleasant duty of bringing into some historical form the history of the "Original Class" of 1903. From year to year, the history of the class has been written; but now the historian will attempt not only to narrate a short history of the individuals, but also of the whims and fancies of each as they appeared to the class. If you should be displeased at anything said, remember that probably it is pleasing some one else, and so rest content. Your historian has recorded everything in the most friendly manner, and trusts that none will take offense. With this as an introduction to the class history, let us now turn to the roll call:

FANNYE MAY AYRES, . . . . . Parkton, Maryland.  
P. L. S.; Member of Basket Ball Team, of 1903, girls.

Fannye May Ayres was born in Baltimore county. Soon after entering as a Freshman in the school, she was known as the best natured girl in school. She got barrels and boxes of chicken, ham, pickles, oysters, olives, schweitzer, pretzels, preserves, cakes—*what not*; also, ten-pound boxes of the most delicious, home-made candies about every two weeks; ergo,—she holds a court of the most sincere devotees every two weeks. At these courts, all business is transacted, the queen receives all homage due, and—they then get something to eat. Having delicate appetites they only get away with nine-tenths of Fannye's good things,—then, assuring her that she is just the kindest girl, they adjourn again for two weeks. She has often set the Senior girls up when each of us was just positively howling from an aching void. Fannye's weakness was found to be her habit of holding listeners for hours while she discourses upon interesting (?) subjects, the chief of which is what Prof. S. said to her at her last music lesson. However, one fact cancels all said above,—she is the star goal pitcher of all the girls who play basket ball at W. M. C. Fannye "claws the ivories" agonizingly, also plays the violin. She used to adore English (?!) in her Sophomore year, but once the teacher asked her what dinitra-diphenylphthalide-trismide-para-lencanaline

("Search me!") meant. She collapsed, turned black in the face and fell off the bench. The next day she straightway announced her intention of taking the Scientific course—so as to find out by experiment what it meant. Then, too, she was always fond of dead cats, H<sub>2</sub>O, etc. She has since become famous as a scientist.

IRMA SCOTT BEVANS, . . . . . Pocomoke City, Md.

P. L. S.

Down in Worcester county, in Pocomoke, was born, twenty years ago, Irma Scott Bevans. They must have good schools there, for Irma's knowledge was something stunning when she joined us in our Sophomore year. Irma soon showed the people in this university that she would not pander to the base rabble, the ignoble herd, by acting like they did at the table, so she has never broken one of her original rules of etiquette—even if she did lose her supper by not diving for the strap can. She has never had a strike—that is, she almost got one once, but he wouldn't compose as much poetry to her as she could wish for. Then, too, Irma has always been quite studious and strikes take up so much of one's time, so she quietly let him go; and his mind was far away on his one aspiration. Consequently, there was no blood shed on either side. She got honors at commencement that year. She began to learn how to "pick" the piano, and recently has undertaken to cultivate her voice, which, by the way, when she talks is low and gentle. She has never attained very much fame as a pianist, but it will be just too dear and cosy for her to sing and play her own accompaniments in the twilight of some days in the future.

FERNAND BONNOTTE, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

I. L. S.; Asst. Ed. Aloha, '03; Member Track Team, '02, '03; Member Orchestra; Lit. Ed. Monthly, '03; Pres. I. L. S., '03.

The first to head the roll of the noble sons of 1903 is Fernand Bonnotte, who hails from Westminster, although born in Baltimore. His parents are the modern language teachers, and, when they came to W.

M. C. in the Fall of '98, they brought their "little boy" with them and he is still the "kid" of the class. He is naturally bright, says he never opens a book to study, although we cannot vouch for the veracity of this statement, as he is a non-resident of the college. Only member of the class who smokes,—with that exception is very temperate. He has had one strike, and during his Freshmen year, there being a festival down town, he gave her supper,—but not until he had used his persuasive powers,—because she had eaten her supper at the college (??). He says he can play almost any instrument, but likes to play the f—l best. During his Senior year he took violin lessons and made rapid progress. "Frenchy" is a very good gymnasium athlete, as was shown in 1902, when he was a close rival to the winner of the medal for "the best all round athlete." One of the most important features of his college career has been his fondness for second-hand books. He always has more of them to sell than any other student; you may use a microscope but you can never find but one name, and of course it has never been doubted that they were the property of "Frenchy."

ROBERT RICHARD CARMAN, . . . . . Taylor, Md.

I. L. S.; Pres. Irving, '02; Irving Orator, '02; Editor-in-Chief, Monthly, '02; Asst. Ed. Aloha, '03; Treas. Ath. Asso., '01; Soph. Eloc. Medal; Class Pres.; Member of Choir, '01, '02, '03; Mgr. Foot Ball, '02; Member of Base Ball Team, '00, '01, '02, '03; Captain, '03; Alternate Orator Intercollegiate Contest, '02; Pres. Glee Club, '03; I. L. S., Anniversary, '02; College, W. M., '03; Intercollegiate Orator, '03.

He came among us in the Fall of '98 and joined the '03 Class in their Sub-Freshman year. When asked where he was from, he promptly replied, "Taylor, Md., and it's in Harford county, and we have a 'large' place there; we have one store, one blacksmith shop and one dwelling." We are glad to say that "Bob" has since learned that Taylor is *not quite* a city. He is a living example of the fact that, "we are not the creatures of environment." Although he came from the "City of Taylor," he has made

an enviable record at W. M. C. He was Irving's Winning Orator, which is a position sought by all ambitious students; was also Alternate Intercollegiate Orator when only a Junior. He is a hard student, but has a fashion of "honeying" the teachers to get better marks (??). He has had a number of strikes, but was never known to keep but "one" of them longer than six months; and only then because he was satisfied with "third place" in her estimation. He is very popular, as shown by the class electing him President. The Senior boys think they can spend no more pleasant evening than when listening to him play and sing his negro songs. He is also fond of playing (with) the Palms. He is in his glory when taking cross country runs, followed by farmers yelling, "stop, egg thief!" The greatest honor that the college can give, that of representing it at that Intercollegiate Contest, he also received.

JESSIE LEE COCHRAN, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

B. L. S.; Pres. B. L. S., '03; Local Editor of Monthly, '02; B. L. S. Contestant, '02;  
Member of Basket Ball Team, '03, Girls.

From that place, long famous for its good-looking girls, came Jessie Lee Cochran. Just a pretty little girl of fourteen, when she came from Baltimore. "Jess," after five years of strenuous living, has become a charming young belle. She entered the Senior class of the Prep. school,—that's the year she had so much fun, though apparently the amount has not decreased perceptibly since then, for she finds occasion for hilarity very readily. Jess exhibited a remarkable propensity to mimic anything and anybody, and on many an occasion when there was absolutely "nothing doing," she has very opportunely stepped up and played monkey for the crowd. She discovered in her Sophomore year that she had some voice for warbling, so she straightway began te-e-ro-o-o-o-ing on music hall in an agonizing way. Jess now trills beautifully and is indispensable in the college choir. Pitch generally sticks faster than tar, but Tarr has been proven to stick so fast that it (he) got st(r)uck off her list, and now Jess reads Addison for commendation on her acts. Jess joined the trio of Connoisseurs, and while as yet only an amateur and an adept at listening to Fishy and Idelolly discourse largely on various master pieces, she promised to become quite renowned. She was found to be a good player of basket ball, so was put front on basket ball team of

1903 girls and many a good old game has she played. She has also had the honor of being in both the Freshman and the Sophomore contests in elocution.

ELLWOOD ARTHUR DAVIS, . . . . . Wilmington, Del.

W. L. S.; Mgr. Basket Ball, '02, '03; Member Track Team, '01, '02, '03; Member Executive Board; '03; Webster Pres., '03.

"Dick" is the first of the two representatives among our list who come from the "Blue Hen State." It would take "Clio" herself to write this history, as he has been at W. M. C. since its foundation (???). Since his Freshman year, he has been true to one girl, thus showing one side of his nature; but was it done willingly? Methinks not, for listen to this command he received, "If you go down town to call on any young lady, you positively cannot go with me!" But after much persuasion she finally gave him permission to go down during his Senior year. For information on the subject, consult "Billy." "Dick" has always been one of the most earnest and faithful workers on the Track Team, never failing to obey the commands of his captain. He has done but little "hooking" of recitations, whether prepared or not. He deserves special mention for his club swinging, and easily surpasses any one else. He has made one of the most successful Basket Ball Managers ever at College. But "Dick" has threatened to leave us a number of times, in order to enter business, but surely he does not expect to be joined in the bonds of holy wedlock, soon after graduation???

EMMA WELTHEA DUNCAN, . . . . . Elizabeth, N. J.

P. S. L.; President P. S. L., 1902; Asst. Bus. Mgr. Aloha; Local Editor of Monthly, 1902; Member of Basket Ball Team of 1903 girls.

From Yankee land to W. M. C., came Emma Welthea Duncan. She has always lived in a select town about a half hour's ride from New York, consequently she has "the style" about her—especially the Wall Street pin toes; also the Yankee speech. She got the Freshman Class Medal, but was unfortunate enough

to lose it on a trip to Paris the following summer. She got honorable mention twice. "Emmah" being very tall was put centre on the Basket Ball Team and played well, too. She determined to spend all spare moments cultivating her voice and, lo! in a few months she had a position in the college choir and we expect to hear of her making her debut in Sarah Bernhart's company soon. She is quite an accomplished young lady, not only in the arts but in classics, Latin being her hobby, but by no means her only one. To bring herself in closer connection with French, she got a Frenchy "strike." One Christmas he sent her the devil (on a blotter); soon after that she gave him the same (in abstract form) and it seems now that "the course of true love never did run smooth." This don't affect Emma's slumbers though, for, she may be caught any evening snoozing; and if her room-mate didn't begin calling her by five o'clock next morning she would be properly Mrs. Rip Van Winkle. But at the warning of "Emma, you won't get anything to eat if you don't get up," she straightway proceeds to get up (6:59) and barely makes breakfast in time (7 o'clock).

JOHN BOWEN EDWARDS, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

W. L. S.; Ex-Ed. Monthly, '02; Asst. Ed. Aloha, '03; Pres. Chess Club, '03.

Although now a resident of Westminster, this distinguished son was born in West Virginia, and entered the class in its Sophomore year. It is a significant fact that the faculty of telling jokes is a rare gift. We mean, of course, not telling ordinary jokes in an ordinary way. "Jonathan" has such an original way that his class-mates never are able to see through what he calls jokes. He is very kind-hearted, and always has a helping hand, especially when he sees his class-mates drowning in a whirlpool of examination questions???. He has always been one of the heaviest contributors to the College Monthly, and is very fond of writing poetry. He is an artist of no little ability, as you can readily perceive when you see his drawings in the Aloha. He has remained strikeless during his sojourn among us and we know not why, unless we can find an explanation in the remark passed by his elocution teacher, "Mr. Edwards has so much expression, he is so much like a stone statue." He is the best chess player in

school. His history would be incomplete unless we told you that he is a heterogeneous conglomeration of an "Ass" and a "Genius."

DAVID ROGER ENGLAR, . . . . . Medford, Md.

I. L. S.; Pres. Irving, '03; Class Poet; Ed.-in-Chief Aloha, '03; Lit. Ed. Monthly, '01;  
Member Foot Ball Team, '02; Member Orchestra.

"Roger" came among us as the most innocent and inoffensive youth in the class; but like all other students soon learned to entertain his class-mates by telling them "Fairy Stories" (??), something he has never forgotten. Although his golden socks—I mean locks, have been the admiration of many a fair damsel, yet he shows a preference for the town students, and has been known to leave a tell-tale story in the manner in which the (chairs') arms were locked together. "Pap" deserves special mention for his ability as a poet, and one of great merit. As a proof of this, Dr. Lewis read one of his poems at the Chapel Exercise and commented freely on its beauty and elegant style, something never known before in the history of the College. Without much competition he has led his class all four years. He is the best read student in the class, and when he learns anything he never forgets it. The class, recognizing his ability, made him its poet; also Editor-in-Chief of the Aloha. He was on the Preliminary Intercollegiate Contest during his Senior year. He has been of the greatest benefit to the classicals, as he has served as a "pony" and has seldom "kicked."

HATTIE HAMILTON ENNIS, . . . . . Baltimore, Md,

P. L. S.; President of P. L. S., 1903; P. L. S. contestant, 1902; Asst. Ed. Aloha;  
Asst. Bus. Mgr. Monthly, 1902; Lit. Ed. Monthly, 1903; Member of  
Basket-ball team of 1903, girls.

Hattie Hamilton Ennis, after graduating from the Cambridge High School, thought that her superior mental abilities needed more cultivating than the little town of Cambridge could afford her, so we find

her at Western Maryland in September, 1899. They—the honorable faculty of W. M. C.—“sized her up” and unanimously decided that she was able to enter the Freshman Class—a step that neither the faculty nor the Class of 1903 has ever regretted. Since that time, Hattie has been thought by those that know her best to know more and use more big words, which, by the way, are of her own coinage, than anyone in the history of the college. And, may I add, you have to have a good imagination to know what she is talking about? She is a very intelligent girl, and hence is known to write the best essays—which is not saying much—that the present Senior Class has ever submitted. She is addicted to the habit of writing poetry, and is wonderfully inspired at times—liable to write poetry to the opposite sex at the most inopportune moments, and it matters not to whom. Music is her strong game. Paderewski would be rivalled were she known as well as he. We, however, appreciate her more than we would a Paderewski, for even *he* would not be so accommodating. She has known almost every piece of popular music that has been out for the last ten years, and even what she doesn't know, she always makes a successful (?) attempt at.

She is thought, by those who do not know her, to be unusually dignified. I say “unusually” because she belongs to the Class of 1903. For instance, a member of the Senior Class had the mistaken idea that he was well acquainted with the lady, and sprung upon her the name “Hat.” She immediately sat on him so hard that I think he has been calling her “Miss Ennis” ever since. She is perfect in the art of bluffing the teachers, and has succeeded in every case wonderfully well, Doc's included, except that of “What not;” and when she comes her big words on him, he says, “Now, Miss Ennis, you know this isn't a class in metaphysics,” evidently not knowing what she is talking about.

Now the last thing that I would mention is her hard-heartedness. She may have been crossed in love—we will not question that—but *now* she prides herself on the fact that she does not love one human being—(How unfortunate we are!)—she soars “above the vulgar flight of common souls.”

MABEL GOSHELLE GARRISON, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Philomathean Literary Society.

When Mabel G. Garrison came out from ye ancient towne of Baltimore five years ago, she was an

airy, sprightly little kid of thirteen summers, "diked out to kill." She has been "diked" ever since, and would make a live blush creep up into the wooden faces of the French models dressed for the exhibition pages of *Le Vogue* or the *Delineator*. Being so remarkably gotten up, and having such a winsome manner, she soon had a human avalanche of ardent gallants delicately pressing forward—if you can imagine an avalanche doing anything in a delicate manner—pleading for one wee little grace from her. She came to be spoken of as the most talented girl in school. Her relatives didn't want her health ruined by study, so she never undertook that, because she was afraid that she would do it. She received the medal in the Sophomore elocution contest, but music, both instrumental and vocal, is her specialty. She sings in the chapel choir and has always been able, at a moment's notice, to claw away worse'n "Rube" at the concert. To hear her sing, ah-h! one's soul, one's musical being, one's only being, is thrilled, touched to the quick by her bird-like notes; and I believe that if, like the wandering princess, she would go out into the lonely forest and sing, the sticks and stones and moss would all stand up and peer curiously forth. She draws and paints "like a major" and dances like a dream. She has had sent to her from all quarters of the globe notes containing assurances of the writers' undying affection for her, and accompanied by candy, flowers, original music dedicated to her, etc., etc. She has broken many rules, thereby incurring the wrath of every member of ye august body; but though frothing at the mouth are they, and as stern and inexorable as they could well be, they melt the moment she casts her orbs thereon. She has helped to win many games of basket-ball for the class team of 1903, playing games is her strong point. Health to her.

MARY KATHLEEN GOODING, . . . . . Chestertown, Md.

Philomathean Literary Society.

Once, four years ago, at the beginning of the school term, when the writer was "footing it" up College Hill, with a raised umbrella and two bundles in one hand and a wet hat-box in the other hand, she noticed ahead of her another peculiar specimen which turned out to be a dark-haired girl with flashing eyes, who was gesticulating wildly and who seemed to be imploring her companion to remain with her; but this could not be, and so when Mary Kathleen Gooding was let loose inside of the arch at the

entrance to the college grounds, she became furious at the idea that she was all alone in this paradise of forty thousand acres, then desperate, and she began whooping it up like a son of old Eli, but *frustra*. She was left here, and in a few days she calmed down. She soon became known as the most inconsistent piece of humanity in school, for while feigning a ludicrous—almost painful—state of ignorance, ill temper, what not, she was soon found out to be the wittiest girl, and to have a more universal knowledge than any other girl in the school. She has theories of her own and holds to them like grim death, even in defiance of public opinion, which she respects moderately (and that's all). She never had a "strike," the word is intolerable to her. She came here not to receive the graces of some attentive youth, but to get an education, and unconsciously to educate us; for what girl in school does not try to assimilate any easy flow of elegant English like hers or to be so well informed on such a large number of topics, ordinary and extraordinary. Some girls only withdraw their intention to hook meals on the expectation of hearing a good joke from her at the table, for her supply of wit, besides being delicate and pure, also well told, is inexhaustible.

MARY AGNES GORSUCH, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

B. L. S.

Mary Agnes Gorsuch, one of the admirable trio of town girls, entered school in the Prep. department. From time immemorial she has horsed furiously when she got a chance, and on quite a number of occasions when she didn't get a chance. She entertains a peculiar sort of aversion to lads who have the reputation of being lady killers, and, as a matter of fact, she really detests male society altogether (???)!! She showed symptoms of garrulousness early in her career and talks like a "blue streak" on any occasion. She took elocution to make herself more expressive; not with her eyes, however, they couldn't be improved upon. She uses them for all purposes, 'way from "goo-gooing" to showing a kindly soft light of sympathy for friends. She began to hold "at homes" for the benefit of the "Sophs," and, except on these occasions, she is never at home. Once, Mary's friend at that time—he of the auburn hair—spent the evening with her. The next morning when she came to school, a suspicious-looking auburn hair was found clinging lovingly to her dress—the one she had on the last evening.

She can count her victims—hers and Cupid's—by threes and fours. Long ago, Mary became noted for her neatness (??), tricks being her specialty.

HARVEY CLIFFORD HANCOCK, . . . . . Greenbackville, Va.

W. L. S.; Webster Pres., '03; Orator for Webster, '02; Bus. Mgr. Monthly, '02;  
Class Treasurer; Member Foot Ball Team, '02; Mgr. Base  
Ball, '03; Treas. Glee Club, '03.

Virginia, the mother of Presidents and other great personages, is also the home of "Cliff." From Green-Back-Ville he hails; we could never understand why he came from there; for surely he was not (very) "Green" when he joined the noble '03 Class in its Freshman year (???). "Cliff" was Webster's Orator in 1902, and was on the Preliminary Contest for Intercollegiate Contest, '02, '03. He has always made a good record in the class. On account of his business ability he was made Class Treasurer; also Business Manager of the Monthly. These offices he has performed with great credit. Did you ask how he received such good marks when he does not study? Listen! "He, he, I want my students to come out first."—Prof. Watts. He has had a number of strikes, but will not go with any girl unless he holds the "first place" in her heart. Yet, despite this fact, he does steal off and go "down town" and we "wonder" where he goes (???).

MARIAN HANDY, . . . . . Pocomoke City, Md.

P. L. S.

There would surely be room for another in the small apartment of the old woman who lived in a shoe, if that other were "midge" Handy. Having entered the school in her Sophomore year, Marian Handy soon proved herself to be much in little, and afforded a striking example of the supremacy of mind over matter; for she walked off with the Sophomore Class medal. Though she is the smallest girl in the

class, she is the biggest giggler, but being from "ye selecte towne of Pockymoke," she "stands in" with Ma and never gets squashed for laughing too loud at the table. "Midge" is very smart, though she is well known as an inveterate equestrienne; she is very studious and is kind enough to supply any member of the class—who has the face to ask it—with French and German exercises and Latin horses. She got high marks last year; also a strike who assumed the important rôle in her life, making that nag "gee-up" since he is a good "Whip(p)." Speaking generally, Marian's life here has been one continuous ray of sunshine—in keeping with her disposition. She emits radiance only to absorb it again and send it out new lines more resplendent than ever. To know her is to love her.

EVA PAULINE HERR, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

B. L. S.

Eva Herr is one of the only three town girls in our class. She began "way down" in the Prep. school, where she made such rapid progress that she was soon able to enter the Freshman Class with flying colors. "Ev" had been drilled well while in "The Domain of the Brutes," that is, she had learned to control in an admirable fashion the wildest broncho that ever came from the far west, or from Hinds and Noble. Once, when attempting to translate Latin, it (?) balked dreadfully, and when she should have said "food in the bill," it told her to say "foot of the hill." She got "squashed" for reading it wrong, and after that "Ev" never could avoid getting just a little excited; but maybe it was on account of her joy over the surety that she would "get through." She has always had plenty of warm, sincere friends. Like for like, "Ev" has never been known to betray the slightest confidence placed in her, and she has also been in for all the fun "doing." She found that she had a good contralto voice, also some talent for elocution, so she became a select. Having appeared on the stage and held her audience spellbound on several occasions, her success did not make her relax her speed in the pursuance of the end she had in view, and she still works. If woman's suffrage is never introduced so "Ev" can make a stump speech while electioneering, she will have the power, if she ever needs it, to recite any selection for a critical audience, or make a clear and forcible speech on any subject. One terrible weakness of hers must be mentioned, she is in mortal terror of a mouse or a centipede. Half of her study periods "Nettie" runs her with a dead

rat tied to a string, and to hear the frantic yells of "Ev" one would imagine that her aunt had died and failed to leave her all the money she expected.

JOHN SCOTT HURLEY, . . . . . Seaford, Del.

W. L. S.; Member Foot Ball Team, '00, '01, '02; Medal for Best All-around Athlete, '02; Member Track Team, '02, '03; Member Basket Ball Team, '02, '03; Vice-Pres. of Class; Asst. Ed. Aloha, '03; Ath. Asso. Historian; College W. M.; Member Orchestra, '00.

"Scott" is our second and last representative of that small strip of land east of Maryland called Delaware. He came to us in our Sophomore year, after graduating at the Seaford High School. He was small of stature, but by means of proper exercise he has so developed himself that he has a very fine physique. "Mr. Hurley has a fine figure and is a nice looking young man," said our teacher in oratory, and we are glad to say "Scott" did not get conceited (???). He always makes creditable marks in his studies, and especially in French (enfant?). In 1902, he secured the medal for the best indoor athlete, and in all probability will win it in 1903. One of the best runners at college, he has represented the college several times. He is one of three who are very fond of cross-country runs, and then being chased through town for "stealing hen-fruit" (???). He has been the "star right half-back" for two years, on the College Eleven. He takes great delight in going down to the "Hotel Westminster," when he desires a change from the college food, and always takes one of the boys with him (???).

WARD STONE IRELAND, . . . . . Pleasantville, N. J.

I. L. S.; Pres. Irving, '02; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Wilmington, '01; to W. Virginia, '02; to Northfield, '02; Y. M. C. A. Pres.; Bus. Mgr. Aloha, '03; Ed. Y. M. C. A. Hand Book; Y. M. C. A. Treas., '01.

"Pat," as he is called by the boys, a sturdy "son of the soil," came from that state which is said to be "off of the globe." After a short acquaintance, it was discovered that "Pat" was very strong, but unlike Sampson, his strength is in the farthest extremity from his hair. He has been the most active Y. M. C. A. man in the class, as is shown by the offices he has held in the Association. He has the faculty of seeing fun in things as no one else possibly could, and especially when he acts like the "Jersey mosquito," and is always sticking a pin in you. The class, realizing that he had good business ability, elected him Business Manager of the Aloha. He takes great pride in (dis)obeying the Faculty and has received the greatest number of demerits. He has remained strikeless—because—because it was rumored that he is married. "Pat" has been known to be very puerile at times, and, although a Senior, he was told that "if he did not behave himself he would be sent from the room."—"What Not." He has never paid any serious attention to his studies, and his room is the stable for all classical "ponies." His work in editing the Y. M. C. A. Hand Book was very commendable.

GEORGE MEDDERS, . . . . . Kennedyville, Md.

W. L. S.; Pres. Webster, '02, '03; Member Glee Club, '99, '03.

"Jawge" hails from Kennedyville, a small town in Kent County, southeast of Taylor and about one-half as large (? ?). "Jawge" has the distinction of being the oldest member of the class. He is one of the special elocution students, and is an artist of no mean ability. He is a veritable "walking encyclopedia." He can tell you when any girl changes her dress or style of hair, and in fact whenever the boys want to know anything about the girls they consult him. He was on the Preliminary Contest to decide the Inter-collegiate Orator in '02; "Jawge" is very fond of having his picture taken, and his best pose is in our Junior Class picture. "Jawge's" chief occupation during his five years at college has been that of taking baths (? ? ?). Never known to take but ONE bath during all this time. In his last attempt to get a strike, he proved successful when he undertook "Sheridan's Ride." He is the only modern language student among the boys; consequently he recites French with the girls, and is perfectly happy.

ETHEL MILLER, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

B. L. S.; President B. L. S., 1903; Asst. Ed. Aloha; Lit. Ed. Monthly, 1902; Local Ed. Monthly, 1901; Class Prophetess.

Ethel Miller came almost at the end of the first term of the Freshman year. "Mickie" is the brightest guy that ever lived—in her room. Anyhow she made up that lost time and came out with high marks. She found that she could play Basket Ball, and forthwith was elected to the high and honorable position of captain of the team of 1903 girls. Since that "Mick" has been playing like the "Old Scratch." She got scores of hits and one "strike." HE was the most notable Athlete in school; he didn't believe in doing things half way—the muscles of his hand and wrist should be trained proportionally to his body—so for this *summum bonum* and the elevation of his soul, he began writing letters of seventy-five pages. And she—well, basket ball couldn't train her hands like—oh well! and so! But college strikes have always exhibited a frailty; thus, with this one "It's all over now," and Mick has been getting K. O. B.s from somebody else for the last year. She has been known to smother under six eiderdown comforters one whole hour, feigning sleep, rather than get up to open the door for a visitor. She is Jess's rival in the mimic business, crowing being her specialty. At the table, the most merciless wretch about responding to Kathleen's witty toasts, jokes, etc., is Micky, who always "gets off" a better one or sees in the foregone remark point enough to howl softly (?) Mick has always had great powers in the direction of the eye—starting point, I mean, and we predict powerful conquests for her in the future.

WINFRED POULSON ROBERTS, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

I. L. S.; Pres. Irving, '02; Class Secretary; Asst. Bus. Mgr. Aloha, '03; Member Foot Ball Team, '98, '99, '00, '01, '02; Captain, '02; Member Base Ball Team, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03; Member Basket Ball Team, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03; Captain, '02; Member Track Team, '99, '00, '01, '02, '03; Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A.; Sec. Ath. Asso., '02; Ath. Asso. League Repr.; College W. M.

There came to us in our sub-Freshman year from the "Monumental City" of Maryland, "Robbie." Before he came among us he spent some time at the Polytechnic Institute, where, according to his own account, his grade in his studies was remarkable, but it suddenly changed when he came to W. M. C., for here he has delighted in taking special exams. He has a fine art gallery in his room, but most of them are pictures of his friend, "Robbie." He has made a record on the "Gridiron," "Diamond," and in other forms of athletics, of which we feel safe in saying that it has not been surpassed during the existence of the College. He has played a star "game" on the Foot Ball Team, both at Tackle and Guard. Robbie has received a number of fine offers from larger colleges to play with them, but he has remained true to the College we all love so much. He was never known to do any studying, and is the "biggest bluffer" in the class; also one of the "laziest." Yet "we" or "I" always do the work. "Strikes," "strikes," "strikes," they are too numerous to mention; and how many times he entertains me, his room-mate, telling of the hearts he has broken (???). The class, knowing that he had a good business head, elected him Asst. Bus. Mgr. of the Aloha. He has always been a person of authority. He says to this one "go" and he goeth; and to this one "come" and he cometh.

ANNA MARIE SENSENEY, . . . . . Union Bridge, Md.  
 P. L. S.; Asst. Ed. of Aloha, 1903; Pres. Y. W. C. T. U., 1903; Pres. Y. W. C. A.,  
 1903; Asst. Bus. Mgr. Monthly, 1903.

In the hills of Carroll county, in the little town of Union Bridge, was born Anna Marie Senseney. She was sent to New Windsor College, near her home, for a while, but desiring more advantages for the cultivation of her mental powers, she entered the Freshman Class of Western Maryland, four years ago. She studied music and can play like Paderewski. A member of the Faculty got "smitten" on "Maggie," and lo! he requested her one day after class to look behind the hall door after dinner. She curiously peeped into that obscure corner, and there the love-lorn hero had placed a bunch of the most exquisite violets. It is said that his unrequited affection soon produced such intolerable agony that he resigned his position and left the college forever. Once somebody told her and her room-mate that they were the two best looking girls in school. That night the teacher-in-charge heard a low muffled sound and a smothered

scream from the recesses of "Maggie's" room. Hastening there, breathless with terror, she beheld this worthy lady making for her room-mate with the axe, while the victim crouched pitifully in an attitude of supplication in one corner of the room, assuring Maggie again and again that indeed she was not her rival. Maggie is the living image of Princess Potocka—(poor lady!).

She attained the high position of President of the Y. W. C. T. U. and of the Y. W. C. A. Thus, being of a deeply religious disposition, she recently created in her room a shrine at which, strange to say, three deities clamor for recognition and adoration, *i. e.*, the two whose pictures adorn the hallowed spot, and —(the genius). When visitors enter the room, they become strangely conscious of the devotional something permeating the atmosphere, and seeing "Maggie" prostrate and with uplifted hands before the shrine, they, humanlike, become prostrate, too, even if only to worship the little blind god. Marie is a bright girl and has been mentioned honorably at Commencement. She says that she is going to study art and music after she leaves school, but we doubt it. (What?) Oh, you know, "something's doing."

EDWARD EUGENE TARR, . . . . . Marion, Md.

I. L. S.; Pres. Irving, '02, '03; Irving's Orator, '01, '02; Freshman Elocution Medal;  
Class Historian; Y. M. C. A. Historian, '03; Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Wash-  
ington, '00; Asst. Ed. Aloha, '03; Member Foot Ball Team, '99,  
'00, '01, '02; Member Track Team, '00, '01, '02, '03; Cap-  
tain, '03; Member Basket Ball Team, '01, '02, '03;  
Member Base Ball Team, '00; Vice-Pres.  
Ath. Asso., '02; Pres. Ath. Asso.,  
'03; College W. M.

"All aboard!" cried the captain, and at this command "Eddie," with umbrella in hand and cane and satchel over his shoulder, arose as a mist from the "marshes" of Somerset, his native county, and boarded the boat for the Western Maryland College. Eddie is the class historian, and since it does not seem appropriate for the historian to write his own history, it becomes my pleasant duty to pen only a short history of this 1903 representative. Since his union with the class in its Freshman year, he has

made a record which is indeed quite worthy of praise. He seems gifted in almost every department of college life, and enters all of his duties with a spirit of push. His elocutionary and oratorical talents gave evidence themselves when he won the Freshman Elocution Medal, and for two successive years was one of the Irving Literary Society's oratorical contestants, in 1902 proving himself a winning orator. He has been interested in almost all branches of athletics, but has made foot ball and running his specialties. His running qualities you can well judge of when I tell you that he ran from a Carroll county farmer's barn to the college, a distance of two miles, in about 8:40 flat, with a half dozen eggs in his pocket (???). Eddie is also inclined towards the fair sex. His lady friend gave him a cushion for X-mas; then they had a break off. The cushion meant "Go way back and sit down." He is still down, too. This was only the fourth girl in four years (???). Good record, don't you think? This short history, with the above honors, will give my readers a good idea of our historian; and I will close my history by mentioning his fondness for big words and telling you that when he desires he can expatiate very scientifically upon subjects pertaining to the apperception of the irrational self when his mind is not concomitant with the instability and complexity of his nervous system, and when he is not conscious of his primitive awareness.

IDELLA WITHERS TREDWAY, . . . . . Cambridge, Md.

P. L. S.; President of P. L. S., 1903.

Idella Withers Tredway showed her smiling face to the Senior Preps. five years ago. Had a strike that selfsame year, but it was a strik-ing example of the frailty of at least prep. strikes; for she soon gave him the G. B. and soon after met her true, adorable and only. They began to smile and have been smiling at a 2:40 rate ever since. Rumor says—but, oh, well! that is only one of Virgil's characters, and Idella—called Idelolly by the girls—is not interested in classics so much as in science. She discovered she could sing, and has been showing it ever since, most frequently in the college choir on Sunday evenings. She is very talkative and very "laughative," and when she was initiated into the J. G. C. she cried for joy to think that the ordeal was over. Having aspirations to a certain universe, she soon became leader of the Trio of Connoisseurs, where poor unsuspecting wretches and their innocent actions constitute the grand high art to go under inspection. This same admirable trio are adepts in the art of gathering and

disbursing news. Idelolly does this out of her cheerful disposition. She has always been lovable and loving and still is.

ETHEL KENOLEY TROUT, . . . . . Elizabeth, N. J.

P. L. S.; Asst. Ed. Aloha.

From ye ancient city of Elizabeth came Ethel Kenoley Trout. Both she and Emma had taken a thorough course in the high school of that city, and so knew a few things before entering the lists in the Freshman year. Ethel Trout exhibited old-maidish propensities when she first came to Western Maryland; she scorned (?) boys, remembering the precepts of ye august lady. But what an evolution! One day she put up a neat little ruse which seems to have gone off beautifully. Eyeing a good little chap across the dining-room, she "wunk" her eye at the floor, then pretended to see a mouse thereon and cried out, "Great Scott!" In a moment the good guy was at her side, and from that moment to this he gallantly proffers his assistance and protection on any occasion when it is needed. Her classmates "dubbed" her "Fishy," and she gets along in her lessons swimmingly, having gotten honorable mention every year of her stay here. She and her roommate "Emmah" both study hard, and being bright, get honors; but put precious little time on their lessons, Fishy preferring to spend her time remarking upon events, people, etc., to a room of devoted listeners, each of whom, by the way, is busy at the same time advancing her own theories on the same subjects. Another part of her routine is to begin to wake Emma up at five o'clock. This being a hard task, she deserves great credit; Ethel always fulfils faithfully all duties imposed upon her.

ALMA ANNA WATHEN, . . . . . Loveville, Md.

P. L. S.

Born in the heart of Southern Maryland, Alma Wathen speaks a gibberish peculiar to that section. She matriculated at W. M. C. four years ago as Freshman. Alma is exceptionally bright—catches on to

everything in German class—including Nettie's hair. Soon after Alma came it was plain to see that "still waters run deep;" for, though apparently quiet, Alma has the very spirit of deviltry in her, and is up to her neck in all mischief that happens. One of the only two Catholics at Western Maryland, she swears that the rest of us are heathen, and don't even attempt to proselyte us, so far are we in Satan's grasp. Alma could have gotten honorable mention at commencement a few times—by the skin of her teeth—but she preferred not to pay the dentist's bill, and so thinks of it now as a "might have been." Her intellect is at such a high state that she even works dumb animals, inanimate objects (horses, cribs, etc.) on Deutsch and Latin. One thing which far outshines all Alma's attainments since she has been at W. M. C. must be mentioned, and that is, she acted with common sense (?) when she was initiated into the J. G. C. Not inconsistent with that said in lighter vein, may it be added that Alma's conception of friendship is not mere theory, and she has always paddled her own canoe.

NETTIE ALICE WHITMORE, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

B. L. S.; Pres. B. L. S., 1903; Asst. Ed. Aloha, 1903; Local Ed. Monthly, 1902;  
B. L. S. Contestant, 1902.

Nettie Whitmore left the public school of Westminster to come to Western Maryland. She entered the Sub-Fresh class, which she led that year. It is said by the would-be savants of the school that she deserved a medal for leading the Freshman class, but that she never received it. Whether or not this is true, all acknowledge that she is perfectly capable of winning any medal for wisdom. In the Sophomore year, life became too strenuous for her, and the methods of winning a medal too stringent, so she "bumped against" honorable mention as her sole honor until she was presented with the medal for leading the Junior Class. She has now grown to be a tall, lovely woman of the Gibson style. Though never relinquishing any of her dignity, she is up to all kinds of fun and may be seen any day attempting to scalp Alma. Those town girls used to flirt outrageously, they say, with one of the Profs. in the Prep. school; and, verily, they have never quite gotten over the mania for storming citadels, tho' Nettie does it quite unconsciously. For she prefers, rather than to be the beautiful, fascinating goddess conducting the siege, an inexorable vestal virgin with a heart invulnerable and intact. At the present the genius of the

school is hopelessly (?) in love with her—the other genius, and one is inclined to predict for her a marvelous future.

## . . Afterword . .



THE history of the 1903 Class is finished. We say these words, not with a sigh of relief escaping from our lips; because it has not been a laborious task, but has been a real pleasure for the historian to record a few striking incidents in the history of the individual members of the Class. Yet a feeling of sadness comes over us when we recall the melancholy fact that this is the *last* history we shall write of the 1903 Class. Our four years at college have been the halcyon days of our life. Even as the calm, quiet and peaceful river flows on without any retarding of its progress, except an occasional pebble thrown into it, so our history has been one pleasant continuous journey toward the goal, with only a few hindrances which have been easily overcome. When we remember the many pleasant social events; our record in all the departments of learning; our soul-stirring Christian relations; our record in the athletic world, a feeling of longing comes over us that we might repeat our college life. But let us remember that we have taken advantage of the opportunities offered here; that we have reached the end for which we have long been striving. Now the time for the final greeting, the last farewell, has come. No more will we spend the happy hours together. Each must enter upon his sphere of future activity. But associations have been formed, friendships made, that time can never blot out. There shall always be fond recollections of W. M. C. and 1903. The future with its great possibilities is before us. We will obey the call of duty, and even as we have made an enviable record here, so we can predict for each a successful future.

# 1903 CLASS HYMN.

## Maroon and Gold.

Prof. Leon Sampaix.

1. that comes from a - far,

*Maestoso.*

1. Like a sweet strain of mu - sic that comes from a - far, Like the mur - mur - ing voice  
 2. As a tal - is - man true, we shall cher - ish at last All the mag - i - cal charm  
 3. Like a zeph - yr that steals from the days that are gone, It shall bring them once more  
 4. Tho' our class may be scat - tered to gath - er no more, — Come the years full of joy

the mur - - mur - ing voice

of..... the

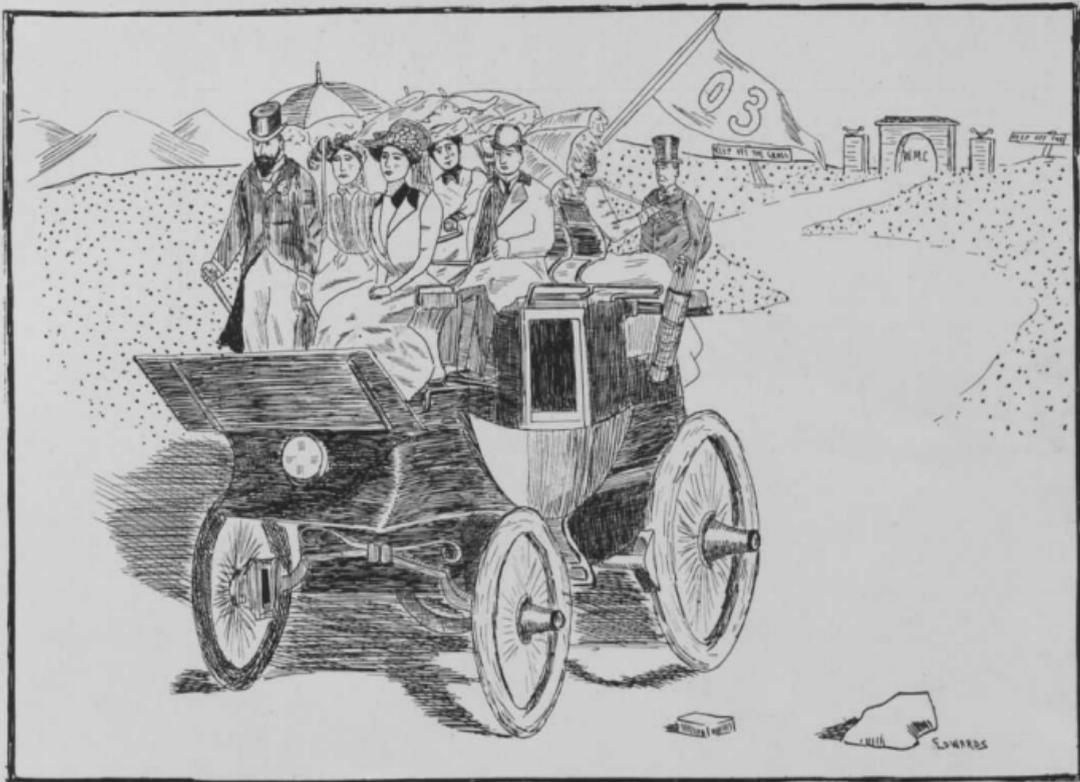
of the sea; Like the per - fume that lin - gers where vi - o - lets are, Comes the thought, comes  
 of thy name; It shall bring back the hal - cy - on days of the past, And pre - serve, and  
 to our eyes; And as fresh as the glit - ter - ing dews of the dawn, The sweet dreams, the  
 or of pain; We shall turn, when the day with its troub - les is o'er, To the thought, to

Al - ma Ma - ter of thee.

the thought, Al - ma Ma - ter, of thee, Comes the thought, comes the thought, Al - ma Ma - ter of thee.  
 pre - serve them for - ev - er the same, And pre - serve, and pre - serve them for - ev - er the same.  
 sweet dreams of our youth shall a - rise, The sweet dreams, the sweet dreams of our youth shall a - rise.  
 the thought of our friend ships a - gain, To the thought, to the thought of our friend ships a - gain.

Al - ma Ma - ter of thee.

D. Roger Englar.



	Literary Society.	Nick-name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Size of Shoe.	Color of Hair.	Color of Eyes.	Denomination.	Politics.	Favorite Book.
BONNOTTE.	Irving.	Frenchy.	19	5.8	137	5½	Brown.	Blue.	Rom. Cath.	Dem.	Blank book.
CARMAN.	Irving.	Bob.	20	5.8½	147	5½	Black.	Brown.	M. E.	Dem.	Dime novel.
DAVIS.	Webster.	Dick.	21	5.8	133	5½	Black.	Brown.	Episcopalian.	Rep.	Pocket book.
EDWARDS.	Webster.	Jonathan.	19	5.11½	167	7	Black.	Green.	M. E.	Rep.	Nursery rhymes.
ENGLAR.	Irving.	Pap.	19	5.8	141	7	Auburn.	Brown.	? ? ?	Rep.	Mileage book.
HANCOCK	Webster.	Cliff.	20	5.9	140	5½	Brown.	Blue.	M. P.	Dem.	The Miller's Daughter.
HURLEY.	Webster.	Peter.	19	5.11	170	5½	Light brown.	Blue.	M. P.	Dem.	Complete Angler.
IRELAND.	Irving.	'Possum.	19	5.9	165	7	Brown.	Blue	M. P.	Rep.	Literal Translations.
MEDDERS.	Webster.	Sister.	24	5.10½	138	6	Light brown.	Binish-green.	Episcopalian	Rep.	The College Girl at Work and at Play.
ROBERTS	Irving.	Robbie.	21	6.0	205	7½	Black.	Black.	M. P.	Pro.	Spalding's Foot Ball Guide.
TARR	Irving	Eddie.	23	5.8½	145	5½	Brown	Brown.	M. P.	Dem.	Webster's Unabridged.

Favorite Flower.	Favorite Song.	Favorite Expression.	Favorite Pastime.	Favorite Study.	Course of Study.	Ancestry.	Vocation.	Characteristic.	Dying Words.
Pillsbury.	Yankee Doodle.	By Chimney Christmas.	Smoking.	French.	Historical.	Laughing hyena.	Jail-bird.	Loafing.	Half a loaf beats not loafing at all.
" Marie " gold.	Sweet Marie.	Unprintable.	Kidding Robbie.	Economics.	Historical.	Mocking bird.	Politician.	Bass voice.	Pass me the strap.
" May " flower.	Just One Girl.	Let's see.	Writing love letters.	Physics.	Scientific.	Octopus.	Jeweler.	Æsthetic nature.	50% discount.
" Daffy " -dil.	Johnny Get Your Hair Cut.	F-o-o-l.	Punning.	Classics.	Classical.	Jack-ass.	Trying to fall in love.	Originality.	I thank thee that I am not as other men.
Lady slipper.	Those he sings himself.	Judas priest	Reading poetry.	Classics.	Classical.	Horse.	Polygamist.	Red hair.	O, read it out of the horse.
Daisy.	My Marguerite.	Migrate.	Going do wn town.	Physics.	Scientific.	Amceba.	Mormon.	Respect for himself.	Who's out?
" Two " -lips.	My Jersey Lily.	What the Blue.	Going after medicine.	Biology.	Scientific.	Bull.	Fisherman.	Physical perfection.	Swear not at all.
Corn flour.	Watchman Tell Us of the Night.	You guinea.	Going to the Seminary.	Music.	Classical.	'Possum.	Bar-tender.	Beauty.	Better late than never.
Cauliflower.	Sallie in the Garden.	I'll be jigged.	Taking a bath? ?	Elocution.	Historical.	Lizard.	Actress.	Histrionic powers	Cleanliness is next to godliness.
Sunflower.	After the " Ball."	Confound it.	Bluffing.	Athletics.	Historical.	Hippopotamus.	Proprietor of gas works.	Big head.	Get me a pitcher of water.
" Jessy " -mine.	When the Harvest Days are Over.	Hope to die.	Using big words.	Megatogology.	Classical.	Flea.	Sky-pilot.	His " much talking."	My kingdom for a horse.

	Literary Society.	Nick-name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.	Size of Shoe.	Color of Hair.	Color of Eyes.	Denomination.	Politics.	Favorite Book.
F. M. AYRES.	Philo.	Miss Hairs.	19	5.6	127	4	Mode.	Blue.	M. P.	Dem.	Mother Goose Stories.
I. S. BEVANS.	Philo.	Army.	20	5.3	100	3	Brown.	Gray.	M. P.	Pro.	Crisis.
J. L. COCHRAN.	Browning.	Jess.	20	5.5	115	4½	Brown.	Brown.	M. P.	Dem.	Anything just so it is Ed-ifying.
E. W. DUNCAN.	Philo.	Emma.	18	5.8½	118	5½	Black.	Brown.	Presbyterian.	Rep.	It's up to you.
H. H. ENNIS.	Philo.	Hat.	19	5.8	149	6	Golden.	Blue.	Episcopalian.	Dem.	Zanani.
M. G. GARRISON.	Philo.	Kid.	18	5.2	109	4	Chestnut.	Blue.	M. P.	Rep.	Grimm's Fairy Tales.
M. K. GOODING.	Philo.	Goo-goo.	20	5.7	130	4	Black.	Brown.	Episcopalian.	Dem.	Honorable Peter Sterling.
M. A. GORSUCH.	Browning.	Mag.	18	5.6	110	3½	Streaked.	Brown.	M. E.	Rep.	Book of Psalms.
M. HANDY.	Philo.	Midget.	20	5.2	90	2½	Brown.	Brown.	Baptist.	Pro.	When Knighthood was in Flower.
E. P. HERR.	Browning.	Ev.	18	5.3	99	3½	Black.	Blue.	M. P.	Rep.	Diamond Dick.
E. MILLER.	Browning.	Mick.	20	5.6	126	4	Brown.	Brown.	M. E.	Dem.	Sorrows of Satan.
A. M. SENSENEY.	Philo.	Maggie.	19	5.8	140	4½	Brown.	Brown.	M. P.	Rep.	An Old Sweet-heart of Mine.
I. W. TREDWAY.	Philo.	Billy.	20	5.6	112	4½	Light brown.	Gray.	M. P.	Rep.	Bird's Christmas Carol.
E. K. TROUT.	Philo.	Fishy.	20	5.5	110	3½	Mixed.	Blue.	M. P.	Rep.	Scott's novels.
A. A. WATHEN.	Philo.	AL.	20	5.6	126	5	Brown.	Hazel	Roman Catholic.	Dem.	Love Letters of an Old Maid.
N. A. WHITMORE.	Browning.	Net.	19	5.8	126	4½	Chestnut.	Green.	Reform.	Rep.	The book to find.

Favorite Flower.	Favorite Song.	Favorite Expression.	Favorite Pastime.	Favorite Study.	Course of Study.	Ancestry.	Vocation.	Characteristics.
Violet.	When Johnny Comes Marching Home.	Poor me.	Dreaming.	Logic	Scientific.	Hare.	Preceptress.	Unselfishness.
Carnation.	Parlor sofa politics.	Gee whiz.	Curling her hair,	Latin.	Classical.	Mouse.	Enjoying life.	Politeness.
White rose.	Mr. Johnson Turn Me Loose.	Now, wait a minute.	Building pyramids.	History.	Historical.	Monkey.	Loading.	Despondency.
Rose.	The Song That Reached My Heart.	Poky.	Sleeping.	French.	Classical.	Donkey.	Trained nurse. ???	Stubbornness.
Violet.	Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.	O, dear.	Bluffing.	English.	Historical.	Kangaroo.	Teaching.	Dignity?
Lily of the valley.	O, Promise Me.	Jiminy craminny.	Reading over love letters.	Hasn't any.	Classical.	'Possum.	Vocalist.	Fickleness.
Poppy.	Madrienne.	Oakee.	Telling jokes.	Political science.	Historical.	Parrot.	Nurse.	Not developed.
What not.	O, Mr. Dooley.	By gum.	Studying (?)	All?	Classical.	Rel.	Traveling.	Neatness?
Sunflower.	I Can't Tell Why I Love You.	The dickens.	Gossiping.	Latin.	Classical.	Partridge.	Teaching brats.	Cheerfulness.
Norwegian pine.	I Would Not Live Always.	Great balls of fire.	Riding.	What not.	Classical.	Fish worm.	Red Cross nurse.	Seclusiveness.
Forget-me-not.	Forgotten.	Jiminy craminny.	Flirting.	History.	Historical.	Chicken.	Hasn't any.	Laziness.
Violet.	'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia.	Lackey day.	Building air castles.	History.	Historical.	Grasshopper.	Belle of Union Bridge.	Frankness.
Violet.	Poor Little Dickie Bird.	The Dick-ens.	Writing letters.	Botany.	Scientific.	Magpie.	Keeping house.	Talkativeness.
All of them.	Because.	Great Scott.	Eating.	Psychology.	Classical.	Fish.	Private secretary.	Inquisitiveness.
Red rose.	I Love Nobody; Nobody Loves Me.	Hang it.	Making faces.	Astronomy.	Classical.	Mule.	Watering flowers.	Indifference.
Rubber plant.	On a Moonlight Night.	Oh, dear. ??	Pulling hair.	Moral philosophy.	Historical.	Giraffe.	Lutheran deaconess.	Independence.

## . . 1903 Class Yells . .

### Class Yell.

Chink ta, boom ta, chink ta, boom ta,  
Sis boom bi,  
Western Maryland! Western Maryland!  
1903!  
*ελαίνωμεν εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν*  
*καλοκάγαθ' ἔσμεν*  
Rip, rah, re,  
Class number three of the century!  
Chink ta ta, boom ta, boom ta ta, bi,  
Hip, hurrah for 1903!

### Modern Language Yell.

Voici, voici, les grands Seniors,  
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!

### Classical Yell.

Numquam re adversa quassi  
Pars est optima ex classi  
Latin, Greek, ein wenig Dutch,  
Anglo-Saxon not so mnch,  
Semper victor, who are we!  
*Ἐσμεν ἀριστοι*  
*πολυ μεγαστοι*  
Classical! Cla-sical!  
1903!

### Historical Yell.

Ge he, ge ha ha ho,  
Sumus undecim in uno,  
"Optimi, Maximi," is our aim,  
History! History! "Je vous aime."  
Tacitus, Caesar, Napoleon, too.  
Herodotus, Gibbon, who wah who!  
Um yah, um yah, um yah ye,  
Till the time when we shall be  
"Helle Lichte der Geschiste,"  
Boom biddy, boom ba, doo do dishte.  
"Hic, haec, hoc" hoo  
"l'état c'est nous."  
Rah hoo, dah hoo,  
Hip zoo, rah zoo,  
Hip tiddy a koo,  
Aughty-three (03) achu,  
Historical, rah!!

### Scientific Yell.

Nobis scientia summa bonnorum.  
Dis sapientium, terror mororum.  
Oxygen, Hydrogen, Dalton's law,  
Sodium, Potassium, Rah, Rah, Rah!  
*Καλοκαγαθία*—virtues' worth,  
Prove us the Na Cl of earth.  
Who are invincible? We, we, we!  
Scientific, Scientific,  
1903!



O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see others as they see themselves;  
It wad frae mony sorrows free us,  
An gie us a fine conceit o' everybody.

**I**T may not be poetical because it is not true, but if it really were so I'd be glad and so would you. Since, as it is, I find it very difficult to say what marks a wise man must possess or what a plain fool may I think that I must be content and, reader, so must you, with telling sometimes what you'll like and sometimes what is true. I've been extremely careful to verify and make these sketches very accurate and true, yet can I break away from all that's proper and be so very free as not to let the paragraph and character agree. Oh, no! I rather think I'll not—it really wouldn't do, for if the character be false how can the sketch be true? So as the case at the present stands I guess it's up to me to play the faithful sexton to each one's pet vanity; or, if they have, as I suppose they have, a score or so, I'll bury

out of sight the worst and let the others go. But, friend, if you should see yourself, as herein, with surprise, methinks you have great cause to bless your stars—and also skies—that you don't have to contemplate your characters as we must, per our strict agreement, nor see things as we see, and if you find your follies passed over, think how kind we are and bless our memory for shamming we are blind.



FERNAND BONNOTTE, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

"His head is immense  
And he might talk sense,  
Perhaps, if we could but make him."—Anon.

This illustrious individual is a versatile genius of the Gallic genus. But, so well does he conceal his varied talents, the world will never know his true greatness. In this respect he has the advantage of the world, for he is by no means blind to his own virtues. There is more gall in his composition than Rome ever conquered. His virtues—pardon our poor memory; his vices—ahem! He has a habit of punning which becomes him ill and is very wearing. We think to ignite puns is a crime that should be punished severely; it could be tolerated, however, were the insane cackle left out; but our hero never omits the cackle. As a rule, he acts and seems a more unmitigated zany than he really is—at least we hope so. He should be of great interest and assistance to all who support the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, for by his personality, if not his arguments, he would support their theory; since his spirit formerly occupied a nondescript specimen, which is now in the museum, properly stuffed and mounted, with a card lying near, inscribed "Laughing Jackass."

Since then he has changed and laughs less frequently. But we do not try to conceal a self-evident truth—he is a bird.

ROBERT RICHARD CARMAN, . . . . . Taylor, Md.

"To be wise, and love,  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above."—*Troilus and Cressida*.

This brilliant but slightly eccentric genius is a very accomplished vocalist. And you know what that means. His voice is of the rain-barrel variety, and if it be taken as the standard of measurement, his character is very deep; but character is not to be measured by sound alone. Also, he is an athlete of no mean ability, for we have seen him pick up his feet with great agility when the occasion demanded. His fondness for eggs and rural excursions is well known to the farmers, who love to welcome him warmly to their ancestral estates. Some of the cotton-tails, for which he goes out hunting in the fall, make hare-breadth escapes; for the melancholy truth is that, notwithstanding his good intentions, he aims far better than he knows, and thus is merciful to the "poor little beastie," who runs away frightened by the noise, and is devoured by other vermin. But the most wonderful thing about our hero is his voice. It would make his fortune off the misty and dangerous coast of Newfoundland. He is also quite a student of French and can recite "Celui at the bat" with all the appropriate mouthings and gestures. He runs the Champion Bluffer a close second, as he is "some pumpkins" in that way himself.





DAVID ROGER ENGLAR, . . . . . Medford, Md.

"Out o' the moon I do assure thee."—*The Tempest.*



Allow me, kind reader, to introduce to you another genius, and one who is not ignorant of the fact. Thrice blessed he, a slave delighting to serve the Muses! Verily, he hideth not his light under a bushel; we believe he ordinarily wears a hat which at times he uses as a megaphone. He delights to commune with the stars and frequently attends the theatre. Properly to treat any character, its attributes must be divided into two classes—virtuous and vicious, or virtues and vices. Now, according to his own definition, his personal equation is something like this: "Virtues =  $x$ , vices =  $o$ ." He is also a faddist and has been afflicted with all the new ailments—Golfalgia, Pingpongia, etc. In addition to his fads he has developed a philosophy of his own which is "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is quite a curiosity, partly in

itself and partly on account of its author. It explains everything by saying nothing can be explained; and our hero proves his superior wisdom by understanding it, which is more than anyone else can do. As a true philosopher and reincarnation of Herr Teufelsdröckh, clothing is an object which rouses in his mind an interest; and, according to the latest reports, he is making a special study of calico.

HARVEY CLIFFORD HANCOCK, . . . . . Greenbackville, Va.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."—*Deserted Village.*

Lo! genius number six, one who recalls that ancient saw: "A lion is a terrible thing among ladies." But this lion is, in the main, very meek. This modesty is ostentatious. The verdict is, he is the most conceited person on the hill. He prides himself on his smile and his variegated stock—but never mind about that. He combs his hair in the middle to keep his mental balance. During his junior year, each night beheld him walk the length of Westminster. But these nightly promenades stopped suddenly. Was a decree issued? Did the hill rebuke him? I wonder why? He is a feeble imitation of Baron Münchhausen; he poses as an idle student and avows he never studies, in order that his classmates may reach a due appreciation of his phenomenal genius. But rumor says his room contains a lamp. And though rumor sometimes lies, it often tells the truth. Our hero's manners on Parlor Nights are superb; yet with every quiver of his eyelids, every tremor of his smooth cheek, he seems to say to that little world of fair women: "I pray thee, do not fall in love with me." Since Cliff has visited the vicinity of Boston, he has given much time to the cultivation of the drawl and the accent; but he still prefers to understand Emerson's Essays by proxy.





JOHN SCOTT HURLEY, . . . . . Seaford, Del.

"Why, what an ass am I!  
That I  
Must fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
A scullion!"—*Hamlet*.

This, dear patient reader, is genius number seven. Nature, in her infinite wisdom, creates no two things alike; and as to our hero, there are none like him—none. Hailing from ye plausante lande of Delaware, he boasts the fact. He has considerably quit making unseemly noises on the cornet since it is broken, and he has the guitar now. When the in-

spiration seizes him he will play so sweetly that all the south-side windows, entranced by the music, come down with a crash to the sill. He thinks he is a humorous chap, and he is. Sometimes we feel pity. He delights most to swap jokes with his teachers. In fact, he is himself but he cannot help it. He has a strong jaw, and sometimes when excited he "chaws" the lightning with his asbestos teeth. But at other times, in moments of self-forgetfulness—which are rare—he has behaved in quite a sensible way.

WARD STONE IRELAND, . . . . . Pleasantville, N. J.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
And don't forget my little loaf and little brown 'stein' of beer."—*May Queen*.

Oh, the trouble it is to introduce and to be introduced! But we know full well, dear reader, that you are just dying with impatience to meet this sweet youth, and so we would acquaint you with genius number eight. This brazen-cheeked, opossum-like, gutta-percha divinity came all the way from New Jersey. Not long did he remain unknown to fame, but at once established an intimacy with Hinds & Noble, who say that he is the best of his kind, and marvel that he is not from Kentucky. He can add two to two and have five as a result, with somebody else out one. Another oddity of his character is his liability to hook lunch. Strange, is it not, that he is never arrested for stealing. His vocation is making covers, covers for desks, bureaus and every imaginable article of furniture, which he works at some thirty hours a week. The world, in its estimate of a divinity student, expects a divine nature in the student. The truth does not always justify the belief. Any acquaintance with our hero would shatter it. His saintliness is more like a fox chase; and, in fact, there is a great halo about them both. In the fields of classical literature our hero is at home; firm on all four feet, he rejoices in stable equilibrium. Yet he ever reaches the recitation room last, and for this has earned the sobriquet of "cow's tail." Here endeth the reading of the lesson.



GEORGE MEDDERS, . . . . . Kennedyville, Md.

"I have no other but a woman's reason."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Lo! Genius number nine. Our hero has little idiosyncrasies peculiarly his own; as, for instance, he bathes in a basin or soup-plate. He is very æsthetic and then he "elocutes." As a true artist, his ambition is to draw. He played the part of Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream* at a society anniversary, and in the scene with Titania acted so naturally that the audience confused the real and the ideal. We do not know as to the use of powder, but "Sister" paints. The results have all the weird and sombre splendor that can be attained through the medium of rose madder and gamboge, and remind us distinctly of turpentine and the immortal D'Auber of the academy. Like others of his kind, he has his little vanities, but they sit so lightly on him that you are only amused, never disgusted. Georgie is the most unaffectedly affected youth we know. Already has he taken his horoscope and mapped out his career. He has prophesied that he will be a great actor like Booth, and has devoted himself to preparation. His self-devotion is remarkable, and his path should be strewn with roses.



But alas for the hopes of infancy! In the illustration you see him receiving a customary ovation from the enthusiastic spectators, who have come primed for entertainment. Observe the eloquence and grace of that gesture—quite an artful dodge, is it not?

WINFRED POULSON ROBERTS, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips, let no dog bark."—*Merchant of Venice*.

All hail genius number ten! Behold a man with a fine conceit of himself, which is partly justified if we take as the basis of our argument the proposition, "All men are fools." But we will not tell you everything, as our hero is a tall man and has a weight of his own. However, our praise shall not go for naught. By no means; it is enough to say that W. P. is W. P., and that is all he knows in life and all he cares to know. It is his supreme pleasure to cut classes and then just before exams. tell the prof. how hard he studied and how he sat up all night to read eight of Shakespeare's plays. His being so great a bluff accounts, doubtless, for the steepness of this story. In this illustration he is represented as he was seen returning home at two o'clock A. M., having indulged in a strenuous "hic-kick" which went to his head.



EDWARD EUGENE TARR, . . . . . Marion, Md.



"Eddy's too little to whittle—  
Give him some raspberry jam;  
Put on his bib, put him into his crib,  
And feed him on doughnuts and ham."—*Nursery Rhymes.*

The class baby; alias genius number eleven. When he reached college with his bib and his crib he was so youthful—mentally, we mean. He immediately fell in love, which was about the sanest thing he has ever done. He looks much like a child of three, but he acts more like a child of two. His upper lip is always dirty-looking; he has either been eating jam or he is trying to raise a mustache. If the latter hypothesis, which we advance timidly, can find enough facts to support it, the mustache embryo ought to be erased. Which is just the evil fate that befell the "innocent little craythur" one afternoon when it became too much in evidence; as a few of his friends, pitying him for his infatuation, removed

one-half of it with a razor and, having thus branded the porker, turned him loose to freely roam.

FANNIE MAY AYRES, . . . . . Parkton, Md.

"Given to hospitality."—*Bible.*

Fannie Ayres in English, in French, Fannie Hairs. The class photographer and cateress. Has taken flashlights and snapshots of the 1903 girls in every conceivable attitude and costume, in every room of the college building and every nook and corner of the campus and porches. From innumerable "boxes" received from home, she has treated her hungry classmates to more "spreads" than any other girl in the class. Is always entertaining visitors; for from her chamber window one can obtain a charming view, the loveliest expanse of slate roof, beautiful yellow chimneys, and what not. Is a studious member of the scientific section, always receiving good reports, which she posts on the bulletin board immediately on her return to school after the holidays. Has become round-shouldered from habitually peering on the ground as she walks along to see if she can't find any green worms or grasshoppers for "Rolly." If you want to see Fannie in her element, look in the door of the chemical laboratory. Through a cloud of noxious vapors you catch a glimpse of a gigantic gingham apron enveloping a figure apparently making a desperate attempt to thrust its nose in a test-tube held carefully over a Bunsen burner. That's Fannie doing experiments. Has a marvelous growth of hair, consisting chiefly of a good-sized blonde rat, wire hair-pins, a number of combs, and black taffeta bows. As a musician she is inferior only to Sampaix, Mozart and Mabel.





IRMA SCOTT BEVANS, . . . . . Pocomoke, Md.

"Holy, holy, holy!"—*Bible.*

Our good little girl never does anything naughty, prays way into the night, and reads two chapters daily. Three times has she read the scriptures from Genesis to Revelations and can recite many chapters by heart. Is an indefatigable Sunday-school and church worker and is connected with a number of religious organizations, among which are the Y. W. C. A., Y. W. C. T. U., the X. Y. Z. and the P. D. Q. Irma is a conscientiously diligent student, and gets good marks. In logic it is her delight to start some abstruse argument with "What Not," and keep it up until they both get so helplessly entangled that they must appeal for assistance from the rest of the class. Is one of our *petite* girls and trips along with a short, springing step, a copy of the locomotion of Miss I. C. Irwin, of the Art Department. Is noted for a most melodious laugh of the gurgling variety, and has a peculiarly shaped aperture for eating and speaking; thought to be the result of the administration of remonstrances during Irma's childhood by her natural guardians. At each temple she has the cutest little curls, prepared the previous night by an application either of an edition of one of the dailies, or kids, it is not known which; but the curls are cute, just the same. She is an assiduous student of music, and the bosom friend of "Midget," who hails from the same town.

JESSIE LEE COCHRAN, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

"Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Our monkey. It can work its countenance into the weirdest and most diabolical designs you ever heard of, and with the assistance of its hands, the resulting representation is positively hair-raising. Exercises this talent chiefly on members of the faculty who, being engaged and not having their optics turned in the direction of the performance, miss a golden opportunity. Jess is as quarrelsome as a Frenchman and can fling the most acute, venomous retorts at anyone who dares to disagree with her. Is crazy over boys. Thinks of nothing else morning, noon and night. Is fickle, except in one instance, shallow and thoughtless as the painted butterfly that flits from flower to flower. In recitations always gives the same answer to all questions, which is, "Ah—ah—why—ahem—ah—." Has the brightest pair of big brown eyes, and is an expert at ogling. Can sing like a canary bird, and is a natural-born "elocutor." In basket ball she has made a record as goal-pitcher, never having missed one yet, except those she didn't hit. When it is necessary, she can assume a most imperious and dignified manner, having taken lessons from "Sister." Is a loyal member of the Browning Society, and will always be gratefully remembered for the efficiency with which she served as its President.





EMMA WELTHEA DUNCAN, . . . . . Elizabeth N. J.

"Now you see I nefer was ferry pig all de vay around, but I was pooty pig up and down."—Anon.

One of the shining lights of our class, and an all-around nice girl who is liked by everybody. Is inclined to hide her light under a bushel, doing in a quiet and unassuming manner all her great and good deeds. She is a young lady of much dignity, rather reserved, and always commanding respect. Is very bright and a good student in all branches. Possesses an unlimited amount of general information, being an extensive traveler, both in America and Europe. Constructed on the bean-pole plan, she enjoys the distinction of being the longest and narrowest girl in the class. Has a mania for red and pink dresses and shirtwaists, which, moreover, are very becoming, for she is a decided brunette. Has more "turnovers" of the most unique designs than any of the other girls. Sings like a nightingale—on the stage, but, during the operation of practicing or taking a lesson, like a hound with his tail caught in the gate. But there is one thing the matter with Emma. She is a deadly sleeper. One-half hour each morning does it take her room-mate to restore her to consciousness. After prolonged yells of terrific force and vigorous agitation which cause the very tower to wobble,

Emma half opens one eye and draws, "E-E-Eh-el—di-i-d you-u sa-ay a-any-thi-ing?"

HATTIE HAMILTON ENNIS, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

"For rhetoric, she could not ope  
Her mouth but out there flew a trope."—Hudibras.

The only red head the 1903 girls can boast, and this isn't red all the time. It's changeable. Sometimes it is a pure yellow. So's Hattie changeable. Sometimes she's all fun, in for any "devilry;" then, all of a sudden, she turns into a saint, prim and staid. There may be deep, underlying reasons for this discord, but they are not apparent. Once when this complex character was in the college parlor, her spirit of "devilry" arose, and as a result some of the ornamental features of the room were damaged. Is a natural born musician, and possesses a rich alto voice, considered the best in the school. Is said to be bright and witty; but you can't tell, for she's good at a bluff. Can deceive any of the teachers but "Rolly." She couldn't fool him. He used to please excuse her. Has original ideas, and expresses herself, both in speech and writing, in a most ponderous style, using words the size and meaning of which would astound a Webster and almost stagger "George Washington." Talks fast as a race-horse, especially when excited, and can go at the same rate in French or German. Has a copy-right on the expression "things like that," same as "What Not" has on "what not." Is of athletic build and a trifle pigeon-toed, though you'd never have known it if you hadn't been told.



MABEL GOSHELLE GARRISON, . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

"The fool-killer misses a few people every year."—*Professor Watts.*



The most demure and unassuming little maid who ever came to W. M. C. Is painfully shy, especially when compelled to appear on the stage, at which times she is the very picture of distress. As she is the youngest girl in the class and of such a nature that she can't even speak for herself, all the girls try to assist her as much as possible, so she wcn't be imposed on. Speaks French fluently and with a perfect accent, knowing all the words in Spier's and Surenue's Dictionary and all Sadler's idioms; so that she can say "*Un autre phrase?*" distinctly and without hesitation, at a mere glance from Madame. Doesn't study, but always gets good marks, for she stands in with some of Doc's lineal descendants therefore with Doc, therefore with the faculty. Has never been known to be on time for any meal, recitation, church service, entertainment or any of this institution's performances since she came here, and that is the truth. In spite of the apparent timidity mentioned above, she is, in truth, the most conceited girl in the class; but, perhaps, is justified in this, for she has a number of accomplishments, music predominating. Also, she has a striking appearance and takes an

excellent picture, especially when posing decolleté, with the eyes rolled upward at an angle of 66° from the horizontal, and a large white bow on top of a picturesque pompadour. At times is quite obliging, and is always willing to help a friend to pony.

MARY KATHLEEN GOODING, . . . . . Chestertown, Md.

"And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke."—*Dunciad.*

The only real lunatic we can boast. She is unbalanced on several subjects, chiefly Roosevelt and the negro question. Suffers most at election time and when the moon is full. She has a most irritating habit of staring point-blank at a person, and many a time, after getting a bead on a classmate with her piercing coal-black eyes, she has kept her writhing under her power for forty minutes, thus materially lowering the said victim's history mark, not to mention the serious and permanent injury done to the nervous system. This phenomenon gives the most frequent, voluble and eloquent reports ever attempted in a history recitation, and can tell the most side-splitting jokes you ever heard, and she knows hundreds, all different and new. Is the ultimate authority on all constructions of the English language and the pronunciation of words of the same tongue, invariably using the broad *a*. Has pretty black, curly hair, which she dresses in an indefinite knot just over the left ear (*à la madame*); also several mysterious dimples. Lives up to her motto, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." After the manner of an afflicted mind, every night before retiring she makes investigations in the vicinity of the bureau, bed, wardrobe, washstand, table, rocking-chair, another chair and two cracker-boxes covered with cretonne, in order to rout out any nocturnal marauders who may have concealed themselves for purposes of unlawful plunder.





MARY AGNES GORSUCH, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

"I may tell all my bones."—*Bible*.

One of the three town girls, and therefore a favorite with the faculty. Has always conformed to all rules laid down by this august body, and for this has received a number of letters of commendation at various times. Mary is the laziest member of the class (she has letters to prove this also); in fact, has never been known to work for five consecutive minutes since the Sub-Freshman year. Moreover, she is a young lady who does *exactly* as she pleases, and would like to have the same known. At times she grows extremely reckless in words and actions, and has been the despair of the most eloquent evangelists who visit the M. E. Church. But all this must be overlooked, for she is the spoiled darling of a fond father. Boys are a matter of indifference to her, although she is besieged with admirers, for she is very attractive with her bright eyes and coquettish airs. She is a soda water fiend, drinking regularly each day two glasses before each meal, one after and four or five during the evening, with extras thrown in on warm days. Although opposed to work, Mary is an enthusiastic naturalist, spending all her spare time seeking lizards, scorpions, fishworms, spiders and centipedes for dissection and study, the last named bug being her specialty. Noted for having ball-and-socket joints at the elbow (the whole arm resembling a flail). At rare intervals she can be accused of doing kind acts. Has a mania for poodles.

MARIAN HANDY, . . . . . Pocomoke, Md.

"Almost too small for sight."—*King Lear*.

Our dear little baby. Was frightened in infancy and never grew. As a consequence, she has been a great care to the class, particularly on the annual occasion of taking the class picture, at which times boxes, stepladders, stools, etc., must be provided, in order to bring her face within the group. Always reduces her hearers to tears when on the stage, and in recitations, by the pathetic inflection of her voice at the end of each sentence. Is bright, and studies all vacant periods, afternoons and evening study hours; hooks lights to study some more, arising each morning before daylight to give a final review to the day's lessons. Has been successful as a student, and wears the Sophomore class medal on a black string around her neck. Is thoroughly in earnest in everything she does, serious at all times, and cultivates an air of dignity which sits most ludicrously on one of such infantile proportions. Unlike most infants, she loves to be fondled; and quite often and unexpectedly, forgetting her dignity for the moment, she will drop over into your arms and screw up her wee bit of a mouth, cooing in the sweetest of baby tones, "Kiss Marion." Has kinky brown hair like Alma's and "Ella's," and a wonderfully hearty and whole-souled laugh when aroused. Is absolutely independent in all her actions, and all her small body blazes with ambition.



EVA PAULINE HERR, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

"Something between a hindrance and a help."—Wordsworth.

The second of our town girls, and, like Mary, her sin twister, stands high in the good graces of "Doc" and his accomplices, which she can prove by letters similar to Mary's (in fact, copies). Is an adept at tattooing, and has executed some beautiful and interesting designs concerning ancient customs on the palms of her hands. Studies from five to ten minutes a day while at school, occupying the remainder of study hours "carousing out the window" for the benefit of the inhabitants of the laundry and of any stray members of the faculty who may fancy a promenade on the tennis court. Has a deplorably bad habit in recitations of reclining on classmates occupying seats adjacent to her own, and entwining her arms affectionately about their necks and waists, which is very distressing, especially when it's hot and her loose hair floats out in your eyes and mouth. After school she lives in the open air, chiefly on Main Street, between Zepp's drug store and Johnny Bowers', where she can be seen any time wandering aimlessly along, her thumbs hanging in the pockets of a nobby golf jacket. Is naturally hilarious, especially when on a visit. Has often been ejected from trains and twice has been arrested for disturbing the peace. "Ev" is charmingly *petite*, with eyes of Heaven's own blue. Sings like a dream and recites like Miss

Cochran. Is an untiring worker for the Browning Society, and can bake the finest devil's-food cake in Carroll County and part of Frederick. Has never in her life gone back on a friend, and will go to any self-sacrifice to do one a kindness.

ETHEL MILLER, . . . . . Irvington, Md.

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."—Wordsworth.

This is "Micky," our popular propheticess. Is said to have a really good disposition and no "dander" at all. Used to be quite wild before she put on long dresses, and in for anything. Performed an escapade in her Freshman year, which, if "Doc"—tra-la-la-la, well, he didn't, and "Micky" didn't get any furlough. On good authority, she is said to eat *her share* at all meals, spreads, banquets and oyster-suppers. Ever since she came to school, especially at first, she has puffed her hair higher and farther out than any other girl ever dared to. Has two of the blackest eyes fringed with drooping lashes, and is almost as good at ogling as "Jess." Has a most engaging smile and a general winning way, which is said to "play the deuce" with boys. There was a mistake made in her creation and she was given an echo for a voice, a thing which is very sweet and musical, but not good for practical purposes. She is an inveterate borrower, and has never returned anything yet. During the last two years she and Mabel have performed the twin act, which is a proof of her genial disposition. Can play the "pianer," and wrote one funny essay. Is a diligent student of history, and a favorite with "George," which is another proof of her genial disposition.





ANNA MARIE SENSENEY, . . . . . Union Bridge, Md.

"Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are."—*Hartley Coleridge.*

"Maggie," the class belle. Is just too sweet, affectionate, kind-hearted and obliging; in short, she is a dear. Has the fluffiest hair and several superfluous chins, which add to her beauty. But her stunt is dimpling, which is an effective adjunct to her perpetual smile. Sets the boys daft, and in general selects her strikes from among higher classes, in particular, two years higher. But still higher she goes. Once made a conquest in the faculty. "Pig" Turner, you know him; the man with the wiry whiskers and four eyes; he was in love with her once. She is a musician of the first rank, and can play as well as Sampaix and almost as well as Mabel. She is also an artist. Just sails through history and political economy, but this is nothing to what she used to do in psychology. She had a passionate fondness for that and for "Doc" also, by whom the feeling was reciprocated. Is dreadfully studious, and believes in that fable about the early bird and the worm. She is of a nervous temperament, and by the jerky, twisting movements of her hands has worn out all her neckties while giving history reports. Is

almost as religious as Irma, and quite as mindful of decorum. Believes in ghosts, fairies, goblins and the bad man, and is well versed in superstitions, ancient, mediæval and modern.

IDELLA WITHERS TREDWAY, . . . . . Cambridge, Md.

"O, let me howl some heavy note,  
Some deadly, dogged howl!"—*Webster.*

Our silver-throated warbler. Has a rich contralto voice, and can make a more hideous noise than Emma when practicing or taking lessons in the "gym." Is Fannie's auxiliary in her search after scientific truths, and is just as crazy over green worms and grasshoppers, grey mountain moss and weeds. For this reason she, together with Fannie, is the especial pet and darling of "Dearie," the rear guard of the scientific phalanx. Holds the college record for the length and stability of strikes and answers questions on the same principle as "Jess," her roommate. Is tall and slender and the only girl in the class who wears "specs." Has a mighty spirit of independence within her, and likes to have things Idella's way. Acts as the bureau of general information for the school, for not a sparrow falleth to the ground, nor likewise a hair from our heads, that is not known to Idella, who, with the assistance of "Jess," properly embellishes the same for dispensation to inquirers. Has a dear brother on the other side, who isn't so good-looking as she is, but just as nice. Has a great weakness for things French, language, natives, what not. Is noted for a pretty twinkling smile.





ETHEL KENOLEY TROUT, . . . . . Elizabeth, N. J.

"Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours."—*As You Like It*.

A blossom of extreme fragility. Says she thought this institution was a sanitarium when she started here, but we all know that that's all bluff, because she hates to study, being averse to all work of that kind, and so she plays off sick every time we have a hard lesson, which is once a day, sometimes twice. Loves to play high tragedy. Once, thinking to create a sensation, she took a dose of poison and got fooled, for Ethel was the only one who felt the sensation. Noted for the length and frequency of her speeches in Society, and is the only girl in the class who writes her essays before the day on which they fall due. Said essays, when not on the advantages, benefits and attractions of kindergartens, academies, seminaries, colleges and universities, are exhaustive discussions on some profound theological topic. Always leads the student-body into chapel and Alumni Hall entertainments, and is the first one to take her seat. Selects her friends carefully from a favored few, and insists on her own way. Has whitish, frizzy hair, which she rearranges every forty minutes in the day, and a face beaming with innocence. Not given to frivolity, with one exception, and that is boys. A long time did she withstand their charms, but at

last Cupid's gun hit the mark and now she indulges in as great a hankering as anyone.

ANNA ALMA WATHEN, . . . . . Leonardtown, Md.

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."—*The Rivals*.

A girl of good, hard common sense and a mighty will power, which she exerts effectively. Wild horses couldn't pull her away from her books when she wants to study, and at times nothing short of muscular force could induce her to break a rule. At other times—well, Alma has the most tempestuous temper you ever heard of; and, when aroused, the wild man of Borneo and all the raging, roaring, bloody wild beasts of the desert couldn't hold a candle to her. At such times there might as well be no rules, teachers, or college either, with regard to Alma. But on one subject her strong will is utterly powerless; though it is not generally known, she is addicted to the use of intoxicating beverages, which she consumes in enormous quantities, smuggled into her room under the label, "Cough Syrup," by a friend who takes the same medicine. Hoots at boys, declaring that she hates, hates, hates them. Has killed several of her admirers and disabled the rest. Is of a somewhat peculiar anatomical construction, being taller when she sits down than when standing. Has hair kinky, like "Ella's," and bears a name beautiful in its assonance. Unconsciously she says the funniest things in the funniest way till you almost die of laughing; but Alma never sees the point. Is charitably inclined, and has stolen enough stale bread from the dining room to bankrupt the college. Would make an expert basket ball player, but has only one good arm.



NETTIE ALICE WHITMORE, . . . . . Westminster, Md.

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."—*Wilman*.



reports her to the faculty. My brain is confused. My subject must be divine. I can think no earthly thing about her. Her characteristics should surely be written by the Muses.



1. Hancock.  
6. Herr.

11. Wathen.

2. Garrison.  
7. Ennis.

12. Roberts.

3. Ireland.  
8. Carman.

13. Cochran.

4. Duncan.  
9. Tredway.

14. Tarr.

5. Gorsuch.  
10. Davis.



15. Handy. 16. Senseney. 17. Bonnotte. 18. Gooding.  
19. Trout. 20. Hurley. 21. Miller. 22. Edwards. 23. Bevans.  
24. Medders. 25. Ayres. 26. Englar. 27. Whitmore.



## 1903 Class Prophecy.



I was wandering through the woods in the southern part of Virginia one afternoon a year before I left Western Maryland College.

Though the middle of September, the days were still warm and everything was wrapped in a still, sleepy atmosphere. The leaves on the trees seemed to sleep; the bee, of all things the busiest, had ceased work and was lazily resting; even the squirrel was taking a quiet nap in the solitude of his own little house—the hollow trunk of a large oak; Nature and all her household seemed to sleep, and like the fairy princess, awaited only the coming of the prince to awaken her. Having brought with me a book, I sat down on the mossy bank of a small brook, which, too, in its endeavor to get asleep, had forgotten to murmur.

I, the prophetess of 1903, began to wonder how the future of my classmates would be revealed to me. I was troubled accordingly; when suddenly a bright light shone all around and I heard a voice saying, "Be thou not troubled, O maiden; for even as to prophets of old were revealed secrets of the hidden future in dreams, so a mighty sleep shall fall upon thee, O prophetess, and thou shalt see strange sights and hear strange things of your classmates. Scorn thou," continued the voice, "to doubt these things, however wonderful, as seeing and hearing are believing." I laughed at this: "a miracle about to be performed," thought I. Dismissing the matter from my mind, I started to read; the book being one very conducive to sleep, like my surroundings, as has been said before, I soon found my eyes closing and in another moment

1.

I was surrounded by brilliant lights in a crowded opera house. This was the first night in Paris of —'s famous opera company. For weeks past one had read of nothing else but of the coming of Made-moiselle Emma Duncan, the prima donna of America and probably of Europe. All waited expectantly for the curtain to rise. I waited also to see my former classmate, now a star. On all sides I heard of the marvelous voice of the singer, of the presents she had received from royalty as a token of appreciation of her wonderful voice. All this interested me not a little, and I would have been sorry when the curtain at last arose, had not it disclosed something far more interesting. There stood Emma, tall, queenly. She sang; her voice I scarcely recognized as the voice I had heard so many times in Alumni Hall. It was truly magnificent; no wonder the audience sat spellbound. She finished; they clapped, shouted and gave many other demonstrations of their feeling. A shower of flowers were thrown at her feet; she had indeed achieved success as an opera singer. She had followed her inclination and had become what she most wished to be. After she had graduated from college she had gone to Europe, studied under famous professors, and was now rapidly ascending the ladder of fame. The opera house with its brilliant lights and excited faces became indistinct and blurred and finally faded, and then

2.

I seemed to be at a small seaport in Delaware, Seaford by name. Though small, it was quite an indus-trious place. On one of the business streets, alas too few, I read, over the door of a large lumber yard, "J. Scott Hurley & Co." Being so near, I stepped in. Yes, there was my old classmate, larger and

stouter than when at school; he seemed to feel his importance, for he walked around as one is apt to do when the world is going well with him. He knew me instantly, and we began to talk of old times. How was it, I asked him, that the business was his? His answer was a sort of a shock to me, though part of it might have been expected: "After I left school," he said, "my father took me into his business. I became his partner, and after five years married the girl of my choice" (which even you, dear reader, would know, if on any parlor night during our college careers, you could have stepped in and, looking back in the corner, could have seen a tall, dark young man talking earnestly to a little lady with very light hair; I knew who it was at any rate). "After my marriage, my father retired, and so you see me, head of my own establishment, and," he assured me, "living happily and well."

3.

My dream changed. I was standing with a large crowd on a pier waiting the departure of an immense steamer, bound for the land of the heathen, China. The crowd ruthlessly pushed me backward and forward until I found myself away from the main crowd and on the edge of a small group, who with tear-stained faces were bidding farewell to a young woman. Eagerly I stepped forward, to grasp the hand of my classmate, Irma Bevans. She, it seems, had lived an idle, frivolous life for several years past, but having heard the call of the heathen, she had seized the opportunity and was starting on her life work. Irma had always been religiously inclined, and by her goodness and grace I felt sure she would succeed.

4.

But why did I loiter here still? Was not one of the class enough for the heathen Chinese? No, for standing silently and alone on the edge of the pier, I discovered Mr. Ward S. Ireland. I was not at all surprised to see him there, nor to learn that he was off for China; for at school we had always associated him in our minds with missionary work. He told me he had graduated from the seminary at Westminster, had at first taken active part in Y. M. C. A. work, and had even been raised to the vice-presidency of the organization; but, he said, notwithstanding that fact, he felt he was needed in the foreign field. Hence his presence here. I congratulated him on his noble undertaking; also on his having one of his classmates, Irma Bevans, go over with him. He seemed surprised at this, and delighted as well, and I had no doubt that they would have a jolly time together.

My dream sped over many years, and it seemed to be about 1913 that I heard what wonderful work Mr. Ireland and Miss Bevans were doing, their names being coupled together in all undertakings. And according to the latest rumors it seemed that instead of using a name for each, *one* could be used quite agreeably between them.

How funny this was, for both seemed to have been cut out for old bachelor and old maid. But all this faded away, and

5.

Arrayed in evening dress, I was seated in a large hall, where a concert was about to begin; and if ever a concert could be called fashionable, it was this one. On looking at my programme, I saw at the top, "Concert, under the direction of Miss Jessie L. Cochran." What a surprise! She was also going to sing several times. As soon as she began, I noted how much richer and fuller her voice had become, with what grace and ease she sang. Hers was indeed a success. After the concert I hurried up to congratulate her, and took the opportunity of asking her what she had been doing since her graduation. Well, it seemed she had taught school for two years, and had then studied and graduated at the Peabody Institute. Oh! that accounts for her fine voice. She was at present teacher in that very institute, and was becoming well known. When I asked her about the minister, her strike at college, and about several others, she blushed and looked down, unconsciously, of course, to her left hand. She didn't tell me—oh, no! of course not. Trust a woman to keep a secret. But, well, opinions are free to everybody; what is yours?

6.

I was now at Washington, at the Capitol, in the Senate chamber, where, it seemed, a spirited debate was going on. As I listened, a Senator slowly arose; could that tall, manly figure be Mr. Robert Richard Carman? Yes, it was. He commenced to speak, and that voice could not be mistaken; for was it not the same voice which often on Friday afternoons at college had held us spellbound? It had since gained greatly in power; hence, imagine its influence on his present audience.

Bob had certainly climbed to a high rung in the ladder, but it was after years of toil; for he had taught school in his county for several years, had studied law, been admitted to the Bar, and from one position to another had reached a seat in the Senate. I felt very proud that he had been the president

of our class, and thought if the country at large only knew what a fine President he had made us—but my dream suddenly changed—

7.

I was dreaming of foreign lands. I was wandering through Egypt, Asia and many other strange places. My dream was very vivid and everything seemed so real. I at last reached Paris, where, on a shopping expedition, a delight only indulged in with the keenest pleasure in this metropolis of fashion, I one day met Mary Gorsuch bound on the same errand. It was, I thought, a pleasure mutually shared to see each other again. We finished our shopping together, chatting merrily all the while of college days, our learned professors, and what-not; especially did we talk of our Professors of Language, Dr. and Madame Bonnotte—what fun we had had in class at the latter's expense! Those were indeed happy times. Mary said she had been traveling for five years, and had become such a thorough foreigner that she would feel strange on American soil. Of course, her personality allowed her entrance into the best circles in London; she had been presented at court, and said she liked the English nobility very much. It seemed to be years afterward that I heard she had made England her permanent residence, where, with Sir —, her husband, she was living royally.

8.

College days! I was just stepping from the train at Westminster, but my! how changed the place was! Where was the old station? "Pulled down," was the answer, and a large handsome one equal to almost any stood in its place. I refused a cab and started, as was my old habit, to walk to college. The town was so changed. "Town," did I say? "City" was the only name that could truthfully be applied to it now.

The first one to welcome me back to the place of my former joys and sorrows was my classmate, Eva Pauline Herr, who, in her stylish little run-about, was taking a morning constitutional. She had changed but slightly, and was the same fun-loving woman as she had been a girl. She told me what she had been doing with herself since graduation. Her life had not been an eventful one, though pleasant. She did not teach, but, like the majority of Westminster girls, lived an idle, gay life, was one of the leaders of society, and spent her time in a continuous round of pleasure—card parties, dances, golf and what-not.

Nothing was said about a wedding of any kind, but I felt sure one so popular would not be allowed to go to her grave in single blessedness. I said goodbye to her and continued on my way to college,

9.

Where, on Friday afternoon, Faculty meeting was going on. Was I actually going in to see this august body's proceedings? This was indeed a privilege granted to few, except on rare occasions, when those invited, I fear, would rather be excused; but I was allowed—well, only because it was a dream, you know. And I *did* see and hear wonderful things. Was this the way they brought up each student's name and thoroughly pulled it to pieces, discussing each act? How many times this girl had smiled at that boy; how many times that girl had behaved disgracefully and in a manner unbecoming a lady, doing such horrible things as speaking at table above a whisper, where, as a matter of fact, a scream could scarcely be heard above the din, literally, of battle, the contestants being the hungry mortals and the tough beef-steak. And oh, sad, sad story! the steak scarcely ever left the table without triumphantly carrying the banner on which was written "*Conqueror.*" But I was drifting off—to return to the Faculty, to those administering law and justice. Professor McDaniel seemed to be chief justice; where, then, was Dr. Lewis? I was not answered; but few of the old faces greeted me. I looked for my favorite(?) Dr. Bonnotte, where was he? *There* was Dr. Bonnotte, they said; but my! how young and good-looking he had gotten! Ah! the truth at last dawned upon me, my classmate, Fernand Bonnotte, was where his father had been when I was there as a student—Professor of Modern Languages. I was informed by some one that he had, from a graduate of W. M. C., become a graduate of J. H. U., and was now doing fine work at his old Alma Mater.

10.

I then stopped to have a good look at the lady teachers; all were strange except one face which seemed known to me. Just then Prof. McDaniel called on Miss Marian Handy to give her report of the girls. Well of all things, to think Marian should be preceptress. She had grown into a sweet little woman, but, knowing her as a girl at school to have been the same, it was not a wonder. She arose and her accounts of her girls were so mild that I wondered if she were making it light for them, or whether they were really so good. The latter I found to be the case, for, as Faculty broke up at this point, I followed her out and spoke to her. She said that after graduation she had taught school for a while, but

Miss Scott had given up her place as preceptress, and so she had been called on to fill the place. How I wished we had had such a preceptress when I was there at school. Womanly, sympathetic, yet full of fun, she was loved by all her girls, and with what affection did she say "my girls!" She had been cut out for this, and I left her, as of old, always aiding others, happy and contented.

My dream continued on from here and

11.

I was leaving Westminster, having bought a paper which happened to be the "Westminster Times." I stepped on the train, and having established myself comfortably in a seat, I prepared to digest the contents thereof. On looking up and down the columns a name caught my eye, Nettie Alice Whitmore—to be sure, my old classmate; and what was she doing? This is what I read: "Miss Nettie A. Whitmore, a former graduate of Western Maryland College, and a resident of this city, having made her debut here as a brilliant speaker on the subject of woman's rights, has decided to go on an extended lecturing tour through the West; and we hope," it continued, "she will be greeted with as much enthusiasm in the land of the 'Wild and Woolly West' as she aroused here in her native city." This was indeed a very remarkable career Nettie had chosen, but there at school she had always been a staunch defender of the girls' rights, and so I felt sure she was fitted for this work, the defender of woman's rights.

I awoke at this point with a start, and began to wonder if all these strange things of my classmates were true; while I was thinking thus I heard the same voice again say, "Scorn ye to doubt." Ah! true, I had forgotten, but my eyes wearily closed again as I was gathered up into the strong arms of Morpheus and hurried along—

12.

Down a strange lane. I was walking, but not alone, for a little ahead of me and also behind me were coming children, boys and girls, with their books and slates under their arms. Impulse made me follow them; a few more steps and we came in view of a school-house, which, though small, was very neat. I followed the children into the room, for such was the "school," and, walking up to the desk, what was my astonishment when I saw seated behind it my classmate, Fannie Ayers, styled by our college Professors of Modern Languages, Miss H'Ayers. Well, you would not have believed, I hardly could, that Fan would be a school "marm," and a stern one she was, as I saw by the sweep of her eye over her

thirty, more or less, victims; also by the well-worn birch hanging within easy reach of her hand. Certainly her method wasn't "Spare the rod and spoil the child." She told me she had been teaching school for two years, but that she was going to give it up some day, not far distant. She did not tell me the reason why, but her dancing eyes and blushing face told their own story; hence I drew my own conclusions and seemed to hear wedding bells ringing.

13.

It seemed that some of my dreams were either greatly exaggerated or some of my classmates were indeed destined to be famous. I dreamed that one evening I was reading a book of poems, which I had purchased that morning. The book had been recommended to me by one well versed in good poetry, who had spoken of the one who wrote the book as the coming poet. Though not quite equalling Shakespeare, it was said he was yet a rival of the lesser poets.

Of course, I was quite anxious to read the works of this new light, and sat down eagerly to do so. Before reading I glanced at the title page to see if perchance I knew the poet. "David Roger Englar" was the name I saw. Know him? I guess I did. He had always written poetry at college, but those were merely attempts. These, after reading, I found were truly poems of that soul-inspiring, lofty kind which sets before one high ideals. I put down the book and began to wonder what he had been doing since he left college. Why, here it was before me; for in putting the book down, it had opened to the first pages, on which was written, "Life and Works of the Poet." A part of his life was known to me; he had been a student at Western Maryland College, and in the same class with me. After graduating he had studied Greek and Latin at Johns Hopkins, where he graduated first of his class. He had spent several years in Athens and Rome to perfect his languages, and in the latter place, Italy, the land of poets, his old love of poetry seized him and he became its slave. A long list of his greater poems was given. I was happy to say he had been my classmate; but here my dream faded again, to be revived in another.

14.

To a large city I had been carried with lightning-like rapidity. Philadelphia I found it to be. Next, I was wandering through corridors and large rooms, where small beds stood on each side of the wall; of course, I inferred it was a hospital I had been taken to. The groans of the sufferers were pitiful, but why did they cease to moan and smiles break over their faces? As I looked to the door at the end of the room

the mystery was solved. The nurse, a tall, dark-haired woman, walking slowly down the aisle between the rows of beds, stopped at each bedside, to moisten one's parched lips or lay a cool hand on one's fevered brow, saying words of comfort and cheer to all

Kathleen Gooding was indeed, then, a nurse; this had always been her ideal work, and so it had been attained. In my conversation with her, she said she had had a hard time to persuade her family to let her take up this profession, but she persevered, and was now supremely happy ministering to others. My dream revealed to me a secret which even she did not know; that was that in a few months she was to be made head nurse of the whole establishment, and at her good fortune I thoroughly rejoiced.

Such dreams were too good to be interrupted again, and so I continued to dream.

15.

I was walking down a street, and at every point my eyes caught sight of large posters, on which I read, "Mr. George Medders, who is playing the leading role in Shakespeare's King Richard III., will be here next week." I realized, with a start, that he had then, indeed, gone on the stage. It seems that his aspirations had always been in this direction, as well as his talent.

Of course, I bought tickets and went. It is useless to say the theatre was crowded. The performance began. Yes, in the difficult role of Richard III., I recognized the splendid acting of my classmate. Many were the admiring glances cast at this handsome actor by the fair ladies in the boxes, and deafening was the applause which greeted the *finale* curtain. I felt very much elated over his success, and the next day, to my great good fortune, I met him in an art gallery. Of course, for the next hour he became a victim to my curiosity. In reply to my question, what had he been doing since that memorable June day in 1903, he said, he had gone immediately to New York, where, in a well-known conservatory of elocution, he had studied to become an actor. I could testify that he had made good use of his time and talent, for he was truly a splendid one.

16.

Why! how different was this dream to be, and of what a different nature; a church, one of the largest in New York. On this particular Sunday morning the church was crowded to overflowing and awaited the arrival of their new pastor, the Rev. Eugene Tarr, whose fame had preceded him. I knew at once this must be my classmate, and took the time before his coming to ask a few questions about

him and his life, which every one seemed to know and to be quite willing to tell to me.

I found that he had entered the Theological Seminary at Westminster and left it an ordained minister. The next few years he had spent successfully in overcoming many hardships which usually fall to the lot of the young preacher; but his ability having been recognized, he was at this time, as I have said before, pastor over a large congregation. Mr. Tarr, who at college had always been an admirer of the fair sex, had succumbed at last to one of the reigning belles of—no, not of New York, but of Baltimore.

17.

Still I was in a church, but quite a brilliant affair seemed to be going on. This church was in Cambridge, and, likewise, crowded, but by the pretty gowns of the women and the sombre black suits of the men I guessed a different affair was going on from a simple ordinary sermon. Suddenly, while I was looking on, the notes of the organ pealed forth the wedding march. I guessed no longer, but assured myself that a wedding was in progress. Then I wondered who the bride was to be, which girl of our class was to be married.

I had not long to wait, for at this moment the door opened and I beheld Idella Tredway led up the aisle by her father; Idella was the same tall, slender girl, though so much prettier I scarcely recognized her.

She was led to the altar, but my dream was blurred here, so to my great disappointment I could not make out clearly the bridegroom. They were made one finally, and she, a girl whom I had known at college as Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, at graduation, a woman, I now knew as a wife.

Of course, I was at the reception, and I was presented to both bride and groom; the latter's face was strikingly familiar to me. Where had I seen it? Abroad? No, at college? *Perhaps*. Idella immediately recognized me, and after she had received all her guests she beckoned me to follow her. I did so, and taking me to a hidden corner we sat down. Each of us told of our doings since we had left the halls of our Alma Mater together. She had gone to a conservatory up North to acquire higher cultivation for her voice, and though she was not far famed, she was much sought for in concerts and entertainments around her vicinity. But it seemed she had given up these amusements to keep house, and here my dream fitly ended.

But a gliding, jerky motion (experienced especially when travelling on the Western Maryland Railroad) revealed to me the secret that I was riding on a train. By what way I came here I did not know, but as all my happenings seemed to be done by magic, I put this down also as the doing of the wonderful genii. Seated in front of me were two persons, a lady and a gentleman. They seemed to be discussing the latest books and their authors; suddenly they spoke a name very familiar to me, Miss Hattie Ennis, author of the new French play, "—," now becoming very popular. I listened, well contented to play eavesdropper for this once. It was in a very good cause I thought, and so prepared myself to listen.

"Yes," they continued, "she went to Western Maryland College and graduated from there, and had always been a splendid French student." This made me laugh, for I remembered the many times we girls had made Hattie keep up a conversation in French with Madame; in this way she would take up the period, and we get out of the lesson. Continuing her life, "She had taught school for several years, and had gone to France to study the language better." Taking this latter fact into consideration, they said they were seconding the opinion of others when they affirmed that French blood certainly must flow in her veins to enable her to write such a play. I was well pleased to hear the life of my classmate told me, especially as it had been such a success.

I would have listened to more, but was hurried away to

A small church in a country village. The small flock was waiting the coming of the minister with all the bustle and curiosity of a village congregation.

The minister at last entered the side door and ascended the pulpit. I without difficulty recognized my classmate, Winfred P. Roberts, who, having graduated from the Theological Seminary at Westminster, was now distinguished by "Reverend." His sermon was simple but touching, and by the enraptured faces of his congregation I concluded he was much loved by them. . . . Ah! this was to be a second edition of the dream; for I was now in another church, a larger one, and it was crowded with men and women. Looking around the assembly I was astonished to see, sitting up front, this very gentleman, and beside him a lady, who, they told me, was his wife; but still more astonished was I when one man arose and nominated the Rev. W. P. Roberts for Presidency. I knew at once that this was the annual

meeting of the Methodist Protestant Conference; and so my classmate had the honor not only to be nominated, but—would you believe it?—elected. So he had reached the height of his ambition.

I stirred; was I going to wake up. No; for even as I thought this—

20.

I was walking through a ladies' seminary it seemed, and, by the crucifixes and images, I supposed it was Catholic. I walked through several deserted school rooms, and concluded it was either a very unstudious college or else it was recreation hour. I found the latter to be the case as, on reaching the campus, I saw girls of all sizes having a good time. My attention was drawn to a younger group, where, surrounded by children, was a woman I seemed to recognize. On drawing nearer I found to my joy it was Alma Wathen. Dressed in a sister's habit, her face happy, she was in her element. At school Alma had always been in for a frolic, and to see her romping with these children reminded me of school days.

Alma told me she had been teaching for three years; her special studies were Latin and German. She seemed thoroughly happy, and was loved by her scholars. For a while I tarried; several little quarrels were brought to "Sister Mary" (for this name had been given to her on her entrance) to set right. And so I left her, imparting truth and knowledge to the young.

21.

The scene for my next dream was laid in Wilmington, Del. I was buying jewelry in a large store. As the jewelry was to be a wedding present, handsome and of the best, I scorned the clerk's assistance and asked for the head of the establishment. After some delay, for it seemed he was a busy man, he stepped into the store and—but that face, surely I had seen it. Why, yes, it was Elwood Davis, my old classmate; but where else had I seen it? Ah! I knew. In an instant the wedding at Cambridge flashed before my mind. Surely, I might have known who the happy bridegroom was on that important occasion. Well, jewelry was forgotten for the time. He informed me that his father had taken him into the business. Davis & Son was the name I read over the door. That which needed no telling was that he was prospering, for I could see that myself; and that he was happily married, for was I not at the wedding?

The store and all faded around me

22.

I was at a watering place, which I recognized as Atlantic City. The day being a very beautiful one, I

went out on the beach to take a stroll. Many bathers, also taking advantage of the beautiful day, were having a jolly time in the surf. Suddenly a voice was heard to cry for the life boat. Some one had gone out too far then. Breathlessly I waited to see if they would be saved. The boat was launched, the drowning ones picked up more dead than alive, and landed safely on the beach. Drawing nearer to get a glimpse of the rescued ones, what was my horror and, at the same time, joy, to recognize in one of them Ethel Trout. She was quickly revived and taken to her hotel, where, in a few days, I called on her, and wearied her, I know, with so many questions. She was a school teacher she told me, but this was her first and last year, for immediately after this little vacation she was leaving, she intended to be married. I wished her a life full of happiness and left her.

We had all thought at school that that bugbear, marriage, would soon have her, and so we were not mistaken.

23.

But oh! how changed were things! Down in the slums of New York, in a tenement house, in one room on the top floor, a woman and one child were slowly dying, from starvation more than from sickness. It was the usual story, two years ago a happy runaway marriage; two years later, a drunken husband, a loveless ending. Things seemed dark indeed for her; but here came light. A man entered the room whom I at once recognized as Clifford Hancock, or, I should say, Dr. Hancock. The woman's face was at once overspread with joy; here, she knew, was deliverance and help. For who, in her locality, had not heard of this man, who had devoted his profession and life to the help of this clement of New York City? And who would not feel that deliverance and help were near after one look into his handsome face and kind gray eyes?

Before asking the sick woman what ailed her he poked the almost dead fire into a bright blaze (for it was bitterly cold outside and hardly less so inside) and sent out for food. He had evidently attended many such cases before and knew what to prescribe. The woman, having had a nourishing meal, felt better, and he left with her blessing upon him. Upon making inquiries, I found he had not only received his A. B. from Western Maryland, but had received his M. D. from Yale, and was now practicing medicine in his own noble way. He had married a beautiful girl from his own home in Virginia, and each evening, as he comes wearily home to his handsome residence on Fifth Avenue, he is greeted by her loving smile.

A little less than a minute, and I was in a large parlor where, seated before a grand piano, were a young lady and a child, teacher and pupil. I thought, with what patience did the lady direct the little fingers over the keyboard. Her pose seemed familiar to me, and going up to her, I touched her on the arm. Yes, as I lived, it was Marie Senseney, the same Marie, not a bit changed. I told her to finish the lesson and I would wait. She did so, and we left house together. I told her I was a little surprised to see her in the capacity of music teacher. Although a splendid performer, I had not thought of Marie in that way. She said she had, after having left the instruction of Professor Sampaix, rather stormy sometimes, gone to the Peabody Institute. She had graduated from that institution and was now teaching for pleasure rather than for support. She seemed thoroughly in love with her work, and she even tried to make me believe, more in love with it than with—which one was it now? I asked her. She looked awfully conscious, and telling her to be sure to send me a "come to the church," I was carried by Morpheus across the sea

To Paris, at the Louvre, which, as every one knows, is the finest art gallery in the world. A great exhibition was going on there, and the artist who had presented the finest work was to receive a prize of a thousand dollars.

I, of course, was more interested in the paintings than in the artists, and they were, indeed, magnificent. It would be impossible to describe the many pictures which I saw; but one especially caught my attention and held it. A picture similar to that of Raphael's, which now hangs in the Vatican Art Gallery, the "Transfiguration." An old theme, certainly, but so handsomely done that one forgot its oldness. The picture having been decided upon, the number was called, and it seemed that my judgment had been also that of the judges, for this picture was called out as that which had won, and the artist was told to step up. Did my eyes see aright? There, life-like enough, walked Mr. John Edwards. He gravely received his prize, and as gravely turned to go. This opportunity was too excellent to be missed, and so eagerly I stepped up to him and with difficulty, after a few minutes, made myself known (artists have exasperatingly bad memories). After a few strenuous efforts I got the information I desired.

He had taken a course of languages at Johns Hopkins University, and had been editor of a magazine of poetry for some time; but his artistic nature, after a sharp, short battle, conquered, and now he was winning fame and fortune in the old country by his brush. Of course, he did not tell me this in so many words, but to draw inferences is necessary in some cases, so, in this one, I plead guilty. This dream was quite true, I thought, for Mr. Edwards. He had certainly the artist's characteristics. I remembered that at school he had always been a peculiar boy, cold, silent, and wearing habitually a distant look, which seemed at once to see everything and yet nothing.

Again I stirred, and would have awakened, but one idea caught my thoughts and held them. That was, I had dreamed the future of all my classmates except my chum and roommate, and why, sure enough, the future of myself. But no, my wonderful genii was not to forsake me yet,

26.

\*For, suddenly I found myself descending the broad staircase of my own home, it seemed. The steps were carpeted thickly with the richest red velvet, and on each side were placed ferns and tropical plants. At the foot of the staircase was placed a large mirror, into which I glanced as I passed. Could this lovely woman be the girl who was Ethel Miller? I saw a slender girlish figure, clad in a dress of the richest, softest white satin, slashed with pink. A mass of dark hair was twisted low on her neck, and was fastened by a single diamond star. An opera cloak was thrown over her shoulders. After this survey of myself in the mirror, I walked quickly down the hall, opened the library door and went in. Standing in the center room, the light full on his handsome face, stood my husband, waiting for me. Besides saying he was tall, fair and of splendid physique, I will not describe him further. At my entrance, a smile lighted up his blue eyes, and putting on his great coat, we left the room together, also the house. At the door we found the carriage waiting, and after getting in we were driven rapidly away; and my dream and future were lost in the rumble of the carriage wheels.

\* Written by a classmate.

27.

Once again, and for the last time, I crossed the ocean to London where, amidst a small group of tired dancers, in a magnificent ball-room, I found myself. A large dais was placed at the farther end of

the room; by this, and the princely elegance of the whole apartment, the brilliant lights, the many golden framed mirrors, the gorgeous decorations, I surmised it was the King's palace." I heard several of my companions talking, "Yes," said one, "to-night several of the most beautiful women in England are to be presented at court, but the most beautiful of all, perhaps," they continued, "is Miss Mabel G. Garrison, of America." With a start I realized that this was then to be the future of my roommate. How we would have laughed at this in our school days, when at night study hour, during which time we were supposed to be studying in our rooms, we laughed and romped, every few minutes being rewarded with a gentle (?), loving (?) knock on the door, and a sweet (?) voice saying, "Not so loud, girls; if you don't wish to study, others do." It really sounded like a novel, but to use an entirely original (?) expression, "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." This was an instance. But as her name was announced, every one became silent, and looking up, I beheld a vision of youth and beauty. Her manner and her dress, both were indescribable. All eyes followed her, the women's with envy, the men's with admiration. She was, I fear, a little coquette, for I learned that in a stay of two months the number of hearts shattered, hopes wrecked, was fabulous; but I could have told the crowns and titles that it was useless, for I, who knew her and her one and only love, knew that a certain young man in America possessed her heart entirely, and in several months she became his bride. "Happy?" you ask. Ah, indeed yes.

I did not wonder that we had come last on the list; for were we not always the last and together in everything, late at every meal, class, and what not?

With a sigh of regret, I awoke. From soaring through the realms of the unknown, I returned to commonplace and earthly things. All my classmates were then living as suited them, and becoming famous; some in a more moderate degree than others. But I had heard wonderful things of them, and as the voice had told me twice, "To scorn to doubt whatever I should hear," I believed everything, and if I did, why should not you, classmates and readers?



PARLOR NIGHT.

## 1903 Quondam Students.

\* \*

SAMUEL L. BRIERLY, . . . . .	Beaver Falls, Pa.
MASEY R. COOLEY, . . . . .	Barnesville, Md.
THOMAS E. COULBOURNE, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
MARIAN CROCKETT, . . . . .	Crisfield, Md.
IRA E. CROUSE, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
ROLAND R. DILLER, . . . . .	Double Pipe Creek, Md.
MAY W. GEIMAN, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
A. VIRGINIA GILBERT, . . . . .	Salisbury, Md.
CAROLINE V. GUNBY, . . . . .	Marion, Md.
HARRY B. HEINSHEIMER, . . . . .	Newark, N. J.
ELEANOR M. JENNESS, . . . . .	Colora, Md.
FRANK L. JOHNS, . . . . .	Seaford, Del.
LILLIAN M. NYGREN, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
BERTIE E. MANNAHAN, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
VANCE W. MILES, . . . . .	Marion, Md.
FLORENCE M. MORGAN, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
NORA NELSON, . . . . .	Walkersville, Md.
JOHN V. NICODEMUS, . . . . .	Walkersville, Md.
FLORENCE B. OGG, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
INEZ W. RALEIGH, . . . . .	Harrington, Del.
MARY O. SHERIDAN, . . . . .	Pocomoke, Md.
SALLIE E. SHERIDAN, . . . . .	Pocomoke, Md.
WILLIAM G. SIMPSON, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
FRED. R. SLOAN, . . . . .	Lonaconing, Md.
FLORENCE C. SPEICHER, . . . . .	Salisbury, Pa.
OKEY D. TALBOT, . . . . .	Linn, W. Va.
THOMAS J. TOWERS, . . . . .	Trappe, Md.
BEULAH C. TULL, . . . . .	Marion, Md.
WILLIAM P. WATSON, . . . . .	Sewickley, Pa.
FLOY F. WHEALTON, . . . . .	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES R. WHEELER, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.

## Class Ode--1903.



TUNE—"Lux Benigna."

Best friend, farewell,—we leave thy safe retreat,  
And turn us where  
The mighty sea of life is at our feet,  
Serene and fair.  
When we shall feel the fury of the blast,  
Then may the children of thy care stand fast!  
Sweet were the hours of calm that we have known  
In port secure;  
But now, grown strong, we venture forth alone,  
And must endure.  
We welcome all that life can bring, but find  
A tear half shed, for what we leave behind.  
When others tread where we have trod of yore,  
And through thy halls  
Sweet echoes answer to our tones no more;  
Thy hallowed walls  
Shall be the shrine of memory,—and we  
Shall find our youth forever fresh in thee.

## “farewell.”



THIS closes the portion of our ALOHA which is devoted to the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three. The rest of our book is devoted to the affairs of our college as a whole. The final hour has come when we, as a class, must bid farewell forever to our college, our fellow-students, and our friends. We leave many of our efforts exemplified in our ALOHA, which we bequeath as a monument erected in honor of our class, and which we sincerely hope will ever serve to keep the memories of Nineteen Hundred and Three green in the hearts of her friends. It is the last work of the class as a united organization. We are hereafter to face the world with its cares and anxieties, not as a class, but as individuals; the college yells and songs which so often resounded from hall to hall and which ever found a sweet retreat in our joyful hearts must now be considered as pleasures never to be repeated, yet never to be forgotten. Those pleasant moments spent upon our fields of sport, in our society halls, and while in the class room holding communion with those whom we reverence as our faithful instructors are now to remain but moments of tender reminiscence. We lay aside our books, we vacate the places so long reserved for us; from our care-worn brows we remove the cap and hang it together with the gown upon the hook in the wardrobe.

But even though we are no longer able to maintain our position as a class, and even though we have vacated the halls wherein our voices resounded for four happy years, yet we trust that we will not soon be forgotten and that our lives and deeds both as individuals and as a class may long serve to command honor and respect for the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three. We have lived our college life, our work is ended; and as the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three, we bid our last and most solemn farewell to our friends, our fellow-students, and our Alma Mater—

Farewell to each and to all.



## Class of 1904.



*Class Colors,*  
Gold, Green and Blue.

*Class Motto,*  
Non omnis moriar.

*Class Flower,*  
Marechal Niel Rose.

---

### Class Officers.

*President,*  
GEORGE LEROY WHITE.

*Vice-President,*  
WILLIAM LEE HOFFMAN,

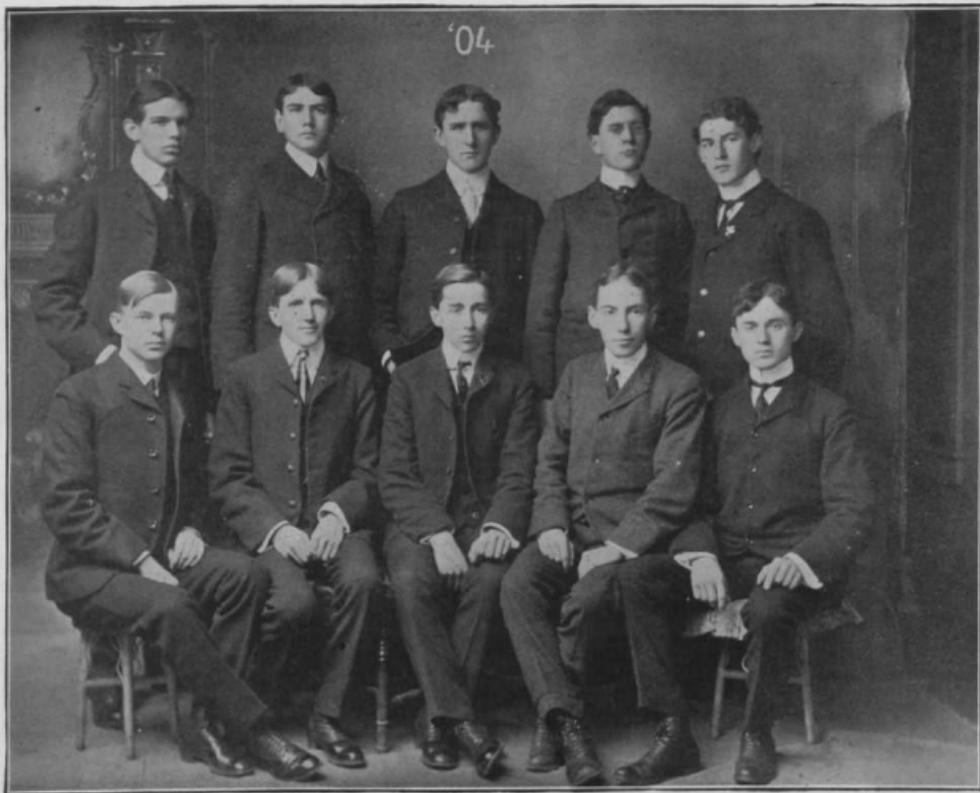
*Prophetess,*  
ERMA BARNES STEWART.

*Secretary,*  
BAYARD CEE DEVILBISS.

*Treasurer,*  
BENJAMIN EDWARD FLEAGLE.

*Historian,*  
LEVIN IRVING INSLEY.

*Poet.*  
PAUL CULLER WHIPP.





# 1904 Class Roll.



## Boys.

B. C. DEVILBISS, . . . . .	Walkersville, Md.
C. M. ELDRIDGE, . . . . .	Edesville, Md.
B. E. FLEAGLE, . . . . .	Mayberry, Md.
W. L. HOFFMAN, . . . . .	Buckeystown, Md.
L. I. INSLEY, . . . . .	Bivalve, Md.
S. H. ORRICK, . . . . .	Glyndon, Md.
J. C. SHAMBERGER, . . . . .	Shamburg, Md.
W. G. SIMPSON, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
P. C. WHIPP, . . . . .	Jefferson, Md.
G. L. WHITE, . . . . .	Princess Anne, Md.

## Girls.

M. J. BENNETT, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
E. G. CHISWELL, . . . . .	Poolesville, Md.
M. E. CLARK, . . . . .	Cecilton, Md.
M. E. COUGHLIN, . . . . .	Salisbury, Md.
E. E. EWELL, . . . . .	Townsend, Del.
C. W. GARDINER, . . . . .	Annapolis, Md.
E. C. GEDMAN, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
E. L. GEORGE, . . . . .	Sudlersville, Md.
E. K. GREENLEE, . . . . .	Greensboro, Md.
N. E. HORSEY, . . . . .	Crisfield, Md.
E. LOVE, . . . . .	Lonaconing, Md.
D. D. PARADEE, . . . . .	Pocomoke City, Md.
N. A. SELLMAN, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
S. E. SHERIDAN, . . . . .	Pocomoke City, Md.
B. B. SLOAN, . . . . .	Lonaconing, Md.
M. STERLING, . . . . .	Crisfield, Md.
E. B. STEWART, . . . . .	Oxford, Md.
M. M. STREMMEL, . . . . .	New Windsor, Md.
G. A. THOMAS, . . . . .	Buckeystown, Md.



## 1904 Class History.

✻ ✻

To imbibe the spirit of the age is the greatest blessing of any century. To such a blessing the happy "Class of 1904" has fallen heir. The increased activities on every hand give evidence that the twentieth century will be the builder of lasting monuments and, true to the time in which we live, our motto foretells our future life. Although autumn, with all its shades of *gold*, had arrayed the college hill in sweetly blending effects, and Nature's *green* carpet, like velvet beneath a clear *blue* sky, stretched out its length to greet the "Jolly Juniors" just returned, we felt a pang of regret to see so many vacant places in our ranks.

In the very foremost rank three empty places stared upon us with their vacancy. Our vice-president,

for three years one of our most able and popular members, upheld the banner of his class no more. And one of equal rank was missing from among our fair maidens. She who was to prophesy to what each of us should come in after years had deprived us of the advantage of her wonderful foresight. And then, as if for fear we might overlook the uncertainty of human affairs, fate took from us our *historian*. With "*Memory*" gone, "*knowledge of the future*" gone, what more could mortals lose? "Why, where is our secretary?" The college walls, just waking from their summer's sleep, answer with the echo, "Gone."

A new election was first in order, and we had it. The vacant offices are now filled. Our little squadron presents an unbroken front once more, and lifts again the pæan "*Non Omnis Moriar*."

"What course shall I take?" was the next question which confronted each one; and, although we were not exactly "of one mind," yet but two courses seemed to have any claim on our attention. After we had settled down to earnest work again we found the class divided as follows, viz., nineteen *Historicals* and eight *Classicals*; thus we have only chosen two roads to reach our verdict in the same case-at-law; for, says the *Classical Division*, "Out of your own mouths you are condemned," while the *Historicals* exclaim, "By your acts ye are judged, be your words what they may." "But Juniors must be jolly," and so we are. This fact perhaps explains the organization of the "*Junior Glee Club*" so early in the year. After we had for some time rent the stillness of the night with *uncertain* sounds, even music has gradually yielded herself to us as her masters, and now contributes her part toward a fellow's happiness by gliding

"Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

As a result of this club's efforts we have several new class songs and a much needed college song.

Neither are the girls opposed to fun—at the proper time. They tell us boys wondrous tales of how they "had a midnight feast," "dodged the teacher," "hooked to a classmate's room," "hooked light after ten o'clock," etc., etc. All of which things give spice to college life and help to clear the tangled brain after a long battle with *Psychology* or *Calculus*. But when "*The Social Event*" comes round each week you find them just so interesting and lady-like that even *Prometheus* might have been content to suffer had he rendered them some immortal service instead of "*Stealing fire for senseless men*."

But we must pass on to athletics. We contributed our part toward making up the "College Team," but had no occasion to organize a class team. In basket ball we were handicapped by several accidents to our men, but, notwithstanding this fact, furnished our team and upheld our class honor.

Another field yet to mention is, nevertheless, the one of our greatest prominence; this is the field of oratory, music and elocution. Almost half our girls are students of special elocution, and fulfill with honor all the requirements peculiar to this field of college life; while those who study music "play like a dream." In the line of oratory several of our boys are ambitious, and their ability is evidenced by the fact that three were chosen for the preliminary to the "Intercollegiate Contest."

Now our year of "Jolly Junior Life" draws near its close. Soon the echoes from the walls of "Old Ward Hall" will cease to give back our songs of joy and yells of pleasure. Soon we must assume our Senior dignity. But, as we pass from the scene of so many pleasing experiences, let us lose no atom of goodfellowship, and there amidst our Senior cares, even there, will come occasions where we may say again with Milton that passage which so well reflects the spirit of the past year:

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity—  
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple cheek:—  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides:  
And Laughter holding both his sides!"



## 1904 Class Yells.

✽ ✽

### Class Yell.

Gee-roar, gee-rar, gee-rar-rar-roar!  
Twentieth century year, No. 4!  
Mille nongenti quattuor!  
*Χίλιοι ἑνακόσιοι τέτταρα*  
Dix neuf cent quatre!  
Neunzehn hundert und vier!  
*νῦν παρασκευάζομεν*  
*ἵνα ὑπερίσχωμεν*  
Videbimus et vincemus  
Ac adire manebimus!  
Gee-hee, gee-rar, gee-ha, gee-roar!  
Rah for the Class of 1904!

### Historical Yell.

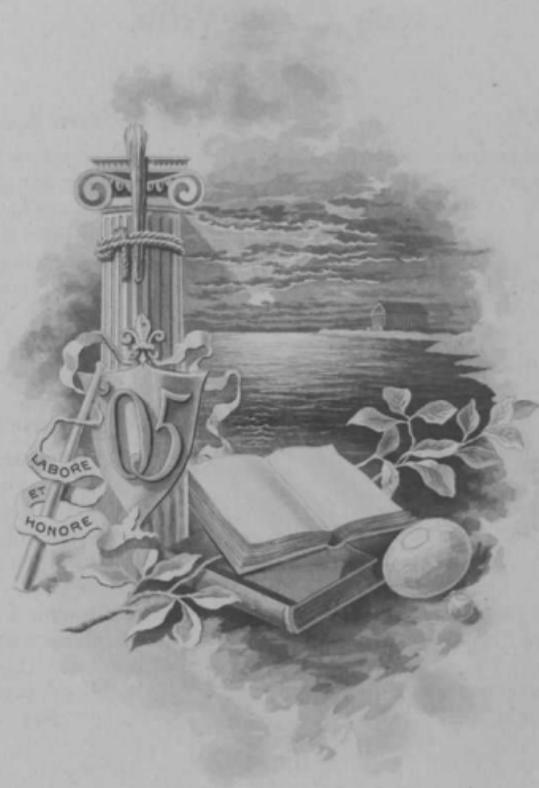
Quoniam jacta est alea  
Fiat justitia  
Ruat caelum.  
Fortitudine omnia et jure  
Nobis commendant se.  
Et his solum  
Historialibus summus honor  
Est habere palmam in 1904.

### Modern Language Yell.

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!

### Classical Yell.

Heus, heus, what's the row?  
'Tis the climax coming now.  
Known afar, of mighty fame,  
Semper summus is our name.  
*Ἔσμεν ἐν ᾧ ριθμῷ τῶν*  
*Ἐκαστοτε ἐπ' ἄκρων.*  
Latin, German, French and Greek  
Are the classics which we seek,  
Edepol, ecce,—classis cor—  
Classical, classical,  
1904.



## Class of 1905.

⌘ ⌘

### Class Colors.

Gold and Black.

---

### Class Officers.

#### President.

FRANKLIN ELLSWORTH RATHBUN.

#### Vice-President.

CHARLES GUTILIUS MYERS.

#### Prophetess.

CLARA ELIZABETH WALLS.

#### Secretary.

SAMUEL WALTER TAYLOR.

#### Treasurer.

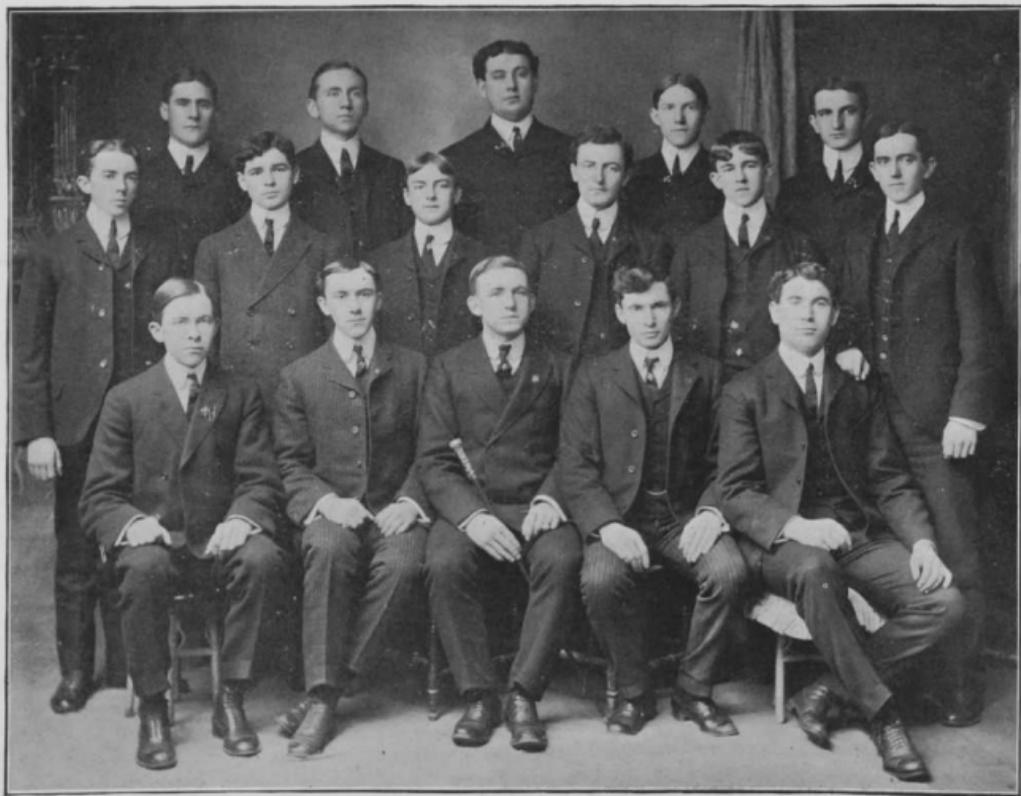
THOMAS PALMER TREDWAY.

#### Historian.

JOHN MICHAEL HENRY.

#### Poetess.

SARA REBECCA GAREY.



'05.

'05



# 1905 Class Roll.

♫ ♫

## Boys.

G. L. CURRY, . . . . .	Hanes, N. C.
J. R. ELLIOTT, . . . . .	Laurel, Del.
P. GRAY, . . . . .	Grayton, Md.
M. R. HARKINS, . . . . .	Chestnut Hill, Md.
J. M. HENRY, . . . . .	Vale Summit, Md.
M. D. HOBLITZELL, . . . . .	Lisbon, Md.
R. P. HOLLIDAY, . . . . .	Centreville, Md.
F. K. LITTLE, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
C. G. MYERS, . . . . .	Hagerstown, Md.
O. J. NEIGHBORS, . . . . .	Buckeystown, Md.
F. E. RATHBUN, . . . . .	Mountain Lake Park, Md.
J. D. SMITH, . . . . .	Harrington, Del.
S. W. TAYLOR, . . . . .	Yadkin College, N. C.
T. P. TREDWAY, . . . . .	Cambridge, Md.
B. B. WEBSTER, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
W. A. WILSON, . . . . .	Washington, D. C.

## Girls.

M. O. BRIGHT, . . . . .	Stevensville, Md.
F. M. CAYLOR, . . . . .	Linwood Md.
L. V. CLARK, . . . . .	Cecilton, Md.
S. R. GAREY, . . . . .	North East, Md.
R. HARRIS, . . . . .	Henderson, N. C.
C. H. LANSDALE, . . . . .	Davidsonville, Md.
M. L. MILLS, . . . . .	Brooklyn, Md.
S. E. MORRIS, . . . . .	St. Inigoes, Md.
M. E. RINGGOLD, . . . . .	Stevensville, Md.
R. RUTHRAUFF, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
A. WAILES, . . . . .	Salisbury, Md.
C. E. WALLS, . . . . .	Church Hill, Md.
D. M. WRIGHT, . . . . .	Belair, Md.



## 1905 Class History.



THE portals of another year swing open and greet the Class of 1905 as it once more climbs the hills of Western Maryland to pursue the royal road to learning. Having passed through the stormy seas of "Freshmanism," this class turns to the duties before it with feelings of lofty pride and veneration. All cannot fail to recognize the importance of this class, which has played and is destined to play a very important part in the history of W. M. C.

Ending our Freshman year with a cremation which surpassed in perfection all others hitherto held at this place, we turned to the duties of our new year with feelings akin to pleasure.

On October 2, we held our first joint class meeting, and elected our class officers. Mr. Frank Rathbun, from the far-famed Mountain Lake Park, was elected President. Confident in his leadership, we are fully satisfied that 1905 will uphold her high position during her entire existence in this college.

Next came our Hallowe'en entertainment; and proud are we to say that 1905 entertained the school with a production that stands without a peer in the annals of W. M. C. The feature of the programme was a contest for a colored bride, which was followed by a colored wedding. We wis to thank our art teacher for her hearty coöperation in this event, and of course we must say that much of our success was due to her splendid efforts in our behalf.

In the beginning of the year we were about to don the cruel garb of war and descend on the unmanageable Freshmen; but, having respect for our prowess in battle, they came with overtures of peace and make apologies for their misconduct, which were gladly accepted. With this victory over the "freshies," we are destined to go through our career at this college without further trouble.

We have kept our reputation as lovers of boxes from home. The year was begun with one of those receptions which draw each member of the class from his room to take part in a feast and feel proud that 1905 claim him as one of her honored members. Our honored President also entertained us with a banquet, to which, of course, we did not fail to do justice.

Foot ball has received some attention from us. The gridiron of 1902 was filled with stars from our class. In fact, the importance of 1905 in this branch of athletics has been acknowledged by the whole school. And, to maintain our boasted supremacy as class champions, we put on the field a team which was about to teach the Freshmen a lesson about the game, when all our hopes were blighted by the unfriendliness of the weather man. A heavy fall of snow, which compelled us to hang up our foot ball togs for another year, was sent by this unkind fellow. Our basket ball and track teams are equally as formidable and have done good work. To every branch of athletics that receive attention on the hill, we have contributed our share; and 1905 has never failed to carry off some honors by the remarkable ability and splendid efforts of her loyal members.

Not alone to athletics has Fortune confined our talents, but we hold positions of trust in every department of school, and all branches of college have received their due attention from us. Particularly in the literary world have we attained a high position. We shall not trespass on your patience with any of our productions, but, suffice it to say, such writers as Myers or Smith speak for themselves.

But let us speak of our girls. What shall I say of them? What can be said of such a class? They have represented 1905 well in all branches of college they have taken up. I cannot fail to realize how

improper is the attempt to faithfully portray their many virtues in these short lines. They are proficient in all branches of study, but they have reached perfection in one thing—unity of class. Feelings of pride come to us when we realize that the most united class on the hill acts in cooperation with us.

Our class, although not blessed with one of those glee clubs which make the halls echo with choice selections, contains a debater whose logic would put a Calhoun or a Webster to shame. This brilliant fellow often sends his class-mates in the corner by the logic of his acute mind. Some of his favorite subjects for debating are: *Resolved*, That a mathematical concept is greater than a historical fact. That B—town is a star of the universe. The divine origin of the toenail, etc., etc. We also have a poet whose muse responds in tones that electrify the soul. This poet has an excellent memory and, for the benefit of his class-mates, he repeats the choice selections delivered on the stage with a resemblance to the originals that is remarkable. Not being able to master any of his productions, I leave them for the enlightened generations of the future to study. I even predict that his name will go out to the world as the greatest man of our class.

Now we turn to the approaching end of a year, whose trials and triumphs have formed an important part of our lives at college. True, we have not labored nor toiled any more than our predecessors, but we hope to have emulated any task done by classes of preceding years. Having contributed our share of members to every department of school, having covered the courses laid down before us, and having won a name that would grace any class, we turn with pleasure to greet the new year as it advances, hoping that 1905, when in the course of her junior year, will maintain her lofty standard and show to the world that hers is one of the few, the immortal names that are not born to die.

---

### 1905 Class Yell.

Hulli ge ha! Hulli ge ha!  
Hulli ge ha! ge ha, ge ha!  
Grosses Geräusch in all the Hive,  
Western Maryland, 1905!

In anno quinto i-bi-mus  
Conari plus et sequi jus!  
Nineteen Five! Nineteen Five!  
Sophomore, Sophomore, 1905!

# 1906 Class Roll.

♂ ♂

## Boys.

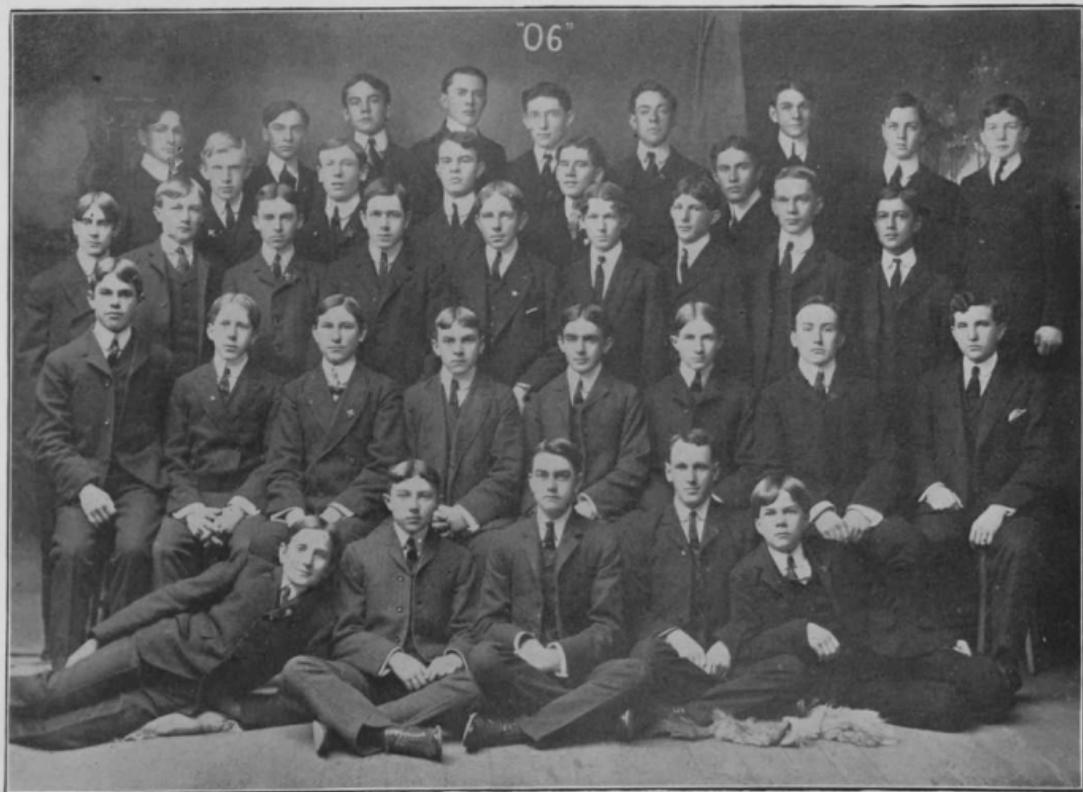
W. D. ADAMS, . . . . .	Atlantic City, N. J.
H. C. APSLEY, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
M. E. BEALL, . . . . .	Della, Md.
A. J. BEANE, . . . . .	Washington, D. C.
M. T. BOOVE, . . . . .	Atlantic City, N. J.
P. L. BROWN, . . . . .	Atlantic City, N. J.
G. C. COOLING, . . . . .	Chesapeake City, Md.
H. C. DASHIELL, . . . . .	Dames Quarter, Md.
G. W. DEXTER, . . . . .	Trappe, Md.
W. B. DORSEY, . . . . .	Sykesville, Md.
H. H. DOWNES, . . . . .	Denton, Md.
E. R. ENGLAR, . . . . .	Linwood, Md.
E. T. M. FORMAN, . . . . .	Centreville, Md.
S. GRAVES, . . . . .	Laurel Grove, Md.
R. H. GREEN, . . . . .	Westover, Md.
W. M. HIGGINS, . . . . .	Rockville, Md.
G. P. KELLER, . . . . .	Buckeystown, Md.
N. H. LEONARD, . . . . .	Trappe, Md.
R. H. LEWIS, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
T. B. MCCLOSKEY, . . . . .	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. D. RAWLINGS, . . . . .	Duley, Md.
C. L. REINDOLLAR, . . . . .	Uniontown, Md.
J. G. RIGDON, . . . . .	Chestnut Hill, Md.
J. H. ROSENBLATT, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
I. D. SCOTT, . . . . .	Cambridge, Md.
W. A. SHEPPARD, . . . . .	Salisbury, Md.
P. B. SLOCOMB, . . . . .	New Church, Va.
R. C. SMITH, . . . . .	Denton, Md.



'06

H. L. STERLING, . . . . .	Crisfield, Md.
H. C. STEVENS, . . . . .	Sunderland, Md.
S. H. STEVENS, . . . . .	Eastport, Md.
H. S. SWAN, . . . . .	Oakland, Md.
E. C. WEEKS, . . . . .	Atlantic City, N. J.
R. J. WHITEFORD, . . . . .	Whiteford, Md.
R. H. WEIGAND, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
E. H. WOOTTON, . . . . .	Poolesville, Md.





'06



# 1906 Class Roll, Concluded.

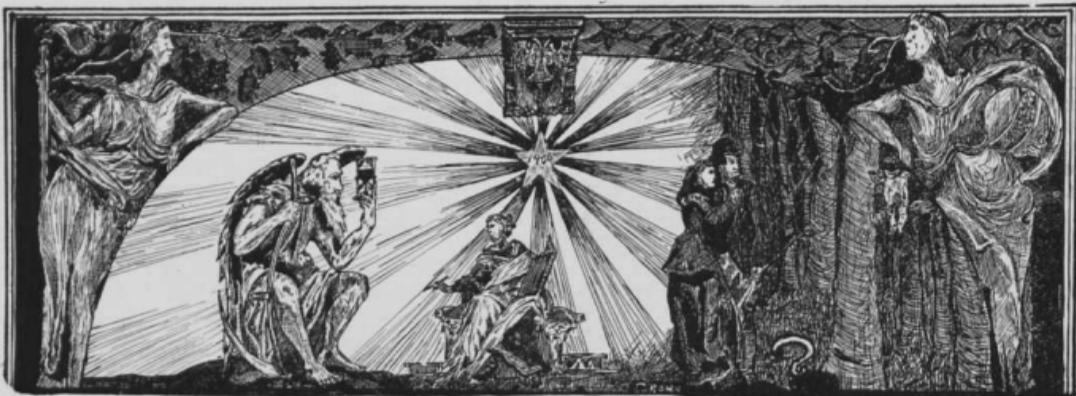
♣ ♣

## Girls.

E. D. ANSTINE, . . . . .	Marion, Md.
A. S. BLANDFORD, . . . . .	Clinton, Md.
C. BONNOTTE, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
D. P. BOSLEY, . . . . .	Parkton, Md.
O. P. CAPLE, . . . . .	Reese, Md.
A. B. CAYLOR, . . . . .	Linwood, Md.
H. CHAFFINCH, . . . . .	Easton, Md.
H. R. CROUSE, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
C. COULBOURN, . . . . .	Crisfield, Md.
N. DABBY, . . . . .	Riverton, Md.
M. P. FLEMING, . . . . .	Parkersburg, W. Va.
M. L. FLEMING, . . . . .	Parkersburg, W. Va.
L. FONTAINE, . . . . .	Pocomoke City, Md.
M. P. FORD, . . . . .	Ford's Store, Md.
M. G. GEHR, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
M. L. GILBERT, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
E. J. HELLER, . . . . .	Baltimore, Md.
F. A. HOLLETT, . . . . .	Smyrna, Del.
R. KING, . . . . .	Annapolis Junction, Md.
M. LEWIS, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
M. L. McCUNE, . . . . .	Hagerstown, Md.
I. H. MILLER, . . . . .	Omar, Del.
M. S. MILLER, . . . . .	Cumberland, Md.
N. N. NICODEMUS, . . . . .	Walkersville, Md.
R. E. ROBERTS, . . . . .	Sam's Creek, Md.
N. R. SCHAEFFER, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
C. E. SCHWEIGART, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
K. S. SLAGLE, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.

M. P. SMITH, . . . . .	Level, Md.
E. S. STAUFFER, . . . . .	Walkersville, Md.
E. P. STERLING, . . . . .	Crisfield, Md.
M. R. THAYER, . . . . .	Oakland, Md.
C. VEASEY, . . . . .	Pocomoke City, Md.
E. V. VICKERS, . . . . .	Ellwood, Md.
B. L. WALLS, . . . . .	Church Hill, Md.
E. M. WAYS, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.
M. E. YOUNG, . . . . .	Bowens, Md.
L. ZAHN, . . . . .	Westminster, Md.





## 1906 Class History.



ON the seventeenth of September, 1902, was entered on its career of achievements in the field of knowledge the Class of 1906, at Western Maryland College. This class has, indeed, a bright future before it; for we have started from the very beginning a leading class in many respects. No other which has yet entered this institution can boast its superior in numbers; and we have quality as truly as quantity. There are seventy-four members in all, thirty-eight girls, of whom we are justly proud, and thirty-six boys.

Both divisions of our class are well represented in all the studies of the finer accomplishments, including music, art, and elocution. And in these branches the Freshman class can boast of as much talent

as is possessed by others of longer study and greater opportunities. These sparks, which are first brought to our notice now, will no doubt, in future years, be kindled to a flame whose beams will attract the attention of thousands.

Between the Freshman class and all other classes on the "hill," there exists the most kindly feeling. Indeed, one of the most important events of our Freshman year was an amicable settlement between the classes of 1906 and 1905 concerning the custom of class rushes. In this agreement both classes evinced remarkably good sense and judgment. By it both classes promise an equal amount of good will and respect towards each other, thus preventing any further difficulty. May this good will continue to exist throughout our Sophomore year, which is just ushering in, and the rest of our course. And we feel sure that wherever the title of "1906" is found, there also will be friendship, happiness and prosperity.

In athletics, the "'06 man" holds a prominent position. In the foot ball team, which so faithfully and successfully represented our college during the season just passed, were three of our number. While the second team, which played its part so admirably, was composed almost wholly of men of the Freshman class. The Freshman foot ball team was fully organized and trained. We accepted a challenge from the Sophomores, who boast of having a set of scientific foot ball players. The game was declared off, however, on account of a snow fall on the appointed date. Had the weather permitted, we might have arranged games with all the other classes.

Our girls, in basket ball, were wonders. Their skill was made strikingly evident to all others who chose to meet them, and the result is that they hold the second place in the series of championship games, having defeated all the other classes but that of the Seniors. And even this accomplished class found it no easy task to hold their own against us. The Freshman boys, too, at this game plainly demonstrated to all other classes their invincibility, and successfully held up the honor of their illustrious class.

Our boys, in base ball, show considerable skill, and may be depended upon to do good work in this game as well as in all others in which it is the custom of college students to participate.

We have made this first and most important year of our college course an ideal Freshman year. We have demonstrated our scholarship; have won, by our actions, the good will of Faculty and fellow-students; have entered into athletics and displayed nerve and skill. And now, as we have passed out of this year and assumed the title of Sophomores, although we look down upon the name of Freshman in the glory of

being upper classmen, yet the events recorded and the lessons learned during this year will never be erased from our memory, and the success to which they will lead shall ever be an honor to the glorious Class of 1906.

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### Class Yell.

Tinkety, tockety, tackety, tix  
Zallie hi, zallie yi, zallie ki, zix,  
Zwanzigste, Jahrhundert wir sind six.

Aliorum classium we are rex  
Semper excelsior, nostra lex  
Ad annum mille nongenti sex!

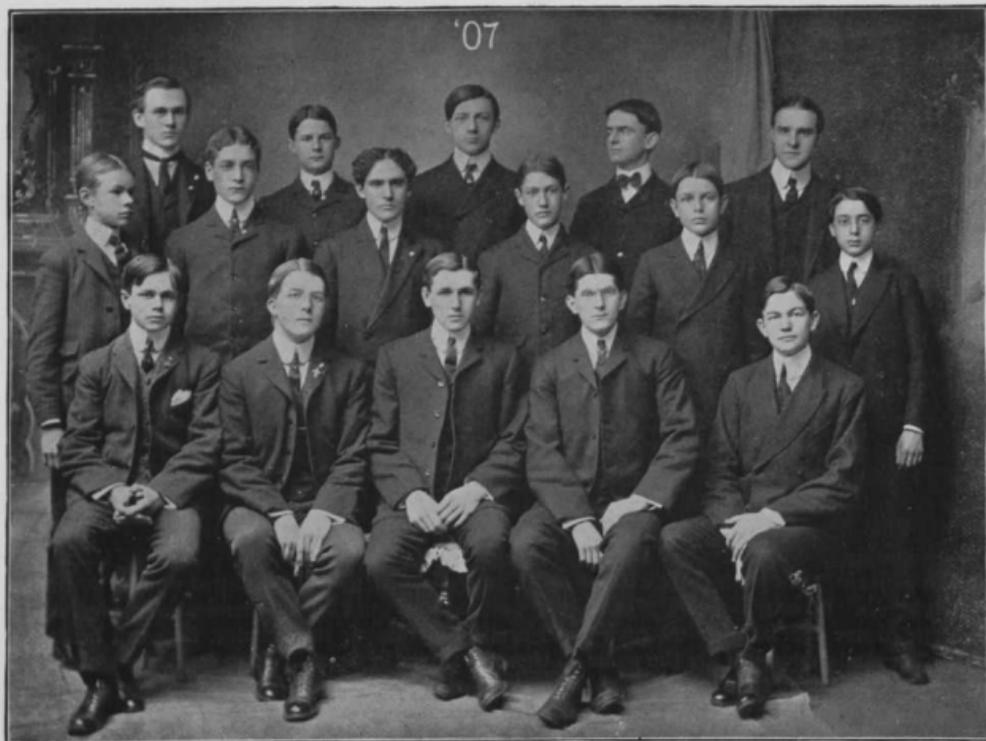
*ἡμεῖς τον Δ' ἀκρότατον  
τὸ βέλτιστον διωκτέον*

Western Maryland, Western Maryland,  
Room ta nix.

Hurrah for the Freshmen, 1906.



LEVINE HALL, our Preparatory School, is the first building seen as a visitor climbs College Hill. It was erected in 1891, by Dr. Charles Billingslea, of Westminster, as a memorial to his son, James Levine. Since its erection it has been greatly enlarged, and is now a commodious three-story brick building. In addition to its dormitories for the boys and the class-rooms and offices for the teachers, it contains the Frank Hurley Memorial Library, a reading room, opened daily, and containing about 600 books. It contains also a case of apparatus for illustrating chemical and physical experiments. The course has been raised each year, and by increasing the Faculty, its work is made more effective. The studies pursued are the same as those at larger colleges. Three teachers, who live in the building, give their entire time to the work; and, besides, other teachers from the college meet classes of the Preparatory School for work in their special departments.





# Young Men's Christian Association.



## Officers.

<i>President,</i> . . . . .	WARD S. IRELAND, '03.
<i>Vice-President,</i> . . . . .	WINFRED P. ROBERTS, '03.
<i>Historian,</i> . . . . .	EDWARD E. TARR, '03.
<i>Recording Secretary,</i> . . . . .	F. E. RATHBUN, '05.
<i>Corresponding Secretary,</i> . . . . .	L. E. PURDUM, '07.
<i>Treasurer,</i> . . . . .	JAMES D. SMITH, '05.
<i>Organist,</i> . . . . .	CHARLES L. ELDERDICE, '04.

## History.

OF all the institutions on College Hill, the Young Men's Christian Association stands pre-eminent for its work towards making a man lead a more noble and useful life. Its influence pervades every phase of college life. Its workings, to a large extent, are not seen; yet, how visible are its results! At the opening of school in September, our roll was nearly doubled. In a short time all the members were placed on some committee, and the committees have faithfully done their work.

We were much helped by the report of our delegate to the World's Student Conference, at Northfield, Mass. We sent twenty-five delegates to the Tri-State Convention held in Baltimore during March.

We have made a big improvement in our reading room, by the addition of new chairs, and several games for the amusement of the students. We have purchased a very good book case, and already have

a number of books in our library. Our committes for the almshouse and jail have braved the chilling blasts and piercing rains of winter, and the scorching sun of summer, to carry the gospel light to the inmates of these institutions.

Some of the happiest hours of our collegiate life have been spent in the "Upper Room" of our association building. We have had wonderful outpourings of God's spirit at our Wednesday evening service. At the joint meeting with the Young Women's Christian Association on Sunday evenings, we have listened to able discourses and been greatly benefited.

Our Bible study and missionary classes are two of the most beneficial studies at college. Here also the students are brought into closer relationship with each other, in their heart-to-heart talks on the word of God.

Space will not permit me to give you more of the glorious work we are doing. We are engaged in all the active work that a college association can do. We stand for the noblest and best; we stand for Jesus Christ.



# Young Women's Christian Association.



## Officers.

<i>President</i> , . . . . .	MARIE SENSENEY.
<i>Vice-President</i> , . . . . .	IRMA BEVANS.
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> , . . . . .	EMMA DUNCAN.
<i>Recording Secretary</i> , . . . . .	MARIAN HANDY.
<i>Treasurer</i> , . . . . .	MAYFIELD WRIGHT.
<i>Organist</i> , . . . . .	MABEL GARRISON.

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## Y. W. C. A.

IT is well-nigh universally acknowledged, in our colleges of to-day, that the highest phase of culture in which students can develop is spiritual culture. Undoubtedly the most effective aids of our institution in deepening spirituality are the Christian Associations of the college.

During the year that has just passed, the Y. W. C. A. has made progress which, though not satisfying, is very encouraging. The works of an association cannot, in the highest sense, be enumerated in a table of statistics; in many cases a real elevation of the moral standard of its members is of far greater value than any amount of expansive work into which they might enter. The greatest work of which our Y. W. C. A. can tell is the very earnestness of force in that inner circle, which promises all the greater widening in the future.

Last June we sent one delegate to represent us at the Conference of the Eastern Colleges for Young Women, which was held at Silver Bay. We hope that this year we may be able to send two delegates, as it is impossible for one girl to bring back from such a conference as the one held at Silver Bay the inspiration received there, and impart it to those who have not attended.

During the year we have been fortunate in having a visit from Miss Blount, the secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Miss Blount is a graduate of the University of Nashville, and is visiting the colleges of this country during the time of her preparation for work in Japan. She has greatly interested the girls in foreign missions.

The regular Wednesday evening meetings have been held throughout the year, and have been a safeguard, as it were, for keeping our standard high. In these meetings, which are held in our bright, cozy room, the girls who are members of the association and those who are not come together; and in a heart-to-heart manner the "deeper things" are spoken of quite naturally, because they are uppermost in the thoughts of all.

With faith and reason and good works, the Y. W. C. A. hopes to advance steadily and be to the college a real spiritual aid, and to the world an element of strength.



# Irving Literary Society.

Æ Æ

## Presidents.

### first Term.

WARD S. IRELAND.

### Second Term.

ROBERT R. CARMAN.

### Third Term.

D. ROGER ENGLAR.

### fourth Term.

FERNAND BONNOTTE.

### fifth Term.

EDWARD E. TARR.



EMBRONIA

## History of I. L. S.



LINKED together by inseparable bonds of sympathy, encouraged by the successes of the past year, and promising to show the fruits of faithful and persistent efforts in the years to come, the members of Irving Literary Society place her before the coming students of W. M. C. We wish to point out a few of Irving's advantages. Her hall is one which we speak of with pride and pleasure. It is furnished with a library which contains not only valuable books of reference, but also standard books of fiction and poetry. On her table are found the best magazines, which enable her members to keep abreast of the times. In her hall is an orator's mirror, which serves to develop grace and gesture. Her debates during the year have been interesting and instructive, displaying talent which promises bright results in the future.

Adorned by the laurel wreath of victory in the annual contest of last year against Webster, Irving has achieved another brilliant victory in placing one of her loyal members as orator in the Intercollegiate Contest of 1903.

We cannot but feel proud of our work as we review the past year. We feel encouraged as we look into the future, knowing that all success depends upon constant and persistent effort such as we put forth. Our speakers have shown marked improvement, and we have the fond hope of seeing victory perched upon our banners in the contest of 1903. So with the encouragement of past success we turn to the gem-laden path of the future, which promises to be strewn with the laurels of hard-fought victories for the best Society at W. M. C.

# Browning Literary Society.

\* \*

## Presidents.

### First Term.

JESSIE L. COCHRAN.

### Second Term.

ETHEL MILLER.

### Third Term.

NETTIE A. WHITMORE.



CAMBRIDGE

## History of B. L. S.



IN 1867 the girls of Western Maryland, in organizing a literary society, realized a long-felt need. When selecting a name for this society, which was for girls alone, they wisely chose that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, one of the greatest of English writers, whose lovely character and beautiful poems are known to almost everyone. For a motto, "*Vita Sine Litteris Mors Est*" seemed most suitable; and, verily, it is a good motto for a society devoted to literature and truth. The Brownings, judging from their zeal in the pursuit of literature, evidently see the truth of their motto.

In the college year now closing, the Society has made more progress than ever before; her numbers have increased greatly, and her excellence in the literary line is shown by the weekly programs. It is the effort of every member to make these programs as interesting and instructive as possible, and they have been made much more entertaining by the addition of a piano to the society hall. This is something which, for a long time, has been needed, since, heretofore, vocal music has filled the musical part of the program.

The society rooms are bright and attractive. They consist of the society hall proper, which is well furnished and well arranged; and a library or reading room, which is supplied with works of standard authors, as well as with the latest books and magazines. Indeed, constant additions are being made to the library, which is already large. The members have free access to this library, and make good use of their opportunity.

With all inducements to progress, with such a favorable past record, and with such a hopeful outlook for the future, Browning Literary Society certainly justifies the hopes of its founders, who may look over the results of their labor and "be glad that it is so."

# Webster Literary Society.

• •

## Presidents.

### first Term.

GEORGE MEDDERS.

### Second Term.

GEORGE MEDDERS.

### Third Term.

ELWOOD A. DAVIS.

### fourth Term.

H. C. HANCOCK.



LARRIGUELLA

## History of W. L. S.



AFTER another year of uninterrupted progress, Webster Literary Society stands forth, the pride of all her friends, the terror of her foes. Each succeeding term of the year just closed has found her farther and farther on the road to the realization of her ideal, which is to worthily deserve the honor of bearing his name, whom every American hails as our greatest statesman and orator. Organized in May, 1871, with an enrollment of nine names, Webster has steadily grown until at present her roll bears the names of more than half the boys on college hill, and her record, in terms of trophies won, stands nine stars to her rival's six.

Of such a record we are justly proud. How can we help but love her? Should not our pulses quicken at the mention of her name? We love her, one and all. Her triumphs and her failures, they are ours. But her staunchest friends are they who know her best. Who longest serves her learns to love her most. Then let us speak to those who in the coming year will for the first time turn their faces to dear old Western Maryland. Of course you have been careful in your selection of your future college home. Your presence on "College Hill" next year will show that you have chosen well.

Be but as careful in your choice of a society and we will ask no more. Webster's past speaks for itself. How else shall we forecast the future? But for you, the pertinent question will be, "Shall I help to make that future?" Yours is the life whose opportunities must be realized. With you, its future rests for good or ill. *Choose well!* Do your duty, and we know the pleasure we shall have in welcoming you to Webster's fold will but forecast the joy which shall be yours when fondest memories of college days will somehow be inseparably linked with "Ad Hue Vivo."

# Philomathean Literary Society.

✻ ✻

## Presidents.

### first Term.

EMMA W. DUNCAN.

### Second Term.

IDELLA W. TREDWAY.

### Third Term.

HATTIE H. ENNIS.



CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## History of P. L. S.



TWENTY-ONE years ago there was but one literary society for the girls at Western Maryland, when an ardent little band of thirteen of its members decided to found a new order, its object being the same as that of the mother society—the dissemination of knowledge. The new society was named Philomathean, and this term seems to have been well applied, since those girls who have the honor of being members of this society are indeed earnest and enthusiastic in their pursuit of learning.

The motto of the Philomathean Society is *Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum*. It were indeed a lack of wisdom to retrace footsteps leading to sublime heights such as Philo's attainments have reached.

Every meeting of the society is made more grand by carefully arranged literary exercises, of which, generally, one of the most interesting features is a debate on some question of universal importance. Since the addition of our piano not only vocal, as before, but instrumental music has not been wanting, for the talent of Philo's members not only includes literary and artistic proficiency, but also satisfactory musical genius.

The society owns quite a large number of good books, which include not only standard books, new historical novels and popular magazines, but also special treatises on science, history, classics, etc. The society hall is large and beautiful, and altogether affords a charming place for meeting. This year, twenty-one new girls joined the society, and to these, as well as to all older members, do we ascribe Philo's present glory, which promises to become even more resplendent than that of last year.

The Society appears in public twice every year—jointly, with either the Webster or the Irving Society, in the anniversary entertainment; then, during commencement week, at the oratorical contest for the trophy presented by Prof. Newell, 1888. Nine times out of fifteen have the representatives of the Philomathean Society stepped off the rostrum victorious.

Philo's efforts have been heroic; her successes phenomenal. May her future be aglow with triumph.



White.

Sheridan.

Taylor.  
Whipp (Editor-in-Chief).

Cochran.

Rathbun (Business Manager).  
Sellman.

Stewart.

## College Monthly Staff.



### Editor-in-Chief.

PAUL C. WHIPP, '04.

### Literary Editors.

GEORGE L. WHITE, '04.

JESSIE L. COCHRAN, '03.

ERMA B. STEWART, '04.

### Exchange Editor.

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR, '05.

### Local Editor.

SALLIE E. SHERIDAN, '04.

### Alumni Editors.

HARRY GILLIGAN, '01.

MIRIAM LEWIS, '96.

### Business Manager.

FRANKLIN E. RATHBUN, '05.

### Assistant Business Manager.

NELLIE A. SELLMAN, '04.

W. M. C. A. A.



# Athletic Association.



## Officers.

<i>President,</i> . . . . .	EDWARD E. TARR
<i>Vice-President,</i> . . . . .	JACOB SHAMBERGER.
<i>Treasurer,</i> . . . . .	PROF. ROWLAND WATTS.
<i>Secretary,</i> . . . . .	FRANKLIN E. RATHBUN.

## Managers.

Foot Ball, . . . . .	ROBERT R. CARMAN.
Base Ball, . . . . .	H. CLIFFORD HANCOCK.
Tennis, . . . . .	M. DALE HOBLITZELL.
Basket Ball, . . . . .	ELWOOD A. DAVIS.
Track, . . . . .	PROF. C. A. HOLTON.

## W. M. C. Athletics, 1902--1903.

A WELL-DEVELOPED body presupposes a well-balanced mind. Thus, in all our modern colleges, the aim is not to develop the mind at the expense of the body, nor the body at the expense of the mind, but by striking a medium to gain the greatest possible results; so athletics have become as much a part of the college course as studies. Although many cranks object to college athletics, their objections never take a definite form and athletics have come to stay.

Never before has there been shown such interest, and never has there been achieved such success, as in athletics at Western Maryland this year. The teams that have represented the college were among the very best of the State, and many victories have been added to the already full list. Foot ball, the first game of the collegiate year, has taken such hold on all lovers of sport that nothing need to be said in its defence. Our manager had arranged a hard schedule, and as many of the last year's players had not returned it looked as if we would lose most of the games. But with the determined spirit that has been the characteristic of the "Western Maryland Boys," they went to work to do the best they could. Mr. Milton Whitehurst, of Baltimore, kindly consented to coach the team; he was ably assisted by Prof. C. A. Holton. After about a week of preparation, the team opened the season by a game with the Columbian University, of Washington. This game was lost by a score of 5 to 0. Not disheartened by the result of the first game, the team worked all the harder for their next game with the professional team representing Baltimore Medical College. This game was also lost by one touch-down, but in losing we gained a victory; for when we found that the champion team of the State could only score one touch-down on us, we knew that we had the material for one of the best amateur teams of the State, and we were not mistaken. Only once more was our victorious banner hurled to the dust, and that by our oldest and friendliest rival, St. John's College, Annapolis. Even then their captain told our men that he hardly

knew how they had won, for we had outclassed them at nearly every point. Western Maryland has need to be proud of her team, and as only one or two of the men, who were on the team, will not return there are prospects for even a better team next year. On account of the meritorious work of the team during the season, Hon. E. Oliver Grimes presented them with new suits. He has our most sincere thanks for his kindness.

The winter sports, basket ball, indoor base ball, and indoor athletics were very interesting. The Athletic Association offers a shield to winning class, both in basket ball and in the indoor athletics, and a gold medal to the individual who makes the greatest number of points in the Indoor Meets. All the classes were invited to enter and all entered except the Juniors. The Seniors won both the shields, and Mr. Edward E. Tarr, '03, won the gold medal, scoring 1,005 points. The Sophomores were a close second in the Basket Ball Contest and the Freshmen came second in the the Indoor Meets.

Mr. E. A. Davis was elected manager for the basket ball games and admission was charged. The association needs to thank him for his efficient work; he was able to present to it quite a handsome sum.

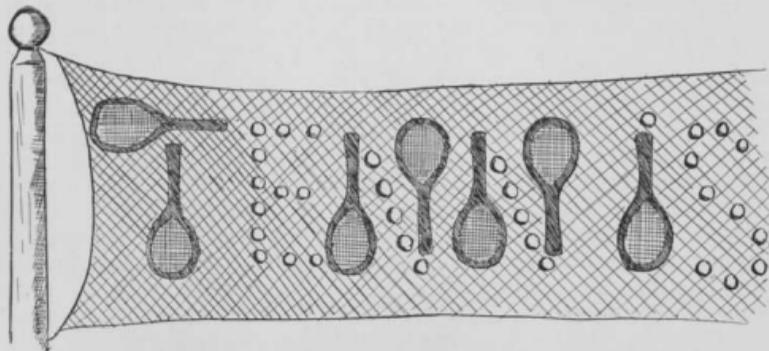
The track was put into excellent shape early in the spring, and the boys have been making good use of it. The track team will go to Philadelphia on April 27th to compete in the Annual University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival. On May 23d the association will hold a Track Meet, under the management of Professor Holton, and we hope to carry off a goodly share of the honors. Captain Tarr is doing his best to make a winning team.

So far, much interest has been displayed in the Base Ball Department. The college has bought a part of Geiman's field and a new diamond will be made. This will make a great improvement, as the old one is in a terrible condition. The team has not been selected as yet, but we know we will also do our best to make a winning team for Western Maryland this year. Most of the old men are back and some of the new men are showing up well.

Mr. Hancock has been elected manager and has scheduled fourteen games.

Tennis has been gaining quite a hold among the boys and the courts are nearly always occupied. Mr. Hoblitzell has been elected manager.

The Fall of Rome was reproduced this year, and was a great financial help to the association. Prof. Holton deserves much thanks for his untiring work in making it a success.



W. D. ADAMS,  
H. C. APSLEY,  
A. J. BEANE,  
M. E. BEALL,  
A. W. BROWN,  
G. W. DEXTER,  
C. M. ELDERDICE,  
C. N. ETCHINSON,  
E. T. FORMAN,  
P. GRAY,  
B. H. GREEN,

H. C. HANCOCK,  
M. R. HARKINS,  
M. D. HOBLITZELL,  
W. N. HOOD,  
L. I. INSLEY,  
N. H. LEONARD,  
H. LEWIS,  
F. K. LITTLE,  
C. G. MYERS,  
O. J. NEIGHBORS,  
S. H. ORRICK,

L. E. PURDUM,  
E. D. RAWLINGS,  
D. RIDER,  
G. R. WENTZ,  
W. A. WILSON,  
P. C. WHIPP,  
R. J. WHITEFORD,  
DR. HUSSEY,  
PROF. HULL,  
PROF. COBY.



	Wilson.	Englar.	Higgins.	Green.	Hancock.	Weeks.	
Carman (Manager).	Henry.	White.	Cooling.	Clough.	Simpson.	Prof. Holton (Trainer).	
Davis (Time-keeper).	Tredway.	Hurley.	Roberts (Captain).	Tarr.	Myers.	McCloskey.	

# foot Ball Team.

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## Statistics.

<i>Team.</i>	<i>Height.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>	<i>Position.</i>
D. R. ENGLAR, '03 . . . . .	5 ft. 8 in. . . . .	140 . . . . .	left end.
W. G. SIMPSON, '04, . . . . .	5 " 11 " . . . . .	168 . . . . .	" "
W. P. ROBERTS, '03, . . . . .	6 " 0 " . . . . .	195 . . . . .	left tackle.
N. C. CLOUGH, Sem., . . . . .	5 " 8 " . . . . .	163 . . . . .	left guard.
G. C. COOLING, '06, . . . . .	5 " 11 " . . . . .	180 . . . . .	centre.
G. L. WHITE, '04, . . . . .	5 " 11 " . . . . .	175 . . . . .	right guard.
J. D. SMITH, '05, . . . . .	6 " 0 " . . . . .	180 . . . . .	right tackle.
C. G. MYERS, '05, . . . . .	5 " 8 " . . . . .	140 . . . . .	right end.
T. P. TREDWAY, '05, . . . . .	5 " 9 " . . . . .	145 . . . . .	quarter back.
E. E. TARR, '03, . . . . .	5 " 8 " . . . . .	140 . . . . .	left half back.
J. S. HURLEY, '03, . . . . .	5 " 10 " . . . . .	168 . . . . .	right half back.
J. M. HENRY, '05, . . . . .	5 " 10 " . . . . .	160 . . . . .	full back.
H. C. HANCOCK, '03, . . . . .	5 " 9 " . . . . .	145 . . . . .	" "

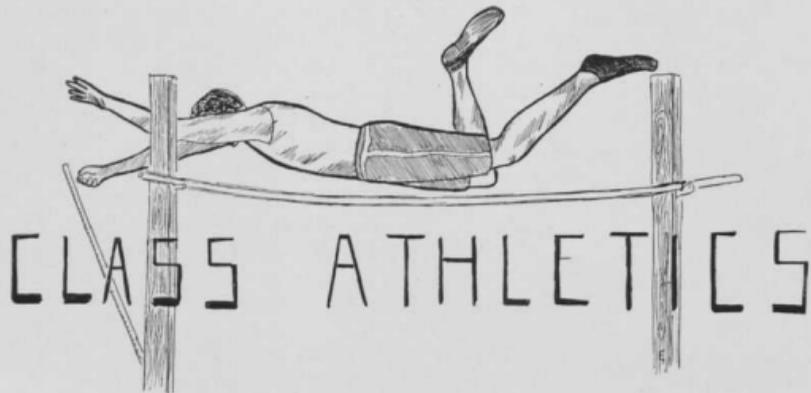
## Substitutes.

T. B. McCLOSKEY, '06.	B. H. GREEN, '06.	W. A. WILSON, '05.
W. M. HIGGINS, '06,	E. C. WEEKS, '06.	
<i>Manager,</i> . . . . .	R. R. CARMAN.	
<i>Captain,</i> . . . . .	W. P. ROBERTS.	
<i>Coach,</i> . . . . .	M. M. WHITEHURST, M. D.,	
<i>Trainer,</i> . . . . .	C. A. HOLTON.	

### Schedule.

Sept. 27,	Western Maryland	vs.	Columbian University . . . . .	0- 5.
Oct. 4,	"	"	vs. Baltimore Medical College, . . . . .	0- 6.
Oct. 11,	"	"	vs. Clifton Athletic Club, no game (rain).	
Oct. 18,	"	"	vs. University of Maryland, . . . . .	16- 0.
Oct. 24,	"	"	vs. Mt. St. Mary's College, . . . . .	22- 0.
Nov. 1,	"	"	vs. Penn. Military College, . . . . .	11-10.
Nov. 8,	"	"	vs. Johns Hopkins University, . . . . .	6- 6.
Nov. 15,	"	"	vs. Maryland Agricultural College, . . . . .	26- 6.
Nov. 22,	"	"	vs. St. John's College, . . . . .	11-18.
Nov. 27,	"	"	vs. Carroll Athletic Club, . . . . .	23- 0.





## Our Class in Athletics.



*When can their glory fade.—TENNYSON.*

**T**HIS quotation aptly applies to the 1903 Class in athletics. Seldom has one class so distinguished itself in athletics throughout the whole course as to be worthy of a history, but the Class of 1903 is an exception. Some people think that if one is good in athletics, he is poor in studies; but we are also an exception in this respect, as it is a recognized fact that we have the best students in school. The Professor of Psychology once said that we were the best class of philosophers he had ever had, and there is one member of our class that could even confuse him; but this is not our athletic history. Ever since we were Sub-Freshmen there has hardly been a championship won by any other class than ours.

In that year our teams won the foot ball, base ball and basket ball championships; then, in the Freshman, the foot ball and basket ball championships; in the Sophomore year, the foot ball and base ball, and since then have won everything in the class athletic line except the basket ball championship in 1902, which was won by the Seniors of that year by the close score of 4 to 3.

The Indoor Contests of 1902 were especially interesting, and we won them easily. Mr. J. Scott Hurley, '03, won the all-round individual championship, closely pushed by Mr. Fernand Bonnotte of the same class. The Outdoor Contests were just as easily won. The Individual Outdoor Contest did not take place last year, but it would surely have been won by a member of our class.

As a rule, the Senior class of the college drops out of athletics, but in this we have again been an exception, much to the gratification of our Physical Director, who has since said that he always knew where to find the best men when they were needed.

There were no contests in foot ball. In basket ball the regular series of class games was played and we were invariably victorious. The Sophomores beat us in a practice game, and they were sure of winning the final game, but alas! their hopes were dashed; they were aspiring a little too high, for we beat them by five field goals.

We again won the indoor championship of 1903 by a margin of over a thousand points. Mr. Edward E. Tarr won the all-round individual medal, and again Mr. Bonnotte came second.

Individually Mr. W. P. Roberts is the best all-round gymnast in the college, and he has been on every team of the college for the last five years.

Mr. Davis is the champion club swinger of the college.

Here we will close, and those who would know more of the best class of athletes that have ever issued from the halls of Western Maryland College can enter the gymnasium there and read the story on the many shields that we have won and hung upon the walls, to keep before the eyes of those who are to follow us the inspiration of our glorious example.



# Champions, '03.

## Basket Ball.

### Girls.

Centre, . . . . .	FANNIE AYRES.
Left Forward, . . . . .	MABEL GARRISON.
Right Forward, . . . . .	JESSIE COCHRAN.
Left Back, . . . . .	HATTIE ENNIS.
Right Back, . . . . .	ETHEL MILLER, <i>Captain.</i>

### Schedule.

Seniors, . . . . .	10; Juniors, . . . . .	0.
Seniors, . . . . .	8; Sophomores, . . . . .	2.
Seniors, . . . . .	2; Freshmen, . . . . .	0.

### Boys.

Centre, . . . . .	EDW. E. TARR.
Left Forward, . . . . .	FERNAND BONNOTTE.
Right Forward, . . . . .	ROBERT R. CARMAN.
Left Back, . . . . .	WINFRED P. ROBERTS.
Right Back, . . . . .	J. SCOTT HURLEY, <i>Captain.</i>
Substitute, . . . . .	H. CLIFFORD HANCOCK.
Substitute, . . . . .	D. ROGER ENGLAR.
Manager, . . . . .	ELWOOD A. DAVIS.

### Schedule.

Seniors, . . . . .	10; Sophomores, . . . . .	5.
Seniors, . . . . .	14; Freshmen, . . . . .	3.
Seniors, . . . . .	36; Sub Freshmen, . . . . .	13.



Edward F. Tarr,  
Individual Champion, '03

Carman.	Hurley.	Roberts.	Hancock.
	Davis.	Tarr,	Englar.
		(Manager.)	Bonnotte.

J. Scott Hurley,  
Individual Champion, '02.

## Champions, '03.



### Track Team.

FERNAND BONNOTTE,  
ROBERT R. CARMAN,  
ELWOOD A. DAVIS,  
D. ROGER ENGLAR,  
H. CLIFFORD HANCOCK,  
J. SCOTT HURLEY,  
WINFRED P. ROBERTS,  
EDWARD E. TARR.

### All-Round Individual Champion.

EDWARD E. TARR.





## Glee Club.



Leader, . . . . . LOUIS BURT HULL.

### First Tenors.

WALTER M. GRAHAM,  
C. A. HOLTON,  
J. E. KEITH.

### First Basses.

C. M. ELDERDICE,  
H. C. HANCOCK,  
L. E. PURDUM.

### Second Tenors.

M. D. HOBLITZELL,  
E. LITZINGER,  
H. L. RICH.

### Second Basses.

R. R. CARMAN,  
L. B. HULL.



## Chess Club.



F. BONNOTTE,  
J. B. EDWARDS,  
D. R. ENGLAR,  
H. C. HANCOCK,  
W. P. ROBERTS,  
E. M. ELDERDICE,  
L. I. INSLEY,

PAUL WHIPP,  
G. L. WHITE,  
C. G. MYERS,  
O. J. NEIGHBORS,  
F. E. RATHBUN,  
H. C. APSLEY,  
M. E. BEALL,

R. SMITH,  
J. H. ROSENBLATT,  
W. SHEPPARD,  
E. C. WEEKS,  
S. GRAVES,  
H. H. MELVIN,  
E. D. RAWLINGS.

## Loafing Club.

☪ ☪

### Officers.

*President*, . . . . . W. P. ROBERTS.  
*Vice-President*, . . . . . F. BONNOTTE.  
*Recording Secretary*, . . . . . E. A. DAVIS.  
*Treasurer*, . . . . . W. S. IRELAND.  
*Chaplain*, . . . . . E. E. TARR.  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*, . . . . . D. R. ENGLAR.

*Critic*,

MADemoiselle TE-LA-LA MEDDERS.

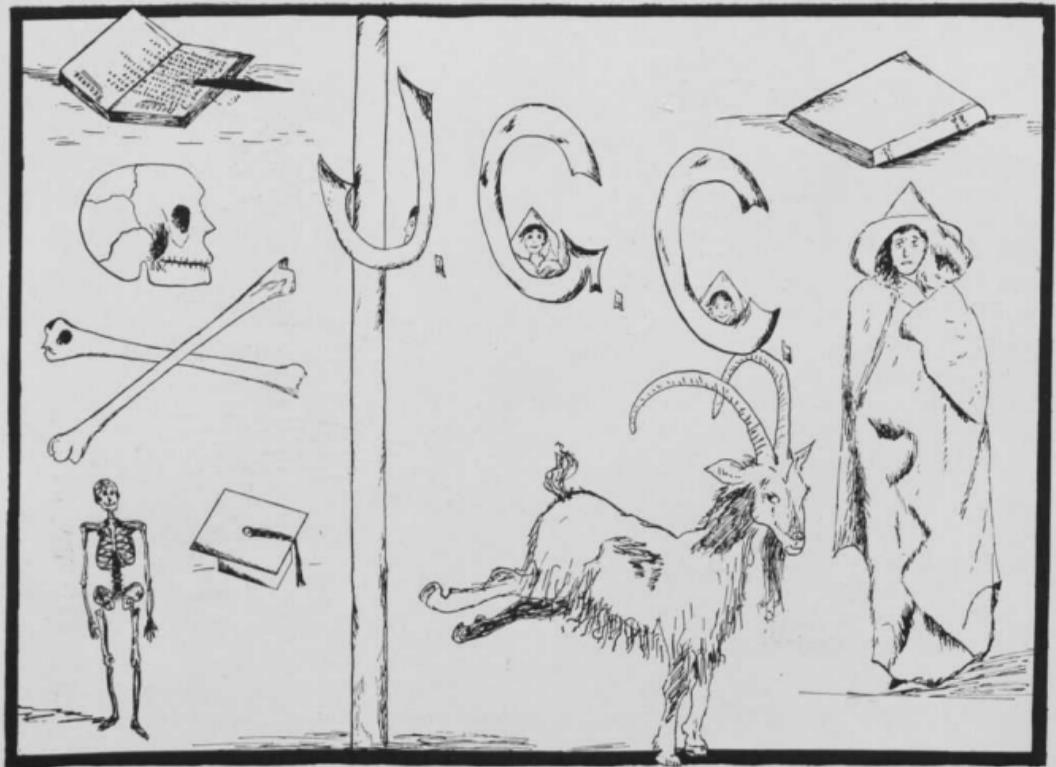
*Applicants*,

H. C. HANCOCK, J. S. HURLEY and R. R. CARMAN.

*Headquarters*—Englar and Ireland's Room.

*Time of Meeting*—Hot Time.





# The J. G. C.

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## Officers.

<i>Grand High Mogul,</i>	HATTIE H. ENNIS.
<i>Lord High Lictor,</i>	M. KATHLEEN GOODING.
<i>Grand Night Hawk,</i>	ETHEL MILLER.
<i>High Sheik of Yells and Shrieks,</i>	A. MARIE SENSENEY.
<i>Pole Greaser,</i>	FANNIE M. AYRES.
<i>Shah of Tortures,</i>	IDELLA M. TREDWAY.
<i>Skull Cracker,</i>	MABEL G. GARRISON,
<i>Charybdic Minotaur,</i>	EMMA W. DUNCAN.
<i>Goat Driver,</i>	ALMA A. WATHEN.
<i>Lord High Executioner of Resistees,</i>	ETHEL K. TROUT.
<i>Scyllan Hydra,</i>	MARIAN HANDY.
<i>Imperial Brander,</i>	JESSIE L. COCHRAN.
<i>Chain Clanker,</i>	IRMA S. BEVANS.

## The J. G. C.

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IT is Friday morning about breakfast time. One who has the slightest pretension to ability to observe cannot fail to note that something unusual is in the air. As the Preps., the Freshmen, and the Sophs. come into the room, one sees only idle curiosity depicted on their faces. The procession of students continues to file in—now consisting of Juniors. Ah! what does one see in their faces? Are they curious? Very! Idly so? No! they are all alert to the very quick. Yes—there is anxiety there—each face, moreover, is tense and rigid with fear, almost painfully so. Only once a member of this honorable class comes sauntering into the hall with an air of apparent nonchalance, but the haggard face and the sunken eye above tell plainly, notwithstanding any assumed air, that she, too, has passed a sleepless night of agony; and so finding herself surrounded by sympathetic class-mates she, finding it not worth her while or her strength to keep up the weary farce, straightway lets her manner relapse into that similar to the prevailing one. Now, the majority of students stand weary and hungry, waiting for the Senior girls to put in their appearance before grace can be said. At last the door swings open. A pause,—a frown from the dean at the disorder prevalent in the hall,—they come forth, pure, radiant, fresh as lilies from a field of dew. *They* have not passed a sleepless night,—as a matter of fact, so profound have been their slumbers that they have failed to hear the rising bell in time to be ready for breakfast. There stands the dean, an angry Jupiter, hurling down on the heads of ye innocent Seniors thunderbolts of the direst imprecations—and only because they have kept his lordship waiting a minute. As they come sweeping majestically into the room all eyes are turned admiringly on them,—tall, beautiful women of the Christy style—rare tho' it is. Their faces bespeak wisdom—deep, unfathomable. Each takes her place at the table and maintains a stolid indifference to the looks of supplication cast from Junior eyes. Now and then a suppressed giggle or a sly knowing wink finds its complement in the vicinity of the Senior tables; but with this exception the meal goes on as silently as a council feast of the laconic Spartans. At

intervals, glances of entreaty are repelled by the invulnerable Seniors. "The quality of mercy is not strained,"—etc. Oh, well, how can they be merciful just now!

The meal is ended, the day goes on, there are occasional trips from Juniors to their Senior friends. A timid knock,—an abrupt fling open of the door,—an attempt at a swift entrance, a slam of the door, as the poor Junior is thrust unmercifully out into the hall. A fly on the wall might have heard strange things within that room.

It is 11:30 P. M.

The time has come for Senior girls of Western Marland to initiate the Juniors into that dark, mysterious order—the J. G. C.

Up under the roof of the west wing of the college there is a long, low-ceiled room, with two closets, about seven turns and corners, a flight of stairs leading to a turret, and—a trap door. The back of this room opens into a smaller one—black as night. Here is the den, proper of J. G. C. All in readiness the tearful Juniors wait on the steps outside for admission, a thing which all, to uphold the honor of the class, must accept.

The little door opens. The Night Hawk and the Grand Lictor, with a tread slow and measured, suited to a funeral march, advance and approach the Juniors, all of whom fairly tremble with a strange horror.

The Night Hawk, in sepulchral tones, calls out a name. With a smothered sob the candidate named lovingly bids good-bye to her friends, and with her heart almost thumping out goes silently through the door which the Grand Lictor closes threateningly and triumphantly upon her. For two minutes her associates outside listen breathless through fear.

After what seems, to them, an eternity, comes a piercing shriek! another, then another,—blood-curdling and ghastly. Their faces blanch suddenly and each is horror struck as her hair stands on end and the blood freezes in each vein, for she knows well that this last cry is one of genuine pain and even agony. After that, a coarse, smothered laugh, and what sounds like a strange clicking precedes a longer silence: — a chain clanks, — a wild alarm bell rings,—silence again. Then a long ceremonial reading in tones even and measured, but as hollow as if the speaker had just been yielded from the grave itself. The speech is ended, almost immediately the door opens and such a sight as meets their eyes would cause Death himself to tremble. The comrade of a few minutes before, who, tho' frightened, had an as-

pect that was at least human, now emerges slowly—a death-head! The deep, set look in the eye glazed and staring, the purple circles, the marble face, the moist brow, around which locks of damp gray hair hang limply, the bent figure, all speak plainly of the dark deeds perpetrated within.

The steps are gained, the group looks in a blank, dazed fashion at their chum who stumbles past and reaches her room. As if it were a strange dream they see the second victim drawn toward the Hawk; she tries to be brave but, cold and faint, she falls in a heap before the door. This makes no difference—she is dragged slowly into the darkness of what looks like a mighty maelstrom. An eternity of agony almost intolerable intervaled this time, first, by that death-like stillness, then by the strangest sounds that ever fell on mortal ear. Again the door opens,—a huddled mass of flesh and bone is pushed out. The group sees this with fearful rage, yet silently, for suddenly the eyes of all are strangely drawn to the door where stands the embodiment of everything horrifying on the face of the earth,—a monster of indefinite form,—only a face outlined against a black hood being clear,—a snarl,—fire flashes from the eyes, this hydra-like thing with the diabolical grin of a ghoul, then—the third victim is dragged in and the door slams. The remnant of the group slowly turns now almost lifeless through fright, just in time to perceive victim number two rapidly disappearing through the lower hall.

The work proceeds.

When the rites of the last admission are concluded, and the candidate, now a member, has found her way to her room,—a perfect wreck—the life almost gone, there is an interlude of five minutes during which one might hear furniture stealthily moved and matches struck.

The clock strikes twelve.

A strange little band singing gaily trips its way up the steps to the den of the J. G. C. A light tap on the door from one of this little party gains a hearty “come in,” and the Junior girls—lately become members of the J. G. C.—rush in *pêle-mêle*, scramble for a hug from the Grand High Mogul of the occasion,—then with many a sprightly laugh and cheer as each is identified,—for they are all masqued in fancy costume—they tumble gaily over to a large table. There should have been placed at their disposal ambrosia and nectar, but they are content with something more substantial, just so they have some of Reese’s ice-cream and cake for the finale.

The transformation! You are entirely too curious,—that is the secret of the J. G. C.

# STRING



# BAND

*Leader, . . . . . W. G. SIMPSON.*

## **Mandolins.**

### *First Mandolins.*

R. C. SMITH,  
PAUL WHIPP,

### *Second Mandolins.*

H. L. STERLING,  
C. G. MYERS,

### *First Violins.*

J. C. SHAMBERGER,  
W. G. SIMPSON.

R. R. CARMAN,

J. E. KEITH,

## **Guitars.**

J. S. HURLEY,

F. PACHON,

WM. A. SHEPPARD.

## **Piano.**

C. M. ELDERDICE.



## The Junior Banquet.



AT the time of this writing the Junior Banquet is still some distance in the future. But between the class of 1903 and that of 1904 there have existed none but the most kindly feelings; and we have been assured that as we have meted, so it is to be meted unto us. Only a class that has once had the pleasure of attending the annual banquet can even vaguely realize the joys of that eventful night. The tender strains of the music, the glittering lights, the fair faces and tender voices—all make up a scene never to be forgotten. And, finally, the feast of dainties laid in tempting style before a hungry band accustomed to the spartan diet of a boarding school—need we say more?

In the heat of the class rivalry that must exist in college life, hard feelings are too certain to arise; and it is highly creditable to the spirit of the students in this institution that since the year 1899 no Junior Class has failed to volunteer a banquet to the Seniors. We welcome this new evidence of the good feeling that has existed in all our relations with our immediate successors to Senior honors; and we hope that their kindness may be reciprocated in kind by the class to whose lot it shall fall to entertain them in nineteen hundred and four.





## Dawn.



The pale moon sinks into the West,  
By sleep opprest she sinks to rest;  
While in the East a baleful light  
Has put to flight the stars of night—  
Methinks it bodes no good to me:  
The night is dead, the stars are fled,  
The pale moon seeks a lonely bed,  
While all the East is blushing red.  
Ah, who can see what this may be  
Or if my love be true to me!

Dream sweetly on, nor heed, my love—  
Thou gentle dove, the skies above;  
They seem to tell of love that sings  
On broken wings, and faintly clings  
To altars cold and vows untrue.

While passion speaks in rosy streaks  
Along the eastern sky—or seeks  
The warm blush on a maiden's cheeks.  
Ah, baleful hue of passions new—  
Beware, my love, of dreams untrue!

Thou pale, cold Moon, thou sphere unblest,  
Sink down to rest behind the West:  
Ye speak of that I fear to know—  
Thou paling slow, the East aglow.  
Methinks that hue upon the skies  
Is such as drains the severed veins  
That lead from perjured hearts, and stains  
The breast forsworn, when vengeance reigns.  
Ah, fatal dyes, that thus arise  
To mock me, in the eastern skies!

# The Seven Against the faculty.

As Performed by the Dramatic Club of Western Maryland College.

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## Dramatis Personae.

Agamemnon, . . . . . T. H. LEWIS.	Calchas, . . . . . J. W. REESE.	Hector, . . . . . W. P. ROBERTS.
Menelaus, . . . . . W. R. McDANIEL.	Ajax, . . . . . A. W. WARD.	Paris, . . . . . H. C. HANCOCK.
Thersites, . . . . . R. WATTS.	Chorus, . . . . . THE FACULTY.	Memnon, . . . . . E. A. DAVIS.
Achilles, . . . . . G. B. HUSSEY.	Aeneas, . . . . . R. R. CARMAN.	Rhesus, . . . . . J. S. HURLEY.
Sarpedon, . . . . . E. E. TARR.	Glaucus, . . . . . W. S. IRELAND.	

FIRST SCENE.—The Seniors.

PROLOGOS.

FIRST SENIOR.—

In faith it were a proper merry deed,  
When proud Achilles makes his nightly round  
To see if all the Freshman are asleep,  
And scales our high-embattled stairs with dark  
And threatening insolence—if we should spill,  
As sweet libation to this amber god,  
Some ancient slops adown his classic nose.

SECOND SENIOR.—

Thou speakest well. A very merry jest;  
In sooth, a prank to make the winds applaud,  
And set the Great Bear dancing round the Pole,  
And make the Great Dog laugh.



CHORUS.—The Faculty.

STROPHE.

O king of men, is this the way  
You hold your undisputed sway  
O'er these wild students, Agamemnon, say?  
Assert thy right of eminence and make  
These petty mischief-lovers all forsake  
Their wayward customs; and since they  
Thy slightest nod obey—  
Nod, we implore thee, nod! Assert thy supreme sway!

ANTISTROPHE.

O Awful Power, incarnate might,  
Great Agamemnon, from the height  
Of majesty, look down and save the right.  
Bid the wild mischief that is under way  
Perish, for we thy servants feel dismay.  
We dread the students. And since they  
Thy slightest nod obey—  
Nod, we implore thee, nod! Assert thy supreme sway!

SCENE SECOND.—Calchas and Achilles.

EPISODE A.

CALCHAS.—I, from the mystic ways of students, can  
Divine the future. Lo! but yesternight

The Freshman birds, around the tables grouped,  
Filled not their crops with the ambrosial hash,  
Even the strap was left, which went to where  
Achilles sat. He is the man the fates  
Decree misfortune ere another sun.  
Him will I greet and warn him of his doom:  
Warning, which, if he heed, all will be well.  
But I so know his brave, impetuous soul  
That shrinks not to bestride a classic steed,  
And ride him through the Clouds. Scarce will he heed.

ACHILLES.—Orion mounts the east. The hour is come  
To see the Sophs to bed. I must be off.  
But who is this? Hail, Calchas!

CALCHAS.—Thou art doomed.  
Strange and unwonted is thy fate, Achilles.

ACHILLES.—Say on, what is it? And perhaps I can,  
By some shrewd scheming, win deliverance.  
Perhaps you will say on a little bit.

CALCHAS.—O foolish mortal, proud presumptuous man!  
Thou art forewarned. Beware.

ACHILLES.—I shall be where the student waits my step  
To slide the cards from sight, to leap in bed,  
Peacefully snoring in pretended sleep.

CHORUS.—The Faculty.

STROPHE.

Who was it that the voice oracular  
Spoke forth the sport of fate?  
Ere through the sky descends Apollo's car,  
Flashing all roseate.  
He meets his doom. But can he not elude  
The Eumenides, although their clutch be rude,  
And known to them each desert solitude?

ANTISTROPHE.

He doth not shrink. His spirit bids him dare  
The future. He is brave  
Enough to lay aside each trembling care;  
No more to fear a slave.  
He stands alone and mighty in his mood,  
He seeks his fate, nor in some solitude  
Strives the pursuit of Fortune to elude.

EPISODE B.

FIRST SENIOR.—Lo! he comes. Heroic in his stride  
He mounts the stairs. Be ready! Yo, heave ho!

SECOND SENIOR.—Ay, ay, sir!



For if it's bid him seek the hollow tomb  
 Or blessed live,  
 Man, feeble man, fulfills the blind decree.  
 Kings, princes, paladins and gods are fain  
 To follow in thy train  
 O cruel car of Fate—yea, even we,  
 The peerless Facultee,  
 Deep-thundering and potent though we be,  
 Are subject to thy sceptre and thy reign.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thy power has been fearfully revealed  
 To us but now:  
 This dauntless champion, with bosom steeled  
 And haughty brow,

ACHILLES.—O Dam—O Damocles! the sword of fate  
 Was not like this. This quite bests me. Odzooks!  
 Egad and edepol—mehercle—swounds!  
 Tibi insanust mens!

THIRD SENIOR.—Run for your lives! For like an angry god  
 He stamps upon the stairs and paints the air  
 With azure eloquence. Bar, bar the door.

CHORUS.—The Faculty.

STROPHE.

How mystic, how immutable the doom  
 The Parcæ give!



Was overwhelmed in flashing panoply.  
His golden aureole received a stain—  
Confusion seized his brain.  
And we perforce confess that even we,  
The peerless Facultee,  
Deep-thundering and potent though we be,  
Are subject to thy sceptre and thy reign.

EXODOS.

THERSITES.—Now I don't think it fair you boys should act  
In such a shameful way. To steal the slops  
Intended for the harmless pigs and give it  
To Achilles for hair-oil. He needs it not.

AJAX.—False Trojans, you must answer prompt and true,  
These several questions I will ask of you.  
First, had ye aught to do with this foul deed,  
Drenching our brother hero? Second, this—  
If innocent—know ye who wrought the wrong?  
Third, did you bear that foul slop to the scene  
To help in ducking him? Commencing now  
In alphabetic order, answer me—  
Æneas . . . . .

What! will thou not answer?  
Memnon, thou . . . . .  
Are you struck dumb? Thou, Paris, answer me!  
You numbskull, inane ass, hast thou no bray?

THERSITES.—Ay, that he has. I've often heard him speak.

AJAX.—Thou, Glaucus, what sayest thou?

GLAUCUS.—I do refuse

To answer them there questions, one and all.

AJAX.—What—ugh! You impudent young imp, you don't  
Impose on me. I bid you answer, knave.

MENELAUS.—Hold, Glaucus—

THERSITES.—Grab him, Ajax, I'll not soil my hands.

MENELAUS.—Hold, Glaucus. I'll call Agamemnon in  
If you continue obstinate. One glance  
Of his would petrify you—ain't it so?

RHESUS.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

GLAUCUS.—It ain't no use to ask me nothin' more.  
I guess I'd just as well get up and go.  
Here now, leggo my arm, Ajax.

AJAX.—One kick

And you may go. Depart, you idle fool,  
You senseless nothing!

THERSITES.—Insectivorous wretch!

AJAX.—Sarpedon, Hector, Rhesus, will ye answer?  
What? . . . . silent still?  
Back to your kennels, dogs.

MENELAUS.—If such report to Agamemnon's ear  
Shall come, much do I wonder what he'll do.  
I think I should prefer the messenger  
Be someone else.

THERSITES.— I'm afraid to speak to him,  
For perhaps he'd douse my glim  
If I told him of our failure 'spite of our advent'rous vim.  
And I know that the Swoboda system could not make me fit  
To resist; if he should hit  
I am sure I would be it,  
And the prospect does not please me a solitary bit.

AJAX.— If you fed on Grape Nuts and  
Shredded Wheat, you'd have more sand—  
O Unceda Jinger Wayfer or you'll fall behind the band.  
I am brave, but you must tell him; he'd prefer the news from you.  
Drink some Postum Coffee, too,  
And, I say, don't be so blue,  
Agamemnon will not slay you, though I don't know what he'll do.

CHORUS.— Much we dread the raging mind  
Of a hero so inclined  
To be strenuous as Agamemnon. And if we should find  
Some way out of this dilemma we would not be quite so blue.  
But we don't know what to do—  
Reader, we appeal to you:  
If you were so fine a Faculty, what course would you pursue?







## Notice.



**I**N order that there may be no misunderstanding, it has been deemed advisable to call attention, at this early date, to the Preliminary Contest that will be held next year for the purpose of selecting an orator to represent the college in the Intercollegiate Contest in May next. According to custom, this contest will be held in March. The events will consist of successive contests between the two upper classes and between the two young men's societies, in wind-chewing, fog-raising, ear-splitting, and, particularly, in "pull" with the profs. As usual, the selection of judges has been particularly happy, those selected being as follows:

*Composition.*

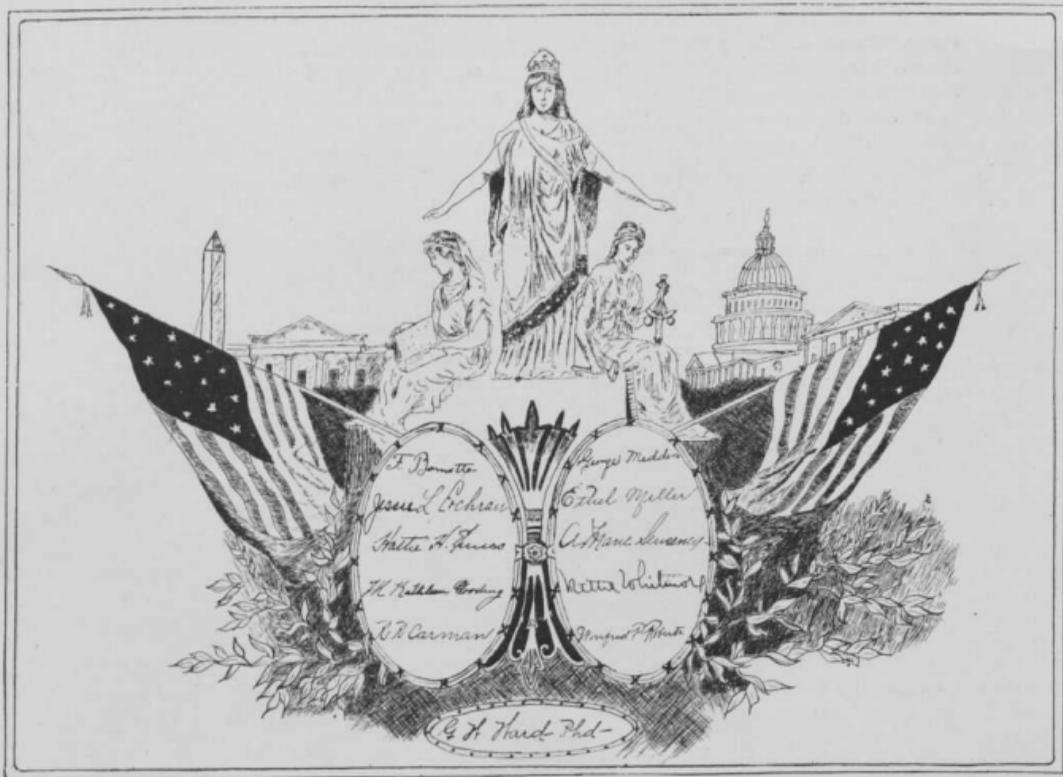
PROF. SCIPIO A. CROSS,  
PROF. JOHN BUNDY,  
PROF. EDWARD DORSEY.

We would remind the lower classmen that they are now laying the foundations of future success; let them stand solid with the profs. now, and the time will come when the pets shall be rewarded for their industry, while those that walk in paths of independence shall be cast into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

*Delivery.*

PROF. BILL MORGAN,  
PROF. ELLA MORGAN,  
PROF. HAMILTON SINGLETON BARNES.





F. Douglass  
Gerrit Smith  
Maria W. Chapman  
H. Wilson Gooding  
W. A. C. Garrison

George Washington  
Estlin Miller  
A. A. Phelps  
Maria W. Chapman  
Samuel P. May

G. H. Ward Phil.



## Pen-Mar.



“**Y**IS,” said Mr. Dooley, “it does bate all the way these collige professors behave whin they gits the chanst. I raycollict 'twas in me Senior year at Wist'rn Maryland that meclass wint to Pin Mar. Pin Mar is a foine place an' we had a foine time but we didn't injye it half so much as the teachers. They was the Junior Professsor who taught Latin an' Greek an' bedad but the Docthor was a quare chap. He had whiskers on his face, he did, an' nawthin' atop iv his hid. Iv'rybody said he was smart an' had lots of bray-ins in his hid. But he kipt it quiet an' f'r to hear him talk ye niver wud hav got onto the fact. Thin they was Miss —, an' she was a lovely woman intoirley. I niver saw a craychure wid a more admirable disposition or more cunnin' ways. The gyurls all liked her, they did, an' the Docthor wanted to; but 'twas she was that artful ye wudn't imagine, the darlint, an' she kept him oneasy an' inthrested all the toime.

“'Twas loike this, Hinnessy. The Senior gyurls reached the station all r-roight, wid their complexion tinted the proper color, an' they was jist beginnin' to wondher where the bhoys was whin the thrain whistled. The bhoys, loike me frind, Philip Sheridan, was yit some distoance away. The gyurls begin to feel anxious 'cause they wanted to go to Pin Mar, an' to go widout a bhoys wud be loike angels widout har-rps. That's a poetic sintiment f'r yez. But they said they was goin' annyhow, bhoys or no bhoys, yit they waited a bit longer. Thin the thrain whistled agin, the conductor yilled, “All aboard,” whin the bhoys ran into the station. They was no toime f'r purchasin' tickets. The gyurls got in an' all the bhoys but foive who said they wud come be the next thrain, the Blue Mountain Express. 'Twas funny, downright funny. Only four iv the class had anny tickets an' only wan iv thim had anny money to speak iv. We was all broke—heart broke. An' foive iv the gyurls had very sad looks on their hivinly countenances.

"But to rayturn to the foive that was lift behind. As me frind Casey says, he's a foine English scholar, d'ye mind, they onexpectedly missed their cogitation. So they stood round wid their hands in their pockets, looked out iv the windows, spit on the platform an' cogitated agin.

"'I hov an idea,' says won, 'Let's go be the nixt thrain.'

"'Iv course,' says another, 'I waz jist goin' to spring that on the crowd mesilf. 'Tis a foine idee. Let's go be the nixt thrain.'

"'But it don't stop here,' another says.

"'That'sso!'

"The fifth bhoy was whistlin' 'Bring back my Bonnie to me,' an' he says nawthin'.

"What did they do?" asked Mr. Hinnessy.

"Well, they was a jaynius wid them, an' he sidestepped the prospect an' landed a foine blow. 'Ye see,' he says, 'here we are,' he says, 'an' there they ar-re.' 'Now,' he says, 'as a straight loine is the shortest distance betwane two points, we'll have to do something straightway.'

"'We see,' they says, nudgin' wan another to get a look at him.

"'So, since the thrain's gone, the nixt bist thing to do,' he says, 'is to chase down to the coal chutes an' catch the nixt thrain,' which was a through express an' stopped at the flourishing metropolis iv the coal chutes but wint whizzin' through Westminster.

"They only had a mile an' a half to go wid jist sivin minyits to do it in, an' be hivins they bruk the r-record. They bust the buttons off their vest, they melted their high-standin' collars an' shinin' cuffs, an' got dust on their patent leathers. Be St. Patrick, but that little dash tuk the crease out iv their trousers! They was runnin' along jist as fast as they could, blowin' loike whales an' wavin' from side to side loike inebriates, whin they met the thrain pullin' out iv the coal chutes.

"Wid yills iv despair they ran down the bank to climb on, whin Medders salaamed to Fate an' fell face down on the ground. He niver squeaked wanst, 'twas so suddint, an' the thrain stopped to pick him up f'r they thought he was a corpse. He wasn't did but as 'twas, he had rayceived a knock on the hid that rayjiced him to unconsciousness—'twad be impolite as well as unthruue to say it knocked all the since out iv him. The ladies on the thrain all tuk quite an interest in the poor bhoy. 'Wan man less in the world,'—an' they almost wept whin they saw how cruel a blow destiny had almost dealt the earth. The bhoys

that wasn't hit on the hid made thimsilves comfortable an' agreeable, an' be the toime the Blue Mountain reached Pin Mar iv'rything was all roight agin. Thin arm-in-arm, the Docthor an' Miss — settin' the pace, we investigated Pin Mar.

"'Tis quite an attrhtractive place, notwithstanding' all that cud be said to the conthrary. They is a dance hall, a brass band an' a merry-go-round. The crame of Maryland often stops there—in the milk-cars. An' the scenery is magnificent. Wan place ye climb up to the top iv a spidery buildin' atop iv a big rock an' look over into Pennsylvany. The country looks like a miniature flower garden, 'tis so small and laid off so nate an' regular. Ye can breathe the pure ozone up there, an' the people niver heard iv Battle Creek, Michigan.

"We was lettin' our eyes rest wid pleasure on the serene an' sublime grandeur iv the landscape whin we noticed that the Docthor and Miss — was missin'. Now, we had been told be the President iv the college to kape an eye to thim an' not let them elope, an' we thried to do our duty, but 'twas no use. 'Twas loike followin' a will-o'-the-wisp through a bog. We fin'ly came round be the dance hall agin—they had hurried us on by before—an' there we met them comin' away.

"Hinmissy, they say 'tis a cr-rime to dance in the eyes of the juke iv Wistminster, an' if iver man looked guilty 'twas the Docthor. They wus some powdher on the lift side iv his coat above his manly heart, an' his mustache was twisted awry. I says to him while the gyurls was capturin' Miss—, 'Docthor, ar-re ye fond iv dancin'?' He grins—'tis a habit iv his to grin—an' he says, 'I am; but I refrain fr'm indulgin' here f'r the sake iv example.'

"'Phat noble moderation,' I says undher me breath, f'r the Docthor is a very shy, modest man an' praise breaks him all up.

"Pin Mar has two things that are of hivin,—seats an' shade. The seats are undher the shade. That's the advantage iv goin' to a resor-rt loike Pin Mar. Whin ye are tired dancin' ye can sit down undher the shade an' listen to the band; whin ye are tired iv that ye take a walk. The Docthor saw the seats the first thing, an' prisintly he an' Miss — wint over undher the threes an' sat down.

"Thin some iv the Seniors danced an' the teachers niver noticed at all, they was so interested in the scenery. But they was soon rudely disthurbed, f'r we hired carriages an' drove round to the Blue Mountain House, where we saw a nigger coachman an' some geraniums, and to Quirauk, where we had a

spellin'-match—the thrivals to spell Quirauk being immensely ridiculous. When we got to Chrokuirauchs we quit an' rayturned to Pin Mar. Thin we wandhered round till thrain toime and fin'ly rayturned.

“Yis, Hinnissy, we had a foine toime, an' I have only wan fault to find wid that day at Pin Mar. 'Twas too short be long odds. All pleasant days are that way. Ye don't have the toime to get tired iv them. So wid the exciption iv the early arrival iv avenin' an' the rayturn thrip, our little jaunt to Pin Mar was very injyable indade. I'll never forget it mesilf an' I know the bhoys that ran to catch the thrain will raymember it even longer. Which sounds odd but is thrue.”

“Here me pipe's gone out while I've been listenin' to y's instructive discourse. I'll have to get me some more tobaccy.”

“'Tis on me, Hinnissy. Thry a Dewey seegar wid a Manilla wrapper.”



# SCIENTIFIC



## Class Calendar.



- Sept. 27. Robbie got a pitcher of water.
- Oct. 3. Carman missed a meal.
- Nov. 22. "Kepn" Roberts got kicked in the head. Ireland went to the seminary.
- Dec. 3. Nobody got Hancock "up" at the table.
- " 6. Edwards smoked a cigar—made him drunk.
- " 11. Very stormy—Hurley went for bromo-quinine pills.
- Jan. 10. Carman got the Kepn's "dandruff" up. Ireland went to the seminary. The teacher of logic stopped saying "what not."
- Jan. 17. Duncan was late at breakfast because she combed her hair.
- " 23. Carman, Davis, Englar, Ireland and Tarr were closeted for a few minutes with "Billy Mac." Now will you be good?
- Feb. 1. Ayres actually had something new to tell at the breakfast table.
- " 10. Ennis hooked a trip to Union Bridge. Ireland went to the seminary.
- " 15. Miller hooked church and stayed in wardrobe while teacher was making inspection.
- " 17. Whitmore hooked up to college and stayed all night with Alma. Wathen got out on the roof through the window to see if somebody was in his room. Ireland slept at the seminary.
- Feb. 23. Seniors "got brave" and led an insurrection. The faculty blamed it on the brutes.
- " 25. Herr forgot to be scared in Anglo-Saxon (it was the day she hooked).
- " 28. Trout did not go in "parlor" (because there was none).
- " 29. Gooding agreed with everybody. Ireland did not go to the seminary. Robbie answered a question in ethics. Englar did not go down town to "see the doctor" (?).
- March 1. 10 p. m. (Sunday): Hancock found in his room—first offense.
- " 3. Tarr had his hair cut. Garrison was down to breakfast on time.
- " 5. Handy got a lecture for laughing too loudly at the dinner table. Gorsuch stayed home from a party to study her lessons (?).

March 6. Bonnotte sang "Annie Laurie." The seminary pigs were taken ill (see note immediately preceding).

March 7. Bevans hooked dinner to take a nap before "parlor." Edwards did not perpetrate any verse.

March 10. Cochran got mad because Idella hit her with an onion. Ireland sent Emma some jam. Idella fussed because Jessie got mad when she hit her with an onion.

March 19. The Westminster Fire Department was called out under the impression that the college was burning down—found Bonnotte had only been singing "Nearer My God to Thee."



# QUOTATIONS FROM FAMOUS POETS



HOW SWEET SWEET SOUNDS  
LOVERS TONGUES BY

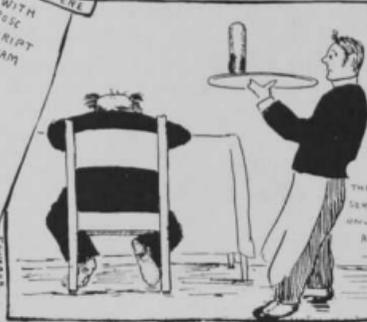
YET AH THAT SPRING SHOULD VANISH WITH  
THAT YOUTH SHOULD JUST SEEMED MANUSCRIPT  
CLOSE - UMR KHAYYAM



LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US  
WE CAN MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME  
AND DEPARTING LEAVE BEHIND US  
FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME - L



I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD  
- WORDSWORTH



THEY ALSO  
SERVE WHO  
ONLY STAND  
AND WAIT  
- MILTON



## The Sanhedrin.

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Place.—Room 101.

Time.—Rag Time.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Senior Class.

*Frenchy:* Are you all ready?

*All:* Yes!

*Frenchy:* "While he was carrying on this reconnoissance —"

*Hancock:* Where's the page?

*Frenchy:* In the book, of course—page 17, line 21 " — this reconnoissance, Napoleon received the despatch that Grouchy had just sent to him —"

*Roberts:* Does *venait* mean sent?

*Frenchy:* No, *expédier*, —"had just sent to him from Gembloux at ten o'clock —"

*Ireland:* Not so fast, Frenchy, I can't begin to keep up. I wonder if I couldn't get a horse to this.

*Davis:* Speaking of horses, that reminds me of something that happened last summer. The boss had just bought a young gray mare, and one afternoon as I was driving her past the man's gate that he bought her from —

*Edwards:* O, he bought her from a gate, did he? Or, perhaps you mean that he bought her *for* her gait.

*Davis:* O, say, somebody hand me a brick. Won't you?

*All:* Shut up!

*Frenchy:* " — at ten o'clock in the evening, and in which he announced to him the position which he had taken between —"

*Tarr:* Say, how much of this did he give us?

*Ireland:* Sixty lines.

*Tarr:* Well, I say we kick on that. Why, you see we can't possibly get over this in one period. The time's half up now. (*Not being supported in his contention, Eddie subsides.*)

*Frenchy:* "— which he had taken between the two divisions of Liege and Wavre —"

*Roberts:* "Liege," did you say?

*Frenchy:* Yes, that's where Sampaix comes from.

*Davis:* Say, have you heard that story about Sampaix? When he went over home last summer, Doc told him to look around and find another musician like him to teach at Adrian. Sampaix cabled back that there wasn't another musician like him in Belgium. (*Loud roars of laughter.*)

*Carman:* I know one better than that. You know Sampaix has several hymns in the book that we use down in Baker Chapel?

*Chorus:* Yes.

*Carman:* Well, one of them is entitled "TEMPERANCE" (*more laughter—in the interim Frenchy lights a cigarette.*)

*Ireland:* Frenchy, you'll have to cut out that smoking; we won't have it in here.

*Frenchy:* Well, I won't read the French if I can't smoke.

*Chorus:* Oh, let him smoke.

*Ireland:* All right, you can smoke this period.

*Frenchy:* "—of Liege and Wavre, with an inclination, however, to prefer that of Wavre in order —"

*Hurley:* Say, boys, I hear the faculty aren't going to do anything to us for hooking on the Monday after Washington's birthday.

*Chorus:* Hooray.

*Hancock:* Professor Watts said that the Brutes were at the head of it anyway, and the faculty didn't propose to take any notice of it.

*Tarr:* Well, boys, I say it's a disgrace to have anybody think that we followed the brutes. I move we get up a letter to the faculty and tell them the Seniors were at the head of the whole business.

*Roberts:* Yes, we'd better take twenty-five demerits and zeros than have the faculty think we were led by the brutes.

*Englar:* They can't give us anything but the demerits; to give us zero for being absent, they would have to pass an *ex post facto* law, which is unconstitutional.

*Ireland:* Don't you fool yourself about anything being unconstitutional for the faculty.

*Carman:* That's right. They're at perfect liberty to do anything that Doc will let them. (*Laughter; as it dies away, the Senior quartette starts to sing, "Say Olive Oil but not Good-bye."*)

*Ireland:* You fellows must stop singing or you'll have Rolly up here. He rode me like anything the other day—said he couldn't hear his students recite below there on account of the noise in our room. (*All stop singing except Hurley.*)

*Englar:* Hurley, if you don't stop singing I shall be forced to put you out of the room.

*Hurley:* I'd like to see you try it.

*Englar:* I'm afraid I might hurt you myself, but I'll appoint Eddie Tarr to do it.

*Eddy:* Well, I can just do it all right.

*Hurley:* If you touch me, Ed. Tarr, I'll put you right under that bed.

*Englar:* Eddie, don't let him kid you like that. (*Eddie smacks Hurley on the back of the head and a fierce combat ensues.*)

*Eddie* (*waving his hand as Hurley grips him fiercely*): Good-bye, boys! Good-bye! Here I go under the bed. (*Hurley flings Tarr back and forth across the room, lifts him up to the ceiling, but fails utterly to get him off his feet.*)

*Tarr* (*plaintively*): Good-bye, boys! (*Hurley finally gives up the attempt, looking much wilted as to collar and cuffs; Eddie perfectly cool and unruffled.*)

*Ireland:* I'll bet Rolly has me before the faculty for this.

*Davis:* Oh, who cares for the faculty? Mr. President, I move you that a committee be appointed to look into the advisability of abolishing the faculty and placing this institution in charge of the Senior class.

*Carman:* Is there any second to this motion?

*Roberts:* I second the gentleman's motion; with this amendment—that recitations also be abolished.

*Carman:* Mr. Davis, do you accept this amendment?

*Davis:* I do.

*Carman:* You have all heard the motion, is there any discussion?

*Hancock:* Mr. President—when Adam and Eve, in all their primitive awareness, first trod the blossom-scented paths of Eden's shady bowers —

*Englar:* Mr. President, I rise to a point of order—the gentleman must talk on the question.

*Hancock:* Mr. President, I am just coming to that—this all bears upon the question (*at this point the bell rings for French.*)

*Several:* If he gives us this much again we'll organize a strike. (*Exeunt omnes.*)







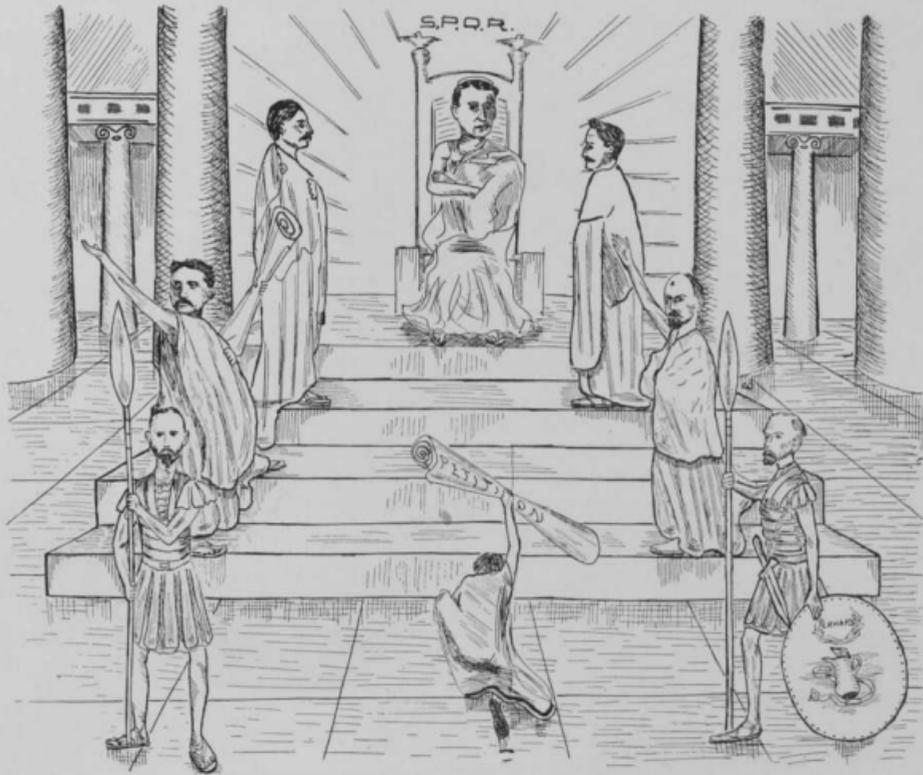
## fido's finish.

\* \*

"What is that puppy howlin' for?" said Freshman-on-parade;  
"They're makin' of a pot of hash," the colored servant said.  
"What makes the boys so white, so white?" said Freshman-on-parade;  
"They're dreadin' what they've got to eat," the colored servant said.  
"They're cuttin' up a poodle dog, a poodle old an' gray;  
"The boys are feelin' hollow, but they'll feed on hash to-day;  
"They've taken of his insides out an' cut his tail away,  
    "An' they're makin' of a pot of hash this mornin'."

"What makes the students breathe so hard?" said Freshman-on-parade;  
"The coffee's hot, the coffee's hot," the colored servant said.  
"What makes them shrink to drink it down?" said Freshman-on-parade;  
"A touch o' sand, a touch o' sand," the colored servant said.  
"They are bringin' in the smokin' hash an' passin' of it round;  
"The boys 'ave spread their napkins out an' boldly keep their ground;  
"They are waitin' for his majesty, the sneakin' shredded hound,  
    "An' they're makin' of a pot of hash this mornin'."

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Freshman-on-parade,  
"The Dean's about to ring the bell," the colored servant said;  
"What's that that whimpers overhead?" said Freshman-on-parade;  
"The poodle's soul is passin' now," the colored servant said,  
"For they're done with faithful Fido, the poodle old an' gray;  
"The students are in column an' they're marchin' us away.  
"Ho! the Sophomores are shakin' an' they'll go down town to-day,  
    "After eatin' of a pot of hash this mornin'."



But thus the student looks at them who has his cap and gown



Thus the August faculty upon the school looks down

## faculty Meeting.



DOC.—Meeting come to order. Since there is no unfinished business, we will proceed with the new business, and the floor is now open to anyone wishing to bring up any question.

DR. RICH.—I have a complaint to make about students showing such a lack of studiousness. They walk around the campus very leisurely. I saw two students on the campus this morning without books in their hands. They were Seniors and, since that special Senior class is so very unruly, I think we should act at once.

MISS IRWIN.—Mr. President, I agree with Dr. Rich, and move you that the next Senior caught out on the campus without a book in his hand be given "A DEMERIT."

MISS BROWN.—Will one demerit be sufficient?

PROF. MCDANIEL.—Well, it doesn't hurt them how many we give, but we will have to go through the form just the same.

HOLTON.—The students seem to be kicking about such light meals. This morning I bought six pounds of sausage for two hundred students, and some were still unsatisfied.

DOC.—How much a pound did it cost you?

HOLTON.—It was a little bit strong when I got it and I only had to pay three cents.

MISS COCHRAN.—That's right dear I think, but if Prof. Holton can get another half-pound at the rate of two cents per pound, I move you that he buy an extra half-pound, making an abundance of six and a half pounds, and if that isn't a plenty for two hundred students, then I don't know.

DOC.—Yes, that's a plenty. Don't get any more. Just so I get plenty down at my house I'm not caring.

PROF. WATTS.—Should I allow the students to bring anything extra on their table.

PROF. HULL.—I think not. Suppose we have the waiters appropriate all such stuff, and when we get enough we will have a faculty set-up.

HOLTON.—I bought two gallons of strap last month and we still have some left. I got that cheap strap and it "WORKS" a lot. The students can't eat it very well.

DR. HUSSEY.—Well, Doc., if Prof. Holton still has more strap, perhaps I would like to have another can put on my table. I wish the next that he would buy would be a little bit thicker, because this thin molasses gets in my whiskers and then the Senior boys laugh at me trying to dig it out with my fork. If Prof. Holton intends to have hash for lunch tomorrow, I would like to say that I know where there's a dog.

DOC.—Well, Prof. Holton, you see about that dog, and maybe I can send my little dog over town to bring some back to college, and the waiters can trap them. I would like to suggest that all of the members of the faculty always be on the watch out for dogs.

PROF. McDANIEL.—I have to have a new typewriter.

PROF. WILLS.—Well, I regyard this as a necessity, and move that one be purchased from the student's caution money.

MISS SCOTT.—I wholly agree with Prof. Wills, and would suggest that the balance be used to defray the expenses of a faculty reception to the students.

FACULTY.—Amen, amen, amen! Scott! Scott! Scott!

PRECEPTRESS.—I'm having trouble with the boys and girls communicating. The boys look at the girls as if they were breaking no rule. I don't smile at the boys when they look at me. The boys even say good-night to the girls when the bell rings to close parlor. What should I do in such a case?

MRS. HANDY.—I say, let such small matters pass by.

DOC.—Fie on the woman! Fie! Be not so rash or you'll lose your position. Give such students five demerits.

WATTS.—Hee, hee! I think we should watch those Seniors about making personal remarks about the faculty in their ALOHA.

DR. REESE.—We must not mind such small things.

WATTS.—I don't think so, because some of my friends might buy an ALOHA.

DOC.—Well, I'll settle this by imposing a fine of ten cents to be taken out of the Senior caution money, for every unpleasant reference to the faculty. We'll have to watch that class, because they got ahead of us the time they ducked Dr. Hussey and we couldn't make any one own up, and if we sent one we had to send the whole class. We'll watch them.

DR. BONNOTTE.—I expect to keep several of them out of their caps and gowns this third term.

DOC.—Who are you that you have so much authority?

BONNOTTE.—Je suis Monsieur te-la-la-la Bonnotte de France. (Great applause.)

RICH.—Mr. President, I move you that the faculty flunk at least fifty students this term, which will mean fifty dollars, at the regular rate of one dollar for every extra exam., and this will help pay for the faculty's banquet to the Seniors (?????).

FACULTY.—Bravo! we'll flunk them all right.

DOC.—I have to take a pleasure trip next week, so a motion is in order to raise the price of books to pay for the trip.

MCDANIEL.—Good idea—isn't it so? (*Aside to Doc.*) We'll divvy up.

DR. WARD.—I'm opposed to robbing the students in such a manner.

DOC.—Lie down, George! It's for me. My word is law.

WARD.—It might be with some small fries in your faculty, but it's not with me.

DOC.—Well, just as soon as you begin to think that I am not "it," then I'll recommend you to the trustees for dismissal.

FACULTY.—Be easy, George. Follow him like we do.

MISS SCOTT.—I don't think that we should let the girls' fathers visit their rooms when they come to college, because they are *men*. I haven't always the time to act as chaperon.

DOC.—Well, don't let them go unless they threaten to take their daughters from college. In that case let them go; but remember, if any man's daughter is a scholarship student, don't let him visit her room, because, if he takes her away, we get another in her place.

PROF. COBEY.—Let's give the boys and girls more parlor.

HULL.—I don't say so. I'm married and I don't think so much of too much parlor now. To me, student pleasure is a secondary consideration.

MISS IRWIN.—Don't you think, Mr. President, that any boy and girl who smile twice a day are too familiar? We had better guard against such familiarity, I think, or else some one will run off and get married.

DOC.—Yes, we'll have to cut that out.

PROF. MCDANIEL.—The students are buying too many second-hand books, so I think it best to change the books and increase the salaries of the faculty.

FACULTY.—Great idea. (*Aside to each other*) He's a charm, isn't he?

DOC.—I have prohibited Webster's selling cakes to the students, because it takes their Sunday School money, and if that keeps up our endowment fund will be decreased. As it is now, we'll get the money through the Sunday School collection.

HUSSEY.—Perhaps that's a good idea.

WILLS.—I want to give a Shakespeare recital.

DOC.—Charge admission?

WILLS.—No.

DOC.—You can't give it unless you charge admission and appropriate the proceeds toward getting me a new carriage.

FACULTY.—Better do that, Wills, if you want your entertainment.

WATTS.—Mr. B— should be expelled, and I move we do it.

DOC.—Is he a scholarship student?

DR. REESE.—Yes.

DOC.—Then he shall be expelled.

PROF. MCDANIEL.—No, he isn't, he's a pay student.

DOC.—Well, then, he's not expelled.

DR. WARD.—If such a request is in order, I would like to ask for a report from the committee which had charge of the preliminary contest.

PROF. WATTS.—Well, it hasn't been announced as yet who is to be the first orator. You see, Carman is a good deal the best orator, alright, but those Seniors are so stuck up as it is that there would be no living with them if we announce it that way. So we have decided to announce it a tie between Carman and Whipp, and make them contest again before we give it to Carman. That will take those Seniors down a notch or two.

DR. HUSSEY.—Das gut. But I'm afraid that when the Senior boys hear it they'll plug up my key-hole or perhaps they will try to duck me again.

FACULTY.—That's the way to treat conceit such as the Seniors'. Just cheat them a little bit.

HUSSEY.—I want the Seniors each to be given twenty-five demerits. They make so much noise on their hall that I can't sleep, and when I told them so they said, "Get a little bit of paregoric." That's an outrage.

DOC.—Yes, give them ten demerits each. Well, I have to leave now, so the meeting is adjourned.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



## Rolly's Kindergarten.

~~~~~

Monday morning—Physics scheduled for 9:40.

Nine o'clock.

*Hattie:* Say, girls! what lesson do we have in Physics to-day?

*Kathleen:* Nobody in the class knows but Marian Handy, and she studied hers all day Saturday and Sunday(?) to get on the good side of Rolly.

*Mabel:* Good land! Hattie! What are you going to waste your time on Physics for? I have a poor opinion of your bluffing capacities if you can't bluff "Dearie."

*Hattie:* All right! I guess he'll gas all the period anyhow, so I'll just risk it and not lose any time this period—I'm going in the library. Au Revoir.

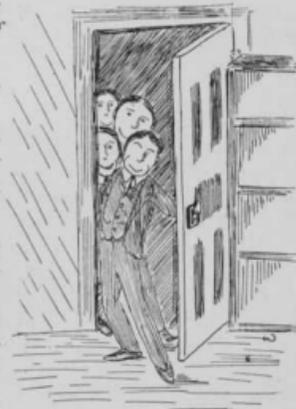
*(Bell rings, 9:40. Grand rush for the Physic door, not because of the love for Physics or Rolly either, but to appear just as the male section of the class disappear out the rear door.)*

*Ethel T:* Jessie, hurry up! Here's Ed. *(In the meantime, while seemingly being considerate of Jessie's welfare, she looks out for Number One.)*

*Prof. Watts:* Will the young gentlemen please hurry and close that door? *(Loud slam after they had all gotten one last look at their lady loves.)* Now, young ladies, I hope you are ready to begin your Physics lesson.

*Hattie:* Prof. Watts *(aside—"you fool!"*) excuse me, but won't you please explain to me about the galvanometer? I couldn't understand it when I went over it. *(Don't she tell'em well?)*

*Prof. Watts.:* Well-er-a—Mr. Englar put it on the board for us, and perhaps we can get one of the young ladies to explain it. *(Meanwhile the entire class suffers from nervous prostration—ducking of heads on the back bench.)* Who is that lady back there? Miss Miller? Suppose you try it. *(She falls in a dead faint.)*



*Micky: (aside)* Marian, for heaven's sake tell me *(aloud)*. I don't believe I can do that, Professor. I don't understand it *very well*.

*Prof. Watts:* Miss Herr, will you try it?

*Eva:* Well, Professor, I lost my book last night, and have not been able to study it *yet*.

*Prof. Watts:* Miss Herr, I would almost be willing to excuse you if you would not put up such an old gag on me. Well *(deep sigh)*, Miss Lindsay, did you lose your book, too?

*Lil.:* No, sir. Professor, why-er-a- *(Eva, tell me something to say, quick!)* why-a- my mother was sick, and I had to get breakfast, and did not have time this morning. *(Golly, that was a narrow escape.)*

*Prof. Watts:* Well, maybe when I get all around the class, I might find one person who knows something about this lesson.

*After many trials in vain, it at last falls to Miss Ayres' lot to go to the board. Fannie explains everything to the best of her ability and congratulates herself on her good work.*

*Prof. Watts:* Well, Miss Ayres, I see you don't know anything about it, suppose you take your seat. Well *(sighs again)*, I really do not know what you young ladies expect to do when examinations come. Miss Ennis, was Miss Ayres' explanation satisfactory to you?

*Hattie:* Well, I don't *quite* understand it, but I think if you went to the board and explained the figure, I would.

*Prof. Watts:* Well, I suppose I will have to; I see there is no one else in the room who can.

Rolly turns his back, his mouth goes like a bell-clapper, while the entire class *(thanks to Hattie, our old standby on bluffing the teachers)* realizes that now is their chance for having a general good time.

At the end of the room sits Mary, making spit-balls to her heart's content and to Eva's discomfiture, for they are all aimed at poor Eva's nose. Pet Kathleen, who fears lest Prof. Watts may not bestow upon her her complimentary nine (?), sits with a perpetual grin on her face. All one is able to see is a head thrown back, closed eyes, a row of white teeth, a picture of one thoroughly enjoying herself. Mabel and Hattie, the next two in order, do the Highland-*fling* to keep company with Jessie and Micky, who are watching their chance to get in their famous and well-known Cock-fight. The rest of the front bench are satisfied in watching the manoeuvres of the fools who have the floor; and the back bench is kept alive by Nettie and Alma who are not satisfied with playing "rough house" with themselves and their own

hair, but having found some of Prof. Watts' apparatus in the back of the room, they pinch a few of our sleepy girls (I wonder who?) to wake them up.

*Prof. Watts (unconscious of the "doings" behind him—weakly):* I don't believe many of you young ladies are paying much attention to me—Miss Ennis, do you understand this any better?

*Hattie (scrambling for her seat, following suit):* Why—a- yes- Prof. Watts, the galvanometer you were speaking about? Oh—yes, sir; I understand it thoroughly now. (Say, Mick! I am sorry you got caught.)



*Prof. Watts:* Miss Miller, suppose you tell us what a galvanometer is.

*Mick (Good Lord! what's the man talking about?):* Oh! yes—a gal-a-gal-vanometer is a-a pole with a—with a—

*Marian (in herear):* Wire.

*Mick (gleefully):* Oh! I've got it now,—a wire around it.

*Prof. Watts (disgustedly):* Well, if you put a monkey on top of it, you'll have it then.

*Mick:* All right, Professor, suppose you step up. (*Applause from the rest of the class.*) "Go it, Mick!" "You're all right." "Hot stuff!" "Sic 'em, Towser!" "Good for you, old woman!"

*Prof. Watts:* Now, young ladies, I see I can't manage you when I have my back turned—henceforth I will let you do the explaining. Let me see—Miss Garrison, Miss Ennis, Miss Geiman, Miss Gooding, Miss Miller—will you go to the board?

*Mabel:* Gosh! I see my finish!

*Hattie:* Come on, I have my book, it's all right.

*Prof. Watts:* Miss Miller, will you take the fifteenth example?

*Micky:* (Jemeny Christmas! I couldn't do that if you would knock me in the head with a brick.) All right, Professor.

After they are all assigned examples, and seem to be getting along pretty well without him, Prof. Watts begins to explain the electric bells to some of the girls who seem to be very much interested.

*Prof. Watts:* It don't work exactly right, but maybe I can get it to work in a few minutes.

After several unsuccessful attempts to "get it to work," he at last gives it up as a bad job.

*Prof. Watts:* This puts me in mind of a joke that the ancients used to tell—"I've got the toothache, how's your mother-in-law?" (*Laughter.*)

*Mabel (pinching Hattie in the ribs):* Say! you had better laugh at Rolly's jokes, if you know what's good for you.

In the meantime Micky and Kathleen, having gotten tired of Rolly and his Physics, have hooked out the door—Miss Miller is just bidding her last adieu to the convulsed class, when May breaks in from the board: 'Fesser Watts, Ah, 'Fesser Watts, 's my zample right 's far as I've went? (*Laughter.*)

*Prof. Watts:* Why, yes, Miss Geiman, your example is correct, but your English isn't *exactly* right.

Bell, 10:20.

Sighs of relief. "Thank the Lords," etc., from the class, as they leave the room saying, "Prof. Watts, this certainly was a hard lesson, I don't think I ever will understand about that galvanometer."

After class.

*Hattie:* Good Lord! girls, I never saw such a bluff as we put up on that man. Don't you know, if I don't get a nine in that Physics, I will blow that man's brains out—Good-bye, girls—we have History this period.



## fables and foibles of the faculty.

✻ ✻

### I.

There was once a Dog who became ambitious to acquire the higher education, and accordingly set out for a College near by. He was very warmly received on his arrival, and on the following day the students had Hash for dinner.

His friends have not heard from him since.

MORAL: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

### II.

There was once a Teacher of Logic who averred to his pupils that he had never partaken of certain luxuries, neither of "canvas-back terrapin," nor of "diamond-back duck." Strange to say, the whole class were able, conscientiously, to make the same profession.

MORAL: Temperance is the highest jewel in the crown of virtue.

### III.



Dr Crouses  
Mr Medders says  
when I say make a  
gesture I mean MAKE  
IT



There was once a Professor of Oratory who told his class that there were certain classic names for the various parts of an oration, but that, as for himself, he preferred the good old Anglo-Saxon terms: "Introduction, Discussion, and Conclusion."

MORAL: How charming is Simplicity!

#### IV.

There was once a Preceptress, who reproved her youthful charges for casting coy smiles upon the boys across the the dining hall. When they excused themselves by the assertion that the boys first glanced at them and smiled, she responded: "That is your own fault; the boys look at me, too, but they never smile."

MORAL: Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt.

#### V.

A certain king was sore distressed because his eldest son, although he had a well-formed body, was born with the head of an Ass. "What can I do with such a creature!" he exclaimed. A member of the Faculty, who was standing by, replied: "If you will have Ph. D. put after his name we will take him to College and make him judge in an oratorical contest."

MORAL: It isn't always the soundest tree that has the loudest bark.

#### VI.

There was once a foolish Horse who was dissatisfied with his lot. Daily he bewailed his fate in some such words as these: "Why was I created a miserable literal translation? Why could I not have been made an interlinear like the proud creatures that toss their heads in scorn at my smallness?" It chanced one day that Jupiter heard his plaint, and, in a jocosse mood, changed him to an interlinear. The next day his master seized him and said: "This horse is too large to take into exam.; I'll just cut out the hardest parts and pin them inside of my coat."

Thus the wretched Horse perished miserably as a reward for his folly.

MORAL: Only the contented are truly happy.

#### VII.

A certain Teacher of Latin and Greek desired his pupils to read one hundred and sixty lines of Greek daily. When they protested that this would give them no time to study anything else, he replied: "Well, I only want you study it two hours a day, and if you can't get it out in this time, p'r'aps we'll reduce the lesson."

MORAL: Would't that jar you!

## A Dream of the future.

✽ ✽

EIGHTEEN months of unceasing labor on the Exchange had about used me up, and it was a case of go off for a trip or go to bed. I went for the trip. I had been out in West Virginia hunting for about a week and came to Cumberland to take the midnight train for Baltimore. I boarded the train and went immediately to my berth, without looking around the car to see if there were any of my acquaintances aboard, as I was very tired from the ride of that day and the tramp of the day before. I had just gotten comfortably fixed in my narrow bed and was about to doze, when I overheard two of my fellow-passengers discussing a game of foot ball they had seen that day. One of them had apparently been an official, for he understood the game well and was discussing some of the merits of one of the teams, which was, to my surprise, a team from Western Maryland, my old college. The spirit that would have brought me from my bed to ask the score only a short time before was deadened with fatigue, so without thinking more upon the subject I turned over and was soon asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was in the Biological Laboratory at Western Maryland College; my old Professor met me at the door and, after exchanging the usual courtesies, he excused himself and left me to myself. I did not need any invitation to examine some of the specimens, as they were all new since I had been there, and the collection was indeed a very fine one. In the far corner of the room there were two skeletons wired up and suspended from the ceiling. In course of time I commenced to examine them, rather hastily at first, as they were nothing but human skeletons and I had done considerable work along that line, so that they did not offer any special inducement to my curiosity. I had turned and was walking away when I noticed two large lumps on either side of the left humerus, just above the elbow; closer observation also showed the spine to be very peculiar,



as the process to which the muscles had been attached were indeed very small, so that the person must have had considerable trouble with the muscles of the lumbar regions of his back. Going closer, I took the abnormal member in my hand and began to make a careful examination of it; immediately the other hand of the skeleton slapped me between the shoulders, and a deep voice said, "Yes, Jerry, you remember well the day that was done." I turned around thinking my old friend, the Professor, had returned, but was terrified to find I was alone. Cold beads of perspiration collected on my forehead, cold chills ran down my back, my knees shook and I was almost ready to collapse, when the skeleton began, with a terrible grinding of bones, to move towards me. "Don't be frightened," it said, in grinding tones of consolation. "Don't you remember your old friend, Tarr?" I did remember Tarr, but to my recollection he was of short stature, and, on the contrary, this frame was that of a man of at least six feet. In an instant it dawned upon me that some of the students were working a joke on me, and were indeed succeeding very well by the aid of a ventriloquist; I would not lose the chance to tell them that they were entirely mixed and were fooling a wise man. So I opened fire: "Well, Tarr, it ran in my mind that you were of short stature when I knew you; how is it now that your frame is so tall?" At this the jaws of the skeleton spread, his ribs began to rattle and shake vigorously, and he laughed very loud, his bones grating all the while. "You see, it was this way, Jerry; I was a missionary, and after I left the Seminary I went to my field of work in Africa. After being there a short time I was captured by a tribe which I used to visit once each month, remaining with them two days, preaching and doing whatever good was to be done. After capturing me they boiled me and served me on toast at their annual missionary dinner." "But," I continued, "how did your boiling affect your height?" "Well, it was this way: you remember Crosby, the very tall fellow who was at the Seminary when we were in College? Well, he and I were working together and unfortunately suffered the same fate. We were sent to America for burial, and in some way got mixed up, so that now I am standing on his legs."

This was indeed an amusing thing to me, for there was the body of a man weighing, while alive, about 130 pounds and 5 feet 3 inches in height, standing on the legs of a man who weighed at least 100 pounds heavier and was almost a foot taller.

"Well, how did it happen that you were captured in the first place? Were you advancing some doctrines that the natives could not digest, or did you violate some of their unwritten laws of courtesy?"

"It was like this," answered the skeleton. "We had not visited the tribe for almost two months, and, being without access to a hone or place to have our razors repaired, we had let our beards grow and trimmed them with shears. At the end of the two months we had Vandykes that would have done any sport justice. Our predecessor, in one of his talks to the younger element of the tribe, had described the devil as having horns, but the chump never told them where the horns were located, so that when they saw our Vandykes they took us for devils and had us put out of the way as soon as they could do so."

While my friend had been an honest man on earth, and I had no reason to consider him other than that now, there was indeed something very peculiar, if not incredible, in his story; nevertheless I laughed at it, and considered it a good joke. My taking the whole affair so lightly did not please my bony friend, for he answered me rather angrily and said, "Well, it may be a good joke and all of that, but as a friend you should at least sympathize with me." In tones a little more serious I began, "Where is your spirit at present, or don't you know?"

"Oh! that is in purgatory at present," answered the skeleton. "It just came out of Hell a short time ago." "Hell!" I exclaimed, "what are you talking about? Were you not a minister of the Gospel and missionary, and did you not always live a Christian life on earth?" "Yes," answered the skeleton, "I was what you might call a good fellow on earth, but you know we used to use 'horses' in exams. at school, and I was always ready to take a hand in that. That thing is more serious in Heaven than it is in the Faculty, and for that little thing my soul was damned. I hope to get in Heaven some time this century."

Conversation with the skeleton now began to grow interesting, as I had become used to the grating of his bones against each other, so continuing, I asked, "Tarr, old man, did you ever see any of the people you knew on earth while you were in Hell?"

"O, yes, lots of the fellows we used to know at school are down there. Do you remember Hancock? Well, he had not lost his fondness for women even when I saw him in Hell. Why he really tried to make his Satanic Majesty a grass-widower. Of course, when this was discovered, some of the potentates of Hell got together, captured Hancock, took him to the Phlegeton river and threw him overboard, with two mill-stones tied to his neck for companions, so that he would not have to come around the mansion of his Satanic Majesty for company."

"Well, you and Roberts were great chums on earth, do you know where he is?" I asked.

"Roberts," cried the skeleton, "why he is in Hell at present. You know he used to have a pretty bad habit of lying; it always seemed to be a weak point with him, but it was the cause of his trip to Hell without a doubt. He never was what you might call a professional at the business, but always stayed in the amateur class, professional honors apparently having no charms for him. It was rather amusing the first night he arrived in Hell. The atmosphere was rather more clouded than usual, and several men were sitting around talking; among them were Tom Pepper and a few more of those total abstainers (that is, from the truth). When Roberts attempted to compare the atmosphere there at that moment with that of Baltimore on the occasion of a big fire, beginning with his usual 'You can believe it or not,' two of them grabbed him and were going to kill him for trying to spring any such probabilities on them for lies. He kept quiet for some time. He amuses himself now doing athletic feats with Hercules, Goliath, Samson and some of those old strong men. Robby organized a foot ball team and had them trained nicely and doing good work, when Samson, who was captain, wanted to try Julius Cæsar at quarter back where Roberts had played. Well, Julius was certainly a good man; he could run like the wind and he could beat Robby to a standstill on handling the ball; so Robby was put off the team and allowed to carry the hot lead they used for drinking on the field.

"Hurley is also there, and he was doing some wrestling business with one of the little youngsters when Achilles came up and wanted to take a hand in the game. Hurley consented and the contest was very fierce. It lasted for about two days and a half, when finally Achilles secured a crotch and shoulder hold on Hurley and simply broke him in two at the hips, so that his legs and body were two separate institutions, and were separated for almost an hour, until some of the old Greek gods who were witnesses of the affair thought it a shame to leave him there in that shape and made him a new hip bone of gold. Hurley, after a few weeks, could navigate pretty well on his new plate; but merely walking around was to slow for him so he took up running for a pastime. There, again, he made a great mistake, for when the gold hip bone was made no oil-cups were put in it to supply the acetabulum, so that, after running a short distance, the joints became heated and his legs stuck fast, and threw him with terrible force against the ground. At present he could not move fast enough to get Bromo-Quinine pills for a person with the headache before the headache would be a thing of the past.

"Pat Ireland is the John Wanamaker of Hell. He is so far ahead of all his competitors that he considers himself the only business man of the place. There was not much money circulating in Hell, but somehow or other Pat succeeded in getting a good deal of it together and started his business. He is buying up all the winter underclothes and overcoats, storm shoes and rubber boots at a bargain. After getting things pretty well started he opened a branch store in Purgatory where he unloads all his purchases. When I left him he was doing his best to get a consignment of ice from the Kennebec river, and had also been trying for some time to import palm-leaf fans. He succeeded in getting two large barrels of liquid air. But the Prince of Darkness came in his store one day and sat down on one of the barrels, and after he had got up he had a violent chill, so that he had to be taken to one of the hottest fires and warmed up. From that time on he was a little angry with Pat, and, in order to vent his anger in a quiet way, he and Beelzebub got the council together and passed a law that no more liquid air should be sold in Hell. This was a heavy loss to Pat, but he still continued in the other departments of his work."

After reflecting for a moment I inquired: "How about Davis; as he was a fellow who always tried to do right, I suppose you have not met him in the lower world?"

"Oh, yes," replied the skeleton, "you know he sometimes used to slip down town at night without the knowledge of his friends up at school. The result was that he put in his appearance here a few months ago with his suitcase full of clean laundry and a big chrysanthemum in his button-hole. He had not been here long before he began to favor a select audience with a few of his favorite tales. It was soon found that they were a little too rank for Hell, and he was put outside the gate with his baggage and a return ticket to Wilmington.

"Edwards was sojourning in Hell when I left, and will be there for about three hundred years, I think. He still has that bad habit of telling original jokes(?). He was busy telling Shakespeare and Milton one of *his* jokes (these three, by the way, are very good friends), when Methuselah, Adam and Noah were walking by and stopped to listen, thinking they would hear something new from the United States. Edwards had gone but half way when Methuselah turned up his nose and walked away in disgust, telling Noah that his nurse had told him that when he was a little boy."

"Most of our faculty are dead now, are they not?" I asked my bony chum. "Are any of them in Hell, or have they all passed on to Heaven to receive the reward which they paid for so dearly when on earth?"

"Heaven," laughed the bones, "why, do you know, Hell is not large enough for them. Dr. Lewis, Dr. Bonnotte and Prof. McDaniel are all there now. Two days after 'Billy Mac' arrived he started surveying Hell from one end to the other, and in less than a week he had a pretty accurate idea of the lay of the land there, and, furthermore, had secured the value of all the land. Six months after his arrival, in came Dr. Lewis, and the two were together constantly for about a week, and there was no doubt in the world but what there was something doing. When the 'Fire and Brimstone' (that is a weekly publication of Hell that deals with financial matters principally) came out the report, which had been current that Dr. Lewis and Billy Mac were trying to get full control of Hell, was confirmed. Doc was to take the Devil's place and Beelzebub was to resign his work to Billy Mac. When Doc saw me he offered me a job if I would help them out a little, so I did. The following day we all had an interview with the Prince himself as to the terms on which he would resign. Their idea was to make Hell a pleasant resting place for all the ministry and let the rabble get a Hell of their own in some other place, over which the present government might dominate. There was lots of preliminary talk on the subject, but when they came down to business the Devil said to the Doctor: 'Now, Doctor, you surely do not think you can run this place, do you?' Doc winked at Billy Mac and replied: 'Your Majesty, behold my works on earth! I was president of two colleges, controlling all the votes in the faculties of both, was the main head of the Maryland Conference (in the absence of the other officers)! I would have you thoroughly understand that I am the REVEREND THOMAS HAMILTON LEWIS, A. M., D. D., etc., etc., etc. and could run the Universe as successfully as I did these earthly institutions, if I only had my friend Bill here to do the work.' This provoked the Devil considerably, and he jumped to his feet swearing violently. 'Condemned men of earth,' said he, 'there is but one Devil, and he is at the head of the only Hell in existence! I do not care what fame you won on earth, you can't run Hell!' Doc began to tell him of what terms he would make, but this only made the Devil worse, and with his heavy foot he stamped around there and made so much confusion that all the guards came to the scene. Then the Devil ordered Doc and Billy taken to the furnaces to do stokers' duty for one hundred years. I was put in a dungeon, fed on hot sulphur paddies with molten iron sauce, kept there on that splendid diet for a short time and released."

"Well, what became of Dr. Bonnotte, while all this was going on?" I asked.

"As soon as Jobby landed he saw the Hell Hounds running around, and one, he said, looked like his

little Nell. He bought her and was going hunting, so he borrowed a gun that an Indian had brought along with him and started out. He did not have anything to drink, so he stopped at a bar to fill up. You know the only thing they drink there is fermented hot lead. He got his bottle and took a drink of it before leaving the saloon. He was full of claret at the time, and, instead of the two mixing quietly, they formed an explosive mixture and he was blown to pieces." The skeleton came nearer and placed his hand on my arm. "And don't you know, Jerry," he said, "they did not even bury the poor man, but instead the bartender cussed and swore because he exploded inside the saloon." Then the skeleton gave a violent jerk on the arm, and—

\* \* \* \* \*

I turned over to find the porter standing by my berth, and heard a fellow-passenger say: "If that infernal maniac in lower five does not stop his moaning and go to sleep, so that others can do the same, I will inject a couple of 42 calibre lead pills into his carcass that will relieve him of his troubles."





“WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?”

## A Typical "Parlor Night."



SCENE.—The Library.

The doors swing wide open and the girls make a "bee" line for chairs.

Enter the boys, who make a grand rush for same and spooning corners.

At the end of the room the teachers hold a rendezvous, where all of ye spinsters sit with clasped hands, and, with maidenly blushes of confusion, drop their lamps like Wenuses and Minerveys, while ye Jupiters and ye Marses and ye Apollos and Lord knows what you call them, make love to them like—"search me!" And so they continue until five minutes before the close of parlor, when they reluctantly "break it off," so as to accomplish the object of their meeting all together—for it usually takes but one teacher to go in parlor to watch the girls—*i. e.*, a discussion of some means of preventing so much love-making between the girls and boys. Soon each good guy has capped his prize and begun long declarations of undying affection, with many circumlocutions and blushes (because Albaugh's was open five minutes before parlor). At intervals the sweet damsel casts her orbs on the tips of her tootsey-wootseys to express to him how her heart is palpitating, and that she, too, has found her Prince Charming in him. He grits his teeth and shakes his fist at that good-for-nothing hoax collapsing with laughter over there who swore by—oh, nothing—that he would run him out in ten minutes, and here it has been fifteen—but, to be more definite, here are a few things that unawares float up to me, a sneaky, big-eared fly on the wall.

MISS COCHRAN.—"Ed, I thought you'd never turn around and smile at me at the dinner table. I must say that I have concluded to break off our strike."

ED.—"Jessie, sweet, my dear, don't speak to me in such a tone of voice, I—ah—er—a——" (Loud screams from the center of the library where the Sophs. are having a "hoe-down." Ed's speech is cut off.)

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MR. DAVIS.—“ Billy, how did you know that the Senior boys went down town last evening and flirted with some town girls? ”

MISS T—y (triumphantly).—“ Nettie said that Roger had a date with her and didn't keep it, and you and Roger were down town with the other Seniors, and Ethel said that she heard that Eva said that her father heard some town people say that they saw the Senior boys down town having a good time one day last week, and so I know that you have not been true to me, but ah, Dick, did you hear that Mabel and Hubert had broken off? And I know all about it. What he said to her and what she answered, and that she never had cared for him at all, and—”

DICK.—“ Oh, pshaw, Billy, I know about it, the boys told me.”

MISS TREDWAY.—“ Oh, but you ought to have seen Mabel at breakfast one morning last week, that was the last letter she had from him, and I know he 'sat on' her, 'cause she put the letter down without reading it twice, and then looked across the dining-room and smiled at Higgins; therefore, they are on the outs, and Higgins is rushin' her.”

MISS MILLER.—“ Do you know that Ethel Trout and Scott Hurley have it on each other as bad as Virginia Gilbert and Lawrence Chaffinch did? ”

MR. SIMPSON.—“ That's all right, let us—ah—try to rival the whole clique of them.”

MISS MILLER.—“ Well, I'm in for it, if you are. I knew something was doing in the region of your heart, but we girls always wait for you to speak first.”

I have listened to all this without moving, but now changing my place, I hear the following:

MR. NOUVEAU.—“ Had-dew, may I speak to yeu? ”

MISS NOUVELLE (flushing crimson).—“ Y-e-e-s.”

HE.—“ What society deu yeu belong teu? Where deu yeu live? I'm from the Eastern Shore.”

SHE.—“ Oh, why, I am a Philomathean, and I live in the garden spot of the world, teu; we raise corn on our farm.”

HE.—“ Why didn't you join the Browning Society, for I am an Irving.”

SHE.—“ If—why—I don't know.” (A pause—a painful silence; perspiration rolls off his forehead, and she twists her hands like St. Vitus; finally, triumphantly, and heaving a sigh of relief)—“ Ah! what class are you in? Freshman, did you say? I'm a Prep.”

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HE (fidgeting).—"Don't you get hungry yere?"

SHE.—"Y—e—s."

HE.—"Well,—my mother's going to send me a box and if you'd like to have a piece of chicken, and a biscuit, I'll send you some, who do you pass 'em through?"

SHE (shyly).—"Maybe Prof. McDaniel would pass it as we go to Math, class."

Mr. McCloskey comes up to speak to Miss Heller.

SHE (meditatively).—"Dear me, I'm dreadfully bored."

HE (reflectively).—"So'm I."

SHE.—"Let's talk it off."

HE.—"Any thing's doing, its up to me to be in it—by the way—I'd just like to tell you that you are the most up-to-date girl I have met in this 'blinky' town."

SHE.—"I was just thinking the same thing about you."

HE.—"Let's call it off—that's a strike——"

SHE.—"You must be an old boy, aren't you?"

HE.—"No, indeed, the only Satanic propensities I have are not evident—I—er— I just came came last week—but here comes Green to speak to you. Don't forget we are strikes."

SHE.—"All right—say—hold on a minute" (as he moves off) "I just want to say that if I just don't get the right grin at once,—don't be discouraged. I'll learn soon, you bet, if I am new in the business."

(At this point, I crawl leisurely around the other end of the room, and light—not on the bald-headed man—but on Miss George's collar just in time to hear her say—) "Oh, fudge—baby swallowed a ping pong ball and broke his tooth on the rubber rattle!"

WIN.—"Elsie, I feel perfectly dejected this evening over that bum box of candy I sent you. I ordered five pounds and it was only this morning that I found that that block-head had only sent two pounds."

ELSIE (coquettishly).—"Oh, that's all right. Dr. Foster sent me two barrels of fruit and candy for my class this evening,—and I made out pretty well"——.

WIN (laconically).—"Oh, did you?" (Elsie gleefully shakes her head and I have to skee-daddle to save my life. On my way across the room I overheard a sentence or two from Clifford Hancock and Mick Miller, who are both tearing down the wood pile á la Carrie. My life is in danger, but I find

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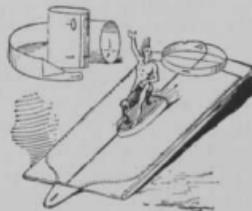
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it so interesting that I can't help a-lighting on Cliff's ear, but he doesn't as much as feel me since he seems to be very earnest, thus—.)

CLIFF.—“Ethel, I want to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I've always been very faithful to you” (apart, “except when I go down to Marianna's,”) “and I think that you have surely smiled at another boy, for I saw you turn on the path the other day, and look in the opposite direction from me.”

MICK.—“(Bigoted guy, I'll take him down now.) Why, I was looking at Mrs. Simpson taking her son out to drive.”

CLIFF (furiously).—“You—you—were, aye? Well, I'll have you to understand—.”

MICK.—“Oh, call it off, Cliff! What's the use? Let's play quits and be friends—you know.”

CLIFF (draws deep sigh).—“Ah—er—well, its up to me.”

“Miss Miller, may I please talk to you?”

Here I think expedient to leave, for something seems to be doing over with Bob Carman and Marie Senseney. I must hear all and have no aides.

MARIE.—“Bob, do you know, I only got four or five letters a day when I was sick with the measles.”

BOB.—(apart) “I have done my duty”—(aloud, sympathetically) “Well, Marie, I—er—suppose that all your friends from Virginia wrote and—.”

MARIE.—“Oh, yes! Bob, I had to laugh at what Randall said about the attempt in Virginia to prevent kissing. He said, if he, the kisser, and (here a conscious blush) the fair kissee were in a hammock on a moonlight night after that bill had been passed, he'd say 'here goes'—then the deluge.”

BOB (gallantly).—“You bet I would, too, if you were anywhere around.”

MARIE (with a coquettish giggle).—“Oh, Bob, you're crazy.”

I took up my bed and walked to Mr. Keith, who says to Miss Nicodemus, “When there is a garden full of beautiful roses one naturally selects the most beautiful (ergo).”

MISS NICODEMUS (apart).—“Great Scott, what have I struck?”

I never find out, for I have business with Dale Hoblitzell, who speaks thus: “Miss Garey—Reba—you must know that it wasn't my fault that I was so late in reaching you; the truth is I got stuck on Miss Blank and had to wait until just now for somebody to run me out. She assured me that I might leave as soon as I liked, but a fellow can't do that, you know.”

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REBA.—“ Well, Dale, that’s all right, I was—er—having a good time, you know, and—”—(apart—“ don’t think your the only oyster in the stew.”) I really forgot that tempus was fugiting so fast.”

Tempus fugit for two more minutes when Prof. Watts clapped his hands, which signified that “parlor” has ended. The boys reluctantly bid adieu to their Wenuses, and here are some farewells that fall on my ear:

From Mr. MELVIN.—“ Good-night, sweetheart, don’t forget to smile at me to-morrow at breakfast—”

MISS FLEMMING.—“ Oh, you bet I won’t, Homer, my genius.”

MISS FORD to Mr. STEVENS.—“ Why, Harry, of course I’ll smile at you”—apart—“ two pounds of Huyler’s a smile—”

Mr. NEIGHBORS to Miss WRIGHT.—“ It should be (w) right to smile at thy neighbor to-morrow.”

Miss WRIGHT.—“ It shall be—Wright.”

Mr. RATHBUN.—“ Edith, what’s doing at the breakfast table to-morrow?”

EDITH MORRIS.—“ Smiles.”

Mr. RATHBUN.—“ It’s up to us.”

Here a confusion of “good-night beloveds,” etc. I see the parlor door close on the boys and follow the girls out to their hall where they leave me in the cold. For a few minutes I hear outbursts of song, indications of private camp meetings, one of the prime features of which is cakewalking. The sounds grow fainter until all is quiet. Warily I fold my wings and creep into my little den, and there find the most glorious thing that God ever gave to a poor little sneaky, tired fly—a bed.

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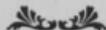
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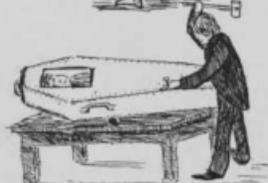
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