



Album
of the
Class of Nineteen Nine
Western Maryland College
Westminster, Maryland
June, 1909

Class Officers

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Historian

Prophetess

Poet

Artist

Albert B. Coe

J. Samuel Turner

Ronalds Taylor

Thomas M. Todd

Edith C. Holt

Bertie L. Stoll

Jesse E. Pritchard

Fletcher Hanks

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Stella N. Cathcart

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Jesse E. Pritchard

Arthur E. Rowland

Helen E. DeLashmutt

Mary T. Molesworth

Editor-in-Chief

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Business Manager

Assistant Bus. Manager

Associate Editors

Class Motto

Class Colors

Class Flower

"Non Nobis Solis"

Orange and Black

Marshal Neil Rose

Vella

Class Vell

Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah, hoo
Vela, vela, vela, voo,
"Honor nobis scopus est"
Nineteen nine upholds the best
Hullabaloo, kunnuck, kunnine,
Seniors, Seniors, 1909

Scientific

Borica, borica, borica, germs,
Let them have their "Diet of Worms"
Zip, sis, boom, bah,
The classic Horace, ha!
Azaleh, azaleh, boletus zine
Scientific Seniors, 1909



Classical

Bim, Boom, Bis, Caesaris
We comprise of one plus six.
History and Science, we don't mix.
Parlez-vous francais, sagen sie "Ya"
Pliny and Horace, rah, rah, rah.
We can boast of classic minds
Leading toward the genius line.
Classical Seniors, 1909

Historical

History, rex, rex, Poli Sci, rex, rex
Hullabaloo, wah, woo
We don't want your cats and frogs;
Poli. Sci; not poly wogs.
Latin's moldy, Greek is dead,
Give us History instead.
Science and Classics - not for mine!
Historical Seniors,
1909



STEWART EDESSA ARNOLD—Piedmont, W. Va.,—Apr. 20, 1888—P.L.S.

*"Her heart was in her work
And the heart giveth grace to every art."*

HISTORY

After pursuing a so called profound scholastic course in several of the elementary schools and universities of W. Va., Stewart E. Arnold severed her relations with other classes, and saw the error of her way in time to thrust the burden of her presence upon the class in its Junior year. She meant business when she came and she has certainly attended strictly to business. Sacrificing much time (so frivolously spent by many others), she accomplished all that was required of her, and did it in such a way as to attain a high standing in the class. Kind in heart, genial in disposition, and thoroughly lively, she soon endeared herself to her class-mates. She has always taken a deep interest in those affairs of her class which have incurred some risk or excitement. "Anything" she would say, "for a little fun."

O Cupid, why so partial with thy darts? The heart of this fair maid has not been pierced. She likes all men as a whole, but cannot see why girls will sacrifice everything for one specimen. She declares by her attitude that she will never soliquize thus: "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

PROPHECY

At the home of a prominent citizen of Denver, a banquet is in progress. The richly furnished dining-room glitters with the light of a thousand candles and the sparkle of silver and cutglass. The people about the table are among the upper set of the city and their presence tonight shows the social esteem in which the host and hostess are held. The latter has held her position as leader of her set for several years and is very popular. Stewart Edessa Arnold, after her graduation went West with a touring party and while in the city in which she is now so popular met a retired mine owner, who persuaded her to become his wife and the mistress of the splendid mansion in which we see her tonight. In the days at school when she used to sit and dream by the hour, we hoped that her dreams would come true, and they have, much to her satisfaction.

CUTHBERT WARNER BATES—Inwood, N. Y.—July 29, 1884—I. L. S.

*"I have fought the good fight
I have finished my course."*

HISTORY

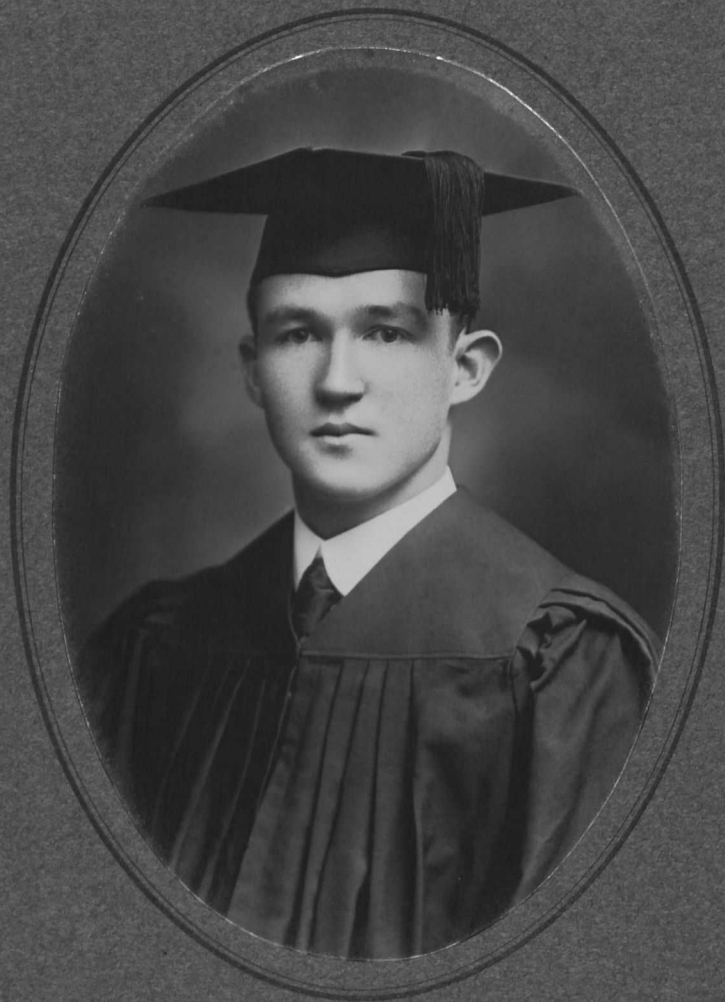
From the little town of Inwood, situated beside the resounding waters of the Atlantic ocean came Cuthbert Warner Bates in the year 1904 with a strong determination and firm resolution to seek and find such knowledge as would enable him to stand alone on this terrestrial sphere. This he did. Starting in the Sub-Freshman year he gradually grew in grace and in the art of blushing and smiling until at the end of his Senior year he was termed "expert." It is related that in his Sophomore year he fell in love with and actually engaged himself to a fair Southern lassie. Imagine the suspense of a twelvemonth separation! Even his very attitude seemed to exclaim, "O, for a beaker full of the Sunny South!"

"Cussy" (the lad's pet name), is, to speak commonly, a "Jack of all trades." He can mend chairs, sew on stray buttons, make ladies' shirt waists; but his highest aspiration is oratory, and at present is making bold strides toward perfection. He has been President of his society, preliminary contestant for State Inter-collegiate contest and President of the Y. M. C. A. He cares little for nonsense or frivolity, is subject to "blues" and a slight disappointment plunges him in gulfs of deep despair; yet a true and tried friend, always willing to extend a helping hand, he has endeared himself to his companions who can see in him one who can be trusted on every occasion.

PROPHECY

Cuthbert Warner Bates, after his graduation from Western Maryland College, entered the Westminster Theological Seminary from which he graduated in 1912. He then entered one of the southern conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church, where his great ability as a preacher made him one of the leading men of the pulpit. After several years in the Methodist ministry he got dissatisfied with Armenianism and entered the Episcopal church. One visiting the Church of All Saints and Angels, in the city of Philadelphia, will see a tall hatchet-faced, gray haired man dressed in white robes, ministering at the altar. This is he whom we used to know in the old days as "Cussy" and "Pap." Dignified then, he is dignified still, but the smile that used to illumine his visage is still there and he still goes up a tree when any of his fair parishoners smile at him.





THOMAS GORDON BENNETT—Brooklyn, Md.—Sept. 7, 1890—W. L. S.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

HISTORY

Babe-like, tender, innocent and seemingly unspotted by the world's alluring charms, Thomas Gordon Bennett swung open the gates of Western Maryland College in the autumn of 1905. Breaking away from old influences and entangling himself in the meshes of flattery, this child began a conquest of hearts, selecting for two years the fair maid whom he was sure would wear the golden pennant suspended from the neck. Strange to say, he was never "turned down." He always just simply "cut out" smiling. Unlike Alexander he is not weeping for more hearts to conquer, but now is content with establishing his supremacy in one, and is congratulating himself.

PROPHECY

In a well equipped laboratory connected with the Maryland Steel Company's plant, we saw Thomas Gordon Bennett the other day, working at his retorts and test tubes. He was busily engaged in finding out some cheaper method of turning pig iron into steel. Just as we passed the laboratory, a loud explosion and a great volume of smoke informed us that Bennett was as foolish as ever,—and at that moment Gordon shot through the door and in our direction, torn, battered and bleeding, but shouting and gesticulating as of yore. Bennett's position is an important one, and if he doesn't tear a hole in the earth or fool with too many unknown quantities, he will, in the course of a few more years, own seven-tenths of Brooklyn, (Md.). Over his cosy little home the Olive-branch presides with much grace and dignity and the smiles which in the college days were so rarely (?) bestowed upon Bennett are still part of his happy lot.

GORDON ATKINSON CARVER—Marion Station, Md.—Mar. 7, 1886—
W. L. S.

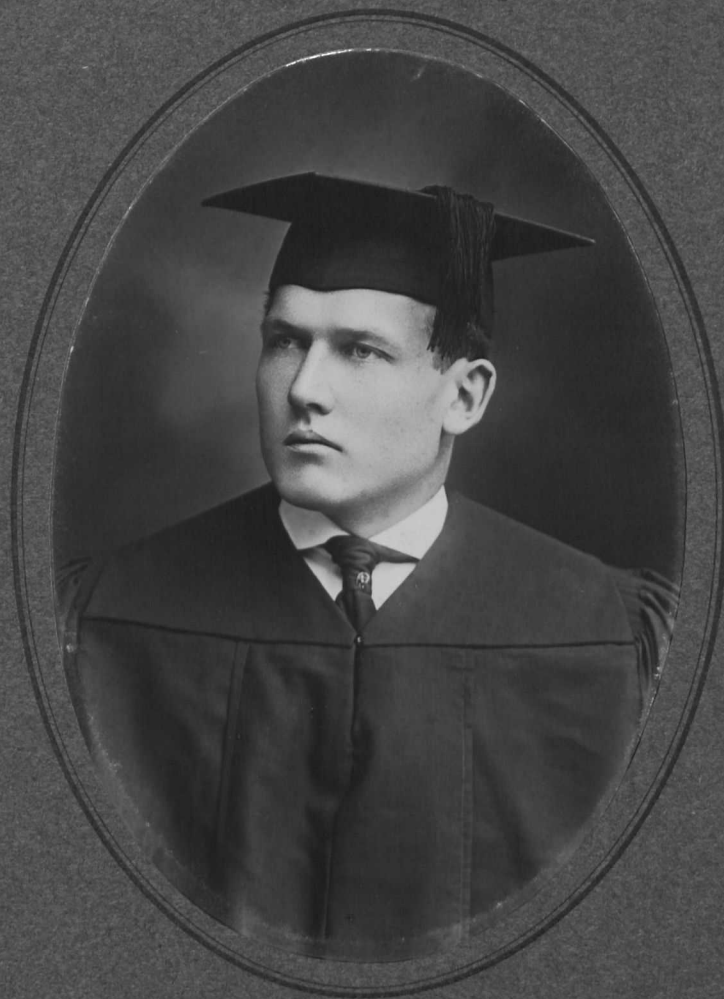
"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

HISTORY

The Eastern Shore has many valiant defenders, but highest among them stands Gordon Atkinson Carver. Arguing he came, arguing he still is, arguing he will go. His aspirations have always been so high that even in his Freshman year he attained so exalted a position as to have his name on the roll-book of the illustrious class of 1906. "Gutsy" has been a good student and has made several "hits" in oratory, especially with his teacher. He has never been out of love since he came to W. M. C. Each year centering his affections on a different maid until in his Senior year he found (as he told the boys) the one girl he *really* loved. He is a splendid athlete; so positive of success in his attitude on entering the athletic field that the very strongest teams have felt that "a lion in athletics is a dangerous thing." Wherever his path of life leads, his enthusiasm and determination, as proven in the past, will demand success.

PROPHECY

The time, 1924, the place, the Senate chamber of the United States; the speaker, Honorable Gordon Atkinson Carver; the occasion, a debate on the bill for the annexation of Cuba,—this epitomizes the career of our old class-mate "Gutsy." As he stands up in that august body of legislators, all eyes are fastened upon him, for he is rated as great an orator as Daniel Webster, his great ideal, and this is his master effort. The Honorable Mr. Carver's law practice on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, while very extensive, has not precluded him from engaging in politics; indeed, rather it has furthered his ambition in that direction, for his keen judgment, and honesty of conviction, it is said, make him a very formidable candidate for the Presidency of the United States.





STELLA NORA CATHCART—Moscow Mills, Md.—Feb. 24, 1891—B. L. S.

*"A healthy maid with sober phiz
Who eats her grub and minds her biz."*

HISTORY

In our Sophomore year the class of 1909 opened its doors to admit a shy, blushing little maid. We were a little later told that this was Stella Cathcart, from Moscow Mills. Baby of the class in years is Stella, but certainly not in actions. We cannot truly say of her, "Not years but actions tell." Enter her room when you will, she will be found reading college Monthlies and other recent literature, yet she has shown herself to be the possessor of the clearest, shrewdest mind in the class. Hear her class-mates sigh "O, for a keen perception like Stella's." She juggled with the inductive and deductive theories of syllogistic reasoning as do the playful breezes with a downy feather. With her broad and easy view of affairs she breezily carried off the Junior honors. Honest, reliable, unselfish, jolly and good-natured she has become an universal friend among her class-mates. We have never seen her smile at such a thing as a boy, yet she has been accused, which accusation she takes very solemnly. But what does this mean? With the mention of a certain St. John's gentleman there comes to her cheek that deep characteristic blush. We will leave it to the reader to surmise the cause, and, as a suggestion, will assure you that Stella has a heart.

PROPHECY

The next scene shows us the interior of one of the large office buildings in a Western city. Here we find another one of our class-mates, Stella Nora Cathcart, practicing law. Stella never did believe in the inferiority of woman's mind, and therefore set out to prove her belief. She took a course at one of our best law schools and then went West, where a woman can find almost any kind of work open to her. Stella makes an excellent lawyer and has a very large practice. On account of her superior knowledge of law and other such matters, Stella has become an ardent advocate of woman's suffrage and gives lectures on the subject whenever she has the opportunity, with such marked success that woman's suffrage is likely to be an important issue in the next election.

ALBERT BUCKNER COE—Oxford, Md.,—April 16, 1888—I. L. S.

*"A youth! deep planted in his heart.
His lust for fame well won."*

HISTORY

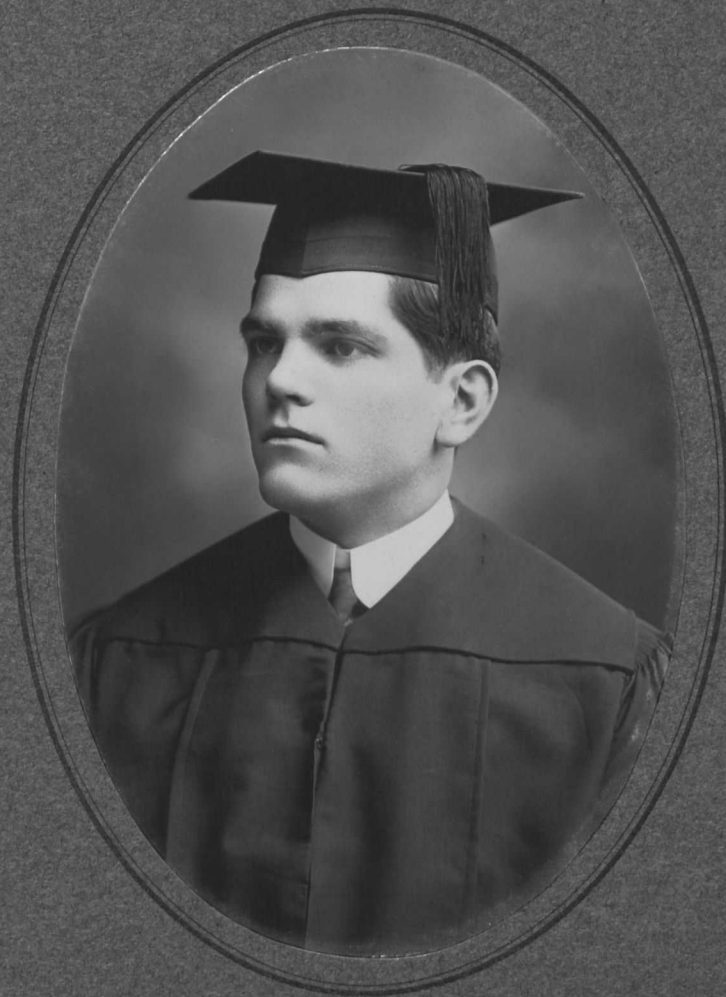
Even before arriving at the age of discretion Albert Buckner Coe began to wander up and down the earth in search of wisdom. After investigating by actual experience the benefits conferred by several other schools, he chanced to light upon College Hill, where he became a member of an unusual and far-famed class. "A Bie," like most other boys is human, therefore he has a heart; but this same heart remained cold until his Sophomore year. Then the sparks began to kindle and the warmth and radiance began to spread and to be felt, particularly by a fair maid of his class. The flames quickly kindled as quickly died out. Almost instantly he found himself captivated by another, and alas! this time to last. He was the president of his class, president of his society, contestant for Irving, and contestant in the Inter-collegiate preliminary. He is a first class athlete taking part in all the phases. His highest aspiration is to be an Elocutionist, and this attainment he has undoubtedly reached, for after hearing him render a selection we cannot but feel that:-

"Such words have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

PROPHECY

Dr. Albert Buckner Coe is today the foremost physician in the city of Baltimore and one of the greatest surgeons in the world. After his graduation from Western Maryland College, he entered and graduated from Johns Hopkins, and then, not satisfied with his attainments, took a post-graduate course in medicine at Oxford, (Eng.). On his return to the United States, he was appointed house physician in the Johns Hopkins Hospital where we saw him last week, bending over the bed of a sick child—that old winning smile on his face, with gentle touch and cheering word, making bright the lonely way of the little child.

"A Bie" has paid frequent visits to the Eastern Shore, in spite of his busy life as a physician, and we would not be surprised if in the near future there should be a notice in the "Maryland Weddings" column of the "Sun."





HELEN ELIZABETH DELASHMUTT—Buckeystown, Md.—Mar. 29, 1889
P. L. S.

*"O sleep, thou art a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."*

HISTORY

After wasting her time for a few weeks at the Prep. School, Helen E. DeLashmutt decided to enroll as a member of the class of 1909 and began the duties of a Freshman. Everyone of her class-mates remember the day Helen scrambled into our French class. Being of a slightly distant and perverse temperament, she kept away from the girls for a while; but, finding no joy in seclusion, she soon came out of her shell and began to show her warmth of nature by smiling at (?).

She is conscientious, determined and pessimistic. Her scholastic attainments have been creditable and her enthusiasm as a society worker led her to the honor of being president of Philo.

Stay up all night, give yells at twelve o'clock, knock down the building but *kindly* do not disturb Helen on Sunday afternoon or after 9.15 in the evening, for she must have her beauty sleep. Detestable and undesirable as the stronger sex may have seemed to her the first two years, yet in her Junior year she began the conquest of hearts and since that time she has cheered the hearts of not less than two gentle lads with her captivating(?) smiles and interesting billets-doux, until we are led to feel that the unsolved question of her life is: "Which shall it be?"

PROPHECY

The next scene takes us to a fashionable apartment in New York City. In a handsomely furnished boudoir a middle-aged woman reclines half awake upon a couch. By her side sits her companion, Helen Elizabeth DeLashmutt, who is reading aloud to her. It is not long before the lady falls asleep and Helen is then at liberty to do whatever she chooses. Her position as companion to this rich and fashionable widow is a very desirable one and Helen really enjoys it. She is very well paid and accompanies Mrs. S—— on many delightful trips. Helen is at present anticipating a trip to Europe, for Mrs. S—— has taken a great liking to her and fully expects to make Helen heir to all her wealth.

GEORGIA ISABEL DONALDSON—Hereford, Md.—May 11, 1890—P.L.S.

*"And many a wicked smile she smole
And many a wink she winked."*

HISTORY

The tear stained, upturned, babyish face, of Georgia I. Donaldson met our gaze with its imploring glance in the fall of 1905. After being confined to her room for twenty-four hours, she was heard to remark, "I simply *cannot* stay here." But she did, and has proved a credit to the class, reaching a high attainment in all her studies and receiving Honorable Mention in her Junior year. Pure, innocent and childlike, did she enter upon her career; but her first room-mate, being eager for company (misery likes company) became desirous that Georgia get a "strike" which she promptly did. Thus began her hitherto undeveloped powers until "a new 'strike' for each occasion" became her motto. This process continued until in her Junior year the Monster Vanity had stamped indelibly on her whole being, "I was made only to be admired." But despair not, for as the Senior year brings with it dignity, Georgia being a Senior, became dignified and centered her affections firmly on her "down town strike" and is now on the straight and narrow road, as far as we know, to unlimited success.

PROPHECY

Several years after Georgia I. Donaldson left school, she was greatly surprised on waking one morning to find herself a real heiress. A distant relative, whom she had never seen, suddenly departed this life and left her quite a large fortune. In Georgia's mind nothing better could possibly have happened to her. She was introduced into society by a social leader who had taken quite a fancy to her and Georgia became one of the most popular debutantes of the season. She was greatly sought after by all the prominent and wealthy young men, but upon these she deigned not a glance. As she now possessed wealth there was but one thing lacking, she must have a title. It happened that a curly, waxed mustached fop called Lord Tra-la-lu-tum of the broken-down aristocracy of Italy, saw fit to re-establish his estate, with the aid of an American girl's money, so the match was made and Georgia became "My Lady" perfectly satisfied even if she did have to take "My Lord" in the bargain.





ALICE EVELYN EVANS—Baltimore, Md.—August 10, 1888—P. L. S.

"From the looks, not the lips is the soul reflected"

HISTORY

Homesick before leaving home, homesick on arriving was little Evelyn Evans and homesick has she remained through her five years at W. M. C. Her one ambition while at college was to live so that at the end of each term and on each holiday she could gladly take her departure from her *Alma Mater* and trace her footsteps toward home. Imagine her joy when the time for the final homegoing came!

Being the only fondling of a devoted household, her wrath is often aroused by the frivolous remarks and actions of some of her thoughtless class-mates. Then, though the tongue be mute, note the thundering expression of the eye, foreboding the dawning panic.

Evelyn is gentle and timid. Her timidity was thoroughly shown at the midnight hour of Oct. 2, when from the secluded parts of the lofty tower, came the spooky call of J. G. C. She congratulates herself that she lived through it. Beginning in her Sub-Freshman year, Evelyn captivated the heart of one of her class-mates for a whole year. The shock, on account of his absence the following year, was so great that it took her until the second term of her Senior year to be restored. Fate was unkind we know, but just for the sake of the good old "prep days" she now smiles at an inmate of Brute Hall and we wish her to continue, with our congratulations.

PROPHECY

A large ocean steamer is just pulling out from the harbor of New York. Among the many persons who throng the deck stand a handsome naval officer and his young bride of a few weeks, formerly a Miss Alice Evelyn Evans of Baltimore, Md. They are waiving a last farewell to friends on shore and stand watching them until they can be recognized, no longer. Evelyn and her husband expect to spend four or five months traveling in various parts of Europe. They expect to remain the greater part of the time in sunny Italy, and Evelyn dreams happily of those beautiful moon-lit nights when she will be gliding over the water in a gondola and by her side the one she cares for most.

JAMES EZRA FLEAGLE—Baltimore, Md.,—Mar. 22, 1884—W. L. S.

"A universal smile he seemed."

HISTORY

Some people never bask in the smiles of fortune. James Ezra Fleagle although failing in some of his undertakings, still comes up from defeat with the same smiling countenance. His smiles—O, they reflect the glory of heaven in their radiance, flashing evidences of an all-consuming love, cute manifestations of a pleased vanity and honest expression of a good nature. With such a perpetually beaming countenance "Jamie" tries to ingratiate himself in some girl's favor, but for some reason his infatuation is of short duration. He does not become discouraged at this, but immediately begins an attack elsewhere; for that reason his strikes have been without number. He is a scientist of some note, and plays the violin which is the one treasure and comfort of his life. The long-drawn, reverberating strains produced by this master hand strike terror, or I mean pleasure, into the hearts of his sympathetic (?) class-mates. He shows great talent in the line of Pedagogy and has a well-balanced mind, capable of "helping young ideas to shoot." He is a target for all good fun, but cannot see the point of a joke. What a stock of good nature in a small body!

PROPHECY

Place: Boston

Time: H. P. M., Dec. 20, 1919

Scene: Great auditorium crowded with people listening breathlessly to violinist.

The strains of music rise and swell in a last grand volume of sound; returning soft and sweet, they die away. Intent, enchanted thousands seem to hold their breath to catch the last faint echo. Then applause, loud wild applause bursts out; bouquets of flowers snatched from the bosoms of enraptured women are thrown across the foot-lights; again and again the insistent applause recalls the bowing and smiling musician and his accompanist. Who is he? Why, have you not heard of Fleagle? He graduated at W. M. C. in 1909 and has been abroad studying music since then. This is his first appearance in America. His handsome accompanist? Oh, that is his wife, the cousin in order to see whom, James missed so many inspections during the winter term of his Junior year.





GRISELDA PAULINE FUSS—Union Bridge, Md.—Nov. 14, 1889—B.L.S.

"And she is true as she has proved herself"

HISTORY

In the fall of 1902 the Faculty of Western Md. College reluctantly consented to admit to the cradle of the "Prep" class an infant. This child was Griselda Pauline Fuss. Beginning at so immature an age Pauline has become somewhat of a land mark at the college and certainly a "stand by" to the girls, being in all her requirements prompt and reliable. With her constant unassuming manner she has conquered worlds. All her endeavors have been earnest and conscientious, consequently her scholastic attainments have been high and satisfactory to the Faculty. Pauline is characterized by her willingness to run errands for the girls. Being a town student she therefore never indulged in such frivolity as "parlor," hence we know not the object of her charms and affections. We do know, however, that there is such a case, but she is shrewd enough not to let it become the common conversation. She has for her motto and firmly stands by it that "The essence of power lies in reserve."

PROPHECY

The reception is over and the guests are reluctantly taking their departure. At last they are all gone and the professor and his wife have their little home once more to themselves. The young couple have just moved into their new home and have been entertaining a number of friends in honor of the occasion. The professor's wife was formerly a Miss Griselda Pauline Fuss, who graduated from Western Maryland in 1909.

The first time that Pauline met her husband was at a reception just the year after she left school, and it was not long before a friendship grew up between them which ended as you see. Pauline's husband is the Latin teacher at ——— College and their home is in the little town in which the college is situated. Pauline is happy and never at a loss for entertainment; for there is always something going on at the college which she never fails to attend.

WILLIAM ALBERT GIBSON—White Hall, Md.,—Oct. 1, 1887—W. L. S.

"To know how to hide one's ability is great skill."

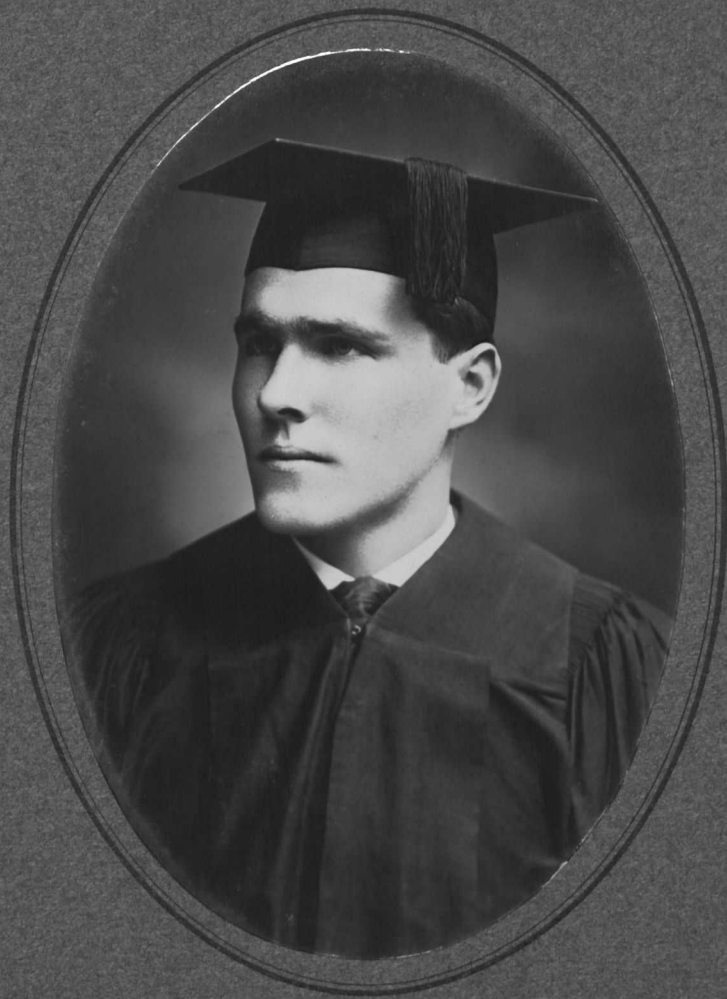
HISTORY

Coming from White Hall, Md., and entering the Sub-Freshman year, William Albert Gibson has for five years proven himself a true, tried, honest, good-natured personage. "A friend of all the world is Gibbie." Being large and strong in physique he was immediately placed on the athletic field, where he has played his part well and is certainly "the star." Besides these great athletic attainments, he ranks high in scholarship and received Honorable Mention in his Junior year. During the first three years of his college course, "Gibbie" carried on several flirtations, but in his Junior year, gave up all other charms simply for the sake of the smiles of a captivating blonde, so that now "the moon never beams but it brings him sweet dreams of his beautiful Ethelle."

Having maintained a standing in all his endeavors, he now leaves laden with many well-earned favors and the good-will of all who know him.

PROPHECY

William Albert Gibson, after a post-graduate course in engineering at Cornell, spent some years in South America, returning to the United States to connect himself with a firm of engineers in New York City. Gibson is at present engaged in building a bridge across the Hudson River at Albany. When the work is finished two years from now, it will mark the completion of one of the greatest engineering feats in the history of science. Many and great have been the difficulties in the way; but with characteristic energy and perseverance, the engineer has gone on with the work. Of course "Gibbie" is married. How could it be otherwise when he and the tall, slim blonde were so much in love with each other when they were classmates at Western Maryland!



EDNA GOFF—Taneytown, Md.—August 20, 1888—P. L. S.

"Originality is the spice of life."

HISTORY

In the fall of 1908 we saw coming up our path a serenely tall and stately figure announcing the fact that "better late than never," she was going to enter the class of 1909. "My names 'Goffy,' Edna Goff" was the formal introduction she gave herself. She was admitted and we soon found in her the source of all good-nature, fun and wit. Her proficiency in the art of "barking" has obtained for her the name of "Choto," her skill with the classics names her "Calcas" and her aptitude in the basket-ball game gives her "Goffey". To any of these she will come promptly, especially to a feast, where she knows she will be called on to dance, sing, orate or provide amusement of some sort. Therefore she is always prepared, and always acts. Beginning at Florida, she has breezily swept the eastern coast of our U. S., leaving at each port a portion of the infinitesimal magnitude of her heart. Her heart! One of those which most enamours us, wax to receive and marble to retain. Cupid, beware! This fair maid does not "waste her sweetness on the desert air," but ask her to relate the scene of the evening that she received a wedding announcement from Florida! She spent her leisure time composing odes to Delphi(?). Her attainments as a student at W. M. C. have been high, as elsewhere, viz: Tennessee, Florida, New York, etc. Edna's indomitable energy will always bring her to leadership whatever may be her work.

PROPHECY

One of the most popular plays of the season is "The Sunny South", dramatized from the late novel by Edna Goff, the brilliant authoress. The play is a thrilling story of romance and adventure in the Everglades of Florida. The writer having lived for a number of years in the South, has been able to portray some of the most vivid and interesting scenes from actual life. Edna is now traveling in Europe to procure material for a new book in which she hopes to outdo all former work. Edna has remained single, but wholly from choice. More than one man has offered to lay his fortune at her feet, but Edna, the witty, clever Edna could never give her hand to any but a person of her own intellectual ability. So absorbed is she in writing that she has no time to think of such matters, and is perfectly content to spend the rest of her days in writing books and articles for the magazines.



HELEN IRENE HAND—Elizabeth, N. J.,—Nov. 3, 1887—P. L. S.

"She would sit and sing herself away to everlasting bliss."

HISTORY

A knock came at the gate of Western Maryland College in the fall of 1905 and the "Peter" thereof let enter a maiden reserved and sincere. To the question "Who is it?" came the answer, "Helen Irene Hand, of Elizabeth, N. J." The first year of her college course was spent in days of toil and hours of ease. Days of toil with the result that she became the recipient of the Freshman medal; hours of ease due to the fact that she and Ella (her room-mate) would court the midnight hours with the performance of frying ham, eggs, etc., to appease their unsatisfied appetites until a gentle rap of the watchful preceptress would inform them of their inconsistency. To this the spontaneous reply would ever be, "We can't sleep with mice in the room." Helen has been an enthusiastic and conscientious society and christian association worker, but her one ideal and aspiration is to become a great singer, and by her frequent appearances we know she is making progress that way. Has she a heart? Let's see! Breaking away from the ties at home she carried on a lukewarm case in her Freshman year, but the climacteric felicity came, when at the end of this year, she showed "Bennie" by her attitude that he was a thing of the past, and engulfed herself in the depths of love and devotion to her seeming ideal. At this shrine she faithfully worshipped the rest of her course. Arouse your dull wits, make a surmise and—

PROPHECY

Helen Irene Hand's susceptibility to sweet sounds, especially when produced by a certain singer, and that singer's attempt to excel in the key of "Be mine, ah," led us to expect entirely different results than those which really were forthcoming. Helen has just returned from Europe after having studied for a number of years under the celebrated Mme——. Under her excellent instruction, Helen's voice has improved remarkably, she has been offered numerous well paid positions as vocal instructor in some of our best conservatories; but Helen studied for her own pleasure and never intended to teach. She is at present singing in one of the large churches in her home city and people come in crowds to hear her sing. There is one, I am told, who comes, not simply to hear the voice but to see the girl. How much longer Helen will keep her position is a question.





FLETCHER HANKS—Violetville, Md.,—December 1, 1888—W. L. S.

*"A fool there was who made his prayer
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."*

HISTORY

Fresh from the protecting care of home, and untainted by the ways of the world, Fletcher Hanks entered the portals of Western Maryland College in the autumn of 1905. He was a frivolous kid then, and to-day we find him the same jolly, fun-making youth. A voice from within the wall cries out, "Behold the clown!" and who appears? Just "Christie." He has never been known to be without a strike. He has been known to have as many as six at one time. In the words of Shakespeare(?) we say, "He has a willingness for so many." In his Senior year he developed a fondness for amusing the Senior girls while in the dining room. Just one meaning glance from "Christie" and a spontaneous peal of laughter burst forth from every girl.

His good nature and keen(?) sense of humor have always and will always furnish him with friends. He has acquired a fund of useful information upon the finer (?) points of shooting, fishing, pitching and foot-ball upon which broad foundation he has "bluffed" his way through college.

PROPHECY

We were particularly struck the other day on picking up a copy of the New York "Herald," to find in it a very clever cartoon. We were still further impressed with the cartoon when we saw it copied in the "Review of Reviews" and a score of newspapers. Then we began to look up the artist. Imagine our surprise when we found him to be no other than "Christy" Hanks. Well after all, it wasn't such a great surprise. We rather expected he would make his mark in the world, for wasn't he always drawing in school? What difference if he was an adept in the art of bluffing, he could draw anything from the bald professor to the queen of hearts. That talent covered a multitude of sins and so, in spite of his bluffing, he has made good and reached the place of fame along with Nash and Davenport.

IRENE NEAL HARRINGTON—Annapolis, Md.—Feb. 20, 1889—P. L. S.

*"With eyes that looked into the very soul
Bright and as black and burning as a coal."*

HISTORY

From Annapolis came this fidgeting, palpitating mass of animation known as Irene Harrington, the history book of the class. After an itemized account with all details from the first chapter of ancient history to the latest report of the latest newspaper, Irene would solemnly declare by a short cut, "I don't know" that she knew nothing of anything relating to history. Likewise did she in all her branches. Irene's sphere of action has been to supply opinions on every possible subject; for occasionally (?) (?) she has decided opinions of her own which she does not hesitate to express. The opinions are original, too, nor does she hesitate lest they disagree with the common acceptance. Extraordinary girl, with opinions more than extraordinary. Irene's one aspiration is to "hurry up and get things over with." From the Sunday morning Communion service to the Saturday midnight feast her one beseeching request is, "let's hurry up and get it over with."

Beginning in her Sub-Freshman year she has been one illusive smile for five years. Not confining herself strictly to college chaps, she shed her beams on Seminites, town folk and distant traveler alike. "Yet not in her heart but in her eye lies power."

PROPHECY

Picture before you a pretty little rectory almost hidden behind the foliage of a number of immense maples. The little Episcopal chapel to the right only adds to the beauty of the scene. Church service is over and one or two people still linger talking when the rector and his wife, formerly Miss Irene Neal Harrington, come out of the church. They very hospitably ask the lingerers to dine with them, and the little party walk toward the rectory. Irene has become an ideal housekeeper and knows how to entertain, so the guests heartily enjoy themselves and really seem reluctant to leave such a scene of domestic happiness.

Irene's life is a very happy one. Her domestic duties not being very great, she has much time to spend in her husband's company, even delighting in helping to write his sermons, and always taking the greatest care of the sick and poor of the village.





FRANK TRUMP HERR—Westminster, Md.—April 6, 1887—I. L. S.

"He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty."

HISTORY

In the fall of 1905 Frank Trump Herr came "up to college" and with him came the term "hospitality." Since then, the words Trump Herr and hospitality have been synonymous. Being a town student he could show his generosity very readily and this he never failed to do. So many times he has played the part of the raven and fed the hungering ones. Since our acquaintance with Trump he has been a victim of Cupid's carelessly slung darts. Since we have known him he has seemingly been in love, first with one, then with another, until, in his Senior year, he centered his affections on Ruth. Hear him soloquize, "She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine."

He has made his mark not as a brilliant reciter nor as one with quick wit, nor as a keen thinker (though he has all these abilities), but as a good genial friend. We do not know what his highest aspirations have been, but we do know that he has reached the point where his better judgment can be relied upon as an athletic manager. He is a scientist and athlete of some importance and each year finds him a step nearer the goal at which he is aiming.

PROPHECY

"Dr. F. Trump Herr," this sign in gold letters hangs outside the door of a splendid residence in B Street, Washington, and thereby hangs a tale. Our old friend and class-mate went to Harvard Medical after graduating at Western Maryland, and then returned to Westminster to begin his practice. But Trump was too large a man to remain in a country practice for long, so an opening being offered him as assistant to an old doctor in Washington, he availed himself of the opportunity and went. Dr. Herr now has his own practice, a large and fashionable one, and he is in great demand in adding to the pleasure, and in diminishing the pain of Washington society. The doctor is still a bachelor but rumor has it, that, like Boaz of old, he has fallen in love with Ruth with consequences quite to be imagined.

CALVIN LUTHER HINE—Lander, Md.—October 19, 1880—W. L. S.

"It is by no means necessary to understand things to speak confidentially about them."

HISTORY

Fresh from the mountainous wilds of Frederick county, where his early life was spent in rustic simplicity, Calvin Luther Hine, immediately upon his entrance in the autumn of 1906, created the impression that he could talk. Talking he came, talking he still is, and talking he will ever be, world without end—but in all this talk there is always a minus quantity, namely, the point.

Hine is ambitious and determined in all his undertakings and has never failed, because he *works*. He has been known to work so hard that the other end of town has found him hatless and without a collar button. He is a good student, his greatest skill being shown in his lengthy and convincing orations and debates, yet we can truthfully say that he has been "on the throne of his own labor raised."

PROPHECY

A chance visit to the city of A—last month, a visit in which I had occasion to call on the newspaper editors of that city, brought me rather unexpectedly in contact with "Doc" Hine. He was not in his office when I got there, (the office boy informed me that he was usually late), but I decided to wait until he came. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the outer hall—slamming of doors, scuffling of feet, and so forth; then the door opened and the editor entered. Hine has not changed much with the years. He talks as much as ever and says as little as ever. His editorials are read chiefly because they are splendid brain developers, they must be read and reread in order to understand what the editor is driving at. However, Hine is very successful. His paper is newsy and clean and has a large circulation.



EDITH CLIFT HOLT—Elkton, Md.—July 31, 1888—B. L. S.

*"If there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming."*

HISTORY

Four years ago, after the peaceful slumbers of summer vacation, our Alma Mater welcomed back a band of students to the work and sport of college life. Among the new members was a determining little miss with shiny brown hair and upturned nose, who declared "she would go straight home if she couldn't be a Soph." The august faculty having agreed that she lacked the learning necessary for this place, gave the verdict "Freshman she'll be," wherewith Edith Clift Holt, for such is her name, with much wailing and gnashing of teeth, did gather up her *impedimenta* and flee to her sheltering *domus*, only to be sent back on the next train. In due time she became reconciled to her fate and with characteristic determination set about her duties. Her sunny disposition and propensity for "smiling" soon won the hearts of all and especially a certain "wielder of the goose" to whom she remained true during the four years of her college course. Her enthusiasm in her literary society won her the honor of being one of the contestants for Browning in her Junior year. By her argument she convinced the judges and carried off the trophy—"the greatest event of her life" she says. As class historian she has distinguished herself, painting with vivid colors the personality of her class. As great "Diana" she proudly progressed through the classical course unaccompanied by any steed.

PROPHECY

On the wall of a room in a little mission school in China, opposite the banner of the Christian Association, hangs a pennant of Western Maryland College, showing that one of its graduates has taken the noble step of leaving home and its pleasant surroundings, to become a teacher among these people. Edith Clift Holt, after her graduation from college, spent some years in a training school for teachers and then went to the Foreign field. She has been there for a number of years and is now preparing to return to her native land. Although many of her relatives have begged her to remain with them, she has fully made up her mind to return after a few months visit, and continue the work which she feels only half begun.



LEWIS ARCHIE JETT—Avalon, Va.,—December 30, 1888—W. L. S.

"Wiser in his own conceits than seven that can render reason."

HISTORY

Old Virginia is truly called the "Mother of Presidents." She did not send a president to W. M. C.; but less than a century ago the mountains of Western Maryland reverberated with the echo of a fierce Democratic war-whoop. In this manner Lewis Archie Jett announced to the world that it owed him a living, for the simple reason that he owed his life to the Democratic party alone. After he had well-nigh exhausted the patience of his com-patriots and after he had frightened some party leaders by his stentorian voice, he came to this hothead of Democracy, where for five years he has raised a continuous howl amid the plaudits of a curious multitude. His religious creed is the platform of the Democratic party; his god, its leader. Often he has affirmed that he would remain true to his party although his Satanic Majesty himself were its standard bearer. Hurrah for Taft! Such is our class politician of whom we were solicitous lest the defeat of the Democratic party in the last Presidential campaign should result in the death of our friend from disappointment. He, however, is very much alive, but we regret to announce that the present political complexion of the nation is likely to cause the loss of such a citizen.

PROPHECY

Lewis Archie Jett, member of the class of 1909 and ardent Democrat, has honored both his class and his party, for he was recently elected Senator from the Second District of Virginia to represent his State in the national legislature. Ben. Tillman has been dead some time, but we rather suspect that the Hon. Archie Jett is a reincarnation of that old war horse; for, like him, Jett cannot bear things Republican. It is Democracy yesterday, today and forever, with him. His great loyalty to the party, a loyalty that used to create so much amusement for us in the class-room, has rather worked out to his advantage. It has made him effective in forcing the party in opposition to do the right thing and stand true to its pledges to the people, and has made him a power in the councils of his party.





ALFRED LEE JONES—Brooklyn, Md.,—Dec. 31, 1888—W. L. S.

"Good at a fight, but better at a play" (of Chess.)

HISTORY

Some people achieve greatness by sheer audacity. Alfred Lee Jones early created the impression that he considered himself one person capable of doing everything under any possible condition. Imagine! he has been known to be able to deliver an oration in the austere presence of two members of the Faculty. His customary pose of remark bespeaks him as the monarch of all he surveys.

"Chess! Chess!" comes the cry, and with it comes Jones. They are inseparable.

He, too, knows what love means. Often has he been in love and often disappointed, but one day his hopes were raised to the highest pitch when some one kindly remarked to him that he was not in the least eligible to be smiled at. His fondest hopes have not yet been realized; but his perseverance is still slightly extraordinary. He is like a rubber ball. Although he may be overwhelmingly "squashed" he regains his customary form with no injurious effects. Not even do insults about potatoes dampen his ardor. He is chiefly renowned for his brilliant, far-fetched ideas.

PROPHECY

I quote the following from the book review of a prominent magazine: "Not since the publication of Edgar Allen Poe's, 'The Gold Bug and The Murder in the Rue Morgue,' has there appeared so strong a story as Alfred Lee Jones', 'The House of the Three White Cats.' It is a story powerful in conception and presentation, full of ghastly situations, plots and counter-plots. In our humble opinion Mr. Jones deserves place beside Poe and De Quincey, for excellence of style and imagination of expression." When I saw that the other day in my reading, I wasn't in the least surprised. After reading some of his early stories in "The College Monthly," stories that were crude yet splendid in plot, we felt sure that just this sort of a career was in store for the "Deacon."

MARGARET BELLE KIRK—Baltimore, Md.—Apr. 11, 1839—P. L. S.

"Sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages."

HISTORY

Margaret Belle Kirk, of Baltimore, became a member of the class in the Sophomore year. She was so impressed with the importance of her exalted position that she immediately began to conduct herself with all the studiousness of a scholar and all the dignity of a queen. She is so seriously minded that she cannot see a joke although it is repeated an infinite number of times. If a question mark comes before the eyes of the girls, "Peggy" immediately would be suggested. For having been brought up (as she says to ask questions) she has developed into about the most appalling interrogator extant. The only redeeming quality is that she asks them so apologetically. "Peggy" has been a good student since she entered college, but with all this she has failed in her attempt to establish woman's intellectual superiority over man.

She is sometimes somewhat of a mystery to her class-mates who frequently misjudge her through the ignorance of the real motive which actuates her conduct.

Her college life has not been one continuous ray of sunshine, for she was heard to remark that someone, unknown to anyone except herself, had kindled a spark of love in her breast in the Sophomore year, but unavoidable circumstances made it impossible for this to grow. Alas, "Peggy" we believe thee not.

PROPHECY

In one of the beautiful suburbs of Baltimore there stands a magnificent stone structure which bears the name: "Kirk Children's Hospital." It takes its name from its founder, Margaret Belle Kirk. Thus did "Peggy" find a way in which to help her fellow beings, and be a real blessing to the world. For several years she visited this building almost daily, always bringing sunshine and happiness to the poor little ones who eagerly awaited her coming. "Peggy" seemed perfectly content with this work, and awakened the sympathy of thousands by the pathetic little stories which she wrote about these children, so dear to her heart. But, alas! Some one else claimed the right to take care of "Peggy" and she went to live in a distant land as the wife of a missionary.





LUTHER REYNOLDS LONGFIELD—Oxford, Md.—Mar. 2, 1889—W.L.S.

"O, hard when love and duty clash!"

HISTORY

Among the curios treasured by the class is Luther Reynolds Longfield. Discovered at the beginning of the Sophomore year he remained with us as a mixture of curiosity, good-nature, hot temper and giggling. The gods arose and in beseeching tones implored this smiling ball of kinetic energy to cease—but with no avail. Men may come and men may go, but he smiles on forever.

He is something like a cyclone in person and has a splendid tenor voice. His athletic abilities are very marked, basket-ball being his highest attainment. He was blessed with good health during his first year at college, but after a physical examination in the beginning of his Junior year he was found to be suffering from heart trouble. There had been symptoms—but the real cause was finally discovered and was—just a girl. The case now is chronic. But, ah! the bliss of such cases, when as a remedy and a soothing balm comes the pet name "Rennie" for all his mortal ills.

PROPHECY

Longfield took the scientific course at College. That might have meant anything, but in this case it meant that he intended to ease a few of the pains of human kind with pills, powders and potions. He has succeeded wonderfully well in his intentions as his large practice abundantly proves. He was quite expert at college in making holes in the anatomy of cats, but since he has been practicing he has left the cutting to his less human brethren and confines himself to the aforementioned methods of curing his patients.

Longfield was one of the most noted "smilist" in his class, but since leaving college a Vail has come between him and the female portion of his clientele and he has ceased indiscriminate smiling. However, as you can imagine, he offers no objection to such restrictions on his facial contortions.

WOODWARD WARWICK MARCUS—Atlantic City, N. J.—Aug. 28, 1875
I. L. S.

"Swift he was, as fleet-footed Mercury."

HISTORY

God created all things, even racers. Therefore let no man murmur. Our Star Woodward Warwick Marcus ran into our midst in the Freshman year (we do not know how long he had been here before) and since that time he has experienced a world of vicissitudes. His one standing theory is "Better alone than in bad company," and he put into practice his theory by choosing an individualized course of studies in his college career.

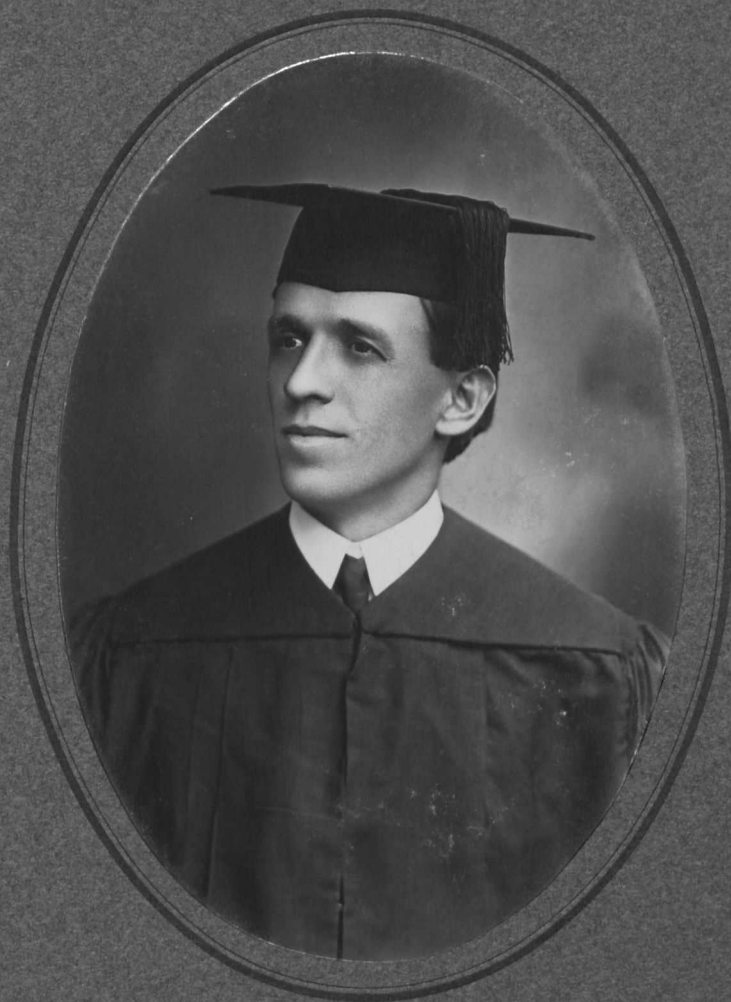
He had a warm attachment for woman-kind and to see "Woody" smile (we know not at whom) was as natural as to see the sun rise.

To say that he could run was to express it mildly. He could fly; and so numerous were the medals he received from winning races, that in order to relieve himself of the burden he distributed them to many of the young ladies. He is a student for the ministry, and still retains his aversion for those people who are "too good." His quiet unassuming mien has won for him many friends, which fact has helped to smooth the rough road of college life.

PROPHECY

"Woody" Marcus left College after his graduation therefrom, graduated from the Theological Seminary, and entered the ministry. His stay in the ministry, however, was not of a very long duration, for liking for athletics proved greater than his liking for preaching. Therefore he gave up the ministry and accepted a position as coach of Harvard's track team. How successful he has been may be judged by the fact that in the last Olympic games Harvard's team won first place.

"Woody" has never married, probably due to the fact that in his Junior year he became intoxicated with Porter and has since been a total abstainer. However, we have heard rumors of a break in his pledge and would not be in the least surprised to find him soon a Benedict.





WILLIAM HENRY MIKESELL—Wilmington, Del.—Oct. 29, 1887—I.L.S.

*"Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow."*

HISTORY

William Henry Mikesell, Lord Delaware's representative, entered the class in the Sub-Freshman year. Serious minded and sincere, he began the upward struggle at W. M. C. His highest aspiration has been to stand in a pulpit and preach the gospel to unbelievers. As a consequence he was made president of the Y. M. C. A., which office he served faithfully.

Lift up your ears all ye little hills and hear "Mike's" tone chart! It is voluminous, exquisite, and melodious. Its echoes reverberate from the northeast corner of McKinstry Hall to the southwest corner of Hering Hall; so mighty is its magnitude. He loves to tease but is not impervious to such attacks on himself, for he was once known to become angry because his half-brother, Jesse, smiled at Helen. There have been many degrees and forms of affection "on the Hill" but none have ever been like that of Helen and "Billy." Deep, earnest, without misunderstanding, they never smiled(?) in order to avoid the impression that "One can smile and smile and be a villian."

PROPHECY

Mikesell, the boy who in years gone by made the night melodious(?) with his big bass voice has become a man whose voice, now modulated and rich, is in great favor both with gods and man. When he sings, the Muses cease their meditation, the Siren hides her face in shame, and all the woods hush their murmuring leaves.

Last week there appeared in a New York newspaper a notice to the following effect: "Mr. Mikesell, the most renowned basso in America has been received most enthusiastically in his presentation of Lohengrin. The audience was kept in suspense for about a half-hour on the opening night by the non-arrival of Mr. Mikesell, but it was given out after the performance that he had gone to sleep, and through the carelessness of his valet had overslept. His rendition of the opera, however, fully repaid the waiting."

MARY THOMAS MOLESWORTH—Ijamsville, Md.—Apr. 27, 1889—P. L. S.

*"I'll be happy, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobody."*

HISTORY

A maiden hearty and healthy in appearance, tenderly and slenderly (?) fashioned, applied for admittance to the Sophomore class in Sept., 1906. This frail (?) construction gave her name as Mary Molesworth and said her address was Ijamsville. After a few days of tutoring by her experienced room-mate, "Tommy" began paddling her own canoe. She soon, on account of her warm, congenial nature and her numerous well-laden "boxes from home," became a universal friend with her class-mates. O her love for home and her frivolity with money! If she did not find upon her table each night a letter from Mamma or Papa, the telephone would promptly be her victim until she was assured that they were all living and had forgotten to mail her letter.

Her heart was once fractured by a Brute Hall inmate, but immediately upon recovery she fell madly in love with the Coe family and her elocution instructor and all poor victims who chance not to belong to the aforesaid class must, in their awful presence, stand back and let "Tommy" rule supreme. Yet we will not despair; for we feel that, when the whim is over, we can again safely claim her in our hearts.

PROPHECY

During the last few months at College, Mary Thomas Molesworth developed into a flirt, and this tendency remained with her after she left school. Mary fell desperately in love with a wealthy young doctor and it was not long before she decided to become his wife. To her utter dismay she found out only too late that they were not suited to each other. When, after one short year of wedded life, Mary found herself a rich young widow, her grief was not as great as one would expect to find in a loving wife. After the proper length of time for mourning had passed, Mary became gay and frivolous again. In the fascinating role of "The Merry Widow" she has suitors by the score, and although she likes to have a good time with them she has fully decided that she will never marry again, at least not for a long, long time.



ELEANOR LOUISA MOOYER—Baltimore, Md.—October 30, 1887—P.L.S

"And her sunny locks hang on her temple like golden fleece."

HISTORY

After having consulted the Oracle at Baltimore, Fate decreed that E. Louisa Mooyer should become a member of this illustrious class in the Sub-Freshman year. Having had some experience in the business world before entering, Louisa soon became an important character in the business affairs of the class. She has been conscientious and serious in all her undertakings, always in fear to kindle the dislike of any member of the Faculty. Upon this basis, she has pursued a creditable course in all branches, once representing her Society in the annual contest, and once receiving the honor of being President of Philo.

Five feet five inches of clear grit and determination is Louise. To get her to answer to any sort of a joke is impossible, for the simple reason that she will not be laughed at, and woe to the one who unfortunately arouses her ire! Hark, a voice demurely asks us "Has she ever had a strike?" Listen my children and you shall hear: Beginning in her Sub-Freshman year I will endeavor to place them as near as possible in logical order. In the beginning was Ray, and thus they have continued: Dick, Wilson, "Chick" "Cutsy," See Gee, ??? These are only a few who have admired her and wished to be her strike. Notwithstanding this fact, she locks fast the doors of her heart and by her attitude says: "All things come to those who wait."

PROPHECY

The——Woman's Club has been called to order by its president, Mrs. Rutherford von Altstein de Smythe (nee) Mooyer, the wife of a prominent banker of Baltimore. After the preliminary proceedings have been despatched, the president gets up and gives a thrilling talk on "Woman's Duties in the Home." A number of other papers are read and the meeting is finally adjourned. Louise rushes straight from the meeting to another, and has so many things to attend to that she does not get home till late in the afternoon. When at length she does arrive there, she has not time to wait and dine with her husband, but hurriedly dresses for a reception which she is going to attend that night. This is just one day in Louise's life but the others are spent in much the same way. Always on the go, she forgets in the mad rush that such a thing as a home really exists. But as she seems to enjoy it, her husband is too devoted to her to remonstrate, and simply lives in the hope that she will some day see the folly of her life and change entirely.



NONA LYNWOOD PARKS—Parksley, Va.—June 7, 1888—P. L. S.

"Of stature she is passing tall, and spurely formed and lean withal."

HISTORY

After our arrival at the College in the fall of 1905 and after we had met and began to love many of the girls, our attention was called to a righteous, motherly looking individual. This was Nona Lynwood Parks, from "Ole Virginia." She fully intended to enter class '08, but after having met us decided that she would remain as a '09. How could she do otherwise? She has stayed with us and by unknown means of studying and bluffing, by the expression "I mean to say," she has finished her course. Lynwood's ability, as a nurse, her maternal attitude and her good nature have made her popular in the sick room. Notwithstanding the fact that she indulged in none of the girl's athletics, she was for one year President of the Athletic Association.

Although leaving several admirers at home in coming to College, they were soon forgotten and in her Freshman year she was strangely and closely attracted and drawn to a Senior lad, which attraction and familiarity has continued and according to Lynwood as good authority we blush and report the last announcement.

After "Jimmy's" departure from College, feeling a sense of loneliness, she sought comfort and consolation for a while from the gentle regards and cheery smiles of a classmate, and in the fact that she was bringing up "in the way that he should go" one of the infants of the institution.

PROPHECY

A merry little party of girls sit chatting gaily in a box at --- Theatre between the acts of a popular play. Every few moments they forget their surroundings and become rather noisy. They are at once reprimanded by the maidenly teacher who accompanies them as chaperon. When the play is over the girls are marched back in an orderly line to Miss Parks' fashionable boarding school for young ladies. Here Lynwood, for the teacher is no other than she, reproves them for their misconduct.

Lynwood makes an excellent manager for the girls, and fond mothers are always satisfied when their daughters are under her care. Her school is conducted very skillfully and is well known as one of the most fashionable of its kind. Lynwood really enjoys the work and has gained the love and respect of the girls by her kind-heartedness and sympathy.





ETHEL ADELAIDE PARSONS—Oxford, Md.—Sept. 2, 1889.—P.L.S.

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

HISTORY

The next victim of the historian's pen is Ethel Adelaide Parsons, one of the so-called "famous quartet" of 1909 blondes. Ethel came from the little town of Oxford and blessed the class with her presence in the Sophomore year. Soon after her arrival she received as a pet name "Pete" and though much despised and hated by her at first, it at last has come to be a part of her. "Pete" is, and has been throughout her three years at W. M. C., an active participant in nearly all the phases of college life, and especially has she never once broken the pledge of loyalty to her beloved room-mate, "Peggy."

Her Sophomore year was spent wholly in loving the girls, but alas! the horror of it all, the withdrawal of "Pete's" love! In her Junior year her affections become centered on "Gibby," her ideal of masculine strength and power. Although she says their devotion has not been of the most unerring nature, yet old loyalty to room-mate, strike, etc., is still dominant, and from past experience we can assure all that she is a faithful and loyal friend.

PROPHECY

While Ethel Adelaide Parsons was still a student at Western Maryland College, she always declared that at the first opportunity she was going out West to teach. This opportunity was not long in arriving, for with the aid of a Teacher's Agency, Ethel obtained a position as principal of a high school that had just been started in a little town in Oregon. Here Ethel meant to accomplish great things. The school was more of an experiment than anything else, but as Ethel was a good organizer it was not long before she had things in running order. Ethel did not work continually, for here, as in most small towns, the "School marm" was the center of attraction, and all society seemed to circle around her. She did not waste her smiles on her numerous rustic swains, for her thoughts were all centered on a certain young electrical engineer. His return from abroad she awaited with a happy heart, for then her teaching days would be ended.

JESSE ELI PRITCHARD—Asheboro, N. C.—Nov. 29, 1880—W. L. S.

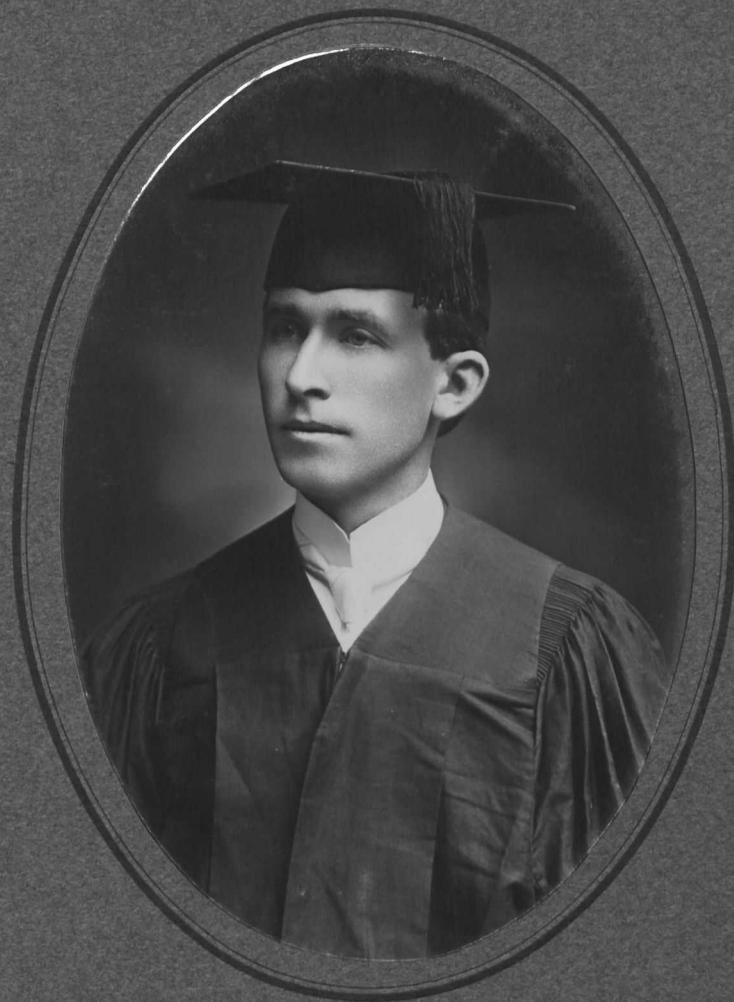
"A diligence in all things is the surest fulcrum of success."

HISTORY

Our only representative of the "Old North State" is Jesse Eli Pritchard. For four years he has been an earnest student and a worthy member of the class. Strongly attached to the place he was; but we fear that his attachment was merely outward, for we almost felt that his heart still reverted to the "Old North State." His absent manner and dreamy expression told more eloquently than words of somebody who was left behind. He was frank to admit that the Saturday nights of his Junior year were simply "dreams of bliss." So strongly impressed by them was he, that one Saturday evening of his Senior year he was seen to seat himself in a chair and draw another to his side in order to more fully realize the past—but alas! Jesse early showed an oratorical disposition, being an ardent admirer of Taft, Ruskin and Hunt Hendrickson. This disposition made him a star in the Webster Society and placed him as one of the winning contestants of June, 1908. His success in the past predicts a most useful life and a valuable addition to the world.

PROPHECY

One day not long since, while I was sitting on the front porch of my home meditating upon the days I spent in College, I saw a tall, slender young man approaching the house carrying in his hand a leather case. On reaching the steps he introduced himself and said he was representing a large publishing house and wished to show me a volume of the latest poems. He opened the case and took from it a large blue-backed book, opened it and began to read the title page. Then I saw that the author was none other than our old friend Jesse Eli, who in his reflective moments in college, wrote lyrics, odes, Thanksgiving poems, the class poem and so forth. Since leaving College the Muses has sung to him continually, hence his success.





HENRY BEESON RAMSBURGH—Frederick, Md.—Dec. 23, 1886—W. L. S.

"A gentleman well-bred and of good name."

HISTORY

Prim, trim, every hair in place and from Frederick came Henry Beeson Ramsburgh; and immaculate, undefiled and without blemish, both in manners and morals, he has remained during the four years.

Upset his room, write odes to his Herculean strength or compose songs to his stature, but do not, I tell you, disarrange "Chick's" hair, for he pasted it there and there he wants it to stay. He is a keen observer and attends strictly to business, therefore he has never been classed as an "interposant." As a tennis player, he has few equals in College. He is a slightly unusual personage, yet this extraordinary being has, too, felt his heart strings vibrate and almost snap. Beginning with Mildred in his Sophomore year, he was the constant quantity until she became the minus quantity, and immediately he centered his affections on "our blonde" Louise remaining faithful until he felt his "sweetness wasted on the desert air." Although the object of his devotion has changed, his disease is pronounced incurable. His quiet and gentlemanly conduct will always gain him admittance to the best society.

PROPHECY

"Chick" is to-day one of the leading chemists connected with the Standard Oil Company. His salary is large, his position important; so Ramsburg has fulfilled his destiny. His was not an idle course, a course with no purpose in it. We were sure even then, that every test tube broken, every retort smashed, meant a dogged determination to find out the where and whyfore of mysterious compounds. That determination has brought him success and along with it, a comfortable fortune. During his leisure hours, Ramsburg spends much time in his automobile driving college presidents about the country in search of prospective students.

ARTHUR EUGENE ROWLAND—Hagerstown, Md.—Mar. 15, 1888—W. L. S.

*"As silent as a grave was he,
Yet gentle, mild and virtuous."*

HISTORY

When the train from Hagerstown pulled into Westminster station September 1906 and Arthur Eugene Rowland stepped off, there was a sign lacking from the back of his coat, viz: "I'm a wise old owl." Well, surely we didn't see the sign but we soon found it out. * He has a wonderfully keen perception and clever mind and on account of this fact has walked off with the class honors for four years. His one ambition has been to tell the professors just what they did not know about the subject, at which occupation he has succeeded beautifully. He keeps himself strictly in the background, for he knows that "the essence of power lies in reserve."

Some one says that "the greatest thing in the world is love." This great man naturally has great things, therefore he has love. "He loves a rosy cheek, a coral lip admires." Would you see an example of this, glance at a certain fair class-mate of his. So fascinated is he with this little ideal that he is dreaming, ever dreaming of past and future happiness. He is a noted scientist and the world now stands with open arms to receive him after graduation.

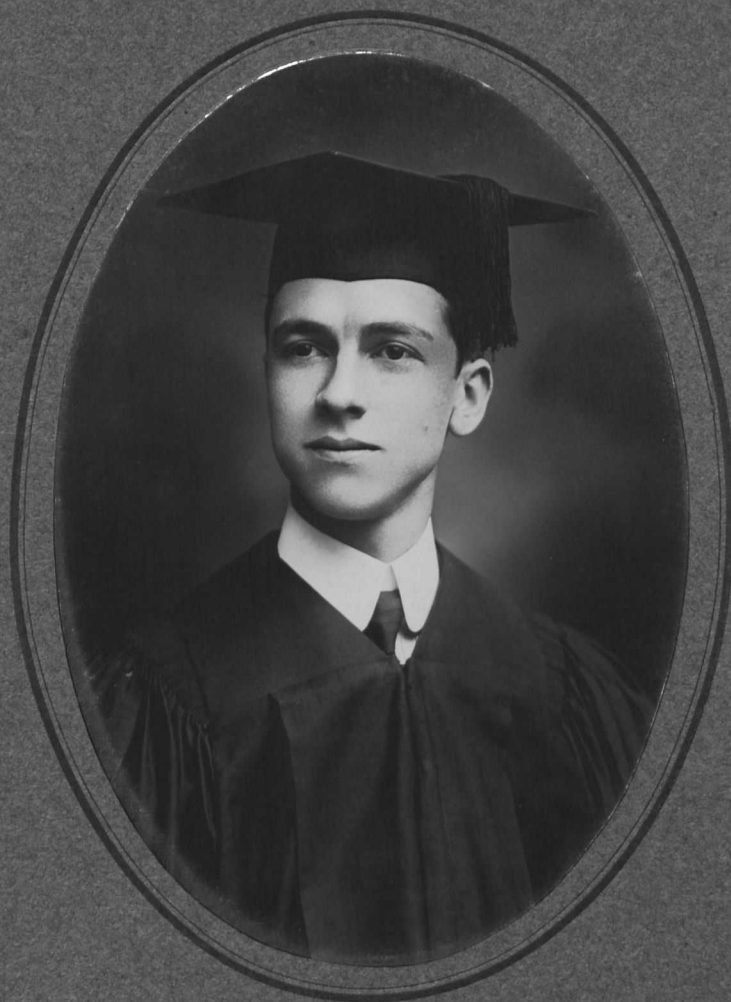
PROPHECY

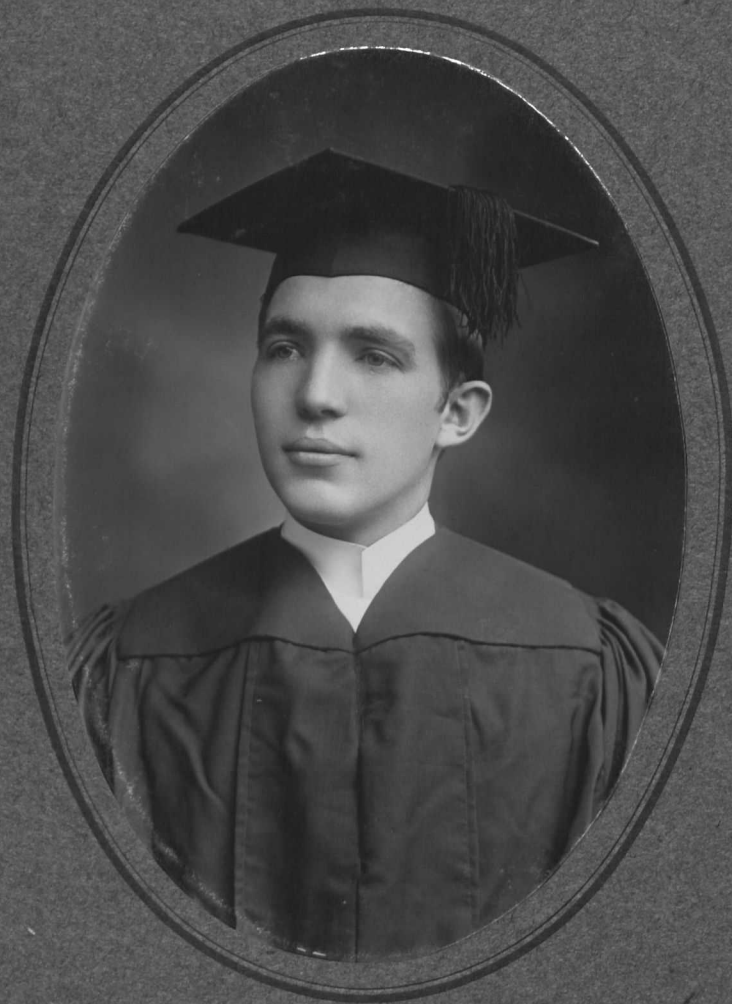
I met our friend Rowland in New York, the other day, at a convention of electrical engineers, and found him not the least among them. While he did not have very much to say, it could easily be seen from the deference paid him by the associates, that he was a power in the thought of the day in that phase of the world's activity. The election of officers was taking place, but I staid long enough to see Rowland elected president of the body. Since leaving College and taking his post-graduate course at Cornell, Rowland has been steadily climbing the ladder of success. Many inventions and improvements in electrical machinery have come from his clear brain and busy mind.

Of course friend Rowland did not remain in a state of single wretchedness any longer than possible,—he early got an help-meat,

*"To solace all the woes of life
And all its joys to share."*

Would you know whom she is? Ask Arthur.





DEAN SMITH—Central, Pa.—Feb. 19, 1885—I. L. S.

*" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."*

HISTORY

A few days after the arrival of this young man at college, one evening in the dining room a certain young lady asked "Who is that demure, unsophisticated lad at the Freshman table?" Whereupon she was informed that it was Dean Smith. The next question was "I wonder who he'll get a strike on?" The question now is, Who will he not get a strike on.

He entered college with the word "Development" as his ideal. He developed pictures, he developed mind, he developed body and he developed into quite a stage manager. His one craze (besides "the Eternal Question") has been the "camera question." He has been known to sit up half the night and actually to miss parlor in order to develop pictures. He has always been a firm and devoted Irving and an athlete of some note. He has never been without a "strike" and never ceases to smile at something, changing his 'strike' every term and sometimes twice a term. He had lying dormant in his nature a theatrical touch, which was brought out in his Senior year, when he participated in the Society play and made a final "hit."

PROPHECY

While walking along Broadway, New York, last week, my eyes were attracted to a brilliant sign on the opposite side of the street: "D. D. Smith Developing Company." The D. D. Smith was familiar; so was the Developing when taken in connection with the former, and I decided to cross the street and investigated. I mounted the stairs and knocked at the office door. A quick step and the door was opened by our old friend Smith! He has grown opulent since he has been out of college and is now developing—not pictures. Oh, no,—that's too slow for Dean—a splendid tract of real-estate a few miles up the Hudson. In the course of the conversation, I found out that he was putting through a deal to purchase three blocks in the lower part of the city and build some large office buildings on them. From his success in faking out Western Maryland Quartettes, and making money out of the venture, we are sure he will succeed in this large undertaking.

BERTIE LILLIAN STOLL—Brooklyn, Md. July 17, 1888.—P. L. S.

"We have friends who do merriment propose"

HISTORY

A man, a woman and an infantile maiden made their appearance at W. M. C. four years ago. The child remained, attracting very little attention, but soon our curiosity prompted us to ask who this is. "Her name is Bertie Lillian Stoll," we were told. After a year of careful guidance by her older sister, "Bert" began to rise in the world. In her Sophomore year she was elected Prophetess of the class; in her Junior year, represented her society in the annual contest; and in her Senior year, was honored with the office of President of Philo. Besides these she has held many minor offices; and with her skill in Elocution, won the gold medal in her Sophomore year. "Bert" has not, since we have known her, fallen a victim to Cupid's alluring charms, but on account of the warmth of her nature and the way (when she is ready) that she might become devoted, we feel like congratulating the lucky person.

PROPHECY

Five years had passed since her graduation, and a Red Cross nurse in the Philippines sat by the bedside of a patient, dreaming of her class-mates and wondering if her prophecies had come true. When her hour of duty was over, she went out into the tropical twilight. The moon was shining faintly yet bright enough for her to see the form of a soldier coming to meet her. The officer was one of Uncle Sam's most trusted lieutenants; the nurse was Bertie Stoll. The soldier stood for a moment looking into her brown eyes, then guided her to a seat under a great banyan tree. It took great eloquence and much persuasion to convince her that single bliss was not the greatest; but he had entered the fray determined to win, and before he left her that night she had offered her flag of truce. Some weeks afterward Bertie's friends in the States sent congratulations to the Philippines and immediately entered her name on the roll of the blessed. (?)





LETHA FAY STONER—Westminster Md.—Sept. 29, 1883—B. L. S.

*"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."*

HISTORY

Entering in the "Prep" year, Fay Stoner has also come to be somewhat of a land-mark. Our only Westminster girl, she has always been the "old reliable" for errands, news and chewing gum. When all were still and studious, Fay would instantly become prompted by that insatiable desire for fun and thereupon proceed to satisfy the desire. In spite of the protestations and threats of her irritated class-mates, she would begin by hiding books, shaking arms while writing, telling jokes and continuous ghost stories to an angry and disgusted crowd of girls. But what cared she, she had had her fun. Along with Fay's good-nature, she had a temper which caused all to stand in awe until the moment of irritation passed; then she would smile and be as gay as ever. She seems to be one of the few who can successfully have "two on a string." All means are resorted to. She becomes suddenly ill or called away or had an unexpected engagement; but we know there has never been a Sunday evening that did not develop into Monday morning before she retired. This is proved by her drowsy, tired appearance feeling in the class room. So deep in slumber was she one day in class, that when aroused she softly said "God bless the man that first invented sleep."

PROPHECY

The house of Mrs., ——— formerly Miss Fay Stoner of Westminster, Md., rings with the laughter and jest of a merry company. The hostess seems to be in the height of enjoyment, for she is never so happy as when she is surrounded by a number of gay young people. Her husband, a well-to-do traveling salesman, is usually not able to attend these pleasant gatherings. His duties as a business man keep him constantly on the road. For some reason or other his wife never seems to care to go with him, and as soon as he is gone, Fay takes the opportunity to entertain all her former friends and suitors. They are often surprised in the midst of these gatherings by her husband's unexpected arrival. Sad but very true, the only picture which looms up in the distance is one of a divorcee court.

ELIZABETH COWAN SOMERVILLE—Lonaconing, Md.—July 7, 1888
P. L. S.

"Better late than never."

HISTORY

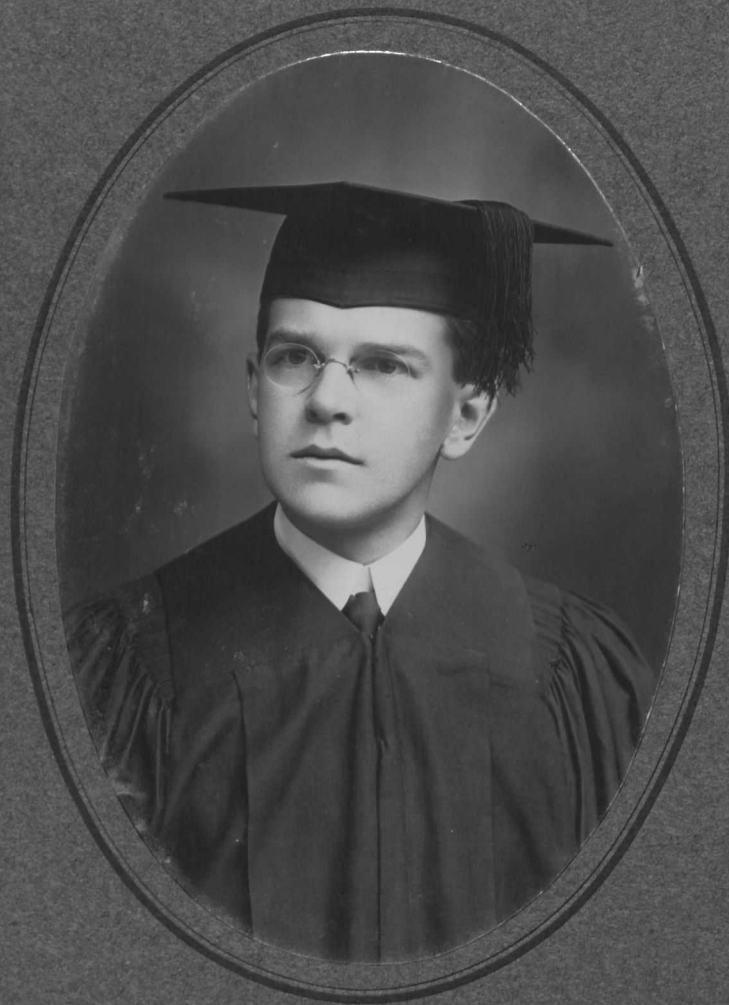
Late in the fall of 1907 came "Lizzie," from the little mining town of Lonaconing. Arriving at college late, this hustling, "bonnie Scotch lassie" has kept her record. She has never been known to be on time at meals, recitations, spreads, lectures or recitals, and, one day, when the appointed hour came and passed for the taking of a Senior picture, "Betty" was heard to exclaim in tardy tones, "Why didn't they wait for me?" Under the tender care of her helpful room-mate (for she needs a chaperone) she has faithfully performed the required duties creditably. She is enthusiastic in all her undertakings and her one aspiration is to be a nurse. One dark dreary night she was taken in J. G. C., but we can assure you that "she is all right now, girls."

"Parlor" has always been optional with her, yet she always felt that whenever she went she would be warmly welcomed by some lad, ranging from "Prep" to Senior. "Betty" has been a general favorite with the class, for the amusement she furnishes them; yet we can truly say, "A man's a man for a' that."

PROPHECY

In the little town of ——— there stands a very plain and unpretentious building which bears over the door these words, "Somerville Orphan Asylum." In the doorway stands a motherly little woman smiling placidly at a group of noisy little boys and girls who romp about her. The children are all arrayed in spotless attire, and seem to love their kind protector with all their hearts. As for "Betty," for she it really is, although calmed down considerably since the old college days, is perfectly happy, for she dotes on each child as if it were her own. Strange it is that "Betty" should have turned out such a different person from the gay, young girl she used to be. I have heard something whispered about, "disappointed in love" and "very sad affair", etc. So, although "Betty" has had many offers she has remained single, and always kept the memory of her young lover warm in her heart.





RONALDS TAYLOR—Inwood, N. Y.—Oct. 12, 1887—I. L. S.

"He is," says Goethe, "an eternal question, yet he has no faults or I no faults can see."

HISTORY

Fresh from the gay, busy and rushing life of New York State, came this bubbling piece of humanity, Ronalds Taylor. In a flutter, a commotion, in a thorough ferment did he enter the Freshman class and in just such a way has he spent his college career. To many who know him, and indeed to some of his closest friends, he appears somewhat of a question mark, but to others who have looked a little deeper he has been found thoroughly comprehensible. His reputation as a student is decidedly stable and he has maintained a high standing in his class throughout the course. His greatest aspiration has been to become a renowned orator. Having marked successful tendencies along that line, he twice represented his society and was twice alternate orator for the Inter-Collegiate Contest. His very attitude suggests "Bid me discourse and I will enchant thine ear." Although he may have possessed a heart, like many others of his species he is sadly lacking this organ. As to where to find the "missing link," we may only surmise that some fair damsel has Holt of it.

PROPHECY

For some years after his graduation, we lost track of Ronalds, and it was only by the chance perusal of the church announcements in the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," that we discovered his whereabouts. In that paper we saw the notice: Rev. Ronalds Taylor, Ph.D., D.D., will preach at the Lyceum this afternoon on "The Sin of Stretching the Truth." Well, we thought, "has he really come to regard it as a sin?" We attended the meeting and heard one of the severest denunciations of exaggeration that it has ever been our pleasure to listen to. The speaker cited several instances from his own observation, forcibly illustrating the evil of the practice.

Dr. Taylor occupies an influential place in the life of the city and his church, one of the largest in Cleveland, is usually crowded to hear him speak. His word is ably assisted by his wife whose Holt of affairs is as firm to-day as it was when in former days, she fixed her grasp on him.

THOMAS MARTIN TODD—Greenwood, Del.,—Mar. 3, 1875—I. L. S.

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

HISTORY

After successfully endeavoring to teach young ideas to shoot, Thomas Martin Todd, came to this institution four years ago to give his ideas a larger range for development. His good-nature and kind, genial disposition has made him a universal friend at college. He is an optimist of the highest order and proves by his life that "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." He is a true and tried Irving and his ability as a business manager has made him a very popular worker in Society. At the beginning of his course, he proved himself an athlete and played for a while on the foot-ball team. His appearance on the stage has always been looked forward to with more or less eagerness on account of the earnest and forcible manner in which he expressed himself. Cupid has once or twice tampered with his heart, but the inward voice whispers audible and clear: "Stand back, small boy, I have experience had."

PROPHECY

After leaving college, Todd taught for three years at X— College. Leaving that institution, he took up the study of law in Chicago University Law School, from which he graduated three years later, one of the honor men of his class. He returned to Delaware and took up the practice of law in Dover and to-day he is one of the leading lights of the legal profession in the State. While his practice has been confined almost wholly to his native State, yet he is well-known in the political life of the nation. He has twice represented his State in Congress as a member of the lower House, where his bitter attack upon the principle of protection brought his name very prominently before the people of the nation. It is said that he is slated to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Bacon and so popular is the Hon. Mr. Todd that he will probably serve for several years in the Senate.





JOHN SAMUEL TURNER—Baltimore, Md.—Aug. 24, 1888—W. L. S.

*"Greater men than I may have lived, but I doubt it,
For I tell you the earth did quake when I was born."*

HISTORY

From Baltimore, in the fall of 1904, came John Samuel Turner, with the attitude that great things were to be expected, and so they were. Characterized by this superfluity of self-confidence he has actually been called conceited. Apparently his lofty ideal is elocution and his heaven, the stage. There he philosophizes as did Caesar of old by saying: "I came, I saw, I conquered." With this aspiration, he helped win the contest for his society and represented the College in the State Inter-Collegiate Contest.

This "fusser of society" was also an athletic and took part in the different phases at College.

He knew something of Cupid's alluring charms. In his infancy at college he was captivated by a fair maid, "Kitty". This lasted until his departure from college. He no longer deigned to consider the foolish and frivolous maids of "the hill" but began the search of hearts "down town" where girls are more sensible and hospitable.

PROPHECY

The law firm of Briggs, Briggs and Turner, Baltimore, has delegated an important case to the junior partner, John Samuel Turner. The witnesses have been cross examined and the attorneys are ready for the summing up. The case is a desperate one, the prisoner at the bar is charged with murder and all the circumstances point to his guilt. The State Attorney has had his final word, and now Mr. Turner rises to speak. The audience restless from the long tense session, forgets the restlessness as the burning words fall from the lips of the speaker. Hate turns into pity, anger into commiseration and, when having concluded the speech, the jury returns a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' the crowd cheers with delight. Sam has been convincing people ever since he began his college course and he never fails to win even now that his audience is the court and his platform the lawyers stand.

ETHEL MOORE VAIL—Solomons, Md.—Apr. 17, 1890—P. L. S

*"She studied? heaven knows when.
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted sea."*

HISTORY

Down in Solomons, Md., five years ago there was "a sadness of farewell". This was little Ethel leaving for college. This modest, demure, little maid had her mind bent on knowledge, and ended her first year by leading her class. At the beginning of her Freshman year she began to take life easy, giving up the task of studying, and thus she has continued. O modest, kind-hearted, unspeakable Ethel, As unselfish as Jonathan,

"None knew her but to love her,
Nor named her but to praise."

In her quiet unassuming manner she has made a good record as a student. During her first three years at college this child's mind was never once turned to the thought of "strikes" or "parlor." To have a "strike" seemed the most impossible, improbable thing. But alas! wonders never cease. In her Junior year she began smiling at a class mate and thereupon lost her heart. The degree of intensity continued to increase until now we see Ethel and "Renny" firmly fixed in each others affections.

PROPHECY

If ever a person liked to be idle, that person was Ethel Moore Vail. After she left the halls of Western Maryland no little country school was graced by her presence as its "school-marm." Instead Ethel took to traveling. She first paid a long visit to her relation in New York, then visited all of her numerous friends and finally returned to her home in Maryland. After all these splendid opportunities of observing the ways in which others met the problems of life, Ethel changed her views entirely, and made up her mind that the quiet life at Solomons was not intended for her. After a great deal of deliberation she decided to take a "post graduate course in domestic science at Oxford, (Md)." a course that she has pursued with a great deal of success.





ANNE ARLINE WHITE—North East, Md.,—Aug. 24, 1883—B. L. S.

*"Her voice was ever sweet and low
An excellent thing in woman."*

HISTORY

From the quiet little town of North East, situated in the northern part of Cecil Co., came Anne A. White in the fall of 1905. Childlike and submissive in all her ways she soon began to be petted by a few fostering classmates and was thereupon classed among the "angels" of the dear preceptress. But alas! no sooner had she got the tag "angel" than she offended the solicitous preceptress by indulging in the wicked and unlawful pleasure of a midnight "spread." We soon found out after this, that quiet unassuming little Anne had a will of her own. She is a good student and her enthusiasm as a Society worker gave her the honor of being Browning's president. Her one aspiration is to be a renowned pianist and by the success she thus far has had in "clawing the ivories" we feel satisfied that her ideal will soon be realized. On first seeing "Nancy" we almost knew that the thought of strike was farthest from her mind; but we were mistaken, for in her Freshman year she condescended to smile for a while at a charming class-mate. This lasted but a short time. Since that time she resolved that without any more frivolity she would smile at Bob, which she has continued to do (at intervals). Yet we cannot but have, by some of her little speeches and actions, a slight idea that she sometimes has thoughts of some one else.

PROPHECY

In the music room of a tiny parsonage sits the minister's dignified young wife. She is playing softly an old love song, while the husband sits watching her fingers as they glide idly over the keys. The picture is one of perfect domestic happiness. As the young woman rises from the piano to go to her husband, we recognize the features of our old class-mate Anne Arline White. But ah, Anne, how is it that you are here, you, the mercenary Anne, who always declared you would never give your hand to any one unless he possessed great wealth? You must have changed greatly since those old school days.

Love will do wondrous things and usually it is for the best. Anne is now happy and content, doing all she can for the poor people of her husband's parish and making an ideal minister's wife.

VERGIE ADAMS WILLIAMS—Federalburg, Md.—June 10, 1888—P. L. S

"Seek and ye shall find."

HISTORY

Three years ago, down in Federalburg, Vergie left home and its surrounding pleasures, protections and comforts, and came to W. M. C. here to drink of the fountain of knowledge. Being always studious she entered the Sophomore class and by her characteristic studiousness and earnestness won the medal for that year's work. In her Junior year she was made President of the Y. W. C. A. which office she filled sincerely and faithfully. Vergie is somewhat of an athlete, her best accomplishment along this line being made in the basket-ball games. Besides, she is quite domestic. Enter her room when you would, if she was not studying, she would be making a waist for Mamma, Eva or Mary, or for herself; or, if not doing this, she would be busily engaged in fixing or planning to fix the room differently. She was one of the few who helped to preserve the Senior dignity.

In her Sophomore year she had a "strike" on a fair class-mate. This became monotonous and he (?) just simply "cut out" smiling; but the following valentine day she received an invitation to the Junior Banquet neatly enclosed in twenty-four small boxes. This, it worked out, was a charm of the gods, that she should smile at the sender until the fate should decree otherwise. The fates have been kind and Vergie still basks in the warmth and sunshine of heavenly smiles.

PROPHECY

Passing by the open door of the kindergarten at B——, in the year 1910, one might have heard the hum of children's voices as they repeated their lessons in concert. A neat white clad figure passes here and there between the rows of little benches, sharpening pencils or correcting papers, helping the little ones over all the difficult places and leaving them happier and brighter for having come in contact with her. Vergie Adams Williams, for it is she, was so greatly loved by all her pupils and so much in love with the work itself, that it was fully expected that she would keep her position for many years. But such was not to be, for hardly two years had passed when Vergie sent this letter to one of the School Commissioners:

"Mr. B,

Dear Sir,—Owing to certain domestic duties, I find it impossible to continue teaching, and herewith tender my resignation.

Yours truly,

Vergie R - - - - (nee) Williams."





EOLIN DOROTHY WITT—Mayo, Md.—Apr. 28, 1889—P. L. S.

*"If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me,
I had it from my father."*

HISTORY

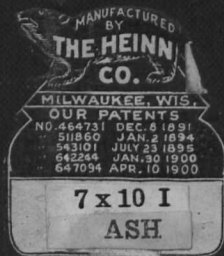
Last, but by no means least among us is Eolin D. Witt. In Mayo, Md. she was born a little more than ten years ago, and, after receiving there all the knowledge that could be obtained, came to the fount of learning, Western Md. College. Quiet and undemonstrative at first, it was some time before this genius made her presence felt. But when her true worth was known, she became the source of many good jokes and bright remarks. Especially was she instrumental in helping the girls at the table to pass away thirty minutes which otherwise might have been spent in lecturing the well-known "Mr. Whitmore." In her Junior and Senior years she seemed to become inspired with superhuman power, for she would receive A's on her report as if by magic charm. She was in the habit of taking occasional balloon ascensions (that is whenever a certain young man's name was mentioned.) Eolin was a splendid athlete and we always felt sure of winning a game when she was in her place. It may truly be said of her that:

*"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."*

PROPHECY

And now I come to Eolin Dorothy Witt the last of the girls but by no means the least, just because her name began with a W., Eolin had to come last on all occasions. She decided to get ahead of the class for once, and so was the first to be married. But Eolin loved her last name so well that she did not even take the trouble to change it. Witt she was and Witt she shall be ever more. This may seem strange but it can easily be explained when I tell you that Eolin's policy always was, "It 'aint no harm to hug and kiss your cousin." Eolin fully expected to teach school, at least she said so, but 'twas hardly a year before she gave up teaching altogether and she is now living on a big farm in Anne Arundel County, Md.

André Gide



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