













Press of The Chas. Th. Elliott Co., Philadelphia.

Arelives UPUB S35.011 1897

'Tis six o'clock—the morning sun Begins his daily course to run, The dying stars, the glowing light All bid good-bye to fleeing Night.

The college building on the hill Stands secluded, distant, still: Stands among the oaks forlorn Nor heeds the breaking of the morn.

For half an hour I stand and gaze
And through the dreamy morning haze,
A sound of music comes to me—
I listen, 'tis the Reveille.

To

Mr. Levin Lake, Sr.

Of Glen=arm, Baltimore Co., Mo.

This work is most respectfully dedicated as a token of our esteem and appreciation of the many benefits secured for us by him.



EVIN LAKE, of Gleu-arm, Baltimore Co., Md. was born at Cambridge, Md., in 1842. He took an active part in the late war, running the blockade in 1861, and entering the artillery service in Virginia with the rank of lieutenant, at the close of the war he had advanced to the command of all the picket forces from the Spanish Fort to Point Clear on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay.

Since then he has been in active business both in New York and Baltimore, standing in the foremost rank of influential business men since his advent into business life.

He served as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural College in '95 and '96 under Governor Brown, and by his interest in the welfare of old M. A. C. has secured for us advantages, which shall never be forgotten.

It is the lament of every student that he is not still a member of that honorable body.



LEVIN LAKE, SR.





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The Cditors' pology.



E TAKE great pleasure in modestly offering to the patrons and students of our college the REVEILLE—the result of sincere persistency and untiring efforts on the part of the Class of Ninety-seven.

In the production of an annual ours has been no light task. Foremost among the difficulties with which we had to deal was our lack of time, due to circumstances which we could not control. Never before in the history of our college had any class conceived of this praiseworthy idea; and so the path to its successful execution was not lighted by the never failing lamp of experience.

As Juniors we first bethought ourselves of this commendable work, and labored with honest efforts in behalf of its accomplishment, but failed.

Upon becoming Seniors, undaunted as we were by the failure of the preceeding year, and still cherishing dearly the hope of erecting for ourselves this imperishable monument, we again entered upon the work with renewed vigor, and now feel no little gratification in having accomplished its successful achievement.

Besides serving to satiate our well-aimed ambition, we hope that the REVEILLE may awaken such interest among our fellow students as to insure the continuance of the work which it has been our great pleasure to inaugurate. Furthermore may it reflect deserving credit on our college and lend a helping hand in carrying forward its standard of prosperity.

We wish to express our indebtedness to those members of the alumni who have so kindly responded to to our call for aid, and we can but hope that our publication may recall to them fond recollections of the past-associated with their stay at old M. A. C.

We finally entreat leniency on the part of our critics, and trust that they may be able to accord us the success which has been our great ambition to gain, and for which we have striven with unrelenting care and vigor.



THE MAIN BUILDING.



The Paryland Pricultural College.

BY PRESIDENT R. W. SILVESTER.

HE Maryland Agricultural College was the second technical Agricultural College established in the United States. It owes its inception to the wisdom and energy of a party of Maryland gentlemen who, recognizing the great advantage to agriculture and to the State of such provision for scientific training for the sons of farmers, petitioned the Legislature in 1856 for an act of incorporation of an Agricultural College.

This petition was met by an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, dated March 6, 1856, and containing the following general provisions for the establishment of a College of Agriculture and a Model Farm. That as soon as two thousand shares of stock, of the value of \$25 a share should be subscribed for the purpose, the subscribers should be incorporated into a company to be known as The Maryland Agricultural College. The direction of the corporation was to be placed in the hands of twenty-two trustees, to be selected from the stock-

holders, which Trustees should purchase land and cause the necessary buildings to be erected, should select a President and Faculty, and generally control and direct the affairs of the institution. The express purpose of the college was defined to be: "To instruct the youthful student in those arts and sciences indispensible to successful agricultural pursuit."

The original charter members of the corporation were: James T. Earle, John O. Wharton, Nicholas B. Worthington, Charles B. Calvert, George W. Hughes, W. W. W. Bowie, Ramsay McHenry, J. Carroll Walsh and A. B. Davis.

The necessary amount of stock was soon subscribed and the Board of Trustees organized, with the Hon. Charles B. Calvert as its first president. The matter of the selection of a suitable location for the college presented considerable difficulty, many estates being considered in different parts of the State. After much discussion, the farm of-

fered by Mr. Charles B. Calvert, a part of the Riversdale estate in Prince George's County, was finally agreed upon. The corner-stone of the college building was laid, with appropriate ceremony on August 24, 1857. While the building was still in process of construction, work was begun upon the farm, looking to its preparation for the experimental work required by the charter to be conducted upon it. The building was completed in the following year, and the college was formally opened in October, 1859. Much interest was manifested by the people of the State in the enterprise. Endorsements of the plan of work were publicly made by business and agricultural organizations, and valuable contributions to the farm and college equipment were received unsolicited from private individuals. Among the most generous friends of the college should be mentioned Dr. William N. Mercer, of New Orleans, whose gifts of books and money were of inestimable benefit to the college in its youth.

The first President was Prof. Benjamin Hallowell, a teacher of reputation in the State and in the District of Columbia. He was an able executive officer, and served the greater part of two years, refusing all compensation for his services. The original Faculty of the College consisted of

the President, who was also Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; Dr. B. Loomis, Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages; Dr. George C. Schaeffer, Professor of Agriculture and the Natural Sciences; and Prof. H. Dorsey Gough, Professor of Mathematics and the Exact Sciences. Each Trustee was empowered to designate students for admission from his own county. Students were to be required to perform practical farm work. The college thus began its career auspiciously.

Three years after its opening, in 1862, the Congress of United States passed the first act providing for the endowment of Agricultural Colleges. The fact is worthy of being emphasized here that Maryland did not wait for Federal aid in the establishment of such an institution, but before the passage of the Act of 1862, by the generosity and public spirit of her private citizens and the wisdom and foresight of her Legislature, had established and put into practical operation a college whose primary object was to develop her agricultural interests by training young men in those departments of science which should fit them for the successful pursuit of agriculture. Thus the Maryland Agricultural College is not, strictly speaking, a "Land-grant College" in its origin, but rather a beneficiary of the Land Grant of 1862.





By this act every State in which an Agricultural College was established, or was to be established, received unclaimed Western land to the amount of 30,000 acres for each representative in Congress; the proceeds from the sale of this land, in place or scrip, to be invested in Government or State bonds paying not less than 5 per cent., as a permanent endowment for such College. The Legislature of Maryland accepted the land so granted, in scrip, and designated the Maryland Agricultural College as the beneficiary thereof. Owing to the depressed condition of land values at the time that this scrip was sold, 1865, but comparatively little was realized from the sale in all about \$112,000. This was invested in State bonds, yielding a little more than \$6,000 per annum in the way of income to the college. At the time of the receipt of this important addition to its income the college had already broadened the sphere of its work, and had provided a somewhat elaborate course of instruction. While the agricultural features of the course were still preserved, considerable attention was paid to the literary branches and the classics, and the degrees of A.B., A.M. and Ph.B. were conferred. But in 1865, the hard times and the unsettled state of affairs in Maryland, consequent upon the Civil war, had reduced the attendance at the college and

brought its finances to so low a point that it was found necessary to apply to the State for aid. The State came to the assistance of the college, becoming part owner of the land and property of the corporation, binding itself to an annual appropriation for its support, thus securing the right of representation on the Board of Control. Since that time several changes have been made in the composition of the Board. At present it is constituted as follows. The Governor of the State is ex-officio president of the Board; the other State officers who are ex-officio members are the Comptroller, the Attorney-General, the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Delegates. Besides this representation the Governor appoints six visitors and the stockholders elect five.

In 1887 Congress passed a second important act in aid of the agricultural interests of the States, appropriating \$15,000 a year for the establishment and maintenance of Agricultural Experiment Stations. The Maryland Station was located on the college farm, and was made a department of the college. In 1892 the Board of Trustees so far separated it from the college as to put it under a special Director, who is directly responsible to the Board.

Again in 1892 the Federal Government showed its disposition to tavor the colleges of Agriculture

N

and the Mechanic Arts. By the act of that year a sum of \$15,000, to be increased by \$1,000 each year until the sum of \$25,000 was reached, was granted to each State to be applied to the further equipment and support of the Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges. The terms of this act especially designate the purposes for which the fund so granted shall be used. Its meaning admits of no doubt as to the intention of its author, Senator Morrill, of Vermont. The primary object of this legislation is the development of the Departments of Agriculture and Mechanical Engineering. Maryland, as was the case in all the States in which there is a considerable negro population, in order to comply with the terms of the Acf of Congress, divided this fund between the State Agricult ral College and a somewhat similar institution for the education of negroes. This college is located at Princess Anne, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

It would be idle in this sketch to relate in detail the fortunes of the Agricultural College since its beginning in 1858. Like all such institutions it has had its periods of reverses and of prosperity. At times it has apparently departed widely from the intention of its founders. For the last few years, at least, its tendency has been to emphasize more and more those peculiar branches of education which distinguish it from colleges offering a liberal education.

During the past five years the record of the college has been one to which the State can point with pride, a fact in no slight degree due to the efforts of Ex-Governor Frank Brown and his associates, who during the entire time of their connecnection with the college, took an active interest in its affairs and nobly seconded the efforts of the President and the Faculty. This policy, under Governor Lloyd Lowndes and his associates is being continued, as is evident by the building of a Chemical Laboratory, the establishment of the Department of Farmers' Institute and the creation of the Department of State Entomology. Under such favorable auspices the institution must continue to grow, and reach a status of being the most important factor in the agricultural development of the State. During the present administration the attendance has averaged about 125 students a year. There is every reason to believe that this number could have been materially increased, but for lack of accommodations.

The curriculum at present embraces five distinct courses of instruction: An Agricultural Course, a short Winter Agricultural Course, a Scientific Course, a Mechanical Course, and a Classical Course.

The percentage of students pursuing the Agricultural Course compares most favorably with that in any Agricultural College in the East, while the percentage of those in the Mechanical Course is greater than in most of the Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges. The Chemical Department is second to none in the State, outside of the University. The departments of Biology, of Entomology, of Botany and Horticulture and of Physics have been particularly objects of a care in development. A wellplanned and well-equipped Mechanical building has been erected, and the course in Mechanical Engineering is proving most successful in its results. A new building for the Chemical Department, which has outgrown its old quarters, has just been completed. A large green-house has recently been added to the facilities for instruction in the Horticultural department.

One prominent feature of the college work is the Military department. The students are under the control of an officer of the regular Army, and are instructed in the manual of arms and the maneuvers of the battalion. The Board of Trustees have recently directed that the military work of the year be completed by a week of encampment of the cadet corps. Physical culture is provided for by the maintenance of an excellent gymnasium, where regular instruction is given by a Professor of Athletics. The College Library, while still small, is a most serviceable one, and is well and comfortably located in the second story of the new Gymnasium building.

The future of the college will be what the people of the State choose to make it. To-day it is better prepared to take up the work of education along scientific, mechanical and liberal lines where the public schools of the State leave off than at any other stage of its histor. Supported in part by the State, in part by the Federal Government, it owes a duty to each, a duty which it can best perform by living up in spirit as well as in letter to the provisious of that charter, the work of its wise and far-sighted founders, to which it owes its being.



R. W. SILVESTER, *President*, Professor of Mathematics.

RICHARD H. ALVEY, Vice-President, Professor of English and Civics.

CLOUGH OVERTON, 1st Lieut., U. S. Cavalry, Commandant of Cadets.

Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

W. T. L. TALIAFERRO, Professor of Agriculture.

JAMES S. ROBINSON, A. B., Professor of Botany.

H. GWINNER, Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

H. M. STRICKLER, A. B., Professor of Physical Culture.

F. P. VEITCH, B. S., Assistant in Chemistry.

MARTIN P. SCOTT, B. S., M. D., Professor of Natural History.

H. G. WELTY, Professor of Physics.

S. S. BUCKLEY, B. S., D. V. S., Professor of Veterinary Science.

H. C. SHERMAN, B. S., M. S.,*
Assistant in Chemistry.

H. B. McDonnell, B. S., M. D., Professor of Chemistry.

THOMAS H. SPENCE, Professor of Languages.

W. G. JOHNSON, B. S., Professor of Entomology.

HENRY T. HARRISON,
Principal of Preparatory Department.

F. B. Bomberger, B. S., Assistant in Chemistry.

W. W. SKINNER, B. S., Assistant in Chemistry. J. R. LAUGHLIN, B. S., Assistant in Chemistry.

^{*} Granted leave of absence to pursue special study at Columbia University.



THE FACULTY.





Chee hing, chee hing,
Chee ha! ha! ha!
Maryland Agricultural College,
Rah! rah! rah!

One a-zip, two-a-zip,
Zippy, zippy, zam.
(Opposing team) ain't worth a
Um! yenh! yenh!

Chick-a-chick-a boom!
Chick-a-chick-a boom!
Chick-a-chick-a-chick-a-chick-a,
Boom! boom! boom!
Rah! rah! rah!
Rah! rah! rah!
Maryland Agricultural College,
Sis! boom! ah!

Fee, fie, fo, fum;
Bim, bam, bim, bum!
Hi, yi, ip, see?
M. A. C.!

Skin-ah-ma-rink, ...rin-ah-ma-rink, Tad-dah hoo-da-dah flehmy! Flippy-ty flop, We're on top, Sis! boom! rah!

Hippity huss!
Hippity huss!
What in the h——l's the matter with us?
Nothing at all,
Nothing at all,
We're the boys who play (base, foot) ball!

Hella-ba-loo! hooray! hooray! Hella-ba-loo! hooray! hooray! Hooray! hooray! M. A. C. A. A.!

Wishy-go-wish, go-wish, go-wish, Wishy-go-wish, go-wish; Holly wolly, gee golly,
Um-m-m!

Ching, ching, ching;
Chow, chow, chow.
(Opposing team)
B-o-w, w-o-w, w-o-w!

Holy gee!
Who are we?

Who are we? We're the boys of M. A. C.



CLASS COLORS: Navy Blue and White.

Motto: "Omnes uni, et unus omnibus."

CLASS YELL.—Razzie, dazzle, Fizzle, gee! Ninety-seven, M. A. C.

Officers.

GARRIE K. W. SCHENCK, President.

HARRY HEWARD, Vice-President.

GRENVILLE LEWIS, Secretary and Treasurer.

Class Roll.

C. B. Calvert, Jr. John D. Cronmiller. Albert S. Gill. N. Howard Gill. J. George R. Graham.

HARRY HEWARD. GRENVILLE LEWIS, JR. E. PARKE LINDSAY.

BERT S. NELLIGAN. FABIAN POSEY. C. JURNINGHAM QUEEN. G. K. W. SCHENCK. FRANKLIN SHERMAN, JR. BENJAMIN WATKINS, JR. WILLIAM S. WEEDON. HARRY T. WELTY. GILBERT H. WHITEFORD.



THE CLASS OF '97.



Class Sistery and Dropheey.

WAS not so very long ago; only four years; and yet it seems much longer to us; since we began our course at the college, a lot of green and unsophisticated Freshmen, unacquainted with bedslats as weapons of offense, and unacquainted with the customs and habits of that crowd of dignified individuals whom we soon learned were the Sophomores.

Experience is the best, if also the most severe, of all teachers, and e'er long we began to look upon that gang of brutes, (as we then considered them) as being hardly fit to be classed among civilized beings. We thought that it had come to an issue and that the biological law relating to the "Survival of the Fittest" would surely be most applicable to our class.

It was painful in the extreme to be obliged to rise from our comfortable cots in the dead of night,

and address a crowd of persons who were masked beyond recognition, meanwhile suffering all the torture that a strong arm, with a bedslat at the end of it, could inflict. Some of our members had, it is true, suffered all this the previous year, in the Preparatory Department; but that feeling of class fellowship, which has always been a noticable characteristic of our class, made it hard for them to see their fellows mistreated.

"All things come round to him who will but wait" is an old adage, and when the September of another year rolled around, we found ourselves as dignified and as overbearing as our predecessors had been, and woe to the vile and verdant Freshman who dared to cross our path. New faces appeared among us that year, Gardiner, Lewis, Heward, Posey, Queen, Welty and Dorsey were added to our list.

Gardiner, we are sorry to say, being afflicted with weak eyes, was obliged to leave us early in the year, leaving behind him many friends.

That year was not particularly eventful for us in any respect. The various studies with which we had to deal were laboriously passed over, and many were the sighs of relief when, examinations over, we dispersed to our homes for the summer vacation.

But more numerous than the sighs of relief at vacation, were the sighs of sorrow drawn from us at the news of the death of our class mate, Richard Luke Dorsey.

Completing his course in the Sophomore year to the perfect satisfaction of every one, with life and all its promises bright before him, he was stricken down during the summer of '95 by lightning.

We do not like to refer to this painful subject, yet we owe it as a tribute of respect to his parents and friends, and to his spotless character. We, as his friends and class mates will ever hold him dear in our memory, and the name of Dorsey will ever be tenderly revered by us.

One new face greeted us in our class-rooms upon our return, Weedon, of Baltimore, being the individual. Owing to various causes, too numerous to mention in detail, our number had now decreased

to seventeen, and the roll of our class for that year was the same in every particular, that it is to-day. Calvert, Cronmiller, Gill, A. S., Gill, N. H., Graham, Heward, Lewis, Lindsay, Nelligan, Posey, Queen, Schenck, Sherman, Watkins, Weedon, Welty, Whiteford. How easy it is to recite the roll by heart! How firmly has each one impressed the others with his character!

Another nine months battle, another victory won, and when we returned the following autumn, all seventeen were present to answer to their names.

Yes, we are proud of our record. Have we not the right to be, when, after so long and hard a struggle we have succeeded in bringing the entire class to graduation?

This year, like the rest, has been, in most particulars, without especial interest. Our fears and hopes have alternated in their rise and fall, but, as perseverance always wins, so we have at last won the race, and stand before you, a class of seventeen, united in good feeling and class fellowship, ready to take our place before the world, to conquer coming difficulties.

Calvert, of College Park, has been with us throughout our college course. His livliness and fun have been highly appreciated by us, and he has done much to cheer us in our fits of despondency.

Cronmiller, of Laurel, Maryland, entered at the same time, and has at all times, been known as a boy decidedly partial to the gentler sex. His excellency in Latin has never been doubted. He is the class musician, and has always been in the lead in social affairs in the college.

Gill, A. S., of Baltimore, entered the Freshman class and has risen steadily upward. Has managed both foot-ball and base ball teams with great success and as Treasurer of the Athletic Association, is without an equal.

Gill, N. H., of Baltimore, entered the same year with his brother. The most of his attention has been attracted by the Rossbourg Club, of which he has been treasurer, and other social affairs, in which has always taken great interest.

Graham, of Queen Anne's County, has been with us from the first and has held several positions of confidence among the students.

Heward, entering the Sophomore, has been with us from that time. He has played foot-ball with zest, and has won the good-will of all.

Lewis, of Washington, is our athletic leader. Foot-ball, base ball and track athletics have all been

encouraged by him and much credit is due to him from this department.

Lindsay, of Portsmouth, Virginia, has been here from the first. He had never taken any active part in any social or athletic events, but by his good humor and kindness has won many friends.

Nelligan, of Washington, takes much interest in athletics and by his pluck and energy on the foot-ball field, has gained a circle of friends.

Posey, of Charles County, has been a faithful classical student from the time of his entrance, and his friends among the students will be sorry to see him go.

Queen, of Prince George, has won friends on the foot-ball field as well as in all places where he is known.

Schenck, of Brooklyn, New York, has been the recognized leader of the class in all matters pertaining to its general welfare. He has led us in the drill and has presided over more meetings of our class than any other member.

Sherman, of Fairfax Co., Va., was among the few who have risen from the Preparatory Department to the Senior class. He has been a member of both the base ball and foot-ball teams. He also has pronounced literary tastes.

Watkins, of Anne Arundel County, a member both of the foot-ball and baseball team, has many true friends.

Weedon, of Baltimore, entering the Junior year, has only been with us a short time, yet his skill with the pen and brush has won him many admirers among the students.

* * * * *

A few years ago, while traveling in India, through the upper part of the fertile valley of the Ganges, I became possessed of a strong desire to penetrate the Himalaya Mountains, in the region of Thibet, and at once proceeded to satisfy my desire, accompanied by a guide upon whom I imposed great trust.

As we ascended into the highlands I found the people more and more interesting. Their huts, and their shy manners aroused my curiosity, and I resolved not to return to the valley until I had completely explored these parts.

Many odd people live in these mountains, fiuding sustenance in the products of their flocks, which afford them but a simple existence, at best.

It was while roaming through one of the large forests which abound in this region, that I became

Welty, of Prince George's County, entered as a Sophomore, and has gained a host of friends during his stay with us.

Whiteford, of Baltimore County, has been with us from the first; his steady habits, and untiring industry have attracted the attention, and commanded the admiration of all who know him.

separated from my guide. At first I took no notice of the fact, supposing that he had taken to some side path and would rejoin me in a few moments. Several minutes passed, and I saw nothing of him. I called. No answer. I called again. Still no answer. I then shouted at the top of my voice, but no answer came.

I was now becoming frightened, and began to fear that he might have been fallen upon and killed, or, even worse, he might have intentionally deserted me. I shuddered at the thought. It was a good five miles to the camp, and I was by no means certain that I could find the way, so it was not without some apprehension that I turned to retrace my steps.

I had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when 1 saw the figure of an old man standing by

the roadside some distance ahead. He quietly awaited my approach, but when I was within a few yards of him, he mysteriously disappeared. I was surprised at the incident but continued on my way-

I had gone only a short distance further, when I saw him again standing ahead of me, on the same side of the road as before. I was beginning to be suspicious, and was about to draw my pistol, when he disappeared as mysteriously as before. This thoroughly alarmed me, and I advanced, pistol in hand, determined to fire, should that suspicious individual appear again. He did appear again, exactly as before, but e'er I could raise my weapon, he gently beckoned me to come to him. Fearing to disobey, I approached. He said not a word, but led the way through the forest by a path hitherto unknown to me. Along this path he advanced about half a mile, I following at a distance of about a couple of yards. He halted before a bluff which rose abruptly to the height of nearly a hundred feet.

Glancing behind, as if in tear that we had been followed, he proceeded to the face of the bluff.

I wondered what new surprise awaited me, and was making up my mind to be prepared for anything, when my new guide drew from a pouch, which hung from his side, a thin piece of iron. With this he gently struck a pin which I had not before noticed, which fitted into a hole bored in the solid rock. The pin slid back, and then, inserting the piece of iron in a crack in the rock, he surged back with all his strength. Slowly, slowly the crack widened, and then suddenly a large slab of rock flew out, revealing a doorway. The slab seemed to be fitted with hinges of some description, which I did not take the time to examine.

He entered, and motioned me to follow. Not a word said either of us. Once inside, he lighted a small taper and cautiously proceeded.

The air was damp, but cool and fresh, and the walls appeared to be covered with inscriptions, which I was unable to decipher, owing to the dim light. The floor of the passage was smooth, and seemed to slant downwards. Upon advancing about two hundred yards, we came to a circular chamber about twenty feet in diameter, which was illuminated by light from the sun which gained access to the chamber by means of a hole about ten feet in diameter which extended directly upwards to the surface of the earth, a distance which I estimated to be about two hundred feet.

He now turned to me with a smile on his countenance. It was the first time I had had the opportunity to closely examine him.

I was in the presence of a man of about seventy years, but strong and hearty in appearance, despite his slight build. His color was a dark brown, of a shade which told me at once that he was at least of Indian descent. His hair was long and gray, and gathered into a ball on the back of his head, where it was held in place by a strand of coarse linen cord. His dress was somewhat after the style of the Turk, a tunic of brown material and a turban of red. I was pondering upon these facts when I was startled from my reverie by the sound of his voice, which I now heard for the first time.

"Know ye" he said in the Indian tongue "that thou hast fallen in with a great magician! Behold!" and he threw a handful of red powder in an urn which stood in the centre of the chamber.

A dense smoke arose, and my eyes naturally followed it. "Behold" he repeated, "thou shalt see strange things."

A wondrous sight did indeed await me. In the midst of the smoke I saw the face and form of my friend and classmate Charles Baltimore Calvert, Jr., with a law-book under his arm and the scales of Justice in his hand. Only for a moment did this vision remain, but I remember it distinctly. I now turned to my companion, and was about to ask for an explanation, but he, seeming to divine my intention, spoke before I could question.

"Thou shalt know, within a short time, the future of each of thy classmates revealed in the smoke of these powders. Behold!"

With these words he threw on another handful of powder, and another cloud arose.

This time the scene was shifted to Washington city, before the main entrance to the Capitol Building. A cab was standing near by, and the driver seemed to be waiting for some passenger. A thunderous applause rang out from the Senate wing of the building, and a few moments later, amid the enthusiastic cheers of a delighted multitude, my classmate, Cronmiller, emerged from the building and entering the cab, was driven away.

I was now so much interested that I hardly noticed the new handful of powder which my companion now used. I only perceived, that with each change of scene it was necessary for him to use a different kind of powder.

In the cloud which now arose I could see a vision of one section of Baltimore city. But one glance told me that it was the great business centre of the town. Lawyers' offices seemed to be abundant, and the various signs hung out seemed to tell

of great competition for the best trade. In the midst of all this I saw one office which displayed no sign, and yet it seemed to be greatly patronized.

Presently a dignified personage emerged from the office and walked up the street. I could not obtain a very satisfactory view of his face, but it was enough to recognize my friend, A. S. Gill.

In the smoke which next arose I saw a beautiful country landscape. A pretty cottage, in the midst of a grove of verdant trees, surrounded by all that contributes to the beauty and attractiveness of a country home.

Large herds of cattle grazed in the meadows, while in the broad and fertile fields the ripening grain waved gracefully in the Summer breeze. My attention was drawn to the tall and graceful figure of a man who was walking leisurely about among the vines and shrubs surrounding the cottage, accompanied by a lady who was evidently of about the same age.

It required but a moment for me to recognize N. H. Gill, and the lady, I was informed, was the lady of the house. I was loth to leave this pretty scene, but other sights awaited me.

Next came a view of a part of one of the small towns on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. An excited crowd had gathered upon the street, while one in the centre was engaged in telling of some thrilling incident.

"Yes, everybody thought he was past all hope. His breath came in short quick gasps. The doctors had given him up as a dying man. All except one, and that one was Doctor Graham, who declared that he would remain to the last, and it was owing to his efforts that the man regained consciousness and was started on the way to recovery."

The scene was now changed to that of the ocean, where the waves rose and fell with all the regularity of clock-work. One beautiful craft was speeding on its way over the surface of the water. It was close enough for me to be able to read the name—The Harry Heward. The ship, I was told had been named in honor of its captain, who had done good service for his country on the revenue cutter force.

The scene was now changed to that of a large and level field, covered with a soft carpet of grass. The ground was laid off to represent a foot-ball field.

Around the sides of the field were scats enough to accommodate thousands of spectators, and they were filled to their utmost capacity. Presently the two opposing teams appeared upon the field, and at the first rush, a tall athletic figure, bearing the ball, waded through the opposing line and carried the ball to the goal while the air was rent with cries for "Lewis!"

I was now transported to the town of Portsmonth, Virginia, and upon a tall building which seemed crowded with patrons, I saw five words painted, "Lindsay & Company, Wholesale Druggists." One glance told me of great success, and again the scene changed.

Another handful of powder, being added a vision of a large hallway appeared before me, which was occupied by about fifty enthusiastic young men, who were poring over papers containing the examinations for the Civil Service. The conductor of the examination, I was informed, was no other than Mr. Nelligan, who was one of the leaders in all matters pertaining to the Civil Service of the country.

I was now taken into a court room, where a vast multitude was assembled. An enthusiastic speech was being made by one of the lawyers, and at the close loud cheers were given. The jury retired, and soon brought in a verdict of "not guilty." An innocent man had been saved from the gallows by Mr. Posey.

Again a scene before me of a country cottage, and green fields of grass and grain. The owner of this farm I found to be Mr. C. J. Queen, and

I was told of large profits which rewarded his efforts.

The scene changed to New York City, and a vision of a large residence arose before me. While I was admiring the structure a cab drove rapidly up to the door and halted. Mr. Schenck, lately retired surgeon of the army, alighted, and started toward the door. He was met upon the threshhold by a lady who was evidently his chosen companion.

The next scene which presented itself was also in New York City, this time being the office of the editor of one of the leading magazines. I had no difficulty in recognizing the chief editor, Mr. Sherman. On his desk lay several volumes of his poems.

Again the scene shifted to the country with green fields and large barns well filled with all that a good farm produces. Mr. Watkins, I was told, was the owner.

The scene now changed to a chemical laboratory, which was fitted with all the appliances for the best of work. Many new and valuable discoveries had been made within this laboratory, and the profits of the tall doctor who had made them, had been large. At this moment the doctor himself entered. One glance was sufficient for me to recognize my old classmate Weedon.

With the addition of a new handful of powder, a new scene appeared.

The Mississippi rolled his mighty flood with all his old-time majesty, but it was spanned from one side to the other by a massive bridge. I started to cross and was about in the centre, when I noticed the large sign-board on one side of the bridge, "Welty & Company, Architects and Contractors."

Next I saw the long and well-filled shelves of a modern book store. One volume attracted my attention. Upon questioning as to the author, I was told that Mr. Whiteford was now one of the greatest philosophers and scientists of the day, and that his works were in great demand, but none attracted more attention than the volume before me.

* * * * *

Having thus obtained an adequate knowledge of the future of the class of ninety-seven, I turned to my companion, who was watching me with his characteristic smile.

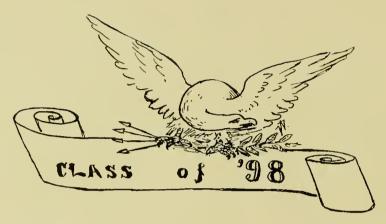
"Well," said he, "what thinkest thou?"

I could hardly reply, but expressed my gratitude to the best of my ability.

He now proceeded to wrap a dark cloth over my head so that I could see nothing. Suddenly I felt myself lifted into the air, and in another moment I was on the earth again, but both cloth and magician had disappeared.

Before me was the camp, and I saw my faithful guide pacing anxiously to and fro, before his tent, and then it began to dawn upon me that his disappearance was also the work of the magician, I walked into camp where I was welcomed by my guide, who was becoming alarmed at my prolonged absence. He asked no questions, and I told him nothing, but that night I jotted down the facts, as here related, in my note-book, which I have kept to the present day.

HISTORIAN AND PROPHET.



Mотто: Quocumque nos feret Fortuna bona eamus.

CLASS COLORS: Buff and Maroon.

CLASS YELL: Razzle, dazzle, ki, yi, yate, Hokum, skokum, '98.

Class Officers.

J. H. MITCHELL, President.

W. C. NESBITT, Vice-President.

G. Peterson, Secretary and Treasurer.

Class Roll.

ALNUTT.	Dennison.	MITCHELL.	Ковв.
BARNETT.	Dickerson.	MULLER.	RIDGELY.
Burroughs.	Houston.	PETERSON.	ROBERTSON.
CAMERON.	LILLIBRIDGE.	NESBITT.	WHITELY.



THE CLASS OF '98.



\bigcirc istory of the \bigcirc lass of $^{\prime}98$.

"Backward, turn backward,
Oh, time in your flight
Make me a Freshman again,
Just for to-night."

'Twas on a damp and gloomy morning in the latter part of September, 1894, that we entered the portals of the M. A. C., and laid the foundations of the class of '98. A few of the old students who had conditions to make up were on hand when we made our debut, and these speedily enlightened us on a process hitherto unknown to us, called hazing. After the rest of the old boys returned we received our first lessons in the art, and good progress we made too. It was the old, old story of the rule of three, a Sophomore, a Freshman and a bedslat. How mighty were the Sophomores in our eyes then! They who had so recently emerged from the chrysalis state of Freshmen, I can see them now, as they strutted around giving the verdant Freshmen "points." How often did they compel us to mount upon a trunk or table and exhibit our vocal

talent, then after we had gone to bed to sleep the sleep of weary and down-trodden Freshmen, we often awoke to find through their kindness our bed above us instead of beneath us, as a sensible bed should be. Again and again did we awake in the morn only to find that in the short space of eight hours our complexion had taken an inky hue.

Well do we remember the battles of "Madison Avenue" and "Broadway" when the ferocious denizons of "Buzzards' Roost" armed with pillows, made their nightly incursions upon our domain. Night after night we repelled them but they ever returned to the fray. It was also a part of our daily program to exhibit our skill in the fistic art or as an old student called it "using our arms as if we were mowing grass," before a crowd of very appreciative old students, who seemed to consider us common property.

But enough of our trials and tribulations for every cloud has its silver lining. Time, the source of forgetfulness now brought us surcease of sorrow, and anon we learned that all things are not as they appear at first sight, and that college life has its bright as well as its dark side. By this time we were pretty well acquainted with all the students and had formed some friendships, which have strengthened from that time on.

After they had pretty well settled down, the students turned their attention to foot-ball and '98 was well represented on a team whose work upon the gridiron that year M. A. C. has reason to be proud of.

Our class that year, comprising about onethird of the entire student body, was the largest M. A. C. ever had. It was quite a contrast to see us lined up at formations with the other classes.

52-15! What mean these numbers? They mean that within the short space of two years our class has diminished from fifty-two to fifteen.

At the close of the foot-ball season came the Christmas holidays, bringing us a short rest, which was quickly followed by the intermediate examinations—a wood in which many of our classmates lost their way.

Then following in the footsteps of balmy Spring came base-ball enthusing the minds of all. Between the games with other colleges, inter-class teams played and as each class took up the gauntlet and strove for the championship, each was compelled to drink its potion from the bitter cup of defeat, tendered by us, while we bore off the palm of victory.

Again examinations more weighty and momentous than the last, stared us in the face. These were to determine whether or not we were to be promoted to a higher class at the beginning of the next year, and they caused considerable anxiety to the idler. Again we burned the midnight oil and crammed our brains with formulæ and details, but we were buoyed up by the pleasant anticipations of commencement week.

Time passes quickly and lo! vacation is at liand; so we bid farewell to old M. A. C. and leave for our homes. This happy period passed away like a dream and we were brought back to the stern realities of college life, to take up the thread to our work where we left off at the end of the preceding year.

Now we are the much dreaded Sophomores and woe to the new boy that falls into our clutches; for last years "Sophs," the now dignified Juniors abstain from hazing.

Now only half of our old classmates answer to their names. But two new men joined our ranks, Messrs. Houston and Henderson, both of whom have well proven their worth. This year speeds by more quickly than the past with its examinations and holidays.

At the close of the final examinations the Battalion of Cadets went into camp at Tolchester for a week. There many of our old classmates visited us and brought to our minds many fond recollections of the previous year. At the close of our encampment we returned to the college for the commencement exercises, and then entered upon our second vacation. This like the last passed quickly and again we are at the M. A. C.

Only fifteen answer at the roll call this time, but another new member had joined our ranks, Mr. Barnett, formerly of Randolph-Macon College. Where are all our old classmates of last year?

Some have gone into active business while others are studying the various professions.

This year our class was again represented on the college foot-ball team.

At Christmas, Robertson, whose gaiety and wit we greatly miss, left us. May his life be as bright in the future as it has been in the past.

Now that we are Juniors we often wonder why in times past we thought the spheres of our predecessors of the same name were placed so far above us. Though we are Juniors we have not forgotten the days when we were Freshmen.

Now there are but fifteen of us remaining. Who in another year will guide his craft in other channels? Let us hold together and pilot old '98 o'er unknown waters until we cast our anchor in "Port Graduation." HISTORIAN.





Tangent, cotangent, Cosecent, cosine. M. A. C., M. A. C., Ninety-nine.

CLASS COLORS: Orange and Blue.

T. R. Gough, President.

C. G. LEATHERMAN, Vice-President.

M. N. STRAUGHN, Secretary and Treasurer.

Class Roll.

J. C. Blandford. W. S. CADLE. F. C. BARTON. GEORGE BELLIS. J. J. BETTON. H. I. Church. R. L. Combs. M. H. GALT. H. E. Collins. W. M. GORSUCH. A. S. R. GRASON. H. K. HACKER. W. H. HAMMOND. T. R. Gougit. T. R. JENIFER. J. F. KENLY. C. G. LEATHERMAN. J. H. SHIPLEY. T. N. PRICE. J. B. ROBB. D. F. SHAMBERGER. R. J. McCandlish.

M. N. STRAUGHN. J. O. THORNE. T. TRUEWORTHY. IRA E. WHITEHILL.



THE CLASS OF '99.



$\overline{\mathfrak{D}}$ istory of the Class of '99.

September morning, when the sun cast his rays over Nature's lovely realm, that most of the representatives of our class beheld, for the first time, the halls of old M. A. C. It was then that the difficulties of our scholastic career were to begin; for in the silent hours of midnight, when over half the earth Nature seems dead, our slumbers were disturbed by a toss of our beds and similar greetings from our new schoolmates, which were not calculated to make us feel welcome. At length, becoming weary of extending these courtesies, the Sophomores decided to allow us to shift for ourselves—for a time only. But in spite of them we prospered, and became more contented with laving the foundation for our future success.

As we became more adapted to the general routine of our work, we were inspired to greater efforts; and our triumphs cause us many pleasant reflections now. Very little of note outside our school duties has occurred. We organized a literary society, which, considering the age of our class, was conducted very successfully. In this way we spent many pleasant hours together. We also organized a base ball team, and felt very proud at winning the championship from the upper classmen.

As time rolled on, all realized that the days were like stepping stones, which slowly but surely led to a destination which possibly would cause great calamities to our class average and thus crush our fondest hopes; but the time came and went like a flash, and we felt happy at our successful triumph over examinations. Then came the vacation, towards which our thoughts had been so often turned. But as we cast a parting glance at old M. A. C., in all her solemn grandeur, the more thoughtful of us could not repress a feeling of sadness at parting from our schoolmates and the spot which is so instrumental in preparing us for our future life.

But we soon realized we were free from school duties. New scenes soon attracted our attention. We all so thoroughly enjoyed our vacations that we felt a reluctance in returning for the resumption of of duties. But this, our Sophomore year, opened with much brighter prospects than our Freshman. Many had resolved at the beginning of the latter to help to install the strangers into membership, and from the indications at the beginning of the year they kept their resolutions.

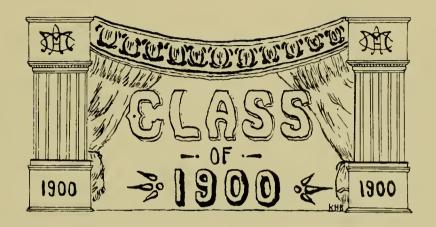
We greatly lament that our ranks have been thinned by the loss of twelve members; but the remaining twenty-five have worked energetically to establish a class average which does great credit to our beloved institution. It is useless to say that our enthusiasm will cause us to strive for greater gain. We have this year manifested a great interest in athletics, and while we have developed no phenomena in this line, we have greatly assisted in holding up our college pride against competitors. In various other ways we have rendered assistance in the general progress of the institution.

At the semi-annual examinations our "colors still waved," for our progress during the first part

of the year made it an easy matter to pass them. At the beginning of this year we again organized our literary society, and the successful manner in which it has been carried on can be attributed to the interest felt by each member. It has been the source of great enjoyment, and the benefit derived from it is manifest to all. Now, as the year is drawing to a close, we are unable to comprehend the changes that may be wrought in the remaining interval, but trust that the results will be the same as have characterized us in bygone times. We are not viewing the approaching examinations with nearly so much consternation as before, for we feel able to accomplish the task.

During our sojourn here, we have constantly been harassed by the difficulties of student life, but have been able to ward off most of these "blasts" by our class organization. We feel gratified that very few have fallen by the wayside. May we continue, as we ascend the ladder of fame, to add many fresh laurels, and thus have the Class of '99 enrolled as pre-eminent for its student integrity.

HISTORIAN.



CLASS COLORS: Royal Purple, Garnet.

CLASS YELL: Hi rickety rit, hi rickety rit.

Yackety, yackety, nineteen, nit nit. ('00).

Class Roll.

W. H. HINEBAUGH, President.

J. A. Jones, Vice-President.

S. M. PEACH, Secretary and Treasurer.

ALVEY.	CABRERA, C.	Fish.	HINES.	TALBOTT.
Bell.	CAMPBELL, D.	FLUHARTY.	JENIFER, M.	VAN DYCK.
Borst.	CAMPBELL, I.	GARNER.	MESSICK.	WEEMS.
Brooks.	Church, G.	GIBBONS.	PHELPS, H.	WEIGAND.
Brydon.	DIRICKSON, E.	Groff.	SAPPINGTON.	WILLIAMSON.
Ruti ep	DIRICKSON I.	Hersberge	R. SIMONDS.	

story of the Class of 1900.

T WAS at about noon of a bright sunny day, in the month of September, 1896, that we reached College Park.

After leisurely surveying the surroundings, which did not altogether suit our fancy, we proceeded to the building.

We had many misgivings as to what would be our reception, and these fears increased as we neared the building. On reaching our destination, and being assigned to our rooms, we tried to make ourselves feel at home, but in vain, as it was not long before our classmates began to lose heart, which was clearly marked by the sorrowful expressions which the countenances bore, and we do not hesitate to say the greater part of the Freshmen class looked as if their last friend was gone, and the expressions: "Don't lose your nerve," and, "Don't get scared," were frequently heard, but availed but little, if anything.

The first night passed very quietly. No hazing or disorder taking place, but the Freshmen, not being aware of this, slept but little. For several nights thereafter, however, the dreaded hazing pro-

cess was tried upon us. This "club," as we termed it, was composed mostly of Sophomores, usually well armed with paddles, boxing gloves, etc. They seemed to enjoy the sport, while on our part it was fearful torment, and in case of any refusal, to comply with the demands, their offender was apt to be severely dealt with.

As we became acquainted with the old boys, the hazing decreased, and, for a time at least, we were allowed to persue our course unmolested, but we were constantly watching for an attack on our ranks.

Foot-ball soon began to attract our attention, and it afforded us much pleasure and amusement. We are proud to say that several men from our class were in the ranks of the first team, and they did themselves credit by their excellent work.

Our class team, although it did not win the championship of the college, made a creditable record, and showed that with a little coaching and perseverance, it could have put up a much stronger fight.

Soon after the close of the foot-ball season, the daily increasing homsickness of our classmen was



THE CLASS OF 1900.



dispelled by the arrival of the Christmas holidays, which lasted about two weeks. But the time passed quickly, and we were soon brought together, but this time our classmates seemed to be in a much better humor than when we met in September.

It was not an infrequent occurence to hear many of the boys counting the days between then and the next holiday, which showed that there was still a feeling at least akin to homesickness.

After we were again settled, we organized a literary society, which proved to be very successful, and we derived much enjoyment as well as information from it.

From time to time some member withdrew, while others came in to take their places, who were willing to cast their lot with us.

In the latter part of January, there was an occurrence which was very trying to our class. It was the examination which marked the close of the first term. This being finished, we continued our journey. About the first of February, we were again joined by several new boys, and this again renewed in the minds of the Sophomores, the idea of another round in hazing.

Nearly all our classmates were well acquainted by this time, and, not wanting any more of the above-mentioned medicine, we made opposition. One of our members, having been captured and taken into a room and was about to be dealt with, when, headed by the largest men of the class, we entered.

The fray that ensued was exciting, and while no advantage was gained by either side, we gave them to know that we were not to be trifled with, and they heeded the warning, for since that time there has been no similar trouble.

At present, we are busily engaged in getting our class base-ball team together, which we hope will make a good showing. There are several of our members who are candidates for the first team, and they are all making good records. From this latter fact, we infer that our record may be very good.

Since our trouble with the Sophomores, we have been unmolested, and we have peacefully persued our course, and are now patiently awaiting the advent of June, when we will depart for the summer vacation.

And now, my classmates, let us hope that we may continue as a unit on our course. Let us be first class in deed and in name to leave this college in the new and fast approaching century of 1900.

HISTORIAN.

Preparatory Department.

JOHN COLBERT,

PRESIDENT.

Class Roll.

BOWIE. DUVALL. McGLONE.

CABRERA, J. H. FREEMAN. RAY.

CARVER. HAMMERSLAUGH. RUSSELL.

CARROLL. HALLOWAY. SPEAKE.

Cashell. Johnson. Shaecker.

COLBERT. PHELPS, E. STANFORD.

DEVON. PINDELL. WHEELER.

DULANY. MCNAMEE. WOOTON.

military Department.

ROBABLY the most prominent and widely-known department of the Maryland Agricultural College—and considered from both a moral, mental and physical standpoint, one of the most beneficial in its ultimate results—is the military department. It owes its existence to an Act of Congress approved July 2, 1862, and to Sec. I, Chap. 178, Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1865.

Thus established while the college was yet in its infancy, it has so grown and prospered with the institution as to now rival all competitors and to be the pride of all connected with it. Have we not a just cause to feel proud of our military organization, which is acknowledged to be equalled by few in the country and to be excelled by none in the State of which it is a representative? Surely a reputation deserving of great praise.

Our cadets are organized into an infantry battalion of three companies, double rank. Besides the infantry, we have two detachments of artillery, formed by cadets detailed daily for such instruction, under the command of three officers commissioned in the artillery.

Recognizing the fact that proficiency in the manual and an understanding of the battalion movements does not, by far, fulfill the requirements of a well-trained and educated soldier, our course of military instruction does not conclude here, but a thorough acquaintance with advance and rear guard, reconnaissance and outpost duty is insisted upon. Each company devotes one drill-hour a week to wall scaling and signaling. Frequent drills are held in the bayonet and rifle exercises, which are so necessary in the maintenance of military carriage and in the physical development of the cadet. Be-

sides dress parade, battalion inspection and review, guard mount is held daily.

Nor is theoretical instruction slighted, for a thorough course of instruction is pursued in the class-room, beginning with the drill manual and concluding with a short course in the study of strategy. Military discipline is maintained throughout the institution, thereby developing in the cadet a respect for higher authority, an obedience to law and order, regularity and system in his habits—qualities characteristic of the law-abiding citizen.

Last year, through the kind efforts of our honorable Board of Trustees, we held an encampment,

during which we acquainted ourselves with regular routine and duties of camp life. With much pride did we note the report of the Inspector, who ranks us for last year third among the institutions of its kind in military standing.

Such a military organization surely commands the respect and support of the citizens of Maryland. And it is to be hoped that, in the near future, our State Legislature may do credit to its name by incorporating our battalion in the National Guard of the State, thereby insuring us advantages we would not otherwise enjoy and the want of which we appreciably feel.





THE BATTALION OF CADETS.





CLOUGH OVERTON (First Lieutenant, First U. S. Cavalry), Commandant Corps of Cadets.

G. K. W. Schenck, Major Commanding Battalion.

Staff and Mon-Commissioned Staff.

J. D. Cronmiller. First Lieutenant and Adjutant. G. H. Whiteford, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

J. A. Lillibridge, Sergeant-Major.

Color Quard.

CORPORAL LESLIE COMBS.

CORPORAL T. C. R. JENIFER.

CORPORAL NELSON SAPPINGTON.

@lght Battery.

N. H. GILL, First Lieutenant.

BENJAMIN WATKINS, JR., Second Lieutenant.

C. J. QUEEN, Second Lieutenant.

"A" Company.

J. GEORGE R. GRAHAM, Captain.

WILLIAM S. WEEDON, First Lieutenant.

HARRY T. WELTY, Second Lieutenant,

I. H. MITCHELL, First Siegeant.

Sergeants.

Corporals,

GEORGE PETERSON. CHARLES H. RIDGELY.

C. G. Leatherman.

LEVIN DIRICKSON.

CLAUDE V. ALLNUTT. LEVIN J. HOUSTON.

T. C. R. JENIFER.

WILLIAM GORSUCII.

"B" Company.

GRENVILLE LEWIS, JR, Captain.

BERT S. NELLIGAN, First Lieutenant.

HARRY HEWARD, Second Lieutenant.

PHILIP L. ROBB, First Sergeant.

Sergeants,

Corporals,

WILLIAM C. NESBITT.

CHARLES MULLER.

JAMES BLANDFORD.

LESLIE COMBS.

CLAUDE V. ALLNUTT.

IRA E. WHITEHILL.

H. I. CHURCH.

"@" Company.

ALBERT S. GILL, Captain.

FABIAN POSEY, First Lieutenant.

C. Baltimore Calvert, Jr., Second Lieutenant

EDWIN T. DICKERSON, First Sergeant.

Sergeants,

Corporals,

NORRIS STRAUGHN.

ROBERT E. DENNISON.

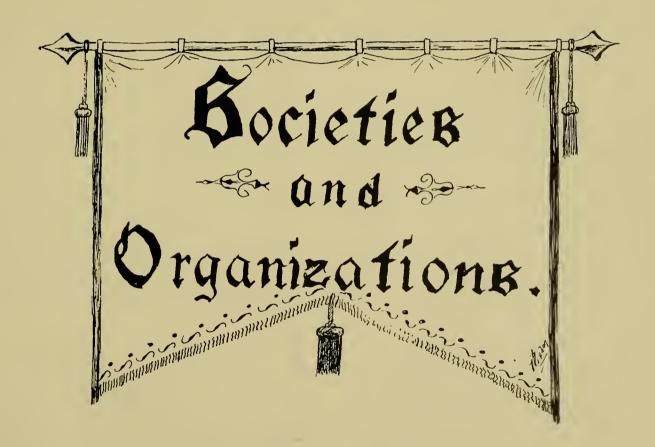
RICHARD WHITELV.

NELSON SAPPINGTON.

GEORGE W. CAMERON.

Andrew Grason.

J. В. Robb.



The Immi ssociation.

BY EDWARD G. NILES, B. S., L. L. B.

What presumption! To think that I am able to step back from hard, real, worldly work within so short a time and write of my old college days—my Utopia—of my college and of my Alumni Association. I will, however, undertake the task, and with an enthusiastic

Fe, fi, fo, fum,
Bim, bam, bim, bum;
Ki, yi, ip, se,
M. A. C.,

I am a college boy again, back in my beloved college.

One of my grandest and proudest moments was when I, with my dear, devoted mother, walked up the steps that lead to the president's office of the old M. A. C., and was greeted by President Smith with the cheerful words, "How are you, my boy? I am glad to see you." I was then registered, and

by direction of the president, was shown to my room by the stately officer of the day, who, in my eyes, was such a manly fellow. After a few hours, I saw my mother off with a kiss and "good-bye." I returned to my quarters. What happy thoughts! What proud determinations! What vast richness was to be mine! What a future! What a great man! The thoughts of Youth. From that time forth, the happiest years of my life were spent in the old halls of the Maryland Agricultural College. God bless my Alma Mater. But enough. To my real work.

THE MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Maryland Agricultural College was founded in 1856. The wisdom of its founders has been fully shown, and the energy then spent has borne fruitful results. A monument should be erected, as a lasting memorial, to the originators of this great and beneficial scheme. The college now gives to the youth of Maryland a thorough classical, scientific, mechanical and agricultural education for the small compensation of one hundred and forty dollars for nine months' tuition. This includes books, furnished room, heat and gas. The scholarship cadets only pay forty-five dollars per annum. The day student, who lives near the college, receives a thorough education for the small sum of twenty-four dollars per annum.

The progress of the college from 1891 has been one of great advancement, which should be very gratifying to the Board of Trustees and to the Faculty. The appreciation of the general public is manifested by the large increase in the number of students. The standard of scholarship has been augmented, year by year; and could the founders of the college come back and see the grand and progressive work now going on, they would be utterly amazed. The students in attendance since 1893 have averaged one hundred and thirty. Every available space in the college is filled with the cadets, and owing to the lack of accommodations, as high as fifty and sixty each year have been refused admittance. Should this be? No; a thousand times, no. The Legislature of Maryland should be proud of their college—proud of the progress it has

made, and erect additional buildings to accommodate the sons of their citizens. Who is responsible for the increase in the number of students and the continuing success of the college? President Richard W. Silvester—a man of strict integrity; a man who fully understands and appreciates the development of the youth; a man, in fact, who knows his profession. President Silvester is ably assisted by his brilliant vice-president, Professor Richard H. Alvey, and also by the proficient and learned members of the Faculty.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

Judging from my individual experience (the best teacher), I know that the military exercises of the college are beneficial. It did more to fit me for my battles of life than any of the other departments. From a private to the senior officer commanding the corps of cadets, I was taught to command—to learn confidence in myself; taught to respect authority; and taught, by far the greatest virtue, obedience. Increase the military department as far as possible. Alumnus, add your help.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Alumni Association of the Maryland Agricultural College was organized on the fifteenth day of June, 1892. Those answering first roll-call were

Messrs. Gray, class of '75; Griffith, class of '89; Langley, class of '92; Niles, class of '90; Latimer, class of '91; Griffith, class of '74; Tolson, class of '88; Veitch, class of '91; Keech, class of '90; Witmer, class of '89; Hazen, class of '88; Chambliss, class of '88. The graduating class of that year, consisting of Messrs. Besley, Brooks, Calvert, Chew, Childs, Gambrill, Johnson and Ray, were admitted to full membership. Mr. M. C. Hazen, of the class of '88, was unanimously elected our first president. Mr. T. D. Griffith, of the class of '89, was unanimously elected secretary. I was elected, manimously, treasurer and corresponding secretary, and was instructed by the Association to correspond with all the known graduates of the college and secure their opinion on a permanent organization. The object of the Association was and is to take an active and earnest interest in the welfare of the college; to lend its best efforts in endeavoring to make it an institution second to none of its character in the United States; and to bring together, at stated periods, the graduates of the college, to discuss matters appertaining and looking to the accomplishment of the aforesaid objects, as well as for social intercourse with beneficial results to each alumnus and to the college. Messrs. A. C. Tolson, class of '88; F. P. Veitch, class of '91, and J. B.

Latimer, class of '91, were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution and by-laws for the Association. Their work now stands, as is printed in our present constitution and by-laws, as a perpetual and everlasting monument of their ability and earnestness.

Messrs. Niles, as chairman, class of '90; Russell, class of '90; Hazen, class of '88, were requested to draw up resolutions on the death of W. A. Sigler, class of '88, and Su Penn, class of '91, who had died the preceding year.

I afterwards sent out a full and complete record of this first meeting to each of the known alumni of the college. We started with a membership of twenty; we now number one hundred and twenty members. From this time we have had meetings of the Alumni Association at the college on Commencement Day of each year.

In 1893, Mr. Hazen was again unanimously chosen president. In 1894, Mr. R. B. B. Chew was elected president, and was unanimously re-elected the following year. On June 16, 1896, the last meeting of the Alumni Association, Edward G. Niles, class of '90, was unanimously elected president of the Association; Mr. Key, class of '94, was unanimously elected vice-president; Mr. Bomberger, class of '94, was unanimously elected secretary;

Mr. J. G. Bannon, of the class of '95, was unanimously elected treasurer. The executive committee, composed of Messrs. F. P. Veitch, class of '91; P. A. Bowen, class of '82, and E. D. Johnson, class of '92, were unanimously re-elected as such committee for the ensuing year. This committee was instructed by the Association to give a banquet in December, 1896, but having failed, the president appointed a new committee, who are now preparing for a banquet to be given between this date and Commencement.

Since our last meeting, two of our members have departed this life. Richard R. Pue, class of '94, who accidentally shot himself; Charles Branch, class of '91, who was drowned while fishing in California.

WHAT HAVE THE GRADUATES DONE TO ESTABLISH A CRITERION OF WHICH THE COLLEGE CAN BE PROUD? EVERYTHING. WHERE HAVE THEY ACHIEVED FAME? EVERYWHERE—

IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE.

The classes before 1888 have given a great many prominent citizens to the State of Maryland. There is no definite information, however, that I can obtain appertaining to any of the classes earlier than the class of '88." In her ranks, the college can be proud of two young lawyers who have risen to

great distinction in their chosen profession. One, A. C. Tolson, is well known by his legal writings, published in Baltimore, and is one of the prominent orators of the local courts of that city. The other, Samuel M. Chambliss, is practicing law with distinction in Chattanooga, Tenn. J. B. Weems is a professor of chemistry in one of the Boston universities. M. C. Hazen is assistant surveyor in the District of Columbia. L. B. Johnson is practicing his profession-medicine-at his old home, after graduating third in a class of one hundred at the Washington and Lee University. R. E. Smith is a surveyor in his native county in Maryland. Of the class of '89, N. R. Saulsbury and Frank Witmer have become teachers, and are using their learning acquired at the college, for the elevation of mankind. R. M. Pindell and T. D. Griffith have entered upon a life of farming, and are both now located in Maryland. The class of '90, although having had a very short time for its members to rise to distinction, has in its fold several who have attained much prominence in their chosen professions. William S. Keech is pursuing his practice of law in Towson, Md. Richard C. M. Calvert is a practical electrical engineer, and is studying in New York. C. C. Manning has a government position in Hagerstown, Md. R. L. Russell is studying

medicine at the Columbian University at Washington, D. C. Clarence E. Soles has become a politician, and has been elected, year after year, from 1892, to the lucrative position of clerk of McKeesport. Penna. He has become a power in his community. Edward G. Niles was graduated from the Columbian University in Washington, D. C., in 1892, and went into association with the celebrated American jurists, General Benjamin F. Butler and Oliver D. Barrett. Since then he has practiced law in Washington with success He is also teaching. occupying the chair of commercial law in several of the colleges of Washington. Of the classes which have come after the class of '90, F. P. Veitch has become assistant chemist, and is now stationed at the college. J. C. Langley and J. B. Latimer, of the class of '91, are in business in Baltimore City. Of the class of '92, J. D. Brooks is now in Europe, studying medicine. G. H. Calvert is attending the Columbian University Law School. S. W. Gambrill is practicing law in Baltimore City. Of the class of '93, Messrs. Sherman, Graff, Buckley and Alvey were connected as assistant professors at the college for some time. Of the class of '94, Messrs. Bomberger and Key are assistant professors at the college at the present time. Of the class of '95, everyone connected with the college knows their whereabouts, and they have not had time to select any life's work; and therefore I will close the known history of the Alumni Association.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TOWARDS THE COLLEGE'S BENEFIT.

I am sorry to say very, very little. What can we do? Much, very much. Let us use our strength to make the wheel of prosperity revolve more rapidly. Let us show by outward manifestation—by gifts and other tokens of appreciation, our love for our benign mother. Our mother who has, with the aid of our noble professors, labored zealously for our permanent good. The mother who gave us our conceptions of honor, of integrity, and who impregnated our brain with the first sparks of intellectual learning. Let us be up and doing; not dreaming by day and by night, but work. The college took us with what natural endowments we had, cultivated them, enlarged them, and thus fitted us for a life of integrity and usefulness, assuring us a welcome in any strata of society. She now calls for help. Let one and all aid her needy child, the Alumni Association. Love my offspring if you love me. Let every member of the Association endeavor to increase our membership. Let every member zealously endeavor to add to our finances. The Association is at a point in its history when it needs the

help of each and every alumnus of the school. It needs them financially; it needs their physical and mental work. We owe a debt to our Alma Mater. We should provide funds with which to buy prizes for competition among the students. This will fill the under-graduates with ambition—with a desire to be first and foremost among their fellow-men. How can we pay our obligation to our college more easily? I must say that the only ingredient which is missing, to insure the perfect and permanent success of our beloved Association, is the lack of numbers to take an active and progressive interest in the Association. Let us increase our membership. But how? Let us admit, as active members, all students who have creditably passed through the Sophomore year of the college and who were eligible to the Junior Class, who have a clean record in both the departments of study and deportment. We want quantity, but insist on quality. This will give the College Alumni Association a large membership, composed of a great many of the brilliant men of the business and political world of Maryland-Many of the prominent citizens of Maryland have registered and completed this requirement at the M. A. C. This for the past; but in the future, require the college diploma to make one eligible to membership in the Association.

BANQUET.

Let every student who has registered come to our banquet, which is now in preparation. An earnest invitation is hereby extended to them. They will be welcome. They will meet their old associates; they will hear of the progress of their college; they will hear many good things of which they are in absolute ignorance. Communicate with our secretary at the college. Come one, come all.

Let us remember, as alumni of the college, that there is a strong bond of friendship which must exist between us. Let each one of us recognizerealize thoroughly that upon him, and him alone not upon his brother—devolves the duty of aiding his college at all times. Let us live by acts, not words. Speech is sweet, but actual physical manifestation is what we want. We must all remember that we are enlisted in a common cause, inspired by a common ambition, to make the Maryland Agricultural College and the Alumni Association, her offspring, a grand, overwhelming success. Make the Alumni Association a bulwark of strengtin. Make the Association one of which the students, the Faculty and the Trustees will respect, honor and love. Let her stand for the right. Let her be an arbitrator between the students and the Faculty. Make her a power in the management of the college. Live ever, die never, Alumni Association!



The Dew Dercer Citerary Society.

ERY few places afford better opportunities for young men than this society. Here they learn the value of speech, of quick thinking and of oratory. They know, after once having attended its meetings, that with all the knowledge possessed by an A. B. one can do very little in this busy age without the practice and training given by this society or by one of the same nature. No matter what profession they should follow or what they should undertake to do in life, they know that the ready speech gained and the excellent training

in debating, oratory and declaiming will be indispensable to them.

This society has quite a history. It was organized in 1861 by Dr. William N. Mercer, of New Orleans, whose picture may be seen in the college parlor. Dr. Mercer manifested a great deal of interest in behalf of this society, and presented it with a sum of money and a large collection of valuable books. It then met in the lecture-100m of the Department of Agriculture. At that time the society was very large, as about two-thirds of the

entire college belonged to it. Finally its membership gradually decreased until the year 1889, when it ceased to exist.

It was re-organized in 1892, with Mr. F. B. Bomberger as its president. This continued through 1892 and 1893, under the name of the "New Mercer Literary Society." The books at that time owned by the former organization were taken to the college library, where the society then met. Its members have always had access to this library, which is especially rich in history, biography and works of great statesmen. In this library numerous additions are continually being made which offer to the students and society members still greater advantages. In 1894, with Mr. Bomberger as president, a number of public entertainments were held.

The society was superceded in r894 by the House of Commons, organized by the members of the Senior and Junior classes. This was modeled after the British House of Commons. A great deal of interest was manifested in this new society, many topics of interest being freely discussed. The Sophomores organized the Spencerian Literary Society, and the Freshmen the Calvert Society. Both of these expired at the close of the term.

At the beginning of 1895 the members of the Senior and Junior classes re-organized the House of Commons as the M. A. C. Congress, the Senior and Junior classes constituting the Senate, and the Sophomore class the House of Representatives. Here bills and resolutions were drawn up, discussed, voted upon and passed or rejected. At the beginning of 1896 the Senate and House of Representatives failed to meet, and left the student body without a society or place to cultivate the powers of oratory.

Feeling the importance of this line of work, the students met early in October and re-organized the New Mercer Literary Society. Officers were elected as follows: President, William S. Weedon; vice-president, W. C. Nesbitt; secretary and treasurer, C. V. Allnutt; editor, F. Sherman; sergeant-at-arms, C. R. Burroughs. These officers performed their duties well, and the society prospered. Every debate showed much interest and preparation on the part of the students, and each successive meeting became more interesting.

In January a new election of officers was held. They were as follows: President, F. Sherman; vice-president, George Peterson; secretary and treasurer, G. H. Whiteford; editor, D. C. Barnett; sergeant-at-arms, E. F. Dickerson.

In April the following officers were elected for the last quarter: President, G. H. Whiteford; vicepresident, Harry T. Welty; secretary and treasurer, Phillip L. Robb; editor, E. F. Dickenson; sergeant-at-arms, F. Sherman.

The society has become so interesting and instructive that its attendance continues to increase. Visitors are always cordially received at our meetings. Of it we are deservedly proud. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is at least the equal of the majority of like societies in the State. Almost every opportunity is offered to its members.

It holds its meetings not when the student is

in the midst of his weekly exercises, but on Friday nights, after he has finished his week's work and he has ample time for the preparation of his society work. The success of this society has been attained by the earnest co-operation of its members. Its ideas are lofty and its work earnest and enthusiastic. The work helps to develop the crude lad into a clear, strong thinker. We trust that it may continue to flourish and its membership grow larger each succeeding year.





The bright and youthful dancers meet, With laughing eyes and winged feet; And golden locks come flashing by, Like sudden sunshine thro' the sky.

The Broken Necklace.

How many pleasant recollections the name of the Rossbourg Club brings up to its members! How many pleasant evenings spent—dispelling the monotony of our college lives. It seems that too much cannot be said in praise of this organization, which, although it bears a name dating back to the old

colonial days, has been but a few years in existence. But, despite its youth, it has produced such good effects that it is to be hoped that it may continue in ever increasing prosperity, contributing to the pleasure and happiness of that portion of "Young America" which is destined to receive the germs of knowledge in old M. A. C.

The Rossbourg Club was organized in the Fall of 1891. Before that time, although we had been giving hops at various times and, it must be said,

in various places, there had never been an organized club. Now, however, there were regular officers chosen to conduct each dance, Mr. Su Penn, of Corea, being the first president.

In the Fall of '92 the club became something more than a "tribe of Nomads," for President Silvester allowed us the privilege of holding our dances in the college hall. This privilege we have continued to enjoy.

Whether or not it was originally agreed to by the pioneers of the club, it has ever been the custom for the Senior class to take into their hands the management of the hops; and in the fall of '94, when the officers were elected to serve for one year, Captain Skinner, '95, was chosen president; major Jones, vice-president; and Lieutenant Harrison, secretary and treasurer.

The class of '96 advanced still further the interests of the club, making our dances more attractive and popular than ever. Aside from the June ball, five dances were given that year. The officers were: Major Rollins, president; Lieutenant Beale, vice-president; and Lieutenant Heyser, secretary and treasurer.

But the work of bringing the Rossbourg Club

to a point nearer perfection than it had yet reached, was left to the class of '97, and, indeed, they have well acquitted themselves of this duty. The officers from the class of '97 are: Captain Lewis, president; Major Schenck, vice-president; Captain A. S. Gill, Lieutenant N. H. Gill, secretary and treasurer. The various committees were headed as follows: Lieutenant Cronmiller, chairman of Reception Committee; Lieutenant Heward, chairman of Refreshment Committee; Lieutenant Welty, chairman of Programme Committee; Lieutenant Weedon, chairman of Floor Committee; Lieutenant Gill, chairman of Invitation Committee.

There have been five dances given this year, one each month, and all have been assured successes. Besides these there are two more on the schedule, one for April and one for May.

A great improvement has been made upon dances of former years, in the condition of the floor, the reception of guests and the refreshments.

And now we can but hope that our successors may continue to advance the interests of the Rossbourg Club, and make it known far and wide for its enjoyable entertainments.



J. GEO. R. GRAHAM.

HARRY HEWARD.

GRENVILLE LEWIS, JR.

E. PARKE LINDSAY.

BERT S. NELLIGAN.

WM. S. WEEDON.

HARRY T. WELTY.

GILBERT H. WHITEFORD.



GRENVILLE LEWIS, '97, Director.

First Tenor.

L. Dirickson, 'oo.

C. G LEATHERMAN, '99.

J. J. Betton, '99.

First Bass.

J. D. CRONMILLER, '97.

H. T. WELTY, '97.

I. E. WHITEHILL, '99.

Second Tenor.

G. K. W. Schenck, '97.

C. M. MULLER, '98.

W. C. NESBITT, '98.

R. J. McCandlish, '99.

Second Bass.

G. LEWIS, '97.

WM. S. WEEDON, '97.

W. H. HINEBAUGH, 'OO.

Falsetto.

E. DUVALL.

D. McA. Bowie.

June Sall Organization.

Reception Committee.

LIEUT. J. D. CRONMILLER, Chairman.

CAPTAIN LEWIS.
SERGEANT ALLNUTT.
LIEUTENANT HEWARD.
CADET GARNER.

LIEUTENANT GILL. CORPORAL JENIFER. SERGEANT MULLER. CADET CARVER. SERGEANT MITCHELL. CAPTAIN A. S. GILL. CORPORAL GRASON.

Ploor Committee.

CAPT. GRENVILLE LEWIS, Chairman.

LIEUTENANT CRONMILLER.
SERGEANT ALLNUT.
SERGEANT ROBB.

LIEUTENANT WEEDON. CADET GARNER. SERGEANT NESBITT. CORPORAL JENIFER. SERGEANT MITCHELL. LIEUTENANT N. H. GILL. SERGEANT MULLER. Invitation Committee.

LIEUT. N. H. GILL, Chairman.

CAPTAIN LEWIS.
CORPORAL WHITEHILL.
CORPORAL DIRICKSON.

SERGEANT DICKERSON. LIEUTENANT CRONMILLER. SERGEANT HOUSTON. CORPORAL BETTON. SERGEANT RIDGLEY.

Programme Committee.

LIEUT. WM. S. WEEDON, Chairman.

LIEUTENANT POSEY. LIEUTENANT QUEEN. LIEUTENANT WATKINS. CADET BARNETT.

CADET SHERMAN.
CADET COMBS.

Refreshment Committee.

LIEUTENANT HEWARD, Chairman.

CAPTAIN GILL. SERGEANT-MAJOR LILLIBRIDGE. CADET LINDSAY.
CADET GIBBONS.

CADET BELL.
CADET CARVER.

Prrangement Committee.

LIEUTENANT NELLIGAN, Chairman.

LIEUTENANT CALVERT. LIEUTENANT WELTY. LIEUTENANT WATKINS. SERGEANT STRAUGHN. CADET LINDSAY.
CADET HINEBAUGH.





NLIKE the great Grecian poet, I do not sing the praises of the conquering hero as he stands in the vast arena, crouching over the lifeless and blood-stained body of his vanquished foe. This is not the athletic hero of to-day. This is not a man—but a brute, whose only glory was in the spilling of blood, the taking of life. The athlete of to-day is a man noble and true, whose triumphs arise from skill and not brute strength—from the mastering of an art and not death. And it is my wish to place before the public in this feeble article the history of our career upon the field of sport as made by our athletes, whose efforts I take pleasure in praising.

Athletics in this college began in earnest during the Fall of 1892, when the first foot-ball team was organized, under the management of Mr. Sothoron Key, and in the Spring of 1893 the first base ball team entered the field, under the management of Professor Strickler. Like all other new adventures nothing of importance was accomplished by either of these teams, but in the next year a surprising advancement was noticed. The men had not only gained in experience, but, by hard work and a determination to win, had obtained a thorough knowledge of foot-ball, and easily won the championship of the State under the guidance of Mr. Sothoron Key. Nor was the base ball team to be outdone. Urged on by the success of the foot-ball team, and under the excellent management of Mr. William Skinner, they, after a hard struggle, came out victorious. These successes created a boom in athletics at this place, and everything was promising for a prosperous season in 1894. Manager Harris worked earnestly with his foot-ball team, and although they failed to capture the pennant, yet they made an excellent



THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.



showing and finished second to St. John's College. Mr. Harris was also chosen manager of the base ball team. His efforts were very successful, the team winning all but one game.

In the Fall of 1896 nearly all interest in athletics was lost, and everything in that line became very much depressed owing to the disbandment of the foot-ball team, which was brought about by the actions of some rather hot-headed and unreasonable men who were members of the team. This depression was not lessened by the arrival of the base ball season, and although we placed a team on the field under the management of Professor Strickler, owing to a lack of harmony and many changes of the positions of the players, its efforts availed nothing. But, I am happy to say, this state of affairs lasted only one year.

The foot-ball season of 1896 and '97 opened most auspiciously. Every semblance of depression and lack of interest disappeared, and the light of prosperity shone brightly upon us. A foot-ball team was organized and placed under the management of Mr. Albert S. Gill, with Mr. Grenville Lewis, Jr., as captain. Very little was expected of this team, since it contained so very much raw material, and our highest ambition was that the men would obtain a thorough knowledge of the game, and thus enable

us to have a strong team next year. But great surprises were in store for us. Captain Lewis was not a man to do things by halves. Having a complete knowledge of the game and enjoying the reputation of being one of the finest foot-ball players in the South, and knowing the eyes of the entire college were upon him, ready to criticise if he failed or to praise if he succeeded, he set to work with a determination to make a winning team. And he did it. A rigid course of training was mapped out and strictly adhered to for a month, at the end of which he brought upon the field a team of men physically perfect.

Several practice games were played with minor teams, but our regular season opened on October 17, with the strong team of Gallaudet College of Washington as our opponent. A more exciting game was never seen before on these grounds. Each side played beautifully and showed the best of team work, but the game ended without either side scoring. A game followed a few days later with the Business High School, of Washington, which was easily won by a score of 34 to 0. It would require too much space to give an account of the victories won by our boys, so our friends must be content with knowing that we defeated the Central High School by a score of 10 to 6; won from



Bethel Military Academy, of Virginia, score 20 to 10; from Alexandra High School, score 18 to 0; from Western Maryland College, score 16 to 6; and, lastly, we played a tie game with the University of Maryland, at Baltimore, in which neither side scored. This was the hardest fought game in which we participated, and should have been ours by a score of 6 to o, but our opponents took advantage ot the approaching darkness when we were within two yards of their line, and allowed three extra men to take places in the line. This prevented our scoring, and we were unable to make a second attempt, as the umpire called the game.

The season was a success beyond the fondest hopes of the management, but there is one thing we shall always regret, and that is, our failure in attempting to persuade our old rivals, St. John's to give us a game. Why they should so persistently refuse us we do not know and cannot understand, but it is to be hoped such a state of affairs will not last much longer.

The foot-ball championship of this State was for a long time a very uncertain thing, owing to the many claims put forth for that honor, but finally all disappeared except those of the University of Maryland, St. John's College and the Maryland Agricultural College. We felt confident of being able to carry off the honors if the opportunity was offered, but our opponents refused to play us and disbanded, thus leaving us the only claimant for the championship. It is not a very glorious victory to win, nor is it one we care to claim; but since we are prevented fnom gaining it on the field, we have no alternative than to accept the inevitable.

Before closing this part of my article I must say, that to the members of our foot-ball team the greatest of praise is due. They adhered strictly to their training and obeyed all rules perfectly, as well as playing their best at all times. Some of the plays made by Watkins, Nelligan, Heward and Gibbons were of the most brilliant order, while Sherman and Hinebaugh, in their respective positions, were immovable. Of Captain Lewis I will say, he is a general of toot-ball, a conscien

tious worker, and a man capable of always holding his own.

It is too early to say anything definite about the chances of this year's base ball team, further than that its prospects are very bright. The successful management of the foot-ball team brought to Albert S. Gill and Grenville Lewis, Jr., the management and captaincy respectively of the base ball team. For over a month the candidates have been at hard practice, and from present prospects the team will be composed of the following men: Lewis, 1st base; Cameron, 2nd base; Peterson, 3rd base; Mitchell, short stop; Sherman, left field; Allnutt, centre field; Nelligan, right field; Devon, catch; and Robb, P. L. Hersberger and Whitehill, pitchers, with Heward and Gorsuch as substitutes. In a practice game with a picked team composed of players from neighboring towns, our men won by a score of 12 to 0, showing up well and playing with snap and good judgment. The pitchers are in excellent trim, and from present prospects there is no reason why our season should not be a successful one.

The schedule as arranged is:

April 2 Gallandet College

	J, commender confession in the confession co
6.6	7, Columbian University at home.
6.6	10, Western Maryland College at home.
6.6	16, Central State Normal School, Lock Haven, Pa.
	17, Penn. State College State College, Pa.
4.6	21, Gallaudet College Washington.
6.6	24, Episcopal High School Alexandria, Va.
	28, University of Maryland at home.
May	ı, Open.
	5, Washington College Chestertown.
6.6	8, District Commissioners at home.
6.6	12, St. John's College at home.
	15, Western Maryland College Westminster.
4.6	19, Georgetown Univ. Reserves at home.
6.6	22, Washington College at home.
4.4	26, St. John's College Annapolis.

at home

Indoor athletics, until recent years, received very little attention and encouragement from the students, owing to the want of a properly equipped gymnasium; nor was it until four years ago that such a building was erected, and in that short space of time wonderful advancement in physical development has taken place under the excellent tutorage of Professor Strickler. A regular course of training has been followed, an interest in the work has been slowly excited, until at the present time it mounts to the point of enthusiasm.

Creditable records have been made by many of the students, and active preparations are being made to get in condition our track teams which will be entered in the inter-collegiate events this spring.

The success of all college teams is due to a great extent to the support given them by students and faculties. Not only is money necessary, but encouragement; and in concluding this brief history of our career in athletics, I do not exaggerate when I say our success in this line has for the most partalways been due to the encouragement given to the teams by an enthusiastic body of students, a generous board of trustees and a well-wishing faculty; and the foremost desire of the Reveille is that such conditions shall always exist, and that the teams representing the Maryland Agricultural College shall always be in the lead.

The Athletic Association is at present organized as follows:

President, HARRY HEWARD, Secretary, C. V. ALLNUTT. Vice-President, Wm. S. WEEDON.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Chas. H. RIDGLEY.





THE BASE BALL TEAM



Programme of Dublic Exercises.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14TH. Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Dr. Easton, Washington, D. C. 4 P. M., MONDAY, JUNE 15TH. Field Sports and Class Games on College Campus. 3 P. M., . Public Meeting of Athletic Association in College Hall. 8 P. M., TUESDAY, JUNE 16TH. . Company Competitive Drill and Competition Target Practice on the College Campus. 2 P. M., 6 P. M., 8 P. M., Class Day Exercises in College Hall; Address by Prof. R. H. Alvey, Maryland Agricultural College. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17TH. Commencement Exercises in College Chapel; Address by Rev. D. J. Stafford, Washington, D. C. 2.30 P. M., . Exhibition Battalion Drill on College Campus. 4.30 P. M., . Annual Meeting of Alumni Association. 5 P. M., . Dress Parade on College Campus. 6 P. M., . . Dress Parade on College Campus.
. Thirty-seventh Annual Ball in College Hall. 9 P. M., Music furnished by Naval Academy Band.



Tuesday, June 16th, 1896.

Music. MR. IRA E. WHITEHILL. Piano Solo, ENTRY OF SENIOR CLASS. . Mr. C. W. DIRICKSON. Class History and Prophecy, ENTRY OF JUNIOR CLASS. Announcement, Senior Lictor. . Mr. H. H. HEYSER. MR. W. T. S. ROLLINS. Address, Senior Orator, . PRESENTATION OF CLASS SHIELD. MESSRS. J. R. LAUGHLIN, R. B. BEALE, . Senior Class. Junior Class. . Mr. I. D. Cronmiller. Music. Mr. C. W. Muller. Piano Solo, . CLASS PIPE AND SONG. Installation of new Senior Class, RESOLUTIONS. Address upon Resolutions, Mr. A. S. GILL. (Words by Messrs. Weedon and Sherman. Ode of Class of '97, . Music by Mr. J. D. CRONMILLER. FORMAL ADJOURNMENT. . Prof. R. H. Alvey. Address to Classes,



Wednesday, June 17, 1896. College Chapel.

Our Camp at Colehester.

the faculty and students to hold an annual military encampment each June, and so much gratification was expressed when we learned that the trustees had consented, and our desire was about to be realized. The place had not yet been chosen. Many places were suggested and visited by our commandant and professors, and it was not until late in May that Tolchester Beach was selected.

From the time that the encampment was announced it was the talk of the college, and preparations were continually being made for our coming trip. We were to leave on June 4. Examinations were held in advance, and as soon as these were over the real work of preparation began. Arms and equipments were thoroughly cleaned and inspected. The eye of June 3 was a scene of greatest bustle and

excitement. The cadet officers were busily engaged in directing every detail of their commands. The commandant was never more busily engaged than then, and his presence was needed everywhere. Excitement and bustle prevailed, for an encampment was something new in the history of the college. At last the night's work was completed, and each cadet's bundle, being securely tied and inspected, was turned over to the quatermaster. Taps sounded at the usual time, and we retired, only to think and dream of what the coming week would bring forth.

Reveille sounded the next morning an hour earlier than usual, but long before, many were awake and busy. Breakfast was swallowed in haste, and promptly at 6 o'clock we were assembled on the campus. After a short address by the president, our arms and equipments were again thoroughly inspec-

ted, and everything was in readiness for our departure.

Our march to College Station was without incident or accident, save a rush in double time for the wrong express. It appeared that the train belonged to us all the way to Baltimore, which seemed a long journey considering the speed of the train and the inconvenience of our arms. At last, however, we reached Camden Station, and after some delay marched to the boat at Light Street. Although it was yet early, we were not unnoticed, for a large crowd followed us in the march. We filed on board the "Louise," and enjoyed ourselves as only M. A. C. boys can. Our interest augmented more and more as we neared our destination. All crowded to the bow of the boat when someone announced that Tolchester was in sight.

Upon landing, the battalion was promptly tormed on the wharf and marched to the camping-ground. The w rk of pitching tents began immediately. In this we received valuable assistance from Trumpeter Adair, of Fort Myer, Va., who soon became very popular. Meals were served alternately to the companies, and before long all the tents were up and furnished with the necessary articles. There was no drill that day. Supper was served at 6 and 6 30, after which additional preparations were com-

pleted. Thus ended our first day at "Camp North Point," all tired from the day's work and somewhat excited by the many and varied incidents of the day. Sleep, however, was somewhat at a premium, on account of our visitors in the shape of myriads of immense Eastern Shore mosquitoes.

One incident of the night may be mentioned. 'Twas after taps, and "Fatty" Martin was walking his beat back of Company B's street. Soon he was heard challenging someone near the guard-tent. "Halt! Who goes there?" No answer. Fatty broke into a run, and called "Halt" repeatedly. No answer. Down the line he came as fast as his diminutive legs could carry him, finally advancing the point of his bayonet at the breast of the intruder whom he had at last overtaken, he calls out, almost breathlessly, "Halt! Who goes there?" At last the answer comes slowly—"Commandant." Fatty nearly drops, and gasps, "Beg pardon, Commandant, I didn't know it was you." Fatty retires, gasping continuously, "Didn't know 'twas you," "Didn't know 'twas vou."

During the night a slight shower fell, but next morning dawned clear. After the customary camp duties and breakfast our first parade was formed. The following orders, which continued in effect throughout the camp, were then published:

"Camp North Point," Tolchester Beach, Md., June 1, 1896.

ORDERS 15.

The following service-calls	s are announced:
ıst Call for Reveille	5.50 А.М.
Mareli and Reveille	5.55 A.M.
Assembly	6.00 А.М.
Inspection Call	6.15 А.М.
Fatigue	6.25 A.M.
Siek Call	6.45 А.М.
ist Call for Breakfast	
Assembly	7.00 A.M.
2nd Call for Breakfast	
Assembly	7.30 л.м.
Parade	8.15 А.М.
Assembly	8.20 A.M.
Guard mount after	
ist Call for Morning Drill	9.10 Л.М.
Assembly	9.15 A.M.
Recall	10.10 A.M.
Release from camp for all	except guard.
ıst Call for Dinner	I.IO P.M.
Assembly	
2nd Call for Dinner	
Assembly	
ist Call for Drill	
Assembly	3.30 P.M.
Recall	
* Release from ca	
1st Call for Supper	5.25 P.M.
Assembly	

2nd Call for Supper 5-55 P.M.
Assembly 6.00 P.M.
ist Call for Dress Parade 6.40 P.M.
Assembly 6.45 P.M.
Retreat
Release from camp.
Tattoo (no roll call) 9.30 P.M.
Taps 10.00 P.M.
Inspection by Captains

The character of drills will be prescribed from this office from day to day.

By order of

CLOUGH OVERTON,

(1st Lieut. 1st Cavalry,)

Commandant of Cadets.

The rest of the morning was spent in raising the flag pole and other fatigue duty which made the camp complete. All went well except "West," who could not find the spade at "Pike's Peak."

The regular routine of camp duty continued until Sunday, when all drills were suspended, except a battalion inspection at 4 P.M. In the meanwhile the staff had made the acquaintance of several young ladies, and were enjoying themselves accordingly. Lewis one day struck acquaintance with a large farmer a couple of miles back of Tolchester.

He seemed to be very much impressed with Lewis, and is said to have given him a warm reception.

At nights, before taps, many gathered in the officer's tents and sang to "Jack's" and Lewiss banjo accompaniment. Many pleasant times were passed in this way, making our camp-life all the more enjoyable. During the day's release from camp we thoroughly enjoyed every amusement offered on the excursion grounds. We were presented with free tickets for the Pike's Peak, Rapid Transit Railroad, etc. Bathing and boating were also enjoyed to a great extent.

Hitherto the weather had been fair, but on Monday afternoon we saw a black cloud rising across the bay. The afternoon had been set for the annual inspection by Major Sanger, of the U. S. Army; but no inspection was held that afternoon, for as the call for inspection sounded, rain began to fall in torrents. Tents had to be secured hurriedly, but some could not be made to resist the storm. First, the hospital tent went down; fortunately, there was no one on the sick list that day. Next, the commandant's tent started; the ridge pole had broken, and the whole tent was in danger of being carried away. Some of the officers' tents being larger and more exposed, were rapidly giving. "White ducks" were quickly exchanged for bathing

suits, and a rescue party hastened towards the com-

About that time the great event of the camp took place. There was a blinding flash, followed almost immediately by a thunder-clap which startled the whole camp. But it was not the thunder alone which startled us. A shock, stronger than any of us had ever felt, disturbed the inmates of every tent, causing some to spring from their cots, while others were thrown to the ground. Captain Crapster's tent had been struck, and for a while both the captain and his first lieutenant lay insensible. They soon revived, however, and were the heroes of the occasion. In the meantime the rain was falling so heavily that it was almost impossible to keep the interior of our tents dry.

The next morning the sun came out brighter than ever, and, to our dismay, the much dreaded inspection was held. Battalion Inspection was followed by Battalion Review in "white ducks;" next came a Competitive Company Drill, then Battalion Bayonet Exercises, and lastly Dress Parade. By this time we we were nearly exhausted by the heat and drill, and were only too glad to hear that further inspection was postponed as another storm was approaching. This one, however, was less serious than the other, and soon passed over.

Next day we were informed that the trying Extended Order and Battle Exercises would be held. For two hours we attacked furiously an imaginary enemy intrenched on the bluff of the bay. After capturing the position we were formed into an advance guard and proceeded to the interior of the country where we encountered a superior force and after a brilliant skirmish tell back to a strong position near "Pike's Peak," where we repulsed the enemy's charge with an effective fire of blank cartridges.

We were now left in possession of the field and proceeded to protect ourselves by a system of outposts. The battalion was again formed in close order and Major Sanger expressed himself as entirely satisfied with our drill.

The Senior class underwent an oral examination, the result of which was also satisfactory.

The next day, Thursday, was the day set for our return to the M. A. C., as the Board of Trustees were to hold a meeting there on Friday. Accordingly, on Wednesday afternoon we struck camp. As the last notes of "The General" died away all the tents fell together, the colors were lowered, and "Camp North Point" was no more.

As soon as the evening boat left with our camping equipage we were assigned to temporary quar-

ters. Companies "A" and "C" in the wharf warehouse and Company "B" in the dancing pavilion, where arms were stacked. The weather turned cold during the night, but fortunately we were well supplied with blankets.

Next day we left on the morning boat, arriving in Baltimore about noon. We immediately marched to Camden Station. Coming up Camden street an enthusiastic colored veteran of the Civil War vainly tried to persuade the captain of Company "C" to enlist in Cuba's cause. This was regarded as an insult to dignity, and in vain we tried to quell his enthusiasm, but to no avail, and he paraded behind our gallant captain with a broomstick for a sword.

After a hasty lunch at Camden Station we boarded a train and were soon back to college.

Our camp was a decided success, and though kept busy drilling we enjoyed every amusement that Tolchester offered, and we take pleasure in saying that the hospitality shown us by the Tolchester Company and its employees is thoroughly appreciated by everyone.

This year we are pleased to announce that the Board of Trustees have given their consent to hold another encampment in June, '97. We look forward to the occasion with much pleasure.

Richard Luke Dorsey.

DIED AUGUST 29, 1895.

RICHARD LUKE DORSEY was born near Hollywood, St. Mary's County, Md., April 12, 1876. He attended school at St. Clement's Bay for some time, and when older he engaged in mercantile business at that place. In 1894 he won the free scholarship to the Maryland Agricultural College by a competitive examination. He entered the class of '97, and when he returned to his home the following vacation he left many friends who shall ever revere his memory.

On the afternoon of August 29th, as he was crossing a field during a storm, he was struck by lightning and instantly killed. His mother, for whom his devotion and love knew no bounds, died of grief the following day.

He is buried at All Saints' Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, by the side of his mother, who, just before her death, suggested the following inscription for his tombstone:

"God touched him and be slept."



Maryland, is a great grandson of Christopher Lowndes, of Bostock House, Cheshire, England, who came to this country a few years prior to the Revolutionary War, and settled in Bladensburg, Prince George's county, where he married a Miss Tasker. Governor Lowndes is a lineal descendent of Benjamin Tasker, president of the council and acting-governor of Maryland in 1752, and of Governor Edward Lloyd, elected in 1809. He is a collateral descendent of Governor Thomas Bladen (1742), and Governor Benjamin Ogle (1798).

He was born in February, 1845, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, to which place his father had removed from Cumberland the year before. Most of the Governor's boyhood was spent in Cumberland, and at the age of twenty years he graduated from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. In 1867 he graduated from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, and opened an office in Cumberland. He afterwards retired from the legal profession, and devoted himself to business and financial pursuits. For a number of years he has been president of the Second National Bank at Cumberland. He is also president of the Union Mining Company and the

Potomac Coal Company, and is a director in various other enterprises at home and abroad. In 1892 he was a commissioner for Maryland at the Chicago World's Exposition.

He was elected to the Forty-Third Congress in 1872, and served on some of its most important committees, winning distinction as an active and energetic worker. In 1895 he was nominated for Governor and elected by a large majority.

His election as Governor made him ex-officio president of the Board of Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural College. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the institution, and has done much to advance its prosperity. During his administration, thus far, a new chemical laboratory has been built, a greenhouse constructed, a department of Farmers' Institutes and of State Entomology created.

Besides his large financial, coal and mining interests, he has one of the most fertile farms in Allegheny county, which is devoted to a general system of progressive farming; he is thus closely identified with the agricultural interests of the State, and particularly with the efforts which have been made for the establishment and maintenance of good roads.



GOVERNOR LLOYD LOWNDES.



6x-Covernor Prank Grown.

HE Ex-Governor of Maryland, Honorable Frank Brown, is descended from a line of ancestry alike distinguished for eminent service in the councils of the Nation and of the State, as well as rendering valuable aid to the country in the Revolutionary srtuggle, and in the war of 1812-14.

He was born August 8, 1846, on "Brown's Inheritance," in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland. His father, Stephen Thomas Cockey Brown, born November, 1820, died December, 1876, was one of the most prominent agriculturists in the State, as well as a leader in politics, and took an active part in all matters of public interest.

Upon his farm he devoted much attention to raising stock, and was one of the first breeders of Devon cattle in the United States, one of the founders of the Maryland Agricultural College, and instrumental in organizing the Maryland State Agricultural Society, being one of its directors for many years. He was several times elected to the General Assembly for his county, and always identified with measures designed for the welfare of the State.

"Springfield" was the homestead of Ex-Governor Brown, he inherited from his uncle, George Patterson, who was a brother of Madam Jerome Bouaparte, nee Miss Elizabeth Patterson, so well known in the history of the States as the wife of the brother of Napoleon.

This tract of land, together with "Brown's Inheritance," embraces 2,500 acres, the finest farm in the State, and is under the highest cultivation.

In the Fall of 1875 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates from Carroll county, to the Legislature of 1876, and again elected in the Fall of 1877 to the Legislature of 1878, being a very active member and serving upon several important committees during these sessions of the General Assembly.

In May, 1886, he was tendered, by the President, the appointment of postmaster of Baltimore city, which he accepted and served with great credit to himself, and with acceptance to all the citizens of Baltimore.

He was instrumental in securing a number of reforms in the office, among which was the introduction of the present U. S. Mail Package Box, which is now in general use throughout the country.

He also put into successful operation the Cart Collecting System. He gave careful supervision to the internal construction of the new post office building, which was completed and dedicated during his term, giving special attention to the equipment of the office.

In 1891 he was elected Governor of the State by the unprecedented majority of 30,000. His term of office was marked by his usual executive skill and business capacity. By virtue of his office, he became President of the Board of Trustees of the college. His interest in the Cadets was shown in the first act of his administration, in procuring for them a suitable gymnasium. His usual executive skill was manifested in the renovation of the old building; providing a lighting and heating plant; building and equipping a mechanical engineering department, and in many ways adding to the efficiency of the college.

The history of his administration has passed into history, with much for which he can be proud and nothing to detract aught from the enviable reputation he has made for himself.



EX-GOVERNOR FRANK BROWN.



The proving dvantages of pilitary praining.

By LIEUTENANT CLOUGH OVERTON, Commandant of Cadets.

ILITARY training as a part of our school system has met with some opposition. Recently Mr. W. D. Howells, the writer, recorded himself violently against it, but his warfare was waged in ink—not a dangerous weapon in his hands, and as some perhaps know that he was studying art in Italy during that crisis in our history when men rendered military services to the country, his remarks will not carry weight. Whenever I behold altinistic writers ushering Eutopia into this very human world I am reminded of George Sand's rejoinder to the Philosopher of Poverty: "Poverty may have assisted you, Mr. Philosopher, but I still doubt if a general distribution of it would benefit the nation."

The dream of the Anarchist—a nation without government—is not yet to be realized. In the present state of society and international law, to neglect military training would do as much to ensure peace to a nation as the dismissal of a police force would do for the quiet of a city.

This year the attention of the English-speaking world is given to arbitration. The treaty as proposed did not cover much, and except as an example and omen for the future we must not expect too much from it.

If ratified it will probably mean that propriety disputes can be settled without war, and this is certainly a step in the right direction. But we have gained no diplomatic victory in this alliance to arbitrate. Canada is already a hostage in our hands, and English private investments here makes war with England, unless a case involving honor arose, remote and improbable. It should be noted that at the time England offers to join hands with us in arbitration, she continues to build war ships, and this year her military budget is larger than ever. England now cries arbitration! Frederick the Great once spoke of Maria Theresa as the old woman "who cried and cried, but grabbed just the same."

The Premier of Great Britain recently said that England had acquired in recent years more territory than she could hold if her possession was disputed.

If that be true, it is to her advantage to have another court than war with this great republic. But even admitting that her efforts are selfish, there are thousands here and abroad that will welcome any step that will enable nations to use justice and reason rather than war in the arbitrament of their differences. If I were called upon to express an opinion on the arbitration treaty, I would say that it is a generous experiment on our part to be tried in the interest of peace. Arbitration, my young friends, is not a final court because there is no executive force behind it to enforce its decrees. Courts of law have means to enforce their awards.

but nations have no redress except war. Defencelessness invites war, and preparation for war which involves military training promotes peace.

Your Constitution has perhaps told you that Congress declares war. The fact of a state of war is promulgated to the nation in that way by its vote. But it is neither Kings nor Senators, nor Congressmen, nor Presidents, that cause the war, but public sentiment—statesmen usually try to avert it. But when the sentiment rises strong they cannot, and war comes very quickly.

Our late Minister to England, Mr. Phelps of Vermont, explained this very nicely in a lecture I heard at the Naval War College last Summer. "If Fort Sumpter was fired upon by the people of Charleston to-morrow it would not cause war: the city police could attend to it." But when it was fired upon the war sentiment swept like a mighty wave and statesmen were mere straws trying to oppose it. If these things be true, there is at all times need of military training. Tradition holds that large standing armies menace the liberties of a people. Whether this be true to-day or not, they are a taxation and remove men from gainful occupations, so the true American would wish to see military knowledge disseminated among the people. To him neither the class militarism of Germany or

the defencelessness of China is desirable. At our State military schools 10,000 young men are annually receiving military instruction. I can conceive of no safer repository for military training than in the young graduates of these schools.

Economically, then the Government is repaid for all the assistance it gives these schools.

And here one word on the duration of war-Military training makes war short, sharp, decisive. The frightful cost of modern war makes long warruin.

To illustrate, take our civil war. Little general military training existed then, and in the beginning it was often the blind leading the blind against the blind, and the heroic struggle dragged on five years. How much better for the country, had a few sharp battles decided, as was done for the Austrians in 1859, or the French in 1870. These wars lasted hardly six months, and the countries gradually recovered.

Is the memory of a great struggle heroically prolonged worth all the loss of life and treasure and the desolation of the South? If not, then I say the lack of military training has already a great deal to answer.

General Scott, speaking of our military academy, said: "But for its trained officers the Mexican

War would probably have lasted two years longer with as many defeats as victories falling to our share in the first year, and entailing an expense of \$200,000,000.

Subjectively the benefit of military training is both physical and moral.

Regularity, exercise, habits of cleanliness and order all promote health. Neatness and good physical carriage increase personal pride and are morally elevating. Truthfulness, courage, and willing obedience are qualities of the soldier, and it would be poor military training that did not demand and encourage these. Soldiers live under a more exacting code than civilians who are not amenable to a "court of honor," for acts "unbecoming a gentleman."

In all high professions such acts meet with disapproval, it is true, but the offender suffers only in the estimate of his associates. That "order is Heaven's first law," is more easily recognized in the material than in the moral world. Napoleon said "every enterprise should be conducted according to a system; chance alone can never bring success." An army implies organization—organization a method or system of obtaining *order*.

In contemplating the economic progress and tendency of the last two decades we are struck by the strides toward organization in the industrial world whereby gigantic enterprises are made possible and are directed and controlled with a system that exacts a correctness of detail no less than that obtained in a military establishment. It matters not what, railroads, factories, banks, insurance companies, or what not—every where the same. You will find there civil generals, colonels, captains, and privates, rendering obedience to orders from a higher head, and each moving in an orbit limited and with powers absolutely prescribed.

It strikes me then that system and obedience are at a big premium in civil life to-day. The traits of character developed by military confidence quickly win confidence—for the real soldier is honest, attentive, and his obedience is both of the heart and mind. He is stamped by a respectful physical composure that is neither fawning nor facetious. He has already learned some of the lessons which he would have to learn unless he avoided the works of organized industry.

Last of all here mentioned, and mentioned last because it is first, military training fosters patriotism and a love of the flag. Mr. Fults, in an address made this year at Louisville said: "The patriot knows that when a nation takes its hand from the sword hilt to turn a penny in its purse its honor and its glory is near an end. He still believes his State is the best in the country and his country the equal of any on earth. The national flag is his oriflamme, it represents his father's blood and his mother's tears, the honor of his home and the glory of his manhood. It is the Illaid of his nation, the history of his family, and was written by the blood of liberty in letters of flame. He regards the insult to the flag as a personal affront, and a stain on his country's escutcueon, as a reflection upon his own character. National integrity represents not his honor alone, but the fame of his sire and the future of his son."

CLOUGH OVERTON, 1st Lieut. 1st U. S. Cavalry.



A little nonsense, now and then, Is relished by the best of men.

Prediction.

MILIABOARD!" I started. Yes, that was my car. I sprang aboard and was soon comfortably seated.

It was in the year 1940, and I had just left San Francisco on board the Washington and Pacific electric air car. I intended to reach Washington, and visit College Park, of which I had heard but little since my graduation in 1897. I had never even been there since then, but had always been too busily engaged ont West. This time, however, I made the attempt, and accordingly arrived in our Capital after about a five hours' run. Six hundred miles an hour! What a contrast to the times when I used to ride on the B. & O. accommodations, moving along at about one quarter of a mile a minute.

I took the Baltimore and Washington electric road, which I was informed had been completed in 1898.

In a few minutes, on looking out of the window, I saw we were on the suburbs of a large city.

Smoke was ascending from factories, and the city roar was incessant. We were soon flying down a beautiful boulevard. I called the conductor and asked to be put off at the Maryland Agricultural College. He studied a moment, and then said "Oh! I know what you mean; I'l let you know when to get off." I was somewhat puzzled, but waited until he called out "College Avenue!" I alighted and looked around. I was indeed in the midst of a large metropolis. I looked up at a sign on the corner of the street. "College Avenue and Harvard Avenue" were the names that met my eye. I gazed up College avenue, expecting to behold the same building that I left. But what a change! Amidst the grove on the hill I saw the main building, completed as originally designed. Around it were grouped many other large buildings, which I took for recent additions. I passed up the avenue and soon arrived at a magnificent arch, upon which I saw the name Maryland Technological University. I passed through this entrance and as I did so, I noticed on each side of the avenue a piece of mounted field artillery. I immediately recognized them as our old battery pieces, still in a fairly good condition, but now used only as ornaments. I looked up the hill and saw confronting me a long line of breastworks, armed with the latest improved rapid firing guns and 44-inch dynamite rifles. I was here challenged by a sentinel,

and on looking at his uniform I found it to be similar to the one we wore back in the last century. The material seemed to be a little different, however, and I had no difficulty in recognizing it as bullet proof cloth.

I mounted the breastworks and as I was examining the artillery, I was accosted by a cadet, who, learning that I was an old student, offered to show me around. We proceeded immediately to the great main building, which was a magnificent piece of architecture. My friend said he would introduce me to the president of the University. We passed into a spacious room, furnished in excellent style, and I saw sitting behind his desk, a man of apparently sixty years of age.

"Professor Gill" said my guide, "this is——"

But I had recognized him already and he, me. It was indeed Albert S. Gill, President of the Maryland Technological University.

After our surprise was over I demanded a history of the College, or now University.

"Well, you see" said he, "there is a great deal to tell. So I will start when I remember you went West. The college continued to progress under the direction of Captain Silvester, and in 1905 he was elected Governor of Maryland by an overwhelming majority. Professor Alvey was immediately chosen President. Now that Captain was Governor, all the attention and influence of the State was brought to bear

upon the institution, and under the excellent guidance of President Alvey, it arose to a position of prominence, which I had never expected to see it attain. New appropriations were secured, and soon new buildings were added, and the present main building was completed. We could not now quarter all our students. and buildings arose in College Park for their convenience. The Park began to flourish and to-day it contains 150,000 inhabitants. It embraces all of what used to be Hyattsville, Riverdale, College, Lakeland, Berwyn, Branchville and Charlton Heights. The City Hall you see there," he continued pointing out of the window, and on the crest of what used to be Charlton Heights I saw a towering building. "Well, Captain retired from public life soon, and it was only a few years ago he died. He was given a military funeral, and there's his monument." He pointed to a massive statue mounted on a high pedestal. "Professor Alvey continued in the presidency until 1930, when he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He has since retired, and is living in New York. Under his administration as President here, the college became a university, and its name was changed. To the latter fact I think we owe much for the success of the justitution.

"You know I was admitted to the Bar in Baltimore. I practiced there successfully until 1927; when I was elected to fill a position here as Professor of Political Economy and Jurisprudence. The next year

I was placed at the head of the Post-Graduate Department of Law, and when Prof. Alvey left in 1930 I was chosen President. Come, I will show you around."

We went over the main building first and then visited the Armory. This was about 250 feet long and was situated on the old campus. President Gill here explained that the undergraduates were organized into a flying regiment, each man being equipped with the latest flying machine. The Post Graduates were formed into a Veteran Corps. When we came out he told me that the level ground beyond the old Experiment Station road was used as the campus for drilling on the ground.

"What are those arrangements you have at the boys' windows?" I asked. "Well, you see" he answered, "Boys are as full of mischief as they used to be. They have their own flying machines, and in order to keep them in at night, all I have to do is press a button in my office and all are closed tightly. I believe, however, that some have discovered the arrangement of the wires and have put in a shunt to turn off the electricity, and off they fly to see the girls in the neighborhood where Hyattsville used to be. Love will conquer all obstacles you know." He gave me accounts of all the old students of the M. A. C., many of whom had distinguished themselves as have brave soldiers in the American-Cuban and Spanish war.

I noticed that the Experiment Station had become quite extensive, and Gill smiled as he pointed out the cherished new barn. He said they were now working upon a method for making buckwheat cakes from corn-stalks, and also to find a way in which one square meal might be compressed into a small tablet, and the amount of nutritious matter be the same. This was to save the trouble of eating, he said. He also informed me that they had perfected a method for hypnotizing farm laborers and making them work. He considered this a remarkable thing.

We passed several buildings in the course of erection. "We have a way now" he explained, "by which a building of fair size may be erected within six weeks." I turned to look for the Chemical Laboratory and found that it had been replaced by a four-story stone structure. The Gymnasium had also been enlarged, and the Mechanical Building had likewise given way to a much larger and better building. I was shown over the Laboratory of Pyschology, and found new buildings for X-ray experiments, Electricity and Law. There was a magnificent auditorium for public entertainments, balls, etc., and the Chapel was a wonderfully picturesque building.

We went into the Auditorium and reviewed the College Records—Gill then asked me if I wanted to see some curiosities.—I of course answered that I did, and we went into an ante-room where I saw, mounted in glass cases, the rarest curiosities of the age.—The

foot-ball with which we won the championship in the Fall of 1896 was there. We also examined the photograph of the victorious team of that season; also the photographs of the championship teams of '93 and '95, and all the athletic teams from that time on. "You see" said Gill "I always have supported athletics, and since I have been here, I have encouraged it as much as possible. We have held the championship in all kinds of athletics since '96, and I hope it will continue." I noticed a large amount of iron rods in one case, and on inquiry found that these rods once formed the fire-escape of much repute. It had to be removed when the main building was completed, and had been kept as a relic. "We don't need fire-escapes now" Gill explained, "All the buildings are asbestos, inside and out." Our old rifles were also kept as relics. The college had been equipped in 1898 with what we then termed the "new rifle." "We now have a repeater "said Gill, "which fires a three-inch projectile fourteen miles. It was invented by one of our boys, and the explosive used was made in our laboratories." I examined another curiosity in the shape of the old time M. A. C. biscnit. It gave me the tooth-ache to look at it. "We have better eating now," remarked Gill. "There is not even the slightest complaint." "That is the most remarkable thing I have ever heard," I answered. "I thought it would take several centuries to outgrow the complaint precedent firmly established by Heward & Company in '97.

We then entered the "Reception Bus" as Gill called it. It was really an immense flying car, and in it we sailed over the city of College Park, while I listened to Gill's description of the University.

"We of course have now none of the Faculty which were here in '97. Our Commandant now is a Major-General, and in military matters we excel West Point. We take our onting each year, similar to our annual encampments, but this year we will make a flying tour of the world. I do not intend to go, but with our X-ray arrangement will watch them from here, and communicate with them without any trouble by means of our wireless telegraph.

By the way, had you heard that we sent out the expedition that first reached the North Pole. But that's a small matter, for we are now perfecting a method for carrying on immigration from Mars——''

What was that!

I started from my bed and stood dazed while the notes of Reveille assured me that I was once more back at the old M. A. C.

Dazing.

HATEVER may be the opinions expressed in other annuals we wish to take the initial step in opposition to "hazing," as practiced in our colleges to-day; and in taking this stand we feel sure that we are upheld, not only by the Senior class, but by the student body of our institution.

For many years hazing was practiced everywhere, until it had become an established precedent. Within the last few years, however, there have been vigorous measures taken against it by college faculties and our newspapers and magazines. But these alone cannot remedy the evil. It can be done only by the volition of the students themselves.

In our own college, as well as in all others, the custom of hazing existed for a long time; but the evil results were never so keenly felt as when it had almost ceased.

While we admit that this state of affairs did exist, we deny the general opinion that it does exist now. The statements made in many of our newspapers, regarding a particular case which occurred here about two years ago, were highly exaggerated, and the true facts of the case were not presented. These exaggerated reports have done untold harm to many colleges of our country.

In our four years' experience with this college we have observed that hazing has died away by degrees until now there is nothing left that can be called by that name.

An occasional light practical joke, on old and new students alike, is enjoyed by everyone and engaged in everywhere. Under this head we do not include those practices much condemned by the public. The new students naturally afford better opportunities for jokes than older ones; and even when hazing did exist here the frequency and manner of its occurrence depended upon the student himself. If he exhibited a manly spirit his persecutors derived no enjoyment; but, on the other hand, a haughty or facetious spirit will not be tolerated by any body of students, much less in an institution where they are so intimately associated. Although we are not defending the old practice, we make these statements to show that hazing may be deserved as well as exaggerated.

Even under the most stringent rules imposed by college faculties, hazing, as well as many other college evils, can never be abolished except through the efforts of the students themselves.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD.

Much Ado About Something.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA IN TWO CRASHES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, UNKNOWN.

TIME, 1.40 A. M. DECEMBER 20, 1896.



CRASH I.

Smash 1.

(Amid the dark recesses of Senior Hall, a figure is seen gliding cautiously. The gas-light from the jet flickering ominously, lends a horror to the impending evil. Slowly the figure approaches the jet. No sound is heard save the howling of the wind and the continuous snores from the Senior Hall Chorus. These he is used to. With a spring he alights below the flickering flame, and in an instant all is darkness.)

Smash 2.

(Senior Hall in complete darkness. A cautious shuffling of feet is heard, and a few whispers pass. Then First Unknown advances to the partition and sings in a high husky voice, to the tune of "In the Gloaming.")

"For punishment we do not care,
As we live, now hear us swear;
E'en though it shall of us make dust,
One good old time we'll bave or bust!"

(Groans of approbation and curses deep and numerous, cast a shiver through the frame-work of the building.)

Smash 3.

(A figure joins them bearing a package.) Unknown No. 1.

"Have you brought to us all right, What we need for work to-night?"

Unknown No. 2.

"Do you take me for a girl,
Or even slower than the Earle,
To think I would not do the work,
Or try in any way to shirk?"

Unknown No. 3, comes forward and sings.

"Now hear me swear by Uncle Sam,
I take this oath without one qualm:
I shall no more eat college chowder,
Till we explode these bags of powder.
Nor shall I ever take a smoke,
Until these prison walls be broke.

(In horror, the figures try to restrain him, but he proceeds.)

And e're I close my eyes to-night, Professors shall awake in fright; And if we fail to win this strife, I'll study Physics all my life; I'll live on college grub for years, Nor stay the flowing of my tears. To raise a row, and Prof's defy, We'll do this thing to-night or die!''

(Figures join hands and dance around the package of powder, singing chorus to the tune of "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.")

"When you hear this powder go off—boom!
Each shall awake and hustle from his room,
And when the shock is o'er,
Professors will be sore;
There's a hot time in M. A. C. to-night!

Smash 4.

(The dance ceases and all crowd around Unknown No. 1)

Unknown No. 1.

"Which one brought from 'mongst the stores, The rope with which to tie the dcors?"

(A figure advances with rope, and First Unknown continues.)

"Now boys, to work for all your worth,
This is no time for idle mirth.
Ere the sun his course begin,
What we don't do will be a sin!
Tie each knot securely now,
And seal each with a solemn yow."

(They tie the doors of Officer of Hall and Officer of the Day; also, partition door.)

Crash II.

Smash 1.

Unknown No. 1.

"Since we the pantry last did rob,
I've never seen a neater job!
Where shall we place the powder, boys,
To make it give the greatest noise?"

Unknown No. 2.

"Right by the corner, near the stair,
The noise then raised will crack the air!"

Unknown No. 1.

"A better place could not be found,
"Twill shake this place from roof to ground."

(They place the powder on the floor and join hands singing again.)

"For punishment we do no care,
As we live, now hear us swear;
E'en though it shall of us make dust,
One good old time we'll have or bust!"

(They stop, and Unknown No. 1, sings to the tune of "Where was Moses when the light went out?")

Remember we'll together stand,
"When this affair is brought to hand.
Keep this in mind and have no tear,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

(Unknown No. 2, sings to tune of "When the cat's away the mice will play.")

"Who here shall his trust ignore, We've all had tastes of it before, And I am sure not one will yield, As long as he a straw can wield."

(All join in singing chorus, to the tune, "We've all been there before many a time.")

"We've all been there before many a time;
We've all been there before many a time;
When we're hauled up once again,
We'll not of it complain,
For we've all been there before many a time."

(Smash 1 ends with the fiendish dance around the package of powder.)

Smash 2.

Unknown No. 1, sings.

"Upon this plan we proceed now,
And try to raise a greater row,
Each one has piled up near his door,
Some bottles, glass and stones galore,
Old kettles, boxes and tin pans,
Some bricks, clubs and tomato caus.
Now as the powder just explodes,
Down the halls in ponderous loads

Let fly these missiles by your door, Until the hall is covered o'er; And when they come in wild surprise, What a sight will greet their eyes! But who has brought the match and fuse? Be quick; we have no time to lose. But let us once more sing the song Of vengeance for our deepest wrong."

(They gather around and sing again.)

"For punishment we do not care,
As we live, now hear us swear;
E'en though it shall of us make dust,
One good old time we'll have or bust!"

Smash 3.

(They disperse and wait in their doors, and only one remains to light the fuse. No sound is heard save the spluttering.)

Smash 1.

(A mighty crash rings out upon the starless night, and a flash lightens the building. The beams and joists of old M. A. C. trembled as they had never done before. The sound ceases with innumerable echoes following it. But soon again all is disturbed by the decent of various articles of glass, crockery, etc., upon the floor, sliding down the halls toward the lower end. All three of the halls had suddenly awakened. The battle of Montenotte could not have produced a greater din. Play ends with the noise continued and louder.)

Note—Performance repeated on Dec 21st and 22nd.

Class Ode of '97.

Onward now to victory,
Classmates we will go;
Hearts in perfect harmony,
Faces all aglow.
After many labors
Struggling hard to win,
As a class of Seniors,
We'll our work begin.

CHORUS.

Ninety-seven, hail!

Let your conrage never fail,
Let no groundless fears prevail,
Class of ninety-seven.

Graduates are leaving,
They have trod the road;
Happy breasts are heaving,
Free now from their load.
We will follow after,
With eagerness their trace;
Only one year later,
We the world will face.

One more year of college,
One more year of grace,
Delving after knowledge,
We'll have won our race.
Let us lift the fallen,
Let ns help the weak,
Let our time be golden,
Let our actions speak.

Class Ode of '95.

Let us join in a song, a song of true praise,
To our new Senior class;
Let every one the chorus raise
For all the success of the past.
With pride and joy we now can look back
To glories that we have won;
Not a stain on our banner of scarlet and olive,
Not a blush for the deeds we have done.

CHORUS.

Ninety, ninety-five! Glorious ninety-five!

Let us sing! Let us sing!

Let our praises ring,

For the class of ninety-five.

And now as we take up the shield of our class,
Let our motto ever be:
To cherish as in days of yore,
The glory of M. A. C.
The scarlet of reuown we place to the front,
'Tis our duty so to do;
With the olive branch of peace over all,
Each one is staunch and true.

And after our race as a class has been run,
Old M. A. C. can tell,
That '95 her past has done,
As she always does it, well.
When others take our place, we know
Our name will live and thrive,
The class of the loyal, the brave and the true,
The class of '95.

Words and music by R. E. Sliger, '95.

Prom the Sophomores.

A mass of might—Straughn.

Tough man—LEATHERMAN.

An important monument—WHITEHILL

Our text-book—Reeder.

Our cab-driver-HACKER.

Our class pet—Bunny.

Our hairdresser—Combs.

Our dear man-PRICE.

Our wind instrument—Bellis.

Our regular nuisances, { STUMP, THORNE.

Our honest man—Trueworthy.

Our burglar tool—JIMMY.

Our game of chance—Bett-on.

Our Sunday attraction—Church.

A bird—Snipe.

It's all a bluff—SHAM.



The above photograph is an exact likeness of a group consisting of:-

The successful mathematician.

The dignified senior.

The hard student.

The ardent lover of physics.

The one thoroughly interested in biology.

The boy who has never received the mark of zero.

There are Others.

(With profound apologies for the slang).

There is a boy called Harry,
Who lives in 43,
He has a hrain that can't be equalled here;
Excelling in whist playing,
Mathematics and surveying,
But he's not the only bubble on the beer.

For one night they were planning,
To steal poor Harry's bed,
And when the whist club broke up for the night,
Then Harry came near swearing,
Lost his military bearing,
But he's not the only cock that's in the fight.

And Fay had lost his mattress,
His bed and valued trunk,
And next we saw poor Gilbert in a rage;
And when at last they found them,
They swore things blue around them,
For they're not the only monkeys in the cage.

A house down near the railroad
Kept a valued dashund pup,
He one night took a stroll off from the Park.
The boys were all delighted
For professors were excited,
But he's not the only dog that loves a lark.

A Junior freak called Daruf,
Of conditions had enough
To flunk a half-a-dozen men or more;
Still onward he is riding
And thinks he's smoothly gliding,
But he's not the only foot-print on the shore.

An agricultural student (?)
Who is better known as Jap,
Has thoughts which centre in the ville near by,
Enticed by thoughts exquisite
He makes his nightly visit,
But he's not the only moon that's in the sky.

Way back in last October
We guyed poor Sham and Judas,
We made them corporals just to see their pranks;
We tried them by court-martial,
And to mercy none were partial,
So they're not the only privates in the ranks.

A Senior tall and slim, who loves
To work in chemistry,
On Sunday takes another turn of mind
Where caramels abound
He's always to be found;
But that's not the only day he's color blind.

A college in Annapolis,
Which had a foot-ball team,
We challenged and agreed to meet one day;
But when that time came round
Their hoys could not be found,
And they're not the only team afraid to play.



Pantomines.

" Mistake."

(Sentinel challenges cadet in outer darkness).

Sentinel.—" Who's there?"

Cadet.—" A cadet of the camp."

Sent.—"Corporal of the Guard! A cadet of the camp!"

Corporal.—"Advance cadet of the camp and be

recognized.''

(Cadet meets Officer of Day near guard tent).

Cadet.—"Sir! I report my return to camp! I was absent from taps."

O. D.—" Well, you were not reported absent."

Cadet.—"I beg your pardon, sir; I'd like to change my report then, I was not absent."

" Complimentary."

(Scene.—Solitary sentinel walking post.)

Sent.—"Who's there?" (Challenge to figure approaching.)

O. D.—" Officer of the Day."

Sent.—"Corporal of the Guard, Officer of the Day!"

Sent.—" Advance Officer of the Day with countersign."

(Officer of the Day advances and asks the sentinel his general and special orders which are rapidly given).

O. D.—"To whom do you turn out the guard in compliment?"

Sent.—(Names parties entitled to compliment).

O. D.—"Suppose a drunken and disorderly party crossed your post after the hour for challenging, what would you do?"

Sent.—" I'd turn out the guard."

O. D.—"You would not! You would call for the Corporal of the Guard and have him arrested. Why did you say you would turn out the guard in compliment?"

Sent.—" Beg pardon, sir! But I thought there might be a Brigadier-General among them."

Pot Perfect.

(Scene.—Sultan's tent. Enter Grand Vizer).

"Your Highness! The man with the bullet-proof shirt is waiting in the outer camp."

"Bid him enter"

(Trembling inventor enters and salaams before the Sultan).

Sult.—" Has the garment been subjected to every

possible test?''

Inv.—" Oh! Most righteous ruler, it has withstood all that the cunning of man can devise for its destruction."

Sult.—" Has it withstood rifle fire?"

Inv.—"Oh! Your Highness, it has withstood modern steel projectiles sharp as arrows and as swift as light."

Sult,—" Will it stand heat?"

Inv.—"Oh! Prince of Light! The lambent flame of the blow-pipe withers and turns away."

Sult.—" Will it stand the sword?"

Inv.—"Oh! Son of Heaven! The point of the Damascus blade recoils upon itself like an angered adder, but does not prick the shirt!"

Sult.—" Has it withstood our cadet laundry!"

Inv.—" Lost!!"

(Inventor swoons and falls to the ground).—[Exit.]



PREP'S IDEA OF THE SENIOR.

P Class Mill.

'Twas one Saturday night, and all over the hall
'Twas as silent as death, you could hear a pin fall,
When suddenly there arose such a clatter
I rushed down the hall to find out the matter.

Just then my head got such a thundering rap, I was not long in deciding I was into a "scrap." 'Twas the much abused Freshmen and jolly Sophomores Who had taken this chance to settle old scores.

I managed to work my way into the room, And a wonderful sight loomed up through the gloom; The dust was so thick you could cut off a bale And arms, legs and small boys were flying like hail.

> And then there came sounds of the scampering feet Each person was beating a hasty retreat, They recognized sounds of a warning cough, A professor was coming to call the fight off.

> > A committee of Juniors now called it a draw And the Freshmen went off to nurse a sore jaw, But what mattered that, though they're bruised and sore? Their hearts are now light for their hazing is o'er.



SENIOR'S IDEA OF THE PREP.

The College Cirl.

Oh! Dearest charm of college life! We love thee faithfully We've striven to prolong the time When we shall part from thee.

But near at hand that fated hour For us these joys shall end; And at thy throne of kindness, we Shall never more attend.



And shall our thoughts no longer be
With her whom we adore
When memories of exquisite joy
Present those scenes once more

The time has come and we must part,
In this some token find,
Of what we feel in friendship, and
A love that lies behind.

Thy face is still before my eyes
Thy lips—thy teeth of pearl—
Thy boundless grace—We'll ne'er forget
To love our College Girl.

If M. A. C. Surned.

We hope the M. A. C. will stand
Throughout the coming ages,
And have its name,
Of wonderous fame,
On history's truthful pages.

But what in the midst of night,
Within this place of learning,
Some sleepy crier,
Should call out "fire!
The M. A. C. is burning!"

For once the bugle promptly sounds,
The "fire call" now is blowing;
And thinly clad
Each frightened lad,
Is down the ladder going.

One on the top hall, near the moon, In 17 is sleeping; For thinks he "'Tis Reveille," And he's his custom keeping.

But meanwhile, fire and smoke increase,
The flames are mounting higher;
And at the park
Professors hark,
And come to quench the fire.

The Captain too, from on the hill, Beholds the sad disaster; And hearing cries He quickly flies, With face like alabaster.

Excitement now is running high,
The Captain's almost crazy;
And crics aloud
To all the crowd,
To work and not be lazy.

The Earle comes creeping out of bed, Coughing, blinking, choking. Think he, '' I'll try And see if I Can stop that boy from smoking!''

The quickest move he ever made,
Was made on this occasion.
Beneath his feet
A schorching heat,
Lent speed without persuasion.

Professors now awake in fright,
And fire and smoke discerning;
Then Dr. Scott
Springs from his cot,
Runs to his hall of learning.

A meeting of the Faculty,

Is held with usual prudence;

And easily

They all agree,

The blame falls to the students.

He seizes all his specimens,
His books and papers quickly;
And rescues these
With grace and case,
While smoke curls'round him thickly.

We look for our Vice-President,
In various directions;
At last he's found
Both safe and sound,
Engaged in his inspections.

Our Commandent comes rushing then,
Though steam and smoke are hissing;
To form us all
The roll to call,
And see who now is missing.

From 37 comes a noise—
A sound as if of pleading;
Professor Spence
Who hastened hence,
Another Prof. is leading.

At last it seems that all are saved.

We stand around with yearning,
For work is vain
It now is plain,

Nought can prevent its burning.

Oclinquency @ist.

HACKER-Blowing bugle on time.

BETTON—Same.

HEWARD-Not complaining about food at table.

DUYALL—Not going on sick list.

CABRERA, C. T .- Same.

TRUEWORTHY-Same.

LILLIBRIDGE—Giving commands unnecessarily loud at Guard Mount.

LEATHERMAN—Swearing at his squad.

LINDSAY-Not getting excused during drill.

Gough-Not making up nines.

CRONMILLER—Detailing O. D. properly.

Queen—Using shoes for breastworks.

O. D.—Picking teeth with bayonet.

GILL, N H.—Not obtaining leave of absence for Saturday and Sunday.

BURROUGHS-Not attending meals.

WELTY-Same.

HEWARD-Same.

Borst-Same.

Welty—Absenting himself from his command.

GILL, A. S.—Not making test case of visiting.

HAMMERSLOUGH—Turning up nose in ranks.

LINDSAY--Speaking English.

ROOM 46—Inmates in quarters at inspection.

Room 29-Same.

ROBB, P. L.—Keeping silence.

LEWIS—Repeatedly disturbing room-mates by discussing mathematics.

SHERMAN—Same.

Welty-Not preparing tactics lesson.

FLUHARTY—Talking too much.

ALVEY--Preserving military bearing.

CARVER—Wearing corsets.

CRONMILLER—Leaning against the wind at Guard Mount.

HAMMERSLOUGH-Tying his trunk in a knot.

Physician—Failing to give compound cathartics for toothache.

Betton-Sweeping out room.

WHITFFORD—Playing foot-ball.

HACKER--Buying tobacco.



GUESS WHO IT IS.

College Dime Museum.

WOOTON—The man born without ears.

THE HERSH-GRASON BROTHERS—Knees grown together.

KENLY-The dog-faced man.

HAMMOND-Strong man.

DIRICKSON BROTHERS—Siamese twins.

HOLLOWAY-Giant.

WEEDON-Midget.

PRICE—Hairy man.

LILLIBRIDGE—Roaring lion.

HINES—Trick monkey.

Combs—Bald eagle.

HEWARD—Greased pig.

WHITEFORD—Ballet dancer.

Bell—Contortionist.

CRONMILLER—Fat woman.

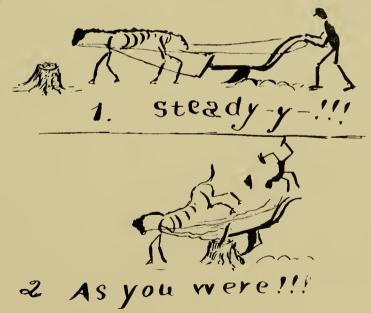
CARVER-Living skelleton.

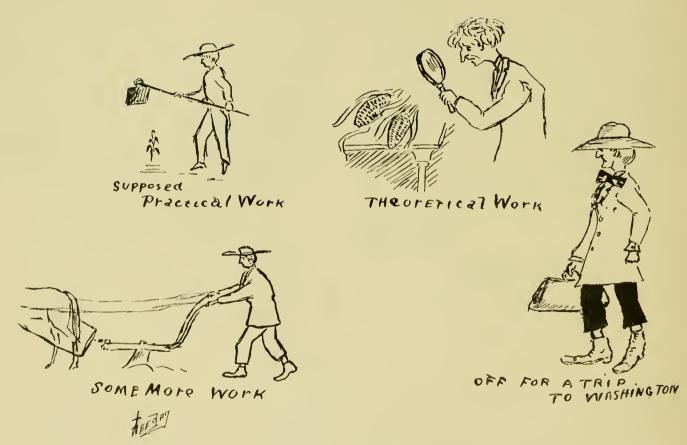
McGlone—Tattooed man.

RIDGLEY—Tree climber.

SHERMAN—Featherweight.

WATKINS—The man with the horse-laugh.





FROM THE NAME WE BEAR AS AN "AGRICULTURAL" COLLEGE, THE ABOVE ARE A FFW OF THE POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS OF US.

An Experience with College Maidens.

My last night at college, the night of the ball, Is one I remember with pleasure untold; But a slight shade of sadness haugs over it all; Tho' the joke be on me the tale I'll unfold.

For two years and better two sweet girls I wooed;
As a Junior and Senior I took all the bother
To love both at once; but never quite could
Fix all my affection on one or the other.

And they both loved me dearly; of it I am sure,
Though they never avowed it; yet all of you know
That the sly little college maid, always demure,
Has a way she convinces you such things are so.

Both came to the ball, my Ruth and my Nell; I danced with each one, and then on the sly Walked out with sweet Ruth, in order to tell To-morrow I'd leave her, to whisper good-bye.

I really believed that I loved Ruth the best, I was sure of then, as she turned round and said "How I shall miss you, you never can guess; For I love you truly—truly dear Ned!" But then I must say just one word to Nell;
So after a dance we walked 'neath the trees,
When the voice of fair Ruth, I knew it quite well,
Came softly and faintly to me on the breeze.

You surely can't blame me for listening, when Distinctly I heard ou the air soft and still Ruth's last words to me 'most repeated again; But 'twas "I love you truly—truly dear Will!

Ah! 'Twas then that I knew that Nell was the truer,
She told me so often in saying good-bye.
Imagine my feelings, they couldn't be bluer,
When I saw my own room-mate look down in her eye.

And holding her tiny white hand while she said

He never could guess how she'd miss him, not he;
But I could have told him, in her eyes he read

Exactly the same things she's just told to me.

And then all my faith in fair maidens departed;
So take the advice of one who should know
They are fair, false and fickle; though surely big hearted
Enough to give Junior and Senior a show.

R. E. S. '95.

Managers to Inquiries.

'97.—No. The feet to fit the footprints were never found.

Com'd't.—You are misinformed sir. Hershburger has never been able to get his knees together.

Gov.—Yes, sir. The milk was sour.

O. S. Ordnance Dept.—You must have misinterpreted the information you have received. However, there is no reason why it could not be put into execution, but as far as we know it has never been done; and the plan of using M. A. C. biscuits for grape shot is still an open question.

Hell's Kitchen.—Your information is correct. The pup has returned.

Mattress Manufacturer.—You are wrong. To our positive knowledge Combs has never patronized any barber since he entered this institution.

Eastern Shore.—Yes, miss, we can answer with certainty. Jack is improving.

Farm. Inst.—No, sir! We do not plow.

Puck.—You are entirely wrong. Ben never cracked a real good joke in his life.

N. Y. Journal.—Your information is only partly correct. We are in possession of a pair of twins, but they are not the genuine "Yellow Twins. Ours are of the unmistakable green hue.

B. & C. Roundhouse.—We are sorry to answer in the negative. We could not spare him. He is too valuable a member, in fact, president of our Whist Club, and we feel sure his ambition could not stand such a fall as to be obliged to use his face as the headlight of a locomotive.

Tolchester, Md.—In reply we would like to state that

we have six men to enter the mile race, but only upon this condition, that a certain farmer shall stand behind them with a shot-gun.

Butcher.—No, sir. We never got it. The hide was too tough for the hash machine.

A. Spooncy.—In making inquiries as to which night's he was at the "Ville", did you observe whether or not the moon was out on those nights?

Alumnus.--They wouldn't let us have the fraternity.



Ps It Often Sappens.

'Tis a sad time at the best
When you get a month's arrest,
Or confinements in a bunch too big to count,
Or incurring "zips" in class;
Your rage naught can surpass
When the tours come in a somewhat like amount.

In ranks to be "called down"
Has an aggravating sound,
'Tis no easy thing to stand there and be "mum'
From our honored Commandant
To defend ourselves we can't,
And accordingly your punishment will come.

But all these things forget,
They're nothing to regret,
From all their bad results you soon are rid;
But what a shame we feel
No words can ere reveal
When the O. D. finds us in the cupboard hid.

The Evening Star.

I have thought of thee
When I watched that star,
That shines in the even-tide;
I have thought of thee
When that star was gone,
And longed to be at thy side.
I have thought of thee
When in future years
We two, may become as one,
And watch together that evening star
Just after the setting sun.



THE O. D.

Our Cist of Wants.

Wanted.—The author and solution of the following problem from the Sophomore class: All triangles having same base and perimeter is the isosceles.

Wanted.—A hair-curler in Room 41.

Wanted.—(By the Faculty.) The boys who fired the bombs before Christmas.

Wanted.—A bed-holder in Room 43.

Wanted.—Corporal stripes—Sham.

Wanted.—A patent automatic condition remover, The Flunkers.

Wanted.—Unbreakable chemical apparatus, by Sophomore class.

Wanted.—A foot-ball team that can beat ours.

Wanted.—A real cow—to milk. Daruf.

Wanted.—An alumnus to take post-graduate course in farming.

Wanted.—Ribbons which have been lost; colors, maroon and pearl, blue and white, black and orange; prized not so much for their intrinsic value as for the sweet remembrances connected therewith.

Wanted.—A track for field athletics.

Wanted.—More practice in wall-scaling.

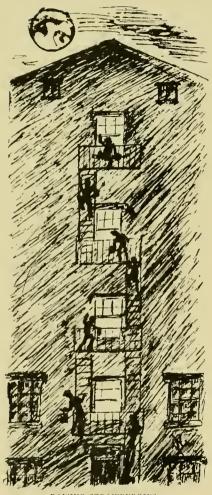
Wanted.—A squealing pig. "Sus" and "Tucker."

WANTED.—A school-house bell. College Park.

Wanted.—Fire extinguisher. Room 46.

WANTED,—Hair restorer. Bell.

Wanted.—Ink. Senior hall.



RAISING STRAWBERRIES.

Stage Whispers.

Get a gate on you.—Prof. W.

- "No, Mr. I can never marry you."
- "Then, madam, hear me! I will do far worse than commit suicide; I will return to the M. A. C. and study Snrveying."

Sh! Don't mention hockey.

Hooray for Ira's "M. A. C. Two-step."

"If that line were straight it would be a circle."

Nose too much.—Eddie.

Who died hard in the election?—JACK.

"Deed did he?"--FAY.

Not Oirish—Denny.

- "Why do the companies at Reveille remind you of potatoes from the college potato patch?"
- "Because they are all covered up in bed, and when the 1st Sergeants drag them out they turn out badly."
- "Say! Did you see those two girls down in the armory the other day by the Hotchkiss gun? One of them was standing with her face close to the muzzle, and the other turning the crank."
 - "What were they doing that for?"
- "Why, the major told them it was a hot kiss gun and they were trying to get some of them."

- "What is a soldier's favorite foliage?"
- "Leaves of absence."
- "Doctor, please come to my room; my roommate, Ned Dirickson, has met with a painful accident by running a splinter under his nail."

DOCTOR E.—" Why, how did he do that?"

- "Scratching his head."
- "Why is a Cadet officer like an egg?"
- "It don't take much to break him."
- "Did you hear about Hacker not getting his beard cut last week?"
- "No! Why did he do such an unusual thing as that?"
- "Well, he didn't want to have a close shave on exams."
- "Why, every four weeks, is a soldier like an ingredient of salad?"
 - "He is mustered every month."
 - "What does the wind sing when a gun is fired?"
 - "It whistles 'After the Ball."
- "What is the difference between a warrior at the moment of victory and a Cadet in Summer?"
- "One pants in his glory while the other glories in his pants."

Fabius, Maximus, Quintilius, Augustinus Octavius Sextus Posey, '97.

Senior Hall.
Faces pallid.
'What's the matter?''
'Lobster salad.''

"Good evening, MR. CAMERON.

Found—A black cat. Owner will please come forward, prove property, and take possession.—H. No. 43.

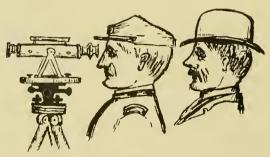
When are Piggy and Phil out of sight?

- "I'm hungry enough to eat a horse."
- "All right, come over to the stable; they keep Zebras on tap."



At Lakeland we all were out skating one day, The ice was just right and the skaters were gay; And Preacher was there too, so they all say, With a maiden in blue he was flirting straightway. But he soon was dismayed, for the first thing he knew, He heard a loud crash, and the maiden in blue Had gone through the ice and screams not a few, Were heard by poor preacher and all the rest too.

He made for the damsel with lightning-like leap, While she blindly splashed about all in a heap. He rescued her gaily, but now let him weep—In that place the water was just ankle deep.



THE SURVEYING CLASS.

Forace. Sook 1-Ode ix.

TO THALIARCHUS

See where Soracte's crest appears
In winter garb of glistening snow;
All silent is the river's flow—
Too great a load the forest bears.

Draw near the fire: pile up the hearth, O Thaliarehus, friend of mine! And of thy mellow Sabine wine Come, pour a generous bumper forth!

Bid sorrow flee: bid care take wing:
And, while we laugh at storm and cold,
The Gods, who watch o'er field and fold,
Will soon lead back the smiling Spring.

What matter, friend, if Time should give
Long length of years, or if thy sands
Soon run their conrse! Well, fold thy hands,
'Tis equal gain to die or live.

Nor boyhood's loves nor mirth despise, The joyous dance, the cnp, the song; Morose Old Age delays not long, And where he enters, pleasure flies.

No longer then in sloth repine:
Go, seek the gay, the young, the coy;
Keep lovers' trysts, thy youth enjoy,
O Thaliarchus, friend of mine!



THE FRESHMAN'S FRIEND.



THE "PERSUADER,"
THE FRESHMAN'S ENEMY.

@rinds.

AGRICULTURAL COURSE.—"Blessed be Agriculture if one does not have too much of it."—Chas. Dudley Warner.

"The Plowman homeward plods his weary way." — Gray.

CLASSICAL COURSE.—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse."—Shakespeare.

Scientific Course.—" Fair Science smiled not."—Gray.

MECHANICAL COURSE. — "Conspicuous by his absence."—Cicero.

CALVERT.—"Whence his name and lineage long it suits me not to say."—Byron.

CRONMILLER. — "A youth to fame, 'ere yet to manhood known."

Gill, A. S.—"I'll answer him by law."—Cicero.

GILL, N. H.—"Love will find its way through paths where wolves would fear to prey."—Byron.

Gramam.—" Physicians are of all men most happy, whatever faults they commit the earth covereth."—Quarles.

HEWARD.—"A merry heart hath a continual feast."—Proverbs.

Lewis.--"Ye are wonderous strong."--Byron.

LINDSAY.—" Those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads but for my part it was Greek to me."—Shakespeare.

NELLIGAN. — "Nay Faith! Let me not play woman, I have a beard coming."—Shakespeare.

Posey.—"The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers."—Shakespeare.

GILL, N. H.) "The artillery of words."—Swift. SCHENCK.—"What he says you may believe and pawn your soul upon it."—Shirler.

SHERMAN.—" Virginia! Earth's only Paradise." — Drayton.

WATKINS.—" With warlike sword and sing-song lay equipped alike for feast or fray."

WEEDON—[Enter the Ghost.]

Welty.—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—
Keats.

Whiteford.—"Grace was in all his steps."—Millon.

FOOT-BALL TEAM.—"They fought like brave men, long and well."—Halleck.

"Veni, Vedi, Vici."-Casar.

EDITORAL BOARD.—" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print. A look's a look, although there's nothing in it."—Byron.

"There is probably no hell in the next world for authors."—Bovee.

HE mem'ries of our childhood hours

May quickly pass away,

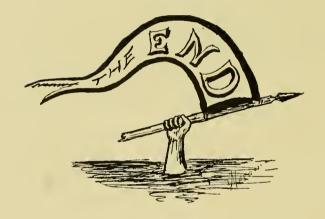
And soon may vanish from our lives

As clouds at break of day.

Reflections on our idle hours, In youth's progressive age, Give to us no pleasure when We read on mem'ries page.

We may feel proud in after years,
On looking back again
To what we've done to benefit
And help our fellowmen.

But what a tide of fondest thoughts
Present themselves to me
Though far away, my mind reverts
Once more to M. A. C.



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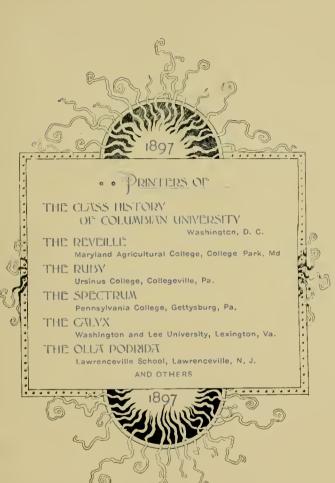
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