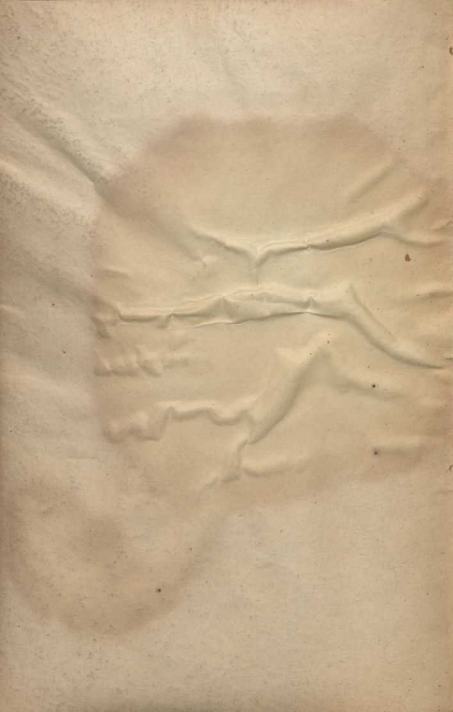


Class 1907 Book

WESTERN  
MARYLAND  
COLLEGE



Mac Rausser



# Class 1907 Book

## Foreword

**I**N presenting our Class-Book to our friends, we have sought to make it a worthy and lasting remembrance of 1907. Though, unlike the usual Aloha, this book is confined to the affairs of our class, we still hope it will be of interest to all. We leave you, the readers, to judge how well we have represented our College, our school-life, and the Class of 1907.



## Dedication

In token of its highest esteem, the

Class of 1907

dedicates this book to one of

Western Maryland's

most successful

graduates

Harry Eugene Gilbert



HARRY EUGENE GILBERT





## Harry Eugene Gilbert



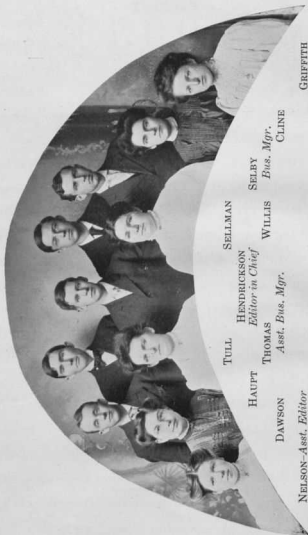
ARRY EUGENE GILBERT was born in Johnsville, Frederick County, Maryland, January 16th, 1871. Graduating from The Frederick Academy he entered the Sophomore Class of Western Maryland College in September, 1890, graduating therefrom in 1893. Among the honors heaped upon him in his collegiate course were President of Webster Society, Y. M. C. A. delegate to Northfield, Mass.; member of Foot Ball Team; Captain of Base Ball Team, and winner of first medal for best all-round athlete. In September, 1893, he entered the University of Maryland, receiving in two years the degrees of L. L. B. from the University, and of A. M. from his Alma Mater. In 1895 Mr. Gilbert began the practice of law in Baltimore, of which profession he is still an active member. He is owner of the Baltimore Book Co., President of St. Paul Realty Co., and Manager of Navarre Realty Co. He is also an active member of the Lafayette Avenue Methodist Protestant Church, and of the Endowment Committee of Western Maryland College. A Prohibitionist in politics he has several times been nominated for important offices by that party. In business life Mr. Gilbert has always had marked and deserved success and is a source of pride to his Alma Mater.



WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE

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*Editor in Chief*

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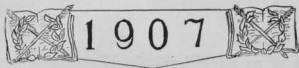
*Asst. Bus. Mgr.*

DAWSON

*NELSON-Asst. Editor*

EDITORIAL STAFF.

GRIFFITH



**Motto:**

*"Esse quam videri."*

**Flower:**

WHITE CARNATION.

**Colors:**

YALE BLUE AND WHITE.

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<i>Historian</i>	J. HUNT HENDRICKSON
<i>Poetess</i>	HATTYE S. BELL

**YELL:**

Hipper rahper, hooper rahper, hipper rahper reven,  
Hurrah for the Class of 1907,

Pour obtenir du savoir nous vivons.  
Neunzehn hundert, sechs und eins,  
Besser als wir da sind keines.

Hubba lubba, hubba lubba, hubba lubba leven,  
Western Maryland Seniors, 1907.



## FOREWORD.

**I**N his address to the student body April 2nd, 1907, on the occasion of the Senior Investiture, Dr. Tiffany remarked that few classes have ever been held in higher esteem both by the students and the faculty than the Class of '07. As a class we have not tried to dominate "College Hill," but we believe our silent influence has placed the College on a higher moral plane than we found it. In the few words allotted to each history it is not possible to state every honor received. It may interest the reader to know that nearly half of our number were valedictorians in their respective high schools, that all have taken active part in literary work, that many have worked ceaselessly in the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A., and that some have spent their time in the College choir and on the reserve athletic teams. Such work though it does not command marked attention, is yet necessary to any healthy institution and is the labor only of such as claim for their motto "*Esse quam videri.*" Finally, the historian has viewed the optimistic side of college life. The sketches portray the student in a happy frame of mind. It is for the reader to lift the mask of comedy, to pierce through to the deeper meaning and behold in his true worth the student of 1907.

HATTYE SLIFER BELL, P. L. S.  
*Frederick, Md.*

Three years ago there was heard in Middletown the doleful strains of "Farewell sweet Hattye Bell." The occasion was the High School Commencement, and it was announced that after winning all the High School honors Miss Bell would enter the 1907 Class of W. M. C. She enrolled as one of the "nine muses." This made her reputation. She was immediately elected Class Poetess, and her writing ability soon won her honorable mention in the College Monthly. A student of mankind, she has never been absent from a single parlor. When not thus engaged she spends her time reading her Soph. Chemistry notes which she enjoys immensely. Then, there is the "Bell Telephone"—a wireless affair used mostly by a certain bald-headed spectacular senior when the Historian is not "at home"—But suggestion is stronger than precept and we must leave Hattye to the tender mercy of the fates.



CARRIE MAE BIXLER, B. L. S.  
*Westminster, Md.*

Our "Puritan Maid" has earned her title by having so amiable and even a disposition that it is a real pleasure to talk with her. She is always here, in spite of wind and rain, though her home is two miles away. Sometimes she stays down town over night much to the delight of a certain (?) '07 boy. The next day her reply is always "Really, Professor, I don't know." Her diet is love, which comes in big thick letters on the morning mail and sometimes causes her to leave her lunch in the carriage, so absorbed is she in the contents. She adores Heintz's pickles. Ask her the reason. Carrie has a sweet voice but being afraid of overtaxing herself (which is against her principles) she has given up vocal. We feel sure that in her the world will soon receive a cheerful, helpful spirit.





MARY BLANCHE BOSLEY, B. L. S.  
*Finksburg, Md.*

We now review our day-dreamer, "Foxy." This fair maiden has always stood second in her class, is a fine student and claims that her studying makes her sad. But here's a story which Daisy tells as to the true "source of this madness:" "As I was coming from Baltimore after the holidays the train stopped, as it sometimes does, at Finksburg, and who should I see standing on the platform but Mary Blanche—but stop! look! listen! what was that I saw? Why a tall, broad shouldered, fine looking young man talking to our Mary. She was the last person to enter the car and dropped into the

nearest seat. The train moved on, and the nearer we came to W. M. C. the farther away grew Mary's thoughts." Actions speak louder than words.



WILLIAM LUTHER BYERLY, W. L. S.  
*Fowblesburg, Md.*

"Bill Bailley" entered our class in its sophomore year and immediately fell in love. Although the object of his devotion has often changed, his disease has been pronounced incurable. With true farming instinct he built a chicken coop on Senior Hall. Somehow his chickens cackle. He has been known to have as many as six electric light globes from the halls in his room at one time. On one occasion he detached one and holding it under a table wondered why it gave no light. Bill is a stirring athlete. At any time during study hour you may see him kicking goals through Tullie's transome or pitch-

ing a basket ball into Doc. Haupt's waste-paper basket. In spite of his other occupations Bill stands well in his class, being one of our few "naturally bright." His generous, frank, happy disposition has endeared him to his classmates and will win him friends wherever he goes.



DAISY CLINE,

B. L. S.

*Lonaconing, Md.*

Daisy hails from Lonaconing where she frequently scaled the back fence to evade visitors. When in 1903 she left the coal shafts to toil up College Hill she was a demure seclusive little lass—but note the change in the Senior. Now, speak a word and off goes a flash of wit. In her course Daisy has been Captain of the Basket Ball Team, member of the College Monthly staff, twice Vice-President of Browning and President of the Girls' Athletic Association. She is characterized by her monkey actions and by her ready jokes and nonsensical retorts. Her fondness for souvenir postals is very great judging from the number she receives from her numerous admirers.



WILLIAM EDWARD DAVIS, W. L. S.

*Pocomoke City, Md.*

Our second "Bill" hails from Pocomoke—and he is proud of it. With the brightness characteristic of that town he made the Sophomore year and without over-exerting himself he has kept up his reputation. Bill early showed an oratorical disposition being an ardent admirer of Bryan, Webster and Dickey Dashiell. This disposition made him a star in Webster Society and placed him as one of the contest winners of June 1906. He has the best bass voice in the college, a fact which has placed him in constant demand by our friends down town. As a tennis player he has few equals. He belongs to the Base ball team, was manager of Basket ball team, and held position of alternate Inter-collegiate orator. His gentlemanly conduct will always gain him admittance to the best society.





EDITH DAWSON,  
*Trappe, Md.*

P. L. S.

Edith Dawson was born at Bunker Hill farm, Talbot County. Moved to Ingleside farm in 1898. Graduated from Trappe High School 1904.—Such was the pedigree of this Eastern Sho' miss who upon entering college was soon to receive the pleasant name of "Sweetheart." She immediately showed a marked repugnance for chocolate bugs and a marked fondness for water battles. Her athletic feats won her a place on the basket-ball team, and her energy and good sense have made her indispensable to the College Monthly Staff and the Class Book staff. She has spent much of her Senior year learning to bake "Whitmore's specials." She was one of Philos honored presidents, and is our class artist. Her chief subjects for portrayal are members of the faculty.



NELLIE IRENE FRINGER, B. L. S.  
*Tawneytown, Md.*

When Milton Academy of Tawneytown had handed all its medals to her, Peanut entered W. M. C. as a Frenchman. She entered smiling, she has been smiling ever since, and it is expected that she will leave smiling. She has smiled at everything from a mosquito to a Browney to say nothing of King George of the Seminary. Her first year was taken up in developing her musical talent, in hooking recitations and sleeping in Daisy's cozy corner. To keep her out of Daisy's room Miss Scott put the two together but they are as chummy as ever. Nellie served on the Monthly Staff, was two years organist of the Y. W. C. A., and vice-president of Browning. In her Junior year she developed a mania for Riches, which still clings to her. Her favorite diet is peanuts and crackers.

GERTRUDE HELEN GEMMILL, B. L. S.

*Freeland, Md.*

When Helen Gemmill originally from Hanover Pa., hove in sight Sept. 1903 we saw something big was coming, and we were not mistaken. Besides being the tallest member of the class she has been its leader, grasping every subject with a master hand. Her varied powers enable her to write love sonnets to Miss L. at the same time that she is playing her mouth-organ for Daisy and Edith to dance a cake walk. She is passionately fond of music, being able to sing soprano and alto, although she is especially fine in tenor and bass. Her love for instrumental music is so great that she spends Sunday afternoons in the parlor hoping that fortune may at least favor her with an opportunity to hear Chop Sticks. She is a girl to be depended on, and a just source of pride to the class.



WALTER CRAMER GILBERT,

*Walkersville, Md.*

W. L. S.

Walter has been properly dubbed "Sleepy" not because he is always wrapped in slumber but because his thoughts seldom deign to rest on the college and especially on such objects as his classmates. His early education was obtained in Frederick College, an institution more of interest to posterity than to the present generation. This young man accomplished the remarkable feat of "doing" his Freshman and Sophomore work in one year. He is a pugilist of note, has never been hazed, and goes home when it pleases his majesty. The reason is simply this—everyone is afraid of him. His classical mind is stored with a good vocabulary and it must be said to his credit that he has never depended on another student's work. "Sleepy" is a sworn bachelor and loves blackberries. He is a friend to whom he is a friend and once he wakes up to the appreciation of others he will push to the front.



MARY ALLEN GRIFFITH, P. L. S.  
*Potomac, Md.*

When Mary Allen left Potomac she did not leave her quaint ways in that little town. College restrictions were nothing to her, because during her first year she locked herself in her room so no one would disturb her meditations. Soon, however, she left the pinnacle of her philosophy—she began to cast glances in the (W)right way. It was about this time also, we may add, that her hair began to get curly. "Poodle" is one of the brilliant members of the class, having received honorable mention every year. She is also quite a genius in a literary way. The more she "comes out of her

shell," the better we like her, and we find she has as much silliness in her petite body as the rest of us.



McCLURE HAMILTON HAUP, W. L. S.  
*Middletown, Md.*

If you come across a little man, half bald, who takes steps eleven inches in length, talks with measured tones and is accompanied by the Bell(e) of the College you know it is "Doc." This genius does everything in a fixed routine. One morning he was late for breakfast because of worrying over a grave mistake he had made—he washed his face at 6:46 instead of 6:47 A. M. according to custom. Doc has exercised a steady influence on the class; everybody comes to him for advice. In all his dealings he is fair and just and his integrity has never been questioned. Never has

he "hooked" a recitation; once going even to the extreme of taking his door off its hinges to attend Physics Lab. He has been tennis manager, historian of the Athletic Association, Vice-President of Y. M. C. A., and member of College Monthly Staff and of the Class Book Staff. Such a man is a source of pride to his native county, Frederick and to the Class of '07. By his graduation the College loses a wise head and the world gains a trustworthy adviser.

JOHN HUNT HENDRICKSON, W. L. S.

*Frederick, Md.*

Before this specimen left his mama, she should have put on his coat, "Stand back, small boys." He was harmless looking, but soon we found that, like Alexander, he wanted worlds to conquer. He tackled nothing that seemed beyond him; walked off with all class honors, helped win the Webster contest in 1906, and then was made President of Webster. He has won so many medals that soon he will need a valet to carry them about for him. Besides being a bureau of information on all topics from Adam down, he shines forth in elocution, represented the College in the State Inter Collegiate Oratorical Contest of '07, Manager of Base ball Team '07, and Editor-in-Chief of the Class Book. Once he was known to be so wrapped in intellectual thoughts, that he attended class with his shoes unbuttoned. However, his success in the past predicts a most useful life, and doubtless he will make a valuable addition to the world.



THOMAS ROBERT LECOMPTE, W. L. S.

*Cambridge, Md.*

Where is "Frenchy?" Oh, he's asleep. Yes, that's his seraphic pastime. "Frenchy" or "Bob" as he is sometimes called is the pretty boy of the class. He explains his good looks by saying that he never misses his beauty sleep. There is one time, however, that he is awake—in a basket ball game. He is captain of the senior team, and the way his elbows fly around brings yells and threats from his opponents. Bob is a scientist. He can explain the evolution of protozoan or an electric light. Rumor has it that he once fed an underclassman the contents of an electric battery for lemonade. As a chess player no one can beat him but Jones. Frenchy has true love—that is, it doesn't run smooth; his rival occasions him no small amount of worry, but like the gentleman he is, his temper remains unruffled. Cheer up, Frenchy; there are bright days ahead; be awake and enjoy them.





EDITH MARGARET MILLS, B. L. S.  
*Washington, D. C.*

✓ Margaret came "early to avoid the rush," having descended upon the class in the year one while '07 was still a prep. She looked rather infantile and became a general favorite, but as she soon developed a very independent spirit, she followed her own ideas of conduct. She developed a great taste for elocution and piano, the latter being her specialty judging from the number of hours she consumes every day in "clawing the ivories." Her real worth is shown by her being elected our Prophetess. She won the Soph. Elocution Medal and as one of Browning's contestants helped to win the Society Contest. For two years she has been a member of the College Choir where she helps swell the chorus when not otherwise engaged. Her disposition and natural attractions will make her popular wherever she goes.



LILLIAN MAY NELSON, P. L. S.  
*Fort Pierce, Fla.*

✓ Like the rainbow, changeable, elusive and brilliant, uncertain in its changing, tantalizing yet attractive in its elusiveness, and charming in its brilliancy is Lilly May. She has used her varied powers on class and teachers for the last five years with marked success. Leading her class in the Sub-Freshman year she has received honorable mention at every commencement. As a vocalist she is without superior and is besides a fine pianist. Her English papers are shown to the poor '07 boys as models. Lillian can also talk—and smile. Her smile has been adopted as the regulation class smile, size, density etc. It is hard to say how she spends her time. There is a story that she was once reprimanded for using the Bell Telephone, and that she and her roommate quarreled over a broom. When Lillian makes up her mind on anything she carries it through. This faculty will always win her success.

LEWIS EDWARD PURDUM, I. L. S.  
*Kempton, Md.*

"Monte" is so called because his roommate once discovered the likeness between his appearance and that of Happy Hooligan. Be that as it may he is one of our "true men." The College can boast of few such sterling characters as our Class President. The words of Emerson are applicable to him—"who loved his flock but never loved to lead." Purdum has twice represented Irving, has been president of Y. M. C. A. of Honor System and manager of Foot Ball team. He also played on Base Ball team in his Freshman year. He has exercised his powers impartially, stands firm to the truth, and knows not the meaning of Ambition. His musical temperament has allied him to many organizations and he once had the honor of sitting next to Dr. B. in a First Regiment Band Concert. If History ever finds an honored place for the restraining hand it will assuredly accord it to our beloved President.



ENGLAR McCLURE ROUZER, I. L. S.  
*Linwood, Md.*

I'd like you to understand that my name is Rou—zer. So spoke in a nasal tone a young man of Levine Hall. Since then his name has been euphoniously shortened to "Mac." Mac was once a town student, but being unable to withstand the temptation of Parlor Night he took up his abode in College Hill. Mac is a hard student and makes the boy hustle who gets in his way. As captain of the Track Team he occupies a position which he has won by long, hard practice, and the success of that branch of Athletics is due largely to his "push." Mac seldom speaks; he never (?) swears, but when his mouth opens something of sense is forth-coming. He is a fine dancer and horse-back rider, and his graceful bearing endears him to the fair hearts. Were it not for his fickle (?) fallacy we fear we would long since have lost him from our midst.





ROBERT WILSON SELBY, W. L. S.  
*Burgess Store, Va.*

Behold the Stoic of our class. A scientist of note, he belongs to the same genus as "Frenchy." Selby never jokes and for that reason escaped a nick-name. He attends strictly to business and for his managerial ability he was elected Business Manager of both the College Monthly and the Class Book. Selby has a peculiar affinity for measles. Being detained at home by this delightful guest, he was late in returning from the Christmas Holidays. On arriving at College he failed to recognize his room, Bill Bailey, in preparation for the future, having introduced a pyrotechnic exhibit. The only

thing rescued was the pipe which these two gentlemen smoke in partnership. Selby is a noted linguist and can swear profusely in Dutch for which he is never credited by the Faculty. His practical view of life has been of much value to the Class.



WILLIAM NELSON SELLMAN, I. L. S.  
*Westminster, Md.*

This is a costly class judging from the number of its Bills. "Bill III" sometimes designated as Mr. Sellman is one of our land marks. He is a keen observer and of inestimable value to his society, Irving. Moreover, Bill is a staunch Republican and will defend his party principles against such debaters as Davis, Tull and Carver. He was a member of the foot ball team which this year defeated St. John's; was President of the Athletic Association, Manager of Track Team, member of Class Book Staff, and in literary work edited the College Monthly. Bill's ability to see through tricks has saved our class

from many a misstep. He is noted for his hospitality and on any occasion you may find his room full of "Brutes" and sometimes stray cats and dogs. These visitors are doubtlessly inspired by the many mottoes on his walls; as "There's many a slip twixt the toe and the heel," and "A fool and his wife are soon parted." Bill always "means" right and will make a successful business man.



SARA ANNE STALLINGS, B. L. S.  
*South Baltimore, Md.*

"Sister Sallie" was born on the sandy banks of the Patapsco in 1888. She entered our class when it was still in the Lower-Sub., and throughout her course she has maintained that even temperament which is the envy of all girls. Her kind acts and faithful zeal have won her a warm place in the hearts of her class mates. Although reserved in manner Sara's abilities have not been hid, for she has held several responsible positions, being President of the Browning Society. She stands unrivaled as the best cook in the class, even hooking parlor to prepare some dainty morsels for her many sisters. She is also the class-post-mistress, which position she holds under Dr. Tiffany. Sara has fallen a victim to every disease from measles to love. They say she has safely recovered, but if you tease her she claims that her mind is a perfect "Blank."



CARRIE HULL THOMAS, P. L. S.  
*Buckeystown, Md.*

Every class has its representative student, its boy or its girl to whom it may point with pride as worthy of standing for the class. Such a girl is Carrie, stately, dignified and calm, when need be, she can also have a good time with the rest of us. Her natural powers have made her a speaker. She won the Freshman elocution medal, and had the great honor of representing for two years her society, Philomathean. As a Society worker she is unequalled, having been President of Philo., President of Y. W. C. A. and Assistant Business Manager of the Class Book. As one of her classmates has put it she does not "waste her sweetness on the desert air"—that is she does not smile across the path. Nevertheless she did once receive some very sentimental post cards. Carrie's indomitable energy will always forge her to leadership whatever may be her work.





ALAN WATERS TULL, W. L. S.  
*Kingston, Md.*

Alan entered the Class at the beginning of its College career, the Freshman year. His first act worthy of note was his refusing to turn on the electric light for fear of its burning him. Of all the boys of our number none have made the progress manifest in Tully. He early showed literary and oratorical tendencies and in spite of jokes and ridicule thrown at him in shape of his nick-name, Marcus Tullius Cicero, by undaunted and indefatigable efforts Tull has proven himself a worthy follower of his renowned ancestor. His literary talents graced the College Monthly as Literary Editor, and placed him on the Class Book Staff. He is a Democrat of the Southern type and can propound his party platforms from their foundations although like history he often repeats himself.



LILLIAN GERTRUDE VEASEY, P. L. S.  
*Pocomoke City, Md.*

On account of the number of Lillians in our class it was absolutely necessary to find this one a nick-name. We found that she spent the evenings gazing into what astronomers call space, and much of the daytime looking through the window at what she termed space. So we called her "space." Space was the valedictorian of her high-school, so that without much effort she entered our class in its Sophomore year. She was at first homesick for her beloved Pocomoke, but George Washington came to her rescue and she is perfectly happy. She is very industrious because her room-mate makes her do the cleaning up on the first of each month. As a musician and an elocutionist she is quite talented. 'Tis said she carries weights about with her to keep her from going up.

MARY CORNELIA WILLIS, B. L. S.  
*Baltimore, Md.*

The scene is History class. Dr. Tiffany has just asked a question in his usual smiling manner, when there is a sudden He! He! He!, and the bench begins to shake. We know from the exclamation that it is a girl laughing and from the shaking of the bench that it is Miss Willis. This fair lady is passionately fond of Carlyle and Hawthorne, being a hero and heroine worshipper. She has always been identified with the English Course. In her Freshman year the teachers would call her *Wills*, and now in her Senior year she is private tutor to Edwin Jr. Cornelia is our youngest classmate, and although at present it is easy to persuade her into anything she will soon outgrow this slight failure. We welcome her for her laughter and feel that she has lightened many a weary lesson by her presence.



LILLIAN LAVINA ZAHN, B. L. S.  
*Westminster, Md.*

The closing subject of the historian is Lillian III. Like some other of her classmates she has been affected by the "Samnite" fever. In her Sophomore year she began to smile at a certain frock coat, and this continued till its owner was married—elsewhere. The fever has again attacked her in her Senior year and the case is critical. It is even rumored that she may go down to N. Carolina, and you may hear her singing "Dixie" any day. She has always been an adept in getting out of lessons either by hooking or being excused on "Une Maladie Imaginaire." She loves Geology, and is very fluent upon the subject "beaches." We know her by her charming giggle and with it ringing in our ears we must close the History of 1907.



## QUONDAM.

—	S. E. COE,	Baltimore, Md.
	A. W. DAVENPORT,	Cherry, N. C.
	J. M. HITCHCOCK,	Delta, Pa.
	W. N. HOOD,	Mt. Airy, Md.
	K. A. HORSEY,	Crisfield, Md.
—	R. S. LITSINGER,	Baltimore, Md.
—	H. M. PHILLIPS,	Laurel, Del.
	J. R. PLUMMER,	Baltimore, Md.
	P. RAMER,	Baltimore, Md.
	L. F. REIFSNIDER,	Westminster, Md.
	H. ROSENBLATT,	Baltimore, Md.
	G. F. THOMAS,	Adamstown, Md.
	G. R. WENTZ,	Hanover, Pa.
—	N. F. BARNES,	Peninsula Junction, Md.
	H. G. BEAUCHAMP,	Westover, Md.
	M. BIXLER,	Hagerstown, Md.
—	C. M. BONNOTTE,	Westminster, Md.
—	S. E. DUKES,	Millville, Del.
	E. E. HARRINGTON,	Annapolis, Md.
	R. P. HIGGINS,	Rockville, Md.
	E. B. LLOYD,	Sudlersville, Md.
—	M. W. MCCOMAS,	Singer, Md.
	A. P. MILLER,	Westminster, Md.
—	F. L. ROE,	Cordova, Md.
	J. ROWLAND,	Henderson, N. C.
—	C. E. SCHWEIGERT,	Westminster, Md.
—	S. S. SPARKS,	Sudlersville, Md.
	F. H. WIX,	Harrington, Del.
—	L. B. YOUNG,	Pocomoke, Md.

# STATISTICS—Male.

Name	Literary Society	Nickname	Age	Weight	Size of Shoe	Color of Hair	Denomination	Politics	Favorite Story	Favorite Flower	Favorite Song
Byerly	Webster	Bill Bailey	18	161	8	Park Brown	Lutheran	Dem.	"Fate of Elsie"	Cactus	Sweet Adeline
Davis	Webster	Will	21	137	7	Black	M. P.	Dem.	My Margaret	Pink	"How I Love that Little Yaller Gal"
Gilbert	Webster	Pouts	19	142	5½	Black	? ? ?	Dem.	"Mary Had a Little Lamb"	Marigold	Teasing
Haupt	Webster	Doc	30	110	6	Light Brown	Lutheran	Independent	Am I too Old for Helen?	Blue-bell	I Am Tired of Living Alone
Hendrickson	Webster	Kid	19	135	8½	Light Brown	M. E.	Rep.	Gibson's Story Without Words	Lily	Dearie
Le Compte	Webster	Frenchy	21	150	7	Light Brown	Episcopal	Dem.	Story of Crisfield	Any that's red	In the Good Old Summer Time
Purdum	Irving	Monte	24	138	7	Dark Brown	M. P.	Prohib.	Louise and I	Rose	Sing Me to Sleep
Rouzer	Irving	Mac	20	140	6	Brown	Lutheran	Dem.	How to Play Romeo & Juliet	Marguerite Carnation	There's Only One Girl
Selby	Webster	R. W.	21	133	7	Light Brown	M. P.	Dem.	My Sophomore Girl	Violet	Mid the Green Fields of Virginia
Sellman	Irving	Bill	21	165	6½	Brown	Big Church	Rep.	"Pearls of Rubies, Which"	Jessamine	"On the Path Faces I See"
Tull	Webster	Tullius	21	138	7	Brown	Presbyterian	Dem.	Mary and Martha	Canna	Sweet Marie

STATISTICS—Male, Continued.

Name	Favorite Expression	Favorite Pastime	Course of Study	Characteristic	Ancestry	Future Occupation	Dying Words
Byerly	Consarn the Luck	Being True	Hist.	Large Appetite	Duck	Teacher	Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow
Davis	Darn it	Tootin' the Horn	Hist.	Exaggerating Powers	Donkey	Doctor	I thank 'Those that I am not as other men are
Gilbert	Taint So	Corresponding with Hinds, Noble & Co.	Clas.	Laziness	Dog	Surgeon	One more nap before I go
Haupt	I'll be Sam Hill	Talking of his Boyhood Days	Clas.	Cunningness	Fox	Missionary	Think every word before you let it fall
Hendrickson	Confound it All	Smiling at Dutch	Hist.	Big Feet	Kangaroo	Law	O for more hearts to conquer
LeCompt	O Hang it	Hunting Insects	Scient.	Dreaming Propensities	Ant Eater	Chemist	Let me die in the Lab.
Purdum	Jerusalem	Playing Chess	Clas.	Procrastination	Ox	Preacher	Just one more minute, O Lord
Rouzer	O Hen	"Prinking up"	Hist.	Good Nature	Chicken	Gentleman	Let me die dressed up
Selby	Go to Thunder	Keeping Qui'et	Scient.	Dignity	Rat	Banker	Still waters run deep
Sellman	Unprint-able	Kiddin' Mac	Hist.	Stubbornness	Mule	Soldier	Oh could I kiss those eyes of fire
Tull	Jerushy Jane	Cleaning House ? ? ?	Hist.	Scientific Cribbing	Parrot	Business	Please go way and let me sleep

# STATISTICS—Female.

Name	Age	Height	Velocity of tongue per minute	Weight	Denomina- tion	Nickname	Color of Hair	Color of Eyes	Favorite Book
Bell	22	5.3½	20	102	Lutheran	Haze	Brown	Hazel	Adventures of a Brownie
Bixler	23	5.6	2	125	Ger. Bap.	Cad	Brown	Blue	Rip Van Winkle
Bosley	21	5.8	0	115	M. P.	Foxy	Pink	Blue	Job
Cline	21	5.3	99	120	M. E.	Jack	Brown	Blue	Post Card Album
Dawson	17	5.8	90	120	M. E. S.	Sweetheart	Brown	Brown	Drawing Book
Fringer	19	5.2	999	120	Lutheran	Peanut, Katty	Brown	Blue	Fashion Book
Gemmill	21	5.9½	1	150	M. E.	Father George	Pale	Blue	All of them
Griffith	20	5.3	50	109	M. E. S.	Poodle	Paler	Blue	Dictionary
Mills	19	5.4	60	106	Presbyter'n	Mug, Pug	Brown	Hazel	William Tell
Nelson	20	5.5	100	120	Baptist	Lil	Changeable	Blue	Johnny goes a hunting
Stallings	19	5.7	45	130	M. P.	Sallie	Brown	Brown	Uncle Josh
Thomas	19	5.8	85	146	M. P.	Kitty	Brown	Blue	Stamp Book
Veasey	19	5.8½	23	135	M. P.	Space	Brown	Brown	Life of George Washington
Willis	18	5.6	93	143	M. E.	Ne-ne	Brown	Blue	Helen's Babies
Zahn	20	5.4	80	110	M. P.	Billy	Brown	Gray	Pocket-Book

STATISTICS—Female, Continued.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Favorite Song</i>	<i>Favorite Expression</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Accomplishment</i>	<i>Attraction</i>
Bell	Hiawatha	Land sakes! For Heaven's sake!	Reading love tales	Writing poetry	Coquettish ways
Bixler	Forgotten		Sleeping	Singing	Sweet voice
Bosley	Work for the night is coming	Do you know your history?	Studying	Hooking Society	Placid smile
Cline	Show me the way to go home	Gy-osh!	Playing monkey	Bluffing	Contagious giggle
Dawson	Bring back my bonnie	Great Scott!	Caricaturing	Teasing	Wit
Fringer	Waltz me around again Willie	He! Ha!	Telephoning to Mamma	Piano	Good nature
Gemmill	Sing me to sleep	Lacking	Writing poetry to Miss Lease	Playing mouth organ	Being accommodating
Griffith	Oh, where has my little dog gone?	That's (w) right	Combing her hair	Just too late	Freckles
Mills	There's a game just two can play dear	Well, I think!	Primping for choir	Varied	Independence
Nelson	How can I leave thee?	Miss Woppitt	Gassing	Singing	Conversational powers
Stallings	Forgotten	Good laws!	Waking Carrie	Cooking	Unselfishness
Thomas	Please go way and let me sleep	Begorrah!	Fancy work	Elocuting	Nose (?)
Veasey	Take me back to Baltimore	Dew tell!	Corresponding	Worrying	General appearance
Willis	My sweetheart's the man in the moon	Dear me!	Humming	Debating	Willing helpfulness
Zahn	I've got my eye on you	He! He!	Smiling	Giggling	Cheerfulness





#### HATTYE SLIFER BELL.

*"I am Roland! I am Roland!  
There is victory in the land."*

—LONGFELLOW.

There is a great variety of Bells on College Hill, but Hattye is our "Class Belle." She is a romantic little soul, that is why she is class poetess. Says just what she thinks. If medals were given at W. M. C. for neatness Hattye would get one sure, for she is forever cleaning up. But that is just practise for some day in the near future. Hattye has a very characteristic little giggle, which is liable to burst forth at any time. In Latin she is Uncle Jimmie's star. Has a way of bestowing suggestive nicknames on her numerous admirers. Says she wants a Brownie Kodak No. 2, when she graduates. Always gazes under the bed and in the wardrobe before retiring. Also places books over every knot-hole and crack in her room to keep the mice out, therefore her nocturnal meditations are not disturbed by men or mice.





### CARRIE MAE BIXLER.

*"A woman with a sweet and gracious voice can exert through it, . . . a better influence than she could by distributing religious tracts."*—H. CORSON.

Carrie is our puritan maid, possessing a very sweet voice and countenance; as can well be imagined from the number of admirers she has always had; to say nothing of the variety, which has ranged from "Pouts" to "Jim." Outwardly she is very impartial. But 'Madame Rumor' has whispered, "There is hope for Jim." As she is a town student you may meet her any afternoon "strolling down the shady lane," which is a privilege none of the rest of us can enjoy, for numerous reasons. Carrie spends most of her vacant periods in Hattye's or Lillian's room, where she peacefully sleeps in spite of every one. Her favorite position when studying, and especially Geology, is on her knees.

### MARY BLANCH BOSLEY.

*What manly eloquence could produce such an effect as woman's silence?*

—MICHELET.

If there is one thing I feel that I have failed in, during my College course, it is that I have never succeeded in making Mary Bosley talk. She is the first who has resisted my charms to a finish. Though next to her in the class-room, chapel, etc. for four long years, she has never said to me more than "Yea" and "Nay." Oh: yes, she smiles on all occasions. If the announcement is made in chapel that one of the Prof's is sick and cannot meet the Senior class, Mary smiles, when in Astronomy it was discovered that the moon was made of green cheese, Mary smiled. And even when she heard "The Pope is dead," she smiled. Mary never thinks she has put enough time on a lesson, it must be for that reason she shirks society work, and hooks the meetings she does not get excused from.



## WILLIAM LUTHER BYERLY.

*"A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men."*



William Luther Byerly was early knighted by the Class of '07 as "Willie the Innocent." To have seen Willie when he first arrived one would have thought he was an angel. But it was not long before the error was discovered. Every once in a while fellows would find their rooms "rough-housed." No one ever thought of accusing innocent Willie

of such an act. But as guilt will out, Willie was, one day, found red-handed; and now he has to suffer for what he does not (?) do. He was actually accused by one of our beloved professors of never studying his lessons, but of always studying what trick he can play on the College. Poor Willie, he is so much abused. Why he was accused of "swipping" a duck, which of course he did not do. Having a great sympathy for stray ducks, naturally, in seeing one cross the campus his heart went out to it, and he simply took it to care for it. But sad to relate it met an unforeseen death. "Willie" has a great liking for night expeditions about certain sections of the College grounds, and for aerial flights over eight foot board fences which he vows he could clear—were he to see the light of the watchman's lantern—were it four feet higher.

## DAISY CLINE.

*"Foxes are all tail and women all tongue."*

Attention! What's this variety? Just a complex compound fraction of a mortal. This is the craziest of all '07 dunces. Daisy (she hates that name) is not quite a somnambulistic peripatetic (consult Webster) but comes very near it, for she takes regular promenades on the Senior piazza (the porch-roof,) leaving us to expect her untimely death. Has an awful habit of firing Scotch epithets at us, which leave us in doubt whether a compliment is intended or not. Has shown a marked mania for collecting postals. Is a peculiar combination of teasing, nonsense, strong independence and common sense, of whom we can truly say, to know her is to love her.

P. S. Is, oh horrors, the basso profundo of the Senior "choir unbearable."





## WILLIAM EDWARD DAVIS.

*"I have learned the art of song."*

—LONGFELLOW.

William Edward Davis, the true representative of Pocomoke City in its various types of life Commercial, Classic and Political, renders to the class his opinions on any topic under discussion. "John Thomas," as he is often called, is a true Southerner, hot headed, kind hearted and a mighty orator. To Willie the solutions of the problems of the nation, such as "Merchants Marine," Tarriff, the Negro, etc., are so easy that only a chance is needed and the works of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt will become extinct in contrast to the brilliancy of the deeds of Willie. Ambition and confidence are so plainly seen in Willie's bearing that before him even our Dr. of French Literature fades away. Davis the dude of the class is indeed the most sincere lover, no fickleness about Willie.

## EDITH DAWSON.

*"Art is long and time is fleeting."*

—LONGFELLOW.

Edith the "class baby," also its artist, is a character worth knowing. She is so full of fun and always ready to play a trick. Her chief delight is arguing, especially in the classroom, quite often she gets the best of her teacher. She tells very wonderful stories of her home life, where she is often the heroine, especially the time she played ghost to frighten a coon. Edith is very independent, carries her head high, that is why she has a pug nose. In the Gym. nothing was too hard for her. When anything happens she does not like, Edith turns on her heel, and as she retreats from the room says "Well, I hope I dont feel bad!" With all her teasing and tormenting you cannot help but love her. She is bright, witty and sensible.





## NELLIE IRENE FRINGER.

*"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, 'Brown' rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats."*—BROWNING.

Next comes 'dear little Nell,' she is the fashion plate of the class; is always well informed as to the latest style a-la-paris. Sports a new dress on all occasions. Spends much time before her mirror fixing her hair, i.e., seeing that her 'rat' does not show and that her frizzes are all O. K. Has beautiful hair (?) Is teased by everyone, mostly by her room-mate, but takes it all good naturedly. Is very fond of jewelry (medals,) candy and flowers. Her cheerful face and sunny disposition have won for her many friends. She talks, without ceasing, on any and all subjects. Says she is not spoiled, but loves to have her own way, and be petted. Has been a profuse smiler and has a rather romantic story connected with her College life.

## GERTRUDE HELEN GEMMILL.

*"Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime."*

—LONGFELLOW.

Gertrude has the most wonderful characteristics for an '07 girl. Can stay up until the "wee sma" hours and then be up the next A. M. at 5.30 o'clock. Is always on time to everything and never hooks meals or classes; seldom ever flunks in the class room. Is it any wonder she leads '07 like a breeze, for who among us could beat that? Best hearted girl going. Whenever there is a dance in Senior Hall Gertrude is sure to be there with her mouth-organ. Established on a trunk, with her eyes shut, she furnishes music for us by the hour. One surprise, among her many charming qualities, she is dead in love—, comes in my room at least once a day to declare her passion for——, Miss Lease.





## WALTER CRAMER GILBERT.

*"There's no place like home."*—PAYNE.

This gentleman from Frederick County has an enormous will power, before which all must bow—not even the Faculty being excepted. He is a great stickler for his rights and often finds himself at variance not only with his schoolmates but with his teachers as well. "The principle of the thing" is the guiding motive in all he does. He has been conspicuous by his absence, scarcely ever being seen at any of the class functions. Especially was he missed from chapel and French on Monday mornings and from all classes after having tasted "Unfermented Grape Juice." Perhaps the last will explain itself, it will recall his inability to recognize "Truth" when he accidentally met it while reading in English Class.

## MARY ALLEN GRIFFITH.

*"Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!"*—SHAKESPEARE.

Time, 7.29 A. M. "Poodle" arrives at breakfast (breakfast at 7, A. M.) Mary Allen is never known to get to any place, except parlor, on time; sad to relate, she misses about half of her meals owing to this fault, and will never, I fear, get any heavier than 95 avoirdupois. She is a great devotee of "Papa" and never goes against his opinion and wishes. In all her spare time plays "Meditation"—like a dream (?) and while Mr. Tull vocalises in the Christian Association room and Poodle meditates in Society Hall, may the saints preserve us! In shopping she can't be beaten. She can sleep at any time in any place. Poodle always introduces her requests with, "I say, would you—a—mind a—if—a?"





## McCLURE HAMILTON HAUPT.

*"The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance."*—SHULEFF.

McClure Hamilton Haupt, as his name signifies, is dignity personified. "Doc," his week-day name, was earned by him after two months of systematic and philosophic reasoning when a Sophomore. His smiling,

dressing, studying, exercising, annoying the faculty dwellers of Senior Hall, and reading his Bible are all performed according to the principles set forth by the latest and best known authority on "The Systematic Life of a Systematic Man in a Systematic Universe." "Doc" became, while working Physics' problems with one of the fair sex of 1907, so attracted by the wiles of girls that to this day in order to think, while sitting in the room with them, he is compelled to close both his eyes and twist his pencils. "Doc" is truly the philosopher and reformer of his class.

## JOHN HUNT HENDRICKSON.

*"One may smile, and smile, and be a villain."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Singer, Diplomat, Student, Orator, and Lover, John Hunt Hendrickson, although the "Kid" of his class, wears No. 9 clodhoppers through the week and shines up the same on Sunday to make his feet look smaller. "Kid" is noted for his cute smile.

One day I looked down his throat when he was thus exercising his upper lip, and gracious! what a cavity I beheld!—from that time I have ceased to wonder at his unnatural propensity for large, fat York river oysters. Among his "flames" we note with pleasure Lovey, Elsie, Lulu and Dutch. To-day he sighs, as Alex did, for more hearts to conquer. Some one has said "Faith, Hope and Charity," but Hunt says "Love for mine!"





THOMAS ROBERT LECOMPTE.

*"A little more sleep  
and a little more slumber."*—WATTS.

From one of the so-called "garden spots" of the "Eastern Sho" came a peculiar lad whom we call Frenchy. It is often said that things are not what they seem to be. This

saying is applicable to Frenchy, for though he seems to be asleep he is wide awake. If you doubt this, play him a game of chess, or mention the name of Mildred and watch for results. If anyone has a spite against him he wishes to be told of it and not to have a snowball big as a bushel thrown on his bed while taking an afternoon nap. Frenchy is a scientific student. Any college or university wishing to fit out a chemical or physical laboratory just call on Frenchy, number 100 Senior Hall, and he will readily supply the demand.

EDITH MARGARET MILLS.

*"Her very smile was haughty though so sweet,  
Her very nod was not an inclination;  
There was a self-will even in her small feet,  
As though they were quite conscious of her station."*

—BYRON.



Is of the variety 'dignitarius snippius.' Always has a joke on the end of the tongue, but as we are fully enjoying it, she retreats into her shell, and says, "well, if you people aren't going to study, I'm going." Being of the cuddling type, she presents herself at any time, and says a la baby, "wants to be held," whereupon everything else must be dropped, and "Mug" gets rocked. Can arise at 6:58 A. M. and get to breakfast on time. Is especially addicted to chewing lead pencils. Mug has such will power that she can do anything she makes up her mind to. As a mimic she can't be beaten, can take off the different members of the faculty to a 'T.' Takes excellent care of her health, but don't worry—only the good die young.



## LILLIAN MAY NELSON.

*"The pleasure of talking is the inextinguishable passion of woman, coeval with the act of breathing."*—LESAGE.



"Lil," or "Buster Brown," is an incessant talker, her favorite being—, well, 'Hunt' her and find out. She uses big words with greater ease than Webster. In fact she has coined a few in her time. "Lil" was not vain while a 'Prep,' but since a 'Samnite' told her she had "cute eyes" she

spends much of her valuable time before her mirror, and as a result "Les Conseillers disgraces" in rooms No. 70-93-33 are cracked. She delights in star-gazing. When reproved for anything she always says, "Having been sufficiently squelched I will now shubshide (subside.) Lilly intends being a missionary to the Alligators.

## LEWIS EDWARD PURDUM.

*"Such music has power to quiet the restless pulse of care."*

On entering Alumni Hall one evening upon the occasion of an oratorical contest there came to me these words. "We are ever pressing onward to that highest concept—." There was a sudden stop accompanied by a peculiar noise of something dropping and the remainder of the climax of the oration was uttered in a strange and broken voice. I rushed up the stairs and saw our eccentric orator, "Monty." As president of our class he is very popular and second in dignity only to "Doc" Haupt. "Monty" or "Sus" has many accomplishments. Besides being an orator, he is the tuning fork for the Glee Club and also toots the cornet much to the sorrow of Senior Hall. He is quite a financier and is always first aid to his "busted" class-mate and friends. Monty is a heavy lover but goes up very easily, just say to him, "Now Lewis, ain't you ashamed of yourself" and he at once heavenward soars.



## ENGLAR MCCLURE ROUZER.

*"If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs."*



One Friday afternoon a few minutes before time for Chapel I was startled by a rather unearthly yell emanating from some place lower than Angel Hall. Upon reflection I remembered that it was time for "Hen" to be making his toilette for Chapel. "You Bill Davis, bring my shoe polish home; brush too!!\*\*???!! Where is that clothes brush? Bill Sellman you go right straight to——! Damn it, there goes that bell!" Just in time to fall in line. "Mama's neat little man" put in his appearance demonstrating that he was not on the Track Team for nothing. A minute later I felt a severe pinch upon my right arm and heard "Ain't Mag sweet!" "Just look at that graceful walk." This from "Hen" the Lover. Strange to say "Hen" is very shy of a man with a lantern, especially if met between kitchen and laundry. Upon such occasions he makes for the nearest hole in the fence.

## ROBERT WILSON SELBY

*"We term sleep a death, and yet it is the working that kills us."—BROWNE.*

Sir Wilson is the one of our number who thinks and acts more often than he speaks. Sir Wilson is reserved to such an extent that his cases have never been discovered until months of development have been passed. However he reserves time for a weekly letter for a little damsel of Old Dominion, his native state. Business is Wilson's strong point, his energy is beyond criticism, but adjectives of greater strength used by him make an electric storm retire to the shadows. No doubt his financial success as Business Manager of the College Monthly and this Class Book is due chiefly to the vivacity inspired by these explosions of adjectives. Money getting is to him second nature, even so far as to influence his sentimentality, or in other words his "strikes."



## WILLIAM NELSON SELLMAN.

*"Smile and the world smiles with you."*

Remember that I am  
telling the truth  
for my own sake  
and for the world's  
benefit. I am  
not a hypocrite.  
I am a man  
who has  
been  
tried  
and  
found  
true.



he sped for a touchdown. As the spectators ceased cheering I looked again at the fellow, and recognized "Bill," the sturdiest lad of our class. "Bill" is a lover of athletics, and devotes most of his spare time to its interest. He is bright and cheerful with usually a pleasant word for everyone, except when his "Ruby" won't smile, then he looks as if his best friend had died. He also has a belle in town who causes him almost ceaseless pain, especially since he has heard she is engaged. "Bill" is always ready for any fun, and is fond of playing Romeo in company with "Mac" or "Bill Bailey."

## SARA ANNE STALLINGS.

*"Patience and gentleness are a woman's greatest power."*—HUGO.

She's indifferent, did you say? Well yes, when she wants to be, but most especially when she has one of her regular spells of blues.

"Sallie" is famous beyond surpassing, for her housewifely qualities and chafing dish conceptions. Her abundant store of patience has been

well tested in trying to teach some of her incorrigible friends the enviable virtue of neatness; but by this time she's about decided that it is a hopeless task. Has quite an inclination for missing meals, but not the least inclination to keep study hours. Sallie is never so happy as when serving Kitty, whom she almost idolizes. Sallie's motherly ways have a peculiar charm about them, that make you want to go to her when in trouble. She is a star member of the "choir unbearable," much to others discomfort.





#### CARRIE HULL THOMAS.

*"When once the young heart  
of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal  
after it soon."*

—MOORE.

Rap on the wall one minute before breakfast and a weak voice wails, "Sallie, has the bell rung?" Thus begins Kitty's day. She peruses the Baltimore

'Sun' every morning during study hour in spite of Logic, Ethics, Elocution and all other horrors. Goes at a two-forty rate accomplishing things with a whack, bang, and its done, but the rest of us have to labor on at a milder pace, while Kitty sits back and enjoys life. She gives frequent dissertations on Mama, Kate, Annie, Will, Frank, Robert, Grace, Brother Webb, and Papa. In the class room she is forever being called on to give her opinion on all subjects, especially by the English and French teachers, who value her opinion most highly. Kitty loves to be petted by Sallie. Oh! yes, she is the third member of the choir unbearable. Some think her a man-hater, but that remains to be seen.

#### ALAN WATERS TULL.

*"Let me have audience for a word or two."*

Those who have had the misfortune to room near Tully know well some of his characteristics one of which is practising his elocution or his vocal music. Tully usually takes for this the midnight hour, when man and bird and beast, all but the wakeful Tully, have sunk to rest. Almost every night at twelve one can hear him repeating, "Most men want poise and more royal margin" or singing, "The night has a thousand eyes." Tully's fondness for oratory and music have perhaps caused the development of another marked characteristic in him. Not wishing to flunk in the studies neglected for the sake of elocution and vocal music, Tully chose rather to do a little cribbing and when he went in the class room he would always have an open book snugly hidden near him into which he could slyly look. Hence the name "Scientific Cribber" with which he was christened by his class mates in his Junior year. But Tully the Orator, Tully the Vocalist and Tully the Scientific Cribber vanish into oblivion when Tully the lover appears. If Tully was scientific in cribbing he was more than scientific in loving.



## LILLIAN GERTRUDE VEASEY.

*"Blushes are the rainbow of modesty."*

—MME. NECKER.



If you want "Space" any time just listen for the expression "Dew tell" and in a very few minutes Lillian Veasey will appear on the scene. Lillian is the most dexterous little maid in the class. She does not like to get up, but will *go* up (blush) any time you wish her to. Is subject to melancholia (since '06 class graduated.) Yet she cannot help but smile when the seminary looms up in the distance. Wants papa to give her a Texas pony when she graduates. "Space" has the best disposition of any one in the class, never gets angry when teased. Is it any wonder she is liked by all, and is one of Mr. Whitmore's favorites? He will give her milk and butter from the kitchen when he will no one else. She loves to talk about her trips to Baltimore; where she always has one grand good time—of course she goes to see Uncle Will(?)

## MARY CORNELIA WILLIS.

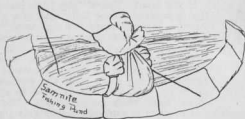
*"A good laugh is sunshine in the house."*—THACKERY.

Cornelia is of the type rare and charming. She loves to be useful, therefore imposed upon by her generous classmates but never so happy as when doing something for someone. Has a business head on her; is usually called upon to transact any stiff propositions for the class. She does not indulge in the "Society giggle," but lets forth a deep-hearted whole-souled ha! ha! when amused. Intends to be a school teacher, shows remarkable skill in that line already, (consult the English professor.) Gets a bad spell of the blues about once a year. Cornelia is one of the few girls of the class who has never indulged in smiling, and says she has as yet to fall in love.



LILLIAN LAVINIA ZAHN.

*"Be to her virtues very kind,  
And to her faults a little blind."*—PRIOR.



Last but not least comes Lillian Zahn; she is our Westminster lass. She never eats anything in the dining room, but she must have something to live on, therefore she must be in love. "Lil" giggles morning, noon and night, yes even at midnight. She is one of the 'nine muses' and is going through college with less studying than anyone else in the class. But she is naturally bright. Never gets caught hooking. She spends much time before her mirror elocuting and gesticulating, and sings very much like Mr. Tull. I am sure she would get "A's" if she took vocal. Though the Seminary building is a very plain structure, yet it seems to have an indescribable charm about it for her.



Co-education.



# PROPHECY

**T**HE future! What a mystery it embodies. How full it teems with pleasure, pain, joy and sorrow—all uncertainty. The most inventive mind cannot disclose it. It is as uncertain as an April day; sometimes bright for a brief period and yet at times cloudy. Who can look into the vast unknown and say what the future will bring forth?

Yet how clear and bright the future appears to young men and women. Now we are beginning to live. Now our feeble vision, obscured as yet by the mists of ignorance, is gradually broadening and hope is shining supreme—the hope of true living, of making ourselves count for something in this large buzzing world.

Thus I was musing recently upon the future of my classmates, what is to become of each and every girl and boy? As I was wondering, the outlook became brighter and clearer and I longed to get a tiny glimpse into the mysterious future.

Suddenly a happy thought came to me—I would consult an astrologer. He could predict the future. So I did and much to my delight he promised the whole prophecy of the class—for he assured me the stars would undoubtedly unfold the mystery. About a month later he handed me this prophecy, which is written for the year 1912.

Here is a cozy farm house nestled among the hills where the cattle are accustomed to graze, a tiny streamlet in full view dances along. Just now the shadows are lengthening. In the door-way, awaiting the coming of someone, is Hattye Bell. She is just the same jolly, fun-loving Hattye, and yet she is a trifle older—but one expects that, my reader. Let us leave her in her little home where she is happy and learn something of the other folks.

You are now in a large and crowded auditorium in one of our large cities—it matters little which—where the dropping of a pin can be heard. Who is holding thus so vast an audience? The speaker is no other than the noble and good woman of whom everyone is speaking. She has won renown and admiration with the public by her earnest work for the temperance cause. The interest she has aroused on that subject, and the vast fame and influence she has spread abroad is proven by the grateful attention here tonight. Carrie Hull Thomas is bidding fair to fulfill her mission.

Now we will take a grand skip and imagine ourselves in the tiny picturesque village of Buckeystown, Maryland. It is Sunday morning and everyone is going to church to hear the Word of God. Let us follow the crowd. What a neat little church, and do you recognize the preacher? It is Mr. Lewis Purdum. His eloquence and earnestness will impress you, and by the way in which his congregation is drinking in his every word, you will know that he is succeeding. Now he is inviting us to stay to dinner at the parsonage but we will leave him with his people.

Let us turn our thoughts for a moment to Lillian Zahn. She is working her way up in the world in a tiny school house in one of the suburbs of Baltimore. One can see her each day trying to fill the heads of the young Americans with knowledge. She enjoys the life



and is wrapped up in her pupils. To peep into her school and watch the scholars you would plainly see they are interested in their teacher.

Just for a minute, let us picture in our mind's eye, a little of the busy side of life. Here we are in a humming buzzing department store in Philadelphia where everything speaks of prosperity. You are wondering who is managing this successful establishment. Here is the name of the firm on this package "The Hub," William Sellman and Company.

But Mr. Sellman is not destined to be the only successful '07 member, in business. Mr. Wilson Selby is doing remarkably well. He still lives at Burgess Store, Virginia, where he has established a well organized and successful bank. He hopes some day to be a millionaire, and I do not doubt for a moment but that his ambitious idea will be realized.

But to return to the "fair" members of the class. Lillian Nelson, that very talented Miss, has been spending her time developing her voice. She has studied several years at the Peabody in Baltimore where she has made wonderful progress. She might sing in grand opera she was told. But her public work is placed in other fields. She is singing in one of the leading churches in Baltimore and is a renowned soloist. How long she will keep at her work I cannot say—that remains to be seen.

But the third Lillian of the class, Lillian Veasey has had a remarkable life since 1907. In the fall of that year, at the death of a distant relative, she became the possessor of a large amount of money. Whereupon she immediately decided to enjoy it. Accompanied by some friends, she went abroad the following year. While in Germany the notion of becoming an artist took possession of her and she began to study painting with remarkable success. Evidently she has talent. She is still enjoying her beloved work although she has returned to America.

The '07 men have settled down nicely to good hard work. They seem to be meeting success on all sides. Among the most fortunate ones, as a professional man, is Mr. McClure Haupt, who is now Doctor Haupt. He is practising in Frederick, Maryland, where he has already many patients both in the city and country. After several years I am certain he will be almost too busy.

Speaking of medical professions Sara Stallings has been allotted to that sphere of life. She is a trained nurse, at present, in Hopkins Hospital where she is laboring faithfully. Her gentle ways have won the hearts of her patients. Often one of the sufferers will ask if she can just see that "sweet-faced nurse" for a minute. The very sight of her seems to brighten even the most melancholy.

Mr. William Davis is also following his profession in Baltimore. After leaving Western Maryland he tried his hand at teaching for a year or so, in the meantime studying law, the profession he had chosen as his life-work. He has been practising for several years and already has figured in several notable trials, the Smith trial for example, in which he was the attorney for the defendant. At present there is every indication that his will be a successful and brilliant career.

Now I am going to warn you that Carrie Bixler is soon to disappear from among her relatives and friends. The announcement has been publicly made that she will be the bride of Mr. — of Scranton, Pennsylvania. You will not wonder, of course, that he has been captivated, for Carrie possesses a remarkably sweet disposition. This demure young maiden has proven the old saying that "still water runs deep."

Nellie Fringer, one of the most promising graduates in music that Western Maryland has sent from her doors, has been working with her art. For three years she has studied at the Peabody where she has made wonderful progress in piano. Now she teaches at home, at the same time entering the social life in the wonderful little Taneytown which she is ever exalting to the skies. She is very popular with her pupils and in fact with everyone she meets.

Let your thoughts now wander to the Capitol in Washington, where you will find Mr. McClure Rouzer busily engaged as private secretary to Senator——of Maryland. He has risen to this position through his own merits, for he always has been an excellent student. His outlook is bright and he promises later to figure prominently in politics in which he is greatly interested.

Gertrude Gemmill has been keeping up the record of the 1907 Class from a studious point of view. After leaving the sheltering walls of Western Maryland, her ambition to learn more was so strong that she continued her "pursuit of happiness" by entering

Wellesley the following fall. Here she made a splendid record and graduated at the head of her class of a hundred and fifty. She is now cultivating her musical talent and is becoming quite a performer on the violin.

At the present time the life of Mr. Alan Tull is most unique. On a spot of Africa's most forsaken shore where the waves of the mighty Atlantic roll in, is a small settlement of American missionaries. Here Mr. Tull is endeavoring to educate the heathen. Sunday and often during the week, one can find him expostulating to the natives and letting his power of oratory have full sway. Whether the poor ignoramuses gather the full purport of his meaning, I cannot say, but at all events they are interested and who knows what Mr. Tull may accomplish far from "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave?"

Almost every class of young people produces at least one very good writer. This class is no exception. Mary Griffith has really developed many of the qualities of a literary genius. If you had read the——magazine this month and had seen her latest story you would agree with me. The intellectuality and sparkling wit would astound you. She is now busy, rumor says, on a book which will be all the rage. But then you will not be surprised for she was always skillful with that mighty weapon, the pen.

Who would have suspected that Mr. William Byerly, the buoyant good-natured youth at Western Maryland would ever have become anything as serious-minded as a physician! But truly he has turned out well. After getting his diploma in '07, he determined to enter Hopkins and settle down to work which he did three months later. And the result is he is practising to-day in Baltimore and though still very young is becoming well known.

It seems to be the hearts desire of some people to teach. I think it is with Mary Bosley, for she has certainly been successful in "teaching young ideas to shoot." She has worked her way up from one position to another to her present one—the principal of the high school at Westminster, a most responsible and high position. Patience and persistence have won out for her and I expect she will be able to hold this position for sometime to come—unless something unforeseen happens.

It is customary to consider the mental powers of young women to be inferior to those of men—to open the eyes in astonishment when one speaks of the accomplishments of a woman in the professional world. Yet women are proving themselves capable of all kinds of business affairs and are following more and more the regular professions. The '07 class may boast of launching forth one truly professional woman. Daisy Cline, who has always cherished a desire to become a lawyer, has realized her ambition and is practising to-day in Cumberland Maryland. Her calling is unique and interesting. No doubt some day you will see her holding sway in the Court-room, her audience listening in awed silence and even the stern old judge spellbound.

But let us return to the young men. Grocerman did you say? Yes, that's it. Mr. Walter Gilbert arrayed in a spotless apron and cuffs and with a pencil behind one ear, is beaming down on the customers of his well-filled store here in Frederick. His men are all busy in town taking orders. As this is his hardest day,—Saturday—we will leave him in peace to attend to his store where we can see he is doing a flourishing business and money is fast rolling in.

"Home, sweet home" that is where you will find the baby of the class. Nestled within its peaceful walls, Edith Dawson is keeping herself—and is happy. Her life is exactly suitable. She is the light and life of the household as well as the pet of the family. However she is no idler. She flits here and there, entertaining the guests, superintending the kitchen and in truth she is everywhere apparently at the same time. She is just where she is needed and may she remain there for many years to come.

Appearances are deceiving. The dreamiest youth often really develops into something. Mr. Robert LeCompte, the dreamer of former times, roused himself on Commencement day, June 1907—and decided to hustle a bit. He has now completed a course in chemical engineering at Cornell. A good position was in store for him and at present his outlook is bright, and he is making money already.

Now we have come to the fate of the last one of the '07 girls. Cornelia Willis is interested in kindergarten work. During her sojourn at Western Maryland having undertaken the doubtful task of instructing a young hopful, residing on the College grounds, and

finding the work so enjoyable she has taken a position as kindergarten teacher in Baltimore. The children seem to think that everything Miss Cornelia does is just right and they all come to her with their troubles and with their numerous quarrels to be settled.

Last but not least we have come to survey the progress of Mr. Hunt Hendrickson—the leader of the class. His life since the days at Western Maryland has been one of incessant work—but that counts for but little with this spirited young man who possesses any amount of will-power. He has bent his efforts towards becoming a great actor and has succeeded even at this early age, in becoming well known. He is just now starring in Hamlet, as Hamlet whom he represents with startling success.

(WRITTEN BY A CLASS-MATE.)

The class prophetess Margaret Mills has gained her highest desires. If you remember, she always was a talented girl and now she is a full-fledged musician, giving recitals which are very enthusiastically received. Her greatest joy though, is her home. She is keeping house for her father and brother, in a tiny modern flat, and is getting her well-deserved happiness in looking after their comfort and pleasure.

Now you've read what 'tis thought we'll be,  
Will it come true? Just wait and see.



## CLASS ODE.

### Tune, How Can I Leave Thee.

How can we sever  
Ties that have grown so dear,  
It is with saddened hearts  
We say farewell.  
Now we shall meet no more  
As in the days of yore,  
But fondest memories  
With us shall dwell.

Oft we've looked forward  
To our Commencement Day,  
When all our work and care  
Over would be.  
Now that the time has come  
We'd gladly linger on  
Where many days we've spent,  
Dear W. M. C.

On an unknown river  
With hope we launch to-day,  
May we the lessons learned  
To life apply.  
Teachers and schoolmates true,  
Dear Alma Mater, too,  
We bid you one and all  
A sad goodbye.

# CLASSICAL

CLASSICALS.  
HATTYE BELL.  
CARRIE BIXLER.  
NELLIE FRINGER.  
MARY GRIFFITH.  
MARGARET MILLS.  
LILLIAN NELSON.  
CARRIE THOMAS.  
LILLIAN VEASEY.  
LILLIAN ZAHN.  
WALTER GILBERT.  
McCLURE HAUPT.  
LEWIS PURDUM.

C-L-A-S-S-I-C-A-L !  
CLASSICAL, CLASSICAL, HA, HA, HA, RAH !  
BOOM-TA-TA, BOOM-TA-TA, BOOM-TA-TA !  
NINE ARE OUR MUSES, FATES WE ARE THREE.  
LOVERS OF HORACE AND PLATO YOU SEE.  
EVER REMEMBER THE ONE AND ELEVEN.  
IS CLASSICALS, 1907.

# HISTORICAL

Mary Blanche Bosley  
William Luther Byrly

Daisy Bliss  
William Edward Davis

Edith Dawson

Gertrude Helen Gemmill

John Hunt Hendrickson

Englar McClure Rogers

William Nelson Sullivan

Dora Anna Stallings

Alan Waters Tull

Mary Cornelia Willis

- Yell -

Science and Classics read hor

History, History we do roar

Generals, Statesmen

Diplomats

We do not exa-vaine rats

Men and Women of All Ages

Not Poets of the Classic Sages

Social Economy we also view

By Wilson, Blackmar & Tiffany too

Then hurrah for our section

One & Eleven

Historical Seniors 1907

O. B. Tiffany, A. M., Ph. D.



# SCIENTIFIC COURSE



PHYSICS-CHEMISTRY-GEOLOGY-BIOLOGY

W.E. WELLS.

PROFESSOR OF  
PHYSICS  
AND GEOLOGY

I.A. FIELD.

PROFESSOR OF  
BIOLOGY  
AND CHEMISTRY

## SCIENTIFIC SENIORS.

T. ROBT. LeCOMPTE, R. WILSON SELBY,  
CAMBRIDGE, MD. Burgess Stage, Va.

WELL

Chink-ka chink-ka chink-ka bar  
Protona and the vat  
Sulphurated hydrogen  
Chlorine, ammonia, nitrogen  
Pseudo-pedia, Protoplasm  
Scientific Seniors-1997



## Organizations.

**W**ESTERN MARYLAND can boast of her student organizations. The most important are the four literary societies, the Young Men's and the Young Woman's Christian Associations, and the Theological Association.

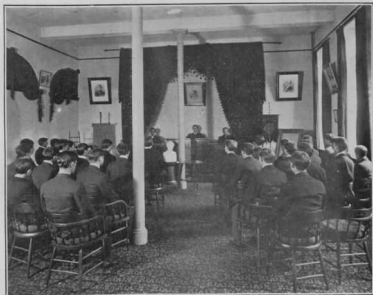
The Browning and the Philomathean Literary Societies represent the young women; the Irving and the Webster, the young men. The Browning, formed in 1868 was given its name from the "Queen of Poetry," Mrs. Browning, whose portrait adorns the society hall. Three years later the Philomathean Society was organized. Though the younger society, she has grown with such rapidity that her standard is now equal to that of her sister society. The Irving Society is the oldest, being founded in 1867 by the late Dr. J. T. Ward. In 1871 the Webster Society was organized. The members of this society get much oratorical inspiration from America's greatest orator—Daniel Webster. There is a spirit of rivalry between the societies yet only to the extent of giving vitality to each. Five of the members of 1907 have been representatives of these societies in the inter-societies contests, and two of them have twice had this honor.

The purpose of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations is to promote growth in Christian fellowship among the students. The work to be done at college through these two associations is sufficient to develop any man or woman into a practical Christian worker.

In 1906 the Theological Association was organized by the Rev. Dr. T. H. Lewis. This association, which meets once each week is for the benefit of the theological students.

In the above organizations the class of 1907 has been well represented and has taken an active part in making them what they are today.

## Irving Literary Society.



### PRESIDENTS

1906-07.

*First Term*

WILLIAM N. SELLMAN

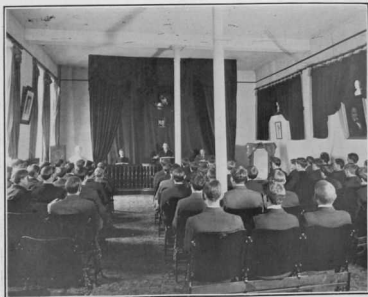
*Second Term*

E. MCCLURE ROUZER

*Third Term*

LEWIS E. PURDUM

## Webster Literary Society.



### PRESIDENTS

1906-07.

*First Term*

J. HUNT HENDRICKSON

*Second Term*

ALAN W. TULL

*Third Term*

McCLURE H. HAUPT

*Fourth Term*

WILLIAM E. DAVIS

## Browning Literary Society.



### PRESIDENTS

1906-07.

*First Term*

DAISY CLINE

*Second Term*

SARA A. STALLINGS

*Third Term*

E. MARGARET MILLS

## Philomathean Literary Society.



### PRESIDENTS

1906-07.

*First Term*

LILLIAN MAY NELSON

*Second Term*

EDITH DAWSON

*Third Term*

CARRIE HULL THOMAS

## College Monthly Staff.



HAUPT	TAYLOR	BOWLING	SELLMAN	SELBY
BENHOFF		DAWSON		VENABLES

### STAFF OF EDITORS.

WILLIAM NELSON SELLMAN, 1907	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
RONALDS TAYLOR, 1909	<i>Literary Editor</i>
EDITH DAWSON, 1907	<i>Literary Editor</i>
CHARLOTTE FREDERICCA BENHOFF, 1908	<i>Literary Editor</i>
ELLEN MORGAN BOWLING, 1908	<i>Local Editor</i>
MCCLURE H. HAUPT, 1907	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
THOS. REEVES WOODFORD, 1898	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
IONA JEWELL SIMPSON, 1898	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
NINA GRACE VENABLES, 1908	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>
R. WILSON SELBY, 1907	<i>Business Manager</i>



**A**T WESTERN MARYLAND there are two athletic associations, one for the young women, the other for the young men. The former is a new organization, having been organized only two years ago. Its purpose is to conduct all athletic affairs carried on by the young ladies of the college. The latter is an organization of which every male student is a member. The object of this association is to direct the athletic sports in a creditable manner, to supervise all teams, and to foster as well as create a true college spirit.

Foot ball, base ball, basket ball, tennis, and track and field athletics are the chief sports.

Foot ball is the great game at Western Maryland. The team begins practice about ten days before school opens. All practice is in charge of an experienced coach. Those who show an athletic ability in this line are given a chance to make the team. Western Maryland has a team of which every student feels proud.

Next in importance to foot ball is base ball. Although the standard for this game is not quite so high as that for foot ball, the prospects for a winning team are growing. This year's schedule is the best that has been made for several years.



Basket ball is an inter-class game and is played during the winter term. The games are very interesting and usually arouse a great deal of class spirit. This year the championship was won by the class of '09.

Tennis is the sport for those who do not wish to take part in the heavier games. Some of the best players are from the class of '07.

The track team deserves special mention. For several years it has been improving, and now, under the guidance of its '07 captain the team can cope with any college team in the state.

In every branch of athletics '07 has taken much interest. She has furnished managers for all the teams and captains for same. Under the supervision of its '07 president the Athletic Association has made much progress.



# FOOT BALL TEAM 1906.



MARCUS MACK GRAY ASHBY THOMAS TODD WHITEHURST  
 MIKESELL TWIGG GIBSON COE, A. B. WHEALTON CARVER  
 TARR SELLMAN ADKINS (*Capt.*) TURNER HANKS PURDUM

TARR, *Right End*  
 SELLMAN, *Right Guard*  
 ADKINS (*Capt.*) *Full Back*  
 TURNER, *Quarter Back*  
 HANKS, *Left End*  
 MIKESELL, *Substitute*  
 TWIGG, *Substitute*  
 GIBSON, *Left Tackle*  
 COE, A. B., *Center*

WHEALTON, *Left Guard*  
 CARVER, *Right Half Back*  
 PURDUM, *Manager*  
 MARCUS, *Substitute*  
 MACK, *Left Half Back*  
 ASHBY, *Substitute*  
 THOMAS, *Right Tackle*  
 TODD, *Left Guard*  
 DR. M. M. WHITEHURTS (*Coach*)

# BASE BALL TEAM 1907.



HENDRICKSON ADKINS COE, A. B. COE, R. W. DAVIS WALKER  
BRAGONIER HAVENSTRITE SHORT (Capt.) HANKS  
BALDWIN GIBSON SMITH

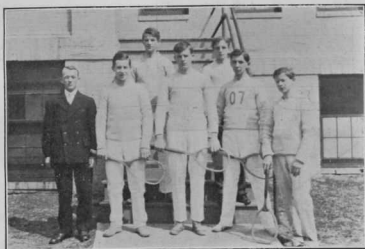
HANKS, HAVENSTRITE, COE, R. W., <i>Pitch</i>	
GIBSON, <i>Catch</i>	ADKINS, <i>Left Field</i>
COE, A. B., <i>First Base</i>	SMITH, <i>Center Field</i>
SHORT, <i>Second Base</i>	DAVIS, <i>Right Field</i>
BALDWIN, <i>Third Base</i>	HENDRICKSON, <i>Manager</i>
BRAGONIER, <i>Short Stop</i>	WALKER, <i>Asst. Manager</i>

# TRACK TEAM 1907.



SANDERSON      MIKESELL      WHEALTON      ELDERDICE      MOORE  
                          COE, A. B.      ADKINS  
                          ROUZER (*Cap.t*)      MARCUS      TURNER      BROWN

TENNIS TEAM 1907.



SIMPSON      WARFIELD  
HAUPT, *Mgr.* HENDRICKSON LeCOMPTE DAVIS THOMPSON

### SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAMS 1907.



*Forwards.*

SELLMAN ROUSER  
HENDRICKSON

Center.

BYERLY

*Backs.*

LECOMPTE PURDUM

BYERLY      LeCOMPTE      SELLMAN  
(Capt.)  
ROUZER      PURDUM      HENDRICKSON

*Forwards.*

CLINE                      MILLS

Center.

THOMAS

*Backs.*

DAWSON GEMMILL



GEMMILL      DAWSON      THOMAS  
CLINE (*Capt.*)      MILLS

## THE JUNIOR BANQUET.

Like all our fellow-students,  
We '07's had long foreseen  
The Banquet from a distance—  
As but a part of a dream.  
But as it always happens,  
"All things come to those who wait;"  
And so the course of seasons,  
Brought at last the proper date.

May fourth! oh will we ever  
Forget the struggle to dress,  
The effort to be good-looking,  
To cope, in style, with the best?  
All is vanity—'tis the truth  
When of youths and maids you speak;  
For whate'er the time or weather,  
'Tis for beauty they always seek.

There's not a sight more pleasing  
Than that we beheld that night—  
Music and joking and laughter,  
And all things that make life bright.  
Each one was in the best spirits;  
We ate and we talked, then ate more.  
There were after-dinner speeches,  
Bright sayings and toasts galore.

Later we sang our school-songs,  
And we yelled till adieus were said,  
And we rode back in the moonlight,  
Happy, contented, well-fed.  
And to all who have the Banquet  
As an event that's still in view,  
We who have known this pleasure,  
Hope 'twill bring as much joy to you.



J. G. C.  
OFFICERS.

HIS AWFUL MAJESTY—LORD TERRIBLE TERROR.  
LORD WHITE-FACE SPECTRE.  
HIS SATANIC SPOOKOSITY.  
CHARON AND ATTENDING DEMONS.

**T**HE only secret society of which the College boasts is J. G. C., the Senior girl's hobby. Hearing of it as soon as you enter, it becomes at once something to be dreaded and something to be looked forward to. Only two meetings being held during a year, the whole school becomes, on those occasions, infused with subdued excitement and interest. The victims to be initiated, have all sorts of "creeps;" they can settle to nothing, but huddled together, they can only repeat in faltering accents—"J. G. C.," "J. G. C." Despite all outward attempts at indifference, each finds herself more nervous with each progressing minute. The fatal moment comes—she hears the clanging of chains, the groans of former victims, the roll of thunder, and, in a voice more dread than the growl of Cerberus, her name is slowly pronounced. She ascends into the darkness, and suddenly disappears into a fathomless abyss, from which few e'er return to relate of its mysteries and tortures.

"A sadder and a wiser girl she woke the morrow morn."



## THE PEN-MAR TRIP.

**O**N the morning of September 22, 1906 a merry party of Seniors left College and took the morning train bound for Pen-Mar. Dr. and Mrs. Tiffany and Miss Leise acted as chaperones, and right jolly ones they were too, for they have not yet attained unto those years when "grown up" people seem to forget the days when they also were young and frivolous and intensely fond of good times.

As the train was already crowded the "smoker" was opened for benefit of the party and the young ladies enjoyed a usually forbidden privilege.

We arrived at Pen-Mar Park just in time to *watch* the last of the morning dances in the pavillion and to get "fixed up" for dinner. We were then escorted to the hotel where an excellent dinner was served. We all did it ample justice too, for all conventionalities were entirely forgotten, and after the long but pleasant car ride, everyone possessed a good, healthy appetite.

The meal over we started again for the pavillion where we were privileged to view several more of the dances, but alas! the pleasure of participation was denied us, and in order to avoid further temptation we left there, and the boys suggested a drive. Of course, the girls were always ready for something new, and three large phaetons were soon on the way to Buena Vista Hotel. Such jogging and bumping along over the rough mountain road one never saw before, but what cared we! For in spite of the fact that the sun was hidden beneath the clouds, the sunshine and delight pictured in those young faces, and the merry bursts of laughter and song quite made that day the brightest of all days.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the beautiful scenery in the magnificent Blue Ridge Mountains, which quite excels even the glories of Westminster as seen from College tower.

Returning from our lengthy drive we were glad to jump out of the carriages and shake ourselves again. Some of the prettiest among the girls ventured to have their tin-types taken. After which we walked about the park, ate candy, drank lemonade, purchased souvenir canes, or indulged in some childish amusements on the grounds, and later visited the picturesque little Glen Afton Springs.

It seemed however, that these pleasure-loving people could never be still for a moment, and it was soon agreed that we should

all go for another drive. We were soon off for the Blue Mountain House and High Rock. Here we mounted to the very top of the observatory from which we could view the surrounding country, with the aid of field glasses. These lenses were of such magnitude that some of the more clearer ones in our number were able to see the passengers in a train which was just then passing in the valley below; and some could even detect the odor of roast beef which was being prepared for dinner, in the College kitchen!

Realizing that the afternoon was fast slipping away we were obliged to return to the Park where some had their fortunes told, while others bought various little trinkets to keep in remembrance of the happiest day in the class records.

The girls of the class of 1907 have every reason to be proud of "their boys," for truly they did themselves honor and credit on that memorable day. Indeed, did they not only bear cheerfully all the heavy expenses of the day's excursion but also proved themselves to be most delightfully agreeable and entertaining.

It was a tired but very happy crowd that strolled up College Hill that night, for the day had been a glorious one and will never be forgotten by the members of the class of 1907.



## THOSE GIRLS.

(ANONYMOUS)

First of all I will try to tell  
Some characteristics of Hattye Bell.  
She is a neat and charming girl,  
Who has caused the wisest heads to whirl.  
Doctors, Brownies, Teachers, fell  
Captive to the charming belle.  
Among the Seniors she is known  
As little Miss Bell Telephone.

It would be hard to find a class  
That couldn't afford one dreamy lass.  
Her name, in full, is Carrie Mae,  
She sleeps and dreams her time away,  
She has the dreamiest eyes of blue,  
That have captivated hearts so true.  
With boys she seems so very shy,  
Yet always has them on the sly.

We also have one studious mate  
Among our numbers.  
She pours o'er books from morn to late.  
And scarcely slumbers.  
At class, she's ever in her place  
With answers ready.  
Her replies are right in every case,  
Her tones, unsteady.

Oh dear little mountain Daisy,  
What would '07 be  
Without your cheerful company?  
Why sure they'd all be crazy.  
She is the wittiest of the class,  
And sheds a ray of light  
Most loving and most bright  
Where'er she goes, this pleasing lass.

What shall I say of her  
The baby of the class?  
She is a veritable tormentor  
A bright and witty lass.  
She is a lovely artist—  
When lessons are a fake,  
She views the teachers' profiles,  
And all their pictures makes.  
Edith's so fond of Sweetmeats,  
Her favorites being cakes;  
The Seniors call them scotties,  
The Specials that Whitmore bakes.

How shall I describe Nell's charms  
Her dainty form, her sunny smile,  
Her loving ways her graceful arms,  
Her talent shown once in a while.  
She does not need to go to class  
To hear the teachers' lectures long.  
For Frank has outlined for the lass  
A preacher's course, just for a song.  
"Peanut" is one of our two twins  
In music, she is fine, so fine.  
And when she "Meditation" begins  
You feel within a sense sublime.

She is clever, she is tall,  
Quite the largest of us all,  
Her blush is ever ready to arise.  
In basket ball she's fine,  
In marks she leads the line,  
But seldom does she speak, like maidens wise.  
A sweet and gentle lass  
Whom no one can surpass  
Is Gertrude.

The eighth young miss  
On the list  
Is Poodle, true name Mary.  
She is bright  
And will be (W) right  
Should she not be contrary.  
As true as rhyme  
Is set to time  
At breakfast, lunch and messes  
Spigot's late.  
The time she takes  
To primp her bonny tresses.

The other of the little twins  
Can make through every soul  
From the piano glorious  
Such floods of music roll.  
She has such independent airs  
A dignity so grand.  
You'd never see the likes of it  
Display'd in all England.  
Muggy is a real true friend  
Come whatever will;  
And I am sure that she will be  
Forever true to Bill.

The stately Lily fair  
Is a songster rich and rare.  
From her throat such notes do gush  
The songs of nightingale or thrush  
Cannot compare.  
Johnnies are her favorite flowers  
She hunts them in woodland bowers.  
And as she wanders up and down  
You never see her face to frown,  
Always a sunny Jim.

Sallie our Senior Mother!  
Where could we find another  
Friend as kind as brother  
In all our hemisphere?  
The one of all our number  
Whom fate did e'er encumber  
With cares and anxious slumber  
Throughout each college year.  
But she is happy, cheerful,  
You never see her tearful.  
Of love for Kitty she's near full  
Her friend so very dear.

Perhaps 'twould take some greater bard  
To sing our Kitten's praise.  
Howe'er it should not be so hard  
To find some points for lays.  
Among our Girls Kitty is known  
As a man-hater indeed.  
Perhaps there's one at home near grown  
Who claims the right to plead.  
Kitty can stand before a crowd  
And elocute so well  
You'd think she was a graduate proud  
Of Boston school so swell.

Another stately lily fair  
The class is proud to own.  
A precious jewel rich and rare  
Fell in '07's crown.  
She has the dearest Uncle Will  
In Baltimore they roam.  
By plans of most Dexterous skill  
On her way to and from home.

Nee-nee is the greatest lover  
Her heart is tenderest toward her brothers.  
To them she's kind as any mother,  
And 'twould be hard to find another  
Loving heart so true.  
She's fell in love with every preacher  
In Baltimore and Westminster,  
You would find it hard to convince her  
They're not alright. She's even teacher  
For the son of Rev. W.

When the students arrived at W. M. C.  
In nineteen two and three,  
Three Lillians were classed with us to be,  
The last one Lillian Z.  
She's inconstant to the last degree  
And plays with hearts like toys.  
And then she goes way up a tree  
When she's teased about the boys.  
Her favorite poems are Browning's Songs  
Her favorite haunt the Hall.  
And here she views the sunlight long  
On the face of the Beach to fall.

## THANKSGIVING SUPPER.

**H**AD a stranger entered the dining-room of Western Maryland College at 5:30 on Thanksgiving night, he would have exclaimed, "Oh Western Maryland, happy art thou among colleges for thou hast surely solved the servant problem!" What did he see? Why, gracious, bowing young ladies, and gentlemen the most gallant,—twenty-six in all with the acknowledged Saratoga sweep, serving with delicacies the students of this favored college in a style that the Waldorf Astoria would try in vain to imitate.

More wonderful still, these same waiters and waitresses had that afternoon prepared, amid much laughter and brilliant repartee accompanied by sweet sounds from an Aeolian harp (mouth organ,) tempting viands which they themselves were to serve.

At precisely 5:30, after the two hundred students had taken their places,—the girls occupying a long line of tables on one side of the dining-room, and the boys a corresponding line on the other, while the teachers and Seminary students formed a third row down the middle,—at precisely this time, I say, the chef issued forth wearing the insignia of his office, carrying a huge coffee pot and the real thing in the way of a waiter—the two together almost hiding his diminutive form.

Fear not, for he is followed by the above named Graces wearing much befrilled and beribboned aprons and caps beyond the power of this feeble pen to describe. The young gentlemen are also there, adorned with aprons not quite so fancy and caps that are *non est*.

A peculiarity especially noticeable is that after the teachers have been served, the young men deviate towards the girls tables leaving the young ladies no other course to pursue but,—what do you think?

However, this arrangement works admirably for the bewildering dexterity and rapidity of the waiters not only is able to satisfy quickly the desires of the inner man, but also gives the aesthetic tastes an opportunity to feast on this illusive image of white. But, alas, these servants of such apparent excellence are after all but human and who can say how much the ever-ready tip, like the Sirens' song, draws them on. One thing is certain, by the end of the evening's repast their store of worldly wealth is on the increase.

Supper being over and the students having retired, these waiters partake of a well earned meal. Another surprise is awaiting us, for these same servants are being served by none less than the august faculty of Western Maryland College. Filled with amazement, we learn that our twenty-six waiters are the members of the Senior class of the college who are merely carrying out a custom of many years standing.



## IN OUR FRESHMAN DAYS.

DEAR MAMMA:—

COLLEGE.

May I come home, I don't want to stay here another minute. Last night about twelve o'clock a whole crowd of boys came into my room and made me get out of bed. I had to sing and dance and do just what they said. If I didn't they paddled me and they hit terrible hard too. I am so sore today I can hardly walk. After I sang and danced for them last they threw me in a bath tub of ice cold water. Mamma I believe if you don't let me come home I shall catch cold and die. I don't like this place for anything. There are no nice boys here. My face is all covered with ink, some of the boys put it on last night, and I can't get it off. I don't know what to do. I have spent all my money and haven't any with which to buy a ticket home. Please mamma send me some money and let me come home right away. Oh, mamma I want to see you and papa so bad. Please do answer right away and let me come home.

Your loving boy,

Willie.



## OUR FRENCH LECTURES.

**D**URING the second term of the senior year the class of '07 had the pleasure of listening to a few lectures on the ancient and modern writers of French literature given by our dearly beloved linguist. The nature of these instructive lectures may be judged from the following.

*At 9:45 we enter the recitation room and the lecture begins.*

Gentlemen, in the forty-five minutes allotted to me for this lecture, it is my purpose to present to you one of the greatest personalities of French literature. (*Here he calls the roll and wipes his glasses.*) However, before I proceed I must say that you are the worst class I have ever taught, and I have been teaching for the last twenty-five years. Laying aside all personal grievances I cannot give one of you more than 5.5. No one of you will be invested with cap and gown. I have been teaching you French for the last three years and every rule and grammatical construction I have repeated to you ten thousand times, without exaggeration, and yet you do not know one idiom. (*Mr. S. looks at watch.*) What time is it Mr. S?

*Mr. S.* Five minutes past ten, Doctor.

*Dr.* Thank you, thank you, thank you very much for your insult. There is not a gentleman in this class. In France not even the poorest peasant boy would be so impolite. (*To Mr. B. who has looked out the window.*) Mr. B. where did I leave off in my lecture?

*Mr. B.* I don't know Doctor.

*Dr.* No, you never know. I have been watching you the whole term. All you do is sit and think up some mischief. Mr. D. can you tell me where I left off.

*Mr. D.* No sir.

*Dr.* Yes, Mr. D. you are one of these big men, you think you know it all. The faculty discussed you last week. Every member said that you were the worst in the class. You won't get your cap and gown. Mr. S. why have you missed so many recitations? You

have missed nearly half of them. If you are absent from any more I can't possibly give you more than seven. Mr. LeCompte, wake up there! My gracious! Have you gone to sleep and missed this lecture? What will you do on examination? Three questions are going to be taken from this very important lecture. (*Dr. looks at watch.*) Whew, my gracious me! To say what little I have about Victor Hugo has taken nearly the whole period. In the two or three minutes remaining I can't possibly give you more than an idea of what Victor Hugo has done. (*Bell rings for end of period.*)

THE END.

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