

蘇聯的工業



Frederick & Co. New York



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

A New Bugle Song.

A red glow falls on college walls,
And gnarled oak trees old and hoary ;
The dim light trills over the hills,
And the old alarm clock whirrs in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow ; set the still halls a-roaring ;
Blow, bugle, answer, sleeper, snoring, snoring, snoring.

O hark ! O hear ! Inspection's here ;
And quicker, faster, swifter dressing,
For soon and near, they dread to hear
The Inspector's footsteps pressing.
Blow, let us hear the tidy boys abustling ;
Blow, bugle, answer, students, hustling, hustling, hustling.

O now 'tis noon, and quick and soon
Within the hall they haste together,
As clear notes ring from wing to wing,
For boys are hungry ever, ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, send the poor boys to dinner,
Where grumble they, the soup gets thinner, thinner, thinner.

O look and see ! the hour is three ;
And swords and guns in the sunlight glisten,
On the campus side where, with martial stride,
All haste the call to ranks to listen.
Blow, bugle, blow, set their brave hearts a-thrilling ;
March, boys, march, forwards, backwards, drilling, drilling,
drilling.

The day's work is done, the time is come
When weary nature needs reviving ;
The day's last call, from hall to hall,
The echoes is softly, sweetly driving.
Blow, bugle, blow ; while stars the watch are keeping ;
Boys, all, will soon be soundly sleeping, sleeping, sleeping.

To

The M. A. C. Bugle,

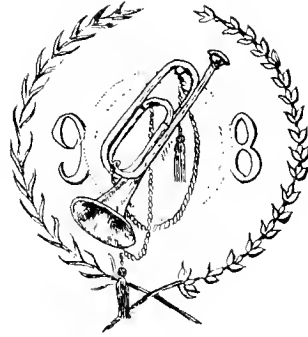
This work is most respectfully
dedicated.

To the College Bugle.

When the night winds sink to rest
In the lap of the coming day ;
When the stars grow pale in the west
At the touch of morning's gray ;
Then sweet and clear—now far, now near,
While dreamful fancies flee,
Through silent halls the Bugle calls,
And the lingering cadence swells and falls
In the notes of Reveille.

Through the busy morning hours,
In the sultry tide of noon ;
When the lengthening shadows tell
Of a day that has died too soon ;
Still sweet and clear—now far, now near,
Calling to toil or rest—
The rise and fall of the Bugle's call
Marks sadly the passing of Youth and all
That is happiest and best.

Then our monitor and friend—
Old Bugle—a wreath for thee !
May *thy* honors never end,
Whatever *our* fate may be !
No time or place can e'er efface
The memory of thy strain ;
But sweet and clear—now far, now near—
Through all life's changes we shall ever hear
The mellow notes again.



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The Editors' Apology.

INDEED we feel that a peculiar responsibility devolves upon us in regard to the duties of the publication of this second volume of the REVELLE. We have never had any experience in such an undertaking, but we have used our feeble powers as well as we were able to do under the circumstances, and if we are able to add a single laurel to the former edition, we will feel as though we have not toiled without reward.

Before launching our modest little craft in the deep waters of public criticism, we wish to proffer our most earnest thanks to those who have given us a helpful advice, and to earnestly hope that our critics be lenient on us.

We have not been, as Seniors heretofore, with scarcely any work during the latter half of their last year, but we have had the same amount of work the year throughout. With all our work we had very little time to devote to the Annual. But, knowing of the desire on the part of the students to have an Annual, we devoted, in order to comply with their wishes, every spare moment to its preparation, and now, in brotherly spirit of college fellowship, we present this volume, trusting that the facts given may prove interesting and the jokes furnish enjoyment.

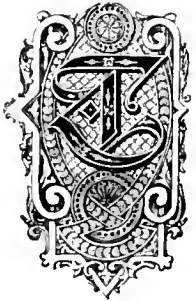
We are proud of the prosperity of our *alma mater*, chronicled in the annals of educational history, and we believe that her past success only gives promise of the possibilities of the future.

We are, with cordial respect and every possible good wish for the highest personal happiness and success of our readers,

THE EDITORS.

The Maryland Agricultural College.

BY PRESIDENT R. W. SYLVESTER.



It's past, shown in the REVELLE of '97.
Some of its hopes for the future in '98.

THE necessities for such a college have been felt by thoughtful men for ages. Liebig in Germany, Boussingault in France, Juthre Tull in England, gave rise to a public sentiment which called for trained scientific minds to observe, tolerate and draw conclusions from that division of human activity which devotes itself to the development of the purely animal and vegetative functions of life. There are many popular misconceptions of things. The old scholasticism of mediaeval Europe would inculcate the thought that in the humanities are to be found all that is worthy of the exercise of man's intellectual powers.

This imperfect understanding of the universe arose from the misconception that the Creator did not thread every created thing. That His

handiwork is as sacred in the subtle principle of life which animates the flower and the mystic law which shapes the crystal, as it is the power which holds the planets to their orbits or which guides the course of national or individual life. Yes, we are beginning to realize that "there are tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Science so-called is properly but the handwriting of God. Therefore, in all of its departments it is equally important. A man of small mental power emphasizes the line of his peculiar work into an importance superior to that of any other. The breadth of conception, which views all the sister sciences as organs of the complex organism known as the universe, is not his. He has not yet wakened to the realization of the great law of the conservation of energy—indestructible as matter itself, disappearing and reappearing. Now as a beam of sunlight quickening a plant into growth as a kinetic influence and becoming poten-



Negative by H. A. Farham.

COLLEGE BUILDING.

tial. Resting through untold ages while the organism is formed into coal and awaiting the proper conjunction of conditions in order to be again a kinetic power, possibly in the shape of the influences which force the iron horse, with its many thousands of horse-power, across our plains. The realm of knowledge of to-day is too broad for the comprehension of a single individual, for a single institution. President Lowe advises special work for universities. His advice seems wise to me. We have a special function as an Agricultural and Mechanical College. President Clute, of the Agricultural College of Florida, has put the matter in as good shape as can be when he says, "Our mission is to train men for practical pursuit of the great productive industries that grow out of the cultivation of the soils, the manufacture of raw material into articles of use." In this is comprehended the whole of it. It is well for us to grasp the thought, that when we are trained mentally to accomplish in the most economic and intelligent manner the purpose here set forth, we are then educated men. We belong to the professional side of life. The day of the three learned professions has passed. Wherever man is at work with a trained head and a trained hand, there we expect to find results bearing the ear marks of professional work. The signs of the times seems to

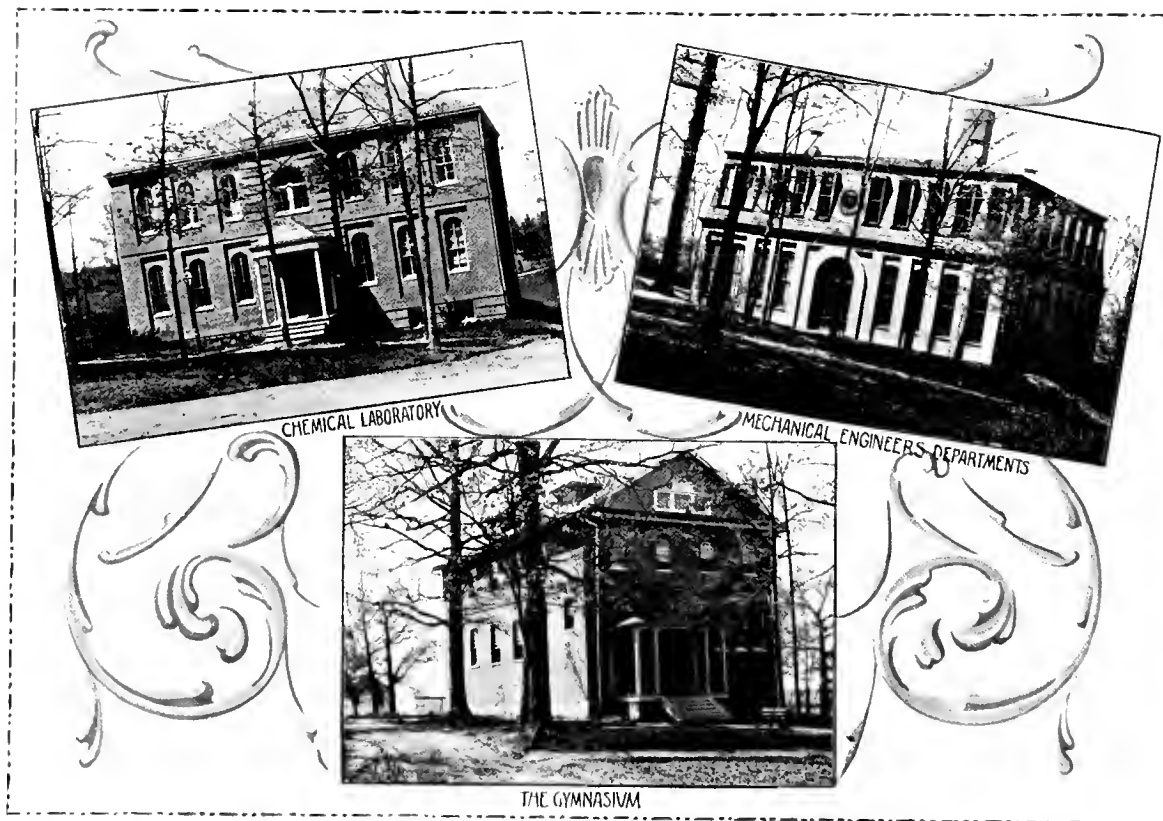
point to the fulfilment of Carlyle's prophecy when he said, "Not arms and the man, but tools and the man is now and henceforth to be the future epic of the world." Our hope for the future is then to develop upon American soil an agricultural and mechanical class of such intelligence that their operations in the domain of their special work will be guided by an intelligent appreciation of the fact, that in all the world there is no such thing as a chance result. Underlying every conclusion, every product, every end, unchanging law rests. The intelligent appreciation of this fact, and a readiness to so adjust our acts thereto, makes the difference between success and failure in every department of human activity. Our Agricultural College and Experiment Station has as their object: "To teach man to subordinate himself and all animal and vegetable life around him, to those inexorable laws, moral and physical, the violation of which meets with swift retribution." This is our hope for the future. Surely a responsibility so great, a field so wide, a necessity so pressing, must command the service and best thought of right-thinking men of the world. Traditional methods must give way to more rational lines of procedure. That such was done fifteen or fifty years ago may carry with it the most convincing evidence that it could not now be

a custom. In our rural schools we hope to see at no distant date the elements of agriculture and the mechanic arts a part of their curriculum, so that our children may begin to realize that rural life has its compensations. That it does not mean unceasing drudgery. That the opportunities for the training of the human mind in this vocation is as great, if not greater, than in others among men. Rome called her Cincinnatus from the fields to guide her through a critical time in her history. The Cincinnatus of the West drew his inspirations from rural scenes, and he sighed for the shades of Mt. Vernon as soon as he could lay aside the burden of his official duties. Men rarely attain a plane higher than the one on which their ideals rest. It is for us to create a higher sentiment of rural life. To show its possibilities from the standpoint of the development of the moral, aesthetic and social side of

life, to de-emphasize the pre-eminent characteristics of American life, that to get rich and that quickly, is the one end of existence, more dollars and less compunctions about the method of acquiring them is the order of the day.

The Israelitic worship of the golden calf has not been fixed to any particular cycle or peculiar people in the world's history. Lucre gives power and this is the secret of the heedless, headlong rush for the same. It is certainly within the province and I believe the power of the Land Grant Colleges to moderate this feeling. To plant again the flower of pastoral contentment in the minds of many, and thus mature a manhood and womanhood so sorely needed to further Americanize our national life is our function.

These are some of our hopes for the future. May they all be realized.



Negative by H. A. Farham.

A Mystery.

We can solve our mathematics
And discuss the Spaniards well ;
Know all about the " Reeder Gang " ;
And weather can foretell.

We can fully demonstrate
Why Cuba should be free ;
And can speak in our society
As freely as can be.

We can talk Napoleon Bonaparte,
And study his campaigns ;
We can fix up aesthetically
A buggy with different stains.

We've all this field of knowledge,
And of ignorance made a wreck ;
But no one here can tell us
Why is a " duck's neck ? "

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Assistant in Chemistry.

HARRY T. WELTY, B. S.,
Assistant in Chemistry.

Granted leave of absence to pursue special Study at Columbia University, New York City.





Self-Culture.

BY PROFESSOR R. H. ALVEY.

TO the student of to-day, walking in the light of modern science and trained in the methods of the laboratory, the terms "culture," "cultivation" and the like possess a peculiar significance and embody a profound scientific principle. He knows that "culture" implies such modification of environment, such control and direction of external conditions, as tend to aid evolutionary growth, and to bring the subject treated to its highest possible state of development, whether it be plant life, animal life, or minute microbe organism. What ever we wish perfect, we cultivate. Applied science has rightly been called the hand-maid of Nature.

Again, while recognizing the principle of development and growth in natural law, we know, too, that a contrary tendency exists in all animate things, — a tendency beginning with arrested development and resulting in degeneration and reversion to type. Here again applied science assists nature by combat-

ting this tendency. Culture is both positive and negative.

It is perhaps the most striking point of difference between man and the rest of animate creation, that to him alone is given the power to apply this thing we call self-culture. Plants, animals, bacteria may be cultivated, their environment may be modified, their upward growth assisted, their tendency to degeneration checked; but they can not help themselves. Yet the evolution of a man has in it a potent factor working from within; he can cultivate himself.

Education is not self-culture; and it is not self-culture because the forces that control and direct it come mainly from without. The living brain is there, it is true, receiving, reasoning, thinking; so is the living sap in the cultivated plant; so is the living bone and blood and tissue in the well-bred animal; but the powers that direct the growth are external.

A perfectly educated man, like a perfectly cultivated rose is a work of art, but of art that is not his own.

Has education, then, no part in that which we call self-culture? Most certainly it has: it is its foundation: self-culture begins where education stops. He who would cultivate himself must first have something to cultivate. Is it not possible, however, that a man to whom the advantages of an education have been denied may yet be capable of self-culture, may refine, elevate, develop himself without the aid which training by others could give him? It is possible, certainly, but not probable. And we must not fall into the error of imagining that all education is necessarily formal: there are more kinds of education than one. Poverty, adversity, experience, travel—these are often better educators than the curricula of the college and university. But all other things being equal, the well-educated man is best able to cultivate himself.

Education, then, must probably be regarded as a means to an end, and not the end itself. And this will be more apparent when we recognize clearly and fully what is the true aim of all culture, external and internal in origin. It is simply that the plant, animal or man may *be* something better than now.

Self-culture helps us to *be* something: not to do something only, but to *be* something. And what is

this goal, this ideal at which self-culture aims? Clearly nothing short of the highest possible good. Its aim is to produce the highest type of manhood. Not to produce merely a well-educated man; not even to produce a man who is a specialist or an expert, or who knows one thing perfectly, but to have as its finished product a man whose tastes, impulses, habits, moral sense, powers of thought, grasp of things tangible and ideal, all have been trained, controlled and developed to the very highest point that time and opportunity and natural gifts will allow. This is the true meaning of culture. There is absolutely no limit to the possibilities of our being. Mind is not finite; and self-culture has no limitations. There is always clearer, purer air beyond: there is always room for greater fullness of life. The perfect union of our physical, mental and moral activities make us capable of we know not what grandeur of thought, sublimity of conception, nobility of action. We are not clods of the earth, and therefore wholly earthy, although, if we so will it, we may allow the purely animal in us to dominate, and that will make us so. We are possessed of powers and potentialities within us, that rightly cultured, controlled and directed may carry us far beyond the realm of the common-place, and into the world of lofty imaginings, profound truths and creative impulses.

It will naturally be asked—what are the processes and methods of self-culture? They are very simple, because perfectly scientific. The first step is embodied in the maxim—“Know thyself.” This we must do, and do thoroughly and fearlessly, or all the rest of our labor will be futile. One can not expect sound conclusions from false premises. All true self-knowledge must come from constant and impartial self-inspection and criticism. We are most of us too indifferent, many of us too cowardly to do this. We fear that we shall find flaws that we do not know how to mend, blemishes that we would never even acknowledge to ourselves. But one must learn to trust himself, to understand his own character, to measure his own possibilities, before he can hope to elevate the one, or to develop the other. When you can truly say—“I know what manner of man I am,” then you can begin to mould the manner of man you would be.

Again since culture depends upon adjustment to environment, we are called upon to place ourselves in harmony with our own surroundings. By the term environment, I here mean everything with which our individualities are brought in contact. Not only our immediate surroundings, but the times in which we live, the state of society in which we find ourselves, our own education, our own

habits and thoughts, our own tastes and sympathies. All these are parts of environment, and enlightened self-culture tries to understand and use them all. We have to sift it; to pick out that which is purest and truest and best, that, in short, which will help us to grow, and then assimilate it, make it part of ourselves: and we have to detect that which is evil and low and base, that which will cause degeneration, and then cast it out and away from us. Thus habit, self-control, clearness of judgment, all aid in this process of selection and assimilation.

When a man has so adjusted himself to his environment, he has become all that he can become in it. Hence, unless he is content to cease growing, he must extend and widen the environment itself. The man who is so content with his circle of existence we call narrow; and the world is full of narrow men. Such men have lost the principle of growth: their environment fits them: they will never need a larger garment.

Again, all men do not develop equally, that is, with equal rapidity, or with equal results. How could they, since the basis of their growth is individual? They hold to different standards in morals, in intellectual beliefs, in art, in science. And here a word as to our choice of standards. The materials of self-culture, so to speak are our individual im-

pulses and tastes, our mental powers, and last but not least, our habits—habits of doing and habits of thinking. But no one can build well without the plans of an architect, nor mould a character without an ideal. We must have ideal types, and these types must be the highest. We may feel that some knowledge is “too wonderful; it is high, and we can not attain unto it”—but that is no matter. Approximation is in itself growth and development. A goal wholly gained means effort ended; and without growth we will certainly have degeneration.

As to what the final end of self-culture may be, we can not say. We do not recognize anything final in it. Growth is endless, and self-culture has

no limitations. But what are its practical results to the individual who practices it? If nothing else, these: First, fullness of life, that is, life whose every moment has a meaning and a purpose, life full of interest, because full of thought and work, life that is above the commonplace and mean, life that satisfies. Second, force of character, decision, clearness of purpose, with all the respect and confidence from others that this insures. Last, the consciousness of *being something*, a real entity, self-made, self-controlled, self-owned. Such a consciousness alone is worth a lifetime of effort, and more than compensates for every loss occasioned in its getting.



An Incident of '95.

If you'll listen to me, I'll relate an event
Which happened a very short while before Lent.
The fellows who room on the Sophomore Hall,
With their usual cheek and preposterous gall,
Concluded that they were lords of the school,
And straightway proceeded the college to rule.

The boys who on Madison Avenue dwelt,
A great deal of pride and dignity felt,
And their Buzzards' Roost rivals who wanted to reign
Were treated with lofty contempt and disdain,
But the light-headed Sophomores not a moment could rest,
And to open a quarrel all did their best.

Now, on Broadway there dwelt a lot of gay chaps
Well practiced in making a row after Taps,
These, not so high-minded as the Seniors below,
Considered the Sophomores as being their foe,
And, warned that the Sophs were out on a raid,
For a battle got ready, and in ambush were laid.

Meanwhile the Sophs had conceived the bold plan
Of leaving their quarters to the very last man,
And, each arrived with a pillow as a weapon of war,
To wipe out the Freshmen upon the next floor.
Now, how these wild villains could gain their consent,
To go from their hall on such dire mischief bent.

To prevent other students at work on their course
From doing their duty, by this show of force,
Is beyond every reasonable shadow of doubt
Too deep for the writer to clearly make out,
Be that as it may, it matters not now ;
Since the belligerent Sophs were out for a row.

They mounted the stairway in two terrible ranks,
At its head they were met by a brilliant phalaux
Of Freshmen, who, standing prepared for the war
Surprised their opponents from the next lower floor.

A thunderbolt striking a down from the skies
Would not to the Sophs have caused greater surprise.
They expected to find all the Freshmen unarmed,
And hence had great reason for being alarmed
When the strange apparition burst out on their sight
Of the whole Freshmen class marshalled out for the fight.

But too late for retreat, they are in for it now,
And fight now they must, the best they know how,
All at once at a signal, the Freshmen rushed forth
And belabor the Sophomores for all they are worth,
And the Sophs, thus attacked engaged in the fight
And hammer the Freshmen to the left and the right.

Such confusion that followed I can not describe,
The light was extinguished. It seemed like a tribe
Of murderous Indians were fighting a battle
And the racket was like to the stampede of cattle.

The fight had waxed warm ; the Sophs were hard pressed,
The Freshmen themselves were needing a rest,
When, without any warming, there began a wild flight
Every fellow was fleeing at the best of his might.

Every Sophomore who just a few moments before
Was doing his best to add to the roar,
Forgot in a moment the plan of the raid
And he hustled downstairs not a little dismayed,
Every Freshman who recently fought at his best
In the stampede that followed, quickly joined all the rest.

And all in a twinkling the top hall was clear,
As silent as death. Not a sound could I hear
Save a very faint rustle of the wind overhead,
Or a Freshman in hiding under his bed.

The scene of the battle was a sight seldom seen
When the hall was deserted and all was serene.
Here and there lay a pillow which some Soph in his fright
At the danger approaching, left behind in his flight
And a carpet of feathers o'er the whole hall was laid
From the pillows which burst on the combatants' heads.

But what caused this wild riot of so valiant a crowd,
In the midst of a turmoil so awfully loud?
'Twas this: A Sophomore, returning in haste,
Towards the south doorway by a Freshman was chased,
As he turned to the right down the stairway to go
He, Commandant saw coming up from below.

This alarm quickly spread, was what ended the game,
For each one of the villains at the sound of that name
Grew pale, and quickly deserting his post,
Rushed off just as if all his senses were lost,
And the fact that perhaps was the strangest of all,
Was, that Commandant carried no pillow at all.





Class of '98.

MOTTO: "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.*

E. T. DICKERSON, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

E. T. DICKERSON, *Historian and Prophet.*

Class Roll.

CLAUDE V. ALLNUTT. †

EDWIN T. DICKERSON.

GEORGE PETERSON. †

D'ARCY C. BARNETT.

LEVIN J. HOUSTON.

CHARLES H. RIDGELY.

CLARENCE R. BURROUGHS.

JOHN A. LILLIBRIDGE. †

PHILIP L. ROBB. †

GEORGE W. CAMERON.

JOHN H. MITCHELL. †

RICHARD P. WHITELEY.

ROBERT E. DENNISON.

WILLIE C. NESBITT. †



Negative by H. A. Farnham.

SENIOR CLASS.

History of the Class of '98.

“Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and makes our parting pain.”

FOUR short years ago there arrived at College Park upon a dark and gloomy morning in September a band of youths of ages varying from fifteen to twenty years, who, without semblance of that military bearing and step which they were afterwards to acquire, wended their way to the historic building on the hill to lay the foundation of the Class of '98. To many entering the portals of this institution there were the anticipations of a four years' existence free from care; to others the stern realities of life had presented themselves in their sombre array, and it was imbued with the lofty desire of acquiring a higher education that they inscribed their names upon the college roll.

Arriving several days before the opening of the season, we found only a few old students present,

those who had presented themselves early in order to get rid of burdensome conditions before the work of the year should commence. Shortly afterward the remainder of the old students arrived and gave us practical lessons in that Freshman bugbear, hazing, for we had already received the theory and now anxiously awaited its practical operation; 'twas the old, old rule of three in another phase, a Sophomore, a Freshman and a bedslat.

We were for the most part domiciled on the Top Hall, at whose entrance we gathered again and again during that memorable first year of our existence to repel the furious assaults of the denizens of “Buzzard's Roost,” when, armed with pillow or bedslat, they sallied forth on their nocturnal invasions of our abode. We often repelled them, yet they ever returned to the fray, and it seemed to us that their only aim in life was to disturb our peace and comfort. Often in the morning we awoke and

found that our faces during the night had undergone a transformation from white to black, or that our beds had turned over upon us while we snored peacefully on, instead of behaving like a sensible bed should.

However, as change is nature's law, so it was with us, for the novelty of hazing at length wore off and the inimical Sophs turned their attention to foot ball with the remainder of their schoolmates. Many of us learned the rudiments of the great game that season, and well was '98 represented on the gridiron that Fall. The time passed quickly and Christmas holidays were soon at hand, bringing us surcease of sorrow as well as release from work, for we were permitted to visit our homes again. How we enjoyed that visit! The memory of it even now outshines that of all subsequent holidays.

A few weeks after our return we were confronted with examinations which were to test the efficiency of our term's work. Being safely tided over these, we welcomed the advent of base ball and the bright Spring weather.

Again '98 was represented on the college team and in the class games which intervene between the games with rival colleges she held her own and bore off the palm of victory while others drank the bitter cup of defeat. The Spring passed quickly and ex-

aminations, this time final, which were to determine whether or not we would enter a higher class at the beginning of the succeeding year, were at hand. The path was devious and many lost their way, so that when the Summer had rolled around only twenty-six, one-half the number that had entered the race, reported for duty.

Our first vacation was a source of great pleasure to us, some spent it at the seashore, others in the country or in the mountains; how wide, in our eyes, then seemed the gulf between a uniform and a citizen's suit, and we thought that others had the same opinion; but time makes many changes. The Summer past, we returned to M. A. C. ready to take up the thread of our work where we had left off.

Now we are the much-dreaded Sophomores, and woe to the unoffending Freshman who falls into our clutches, for it is our turn now to ply the bedslat and make night hideous. There seems to be a fixed ratio between the amount of hazing a Freshman receives and the amount he inflicts upon others after he becomes a Sophomore. Foot ball and holidays again held us in sway, and examinations, though still as formidable, now failed to inspire us with their former terror. In that year Houston, of Worcester County, and Henderson, of

Montgomery, joined our ranks, and time has demonstrated their worth. Henderson, to our sorrow, spent but the one year with us. At the close of the year Robertson, whose bright smile and ever-ready wit endeared him to us, left to enter a business college in Baltimore, where he recently graduated with high honors.

Again our class team carried off the trophies of victory in base ball; there were no inter-class games of foot ball played. Our final examinations—another year gone by, another happy vacation—and we return as Juniors.

Hazing no longer hath charms for us, and we apply ourselves more diligently to our studies than of yore. Only fourteen respond at roll call, yet one more face greets us—Barnett, recently of Randolph-Macon, where he was a credit to his class, as he has been to our's. The gridiron and diamond appeal to us as strongly as ever, and again recruit their forces from our ranks.

With the usual holidays and examinations the year rolls around more quickly than ever before and lo, we are on the home stretch and have realized our earlier longings—we are at last Seniors. All respond at roll call save Muller—he has left us to go into business—a prosperous future to you, Charlie, old boy; we are sorry you will not be with us to the last.

In looking o'er the roll we find that the crew of old '98, which in the beginning numbered fifty-two men, after weathering many a storm, now consists of:

Allnutt, of Montgomery County, the first upon the roll, is a devotee of the athletic, literary and social side of our class. He has for several years been a prominent member of the outfield on the college base ball team.

Barnett, of Dorchester County, entered in the Junior year and has made fine progress. He was formerly a student of Randolph-Macon College, of Ashland, Va. His oratorical powers and skill in debate, as well as his scholastic ability are well known.

Burroughs, of Charles County, has been with us throughout the entire course. He has loaned the Literary Society his best efforts, and has taken many prominent parts on the program.

Cameron, of Cecil County, has been one of the star players on the base ball team for the past two years. He has great fondness for engineering and chemistry, and has made excellent progress in both.

Dennison, of Washington, D. C., has taken an active part in our social events and has evinced great tactical ability. His bright sunny nature has won him many friends.

Dickerson, of Montgomery County, has been a faithful classical student from the time of his entrance. His excellency in all studies cannot be doubted, as he has led the class for several years. He has very pronounced literary tastes and is one of the New Mercer's best members. He has gained a circle of friends who will be sorry to see him leave.

Houston, of Worcester County, entered in the Sophomore year. His originality and his mathematical ability have distinguished him. He has taken an active interest in athletics and has managed the base ball team during the past season with much success.

Lillibridge, of Laurel, has always been a devotee of foot ball, he has played right end on the college team for several years, and during the past season captained the team very successfully.

Mitchell, of Charles County, is the only member of the class who has risen from the Preparatory Department. He has led us at drill and presided over us at our class meetings and also managed the foot ball team during the past season. He is noted for his excellency in mechanics.

Nesbitt, of Montgomery County, has taken the lead in our musical and social events. As treasurer of the Rossbourg Club, much of his attention has been directed along that line

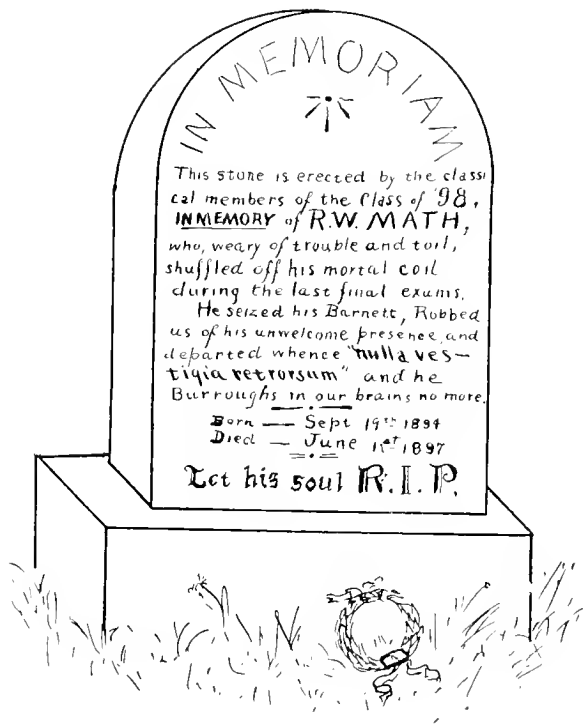
Peterson, of Calvert County, has represented '98 on the base ball team with much credit and has been actively interested in social matters and "affairs du coeur." His scholarly abilities have won him high rank in class, like his bright disposition has in the hearts of his classmates.

Ridgely, of Howard County, has been our athletic leader and we are indebted to him for many a hard-won victory on the gridiron. He, too, has been actively interested in social events, and as Chairman of the Reception Committee has done much to promote the success of the dances.

Robb, of Caroline County, Va., has shown his ability at drill and in base ball. He has taken much interest in the Rossbourg Club and has held the office of Chairman of the Refreshment Committee during the past year.

Whiteley, of Prince George County, has taken a very active part in all literary matters and has shown a high grade of ability in his studies, as attested by his class rank. He is the youngest and one of the brightest members of our class.

The chapter is nearing its close and '98 will soon be a class in memory only, but may that memory hold us in as close a bond throughout the future, when each one shall sail for a different port than "Graduation," as it does now. HISTORIAN.



Class Prophecy.

IT WAS the second Summer after my graduation that I was traveling in Italy ; I had visited the haunts of many of the old Roman poets during the past two months, and on the evening before had come to the little village of Andes, deeply ensconced in a pleasant little mountain valley about three miles from Mantua where the author of the immortal Aeneid lived and wrote. I had spent the afternoon rambling round the neighborhood visiting the little nooks and crannies so dear to their ancient frequenter, and towards twilight had returned to the inn where a bountiful supper awaited me, after which I retired to rest and to sleep.

Late in the night I was awakened by a touch and beheld standing before me a man past the prime of life, his long white hair fell down o'er his shoulders and his emaciated form was clothed in a loose white garment bordered with purple. The clear expressive eye and broad, high forehead bespoke the poet.

Seemingly interrogated by my surprised and curious glance, he slowly and carefully began: "Arise and follow me if you would see your classmates once more and revive your college days;" at the

same time, turning and motioning me to follow, he left my apartment.

Out into the balmy Italian night I followed my strange guide, past the huts of sleeping peasants until we were in the vicinity of Cumae. Before us yawned the black mouth of a cavern, but, seeing my guide fearlessly enter I followed his footsteps.

After proceeding some distance, the darkness grew denser and I heard strange sounds. "Fear not" said my guide, "we are now about to enter Hades by the gate of Acheron," and immediately afterwards, the cavern widened and we entered into what appeared the upper world in the garb of night.

On past grief and avenging care, pallid disease, loathsome poverty and the furies in a hundred terrible forms, we pursued our way until the banks of the muddy, murky Styx were reached; there my guide produced a golden bough from beneath his toga and old Charon approached with his dusky craft and ferried us across. In our front stood Cerberus, tossing his trio of ghastly heads from side to side, prepared to dispute our advance, however after my guide quoted a passage from the Aeneid he seemed to be recognized and we were allowed to proceed.

We now entered a field bright with unearthly sunshine, gorgeous with perfume laden flowers, in the midst of which I beheld a handsome youth walking amid a bevy of young nymphs. Being informed it was the Cupid of this region, I approached to view him more closely and to my utter surprise, discovered it to be my old classmate Allnut.

I was eager to stop and discuss old times, but was hurried on by my guide. Passing out of this field we entered a hilly country where I witnessed a very exciting chase, three sportsmen, mounted on diminutive ponies were spurring madly after a trio of deer, yet the distance seemed never to lessen between pursuers and pursued. As they passed by I recognized my old classical comrades Dennison, Houston and Lillibridge and at the same time my guide informed me that they were chasing the most famous deer in Hades, known as Livy, Horace and Tacitus. I shouted a greeting after them but they neither stopped nor returned it, but only moved to the chase while I plodded over the hills and down into a pleasant valley.

There I saw a dark-haired man turning up the fresh soil, his face lit up with the light of contentment. Waving fields of corn and wheat, interspersed here and there with pleasant vineyards, extended in all directions. Struck with a curiosity at

finding one so happy I approached more closely and lo! it was my old friend Charles Ridgely. He wished to take me to his barn and show me his far-tamed herds but my guide objected and again we hurried onward.

Our course next led us into other flower bedecked fields, to which were admitted only those who had loved faithfully in their college days. In and out among the groves they wandered in couples as though strolling from church, and while watching them, with delight I espied my classmates Peterson and Robb, each with a nymph on his arm, in whom they were too much absorbed to return my greeting.

Just beyond lay a dense pine forest, in whose sombre shade I came upon a charcoal burner who had grown wealthy at his trade although he was known as "Peter Munk" I had no trouble to recognize in him another comrade of my college days, Burroughs. He told me that he had successfully united the business of making tin-types to that of charcoal burning.

From him I learned that Cameron had been placed in an ever burning furnace, but, by means of his chemical knowledge and ingenuity, had so treated the coal as to make it non-combustible, in consequence of which he had regained his freedom and

had become a very important personage in that region and was known as Col. Hawkins.

He also told me that Mitchell had gained some renown by building the first infernal railroad, and had so enchanted the great huntsmen by shoeing their ponies so that they would neither slip nor stumble, that they had unanimously voted him chief blacksmith in Hades.

Out of the pine forest my guide conducted me to Pluto's splendid palace where we learned a German was in progress. Entering the ballroom my attention was immediately attracted towards the leader, who was dancing with a girl much shorter than himself; in his long, spare figure I was delighted to recognize my classmate Billie Nesbitt.

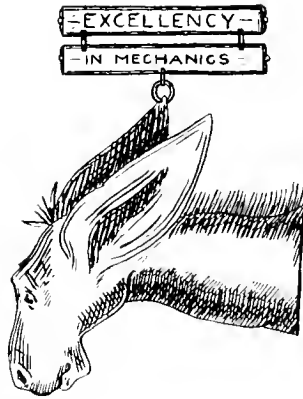
Not long did my guide let me linger near this enchanting scene, but after our brief greeting, led me to another wing of the palace, where the Hadean court was in session. A shade was being tried for a grave crime and a stout man was pleading very eloquently in its defence and at length won the case, for the jury unanimously acquitted him. Thus said my guide I show you your own future.

From the palace we wended our way towards a lofty hill, in the distance, from whose summit came an occasional puff of smoke accompanied by a deafening roar. Upon arriving at the summit we were met

by a man in full uniform; his shoulder straps indicated an artillery officer of high rank and when he approached more closely I recognized another classical comrade, Whitley. He informed me that soon after his arrival in Hades he had been placed in command of the artillery used to restrain the recreant shades who were overcome by a desire to leave the nether world.

Leaving the fortified hill we crossed the river Lethe, which winds peacefully along the borders of Elysium. "Hither" said my guide "none are admitted who have ridden through their college days," there gloomy care never penetrates and the day is one continual round of pleasure and contentment. Not far away I beheld a meeting in progress and from my guide I learned that it was The Elysium Literary Society, and presiding over it I discovered my old room-mate and classmate Barnett. Long we dwelt on the reminiscences of the days we spent together at college, until at length my guide interrupted, saying, "I must lead you back to the upper world as day is nearly breaking in Italy," he had barely uttered these words when everything seemed to fade away and I awoke to find the sunlight steaming in at my window and that it was all a dream.

PROPHET.



Grinds.

AGRICULTURAL COURSE.—

“O(blest) is he, who from business free,
Like the merry men of old
He tills his land with his own stout hand,
And knows not the lust of gold.”—*Horace*.

CLASSICAL COURSE.—

“Tis no sin to ride a pony
As professors oft have feigned.
For in other rides you lose a ten
In this a ten is gained.”—*D. B. W.*

MECHANICAL COURSE.—

“With busy hammers closing rivets up.”—*Shakespeare*.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.—

“Blessings on Science and her handmaid Steam.”
—*Mackay*.

ALLNUT.—

“A full-grown Cupid very much admired.”—*Byron*.

BARNETT.—

“Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate and sanction of a God.”—*Pope*.

BURROUGHS.—

“But still the wonder grew,
That such a little cocoa-nut could carry all he knew.”—*Pope*.

CAMERON.—

“What cannot art and industry perform;
When science plans the progress of their toil.”—*Brattie*.

DENNISON.—

“Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle.”—*Byron*.

DICKERSON.—

“Such is the youth whose classic pate,
Class honors, medals, fellowships await.”—*Byron*.

HOUSTON.—

“Who agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic.”—*Byron*.

LILLIBRIDGE.—

“Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might.”—*Tennyson*.

MITCHELL.—

“ If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.”—*Scott*.

NESBITT.—

“ 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.”—*Watts*.

PETERSON.—

“ A man who would make so vile a pun would not scruple
to pick a pocket.”—*Horace*.

RIDGELY.—

“ Happy the man inured to toil
Whose oxen plough the ancestral soil.”—*Horace*.

ROBB.—

“ Words are like leaves, and where the most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath, is rarely found.”—*Pope*.

WHITELEY.—

“ And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.”—*Byron*.

SENTINELS AT BAY RIDGE.—

“ Some have mistaken blocks and posts,
For spectres, apparitions and ghosts.”—*Buller*.

BASE BALL TEAM.—

“ And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! O, for a coach ye gods !

OUR COLLEGE GIRL.—

“ One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu ;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet, shall pant for you.”—*Dodsley*.

H. S. R.

“ Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto.”—*Byron*.

REVEILLE, '98.—

“ Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme.”—*Milton*.

WATCHMAN.—

“ Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the office sits.”—*D*.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—

“ When in your fostering brains you bid us live,
Our subscription list will show how much you give.”

EDITORIAL BOARD.—

“ I would the gods had made us poetical.”—*Shakespeare*.
“ A college joke to cure the dumps.”—*Swift*.

Class of '99.

CLASS COLORS : Orange and Blue.

CLASS YELL : Tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.
M. A. C., M. A. C., Ninety-nine.

Class Officers.

M. N. STRAUGHN, *President.*

L. R. COMBS, *Vice-President.*

J. C. BLANDEFORD, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Class Roll.

BLANDEFORD, J. C.

COLLINS, H. E.

COMBS, R. L.

EYSTER, J. A. E.

GALT, M. H.

GOGGIL, T. R.

GORSUCH, W. M.

KENLY, J. F.

MCCANDLESH, R. J.

PRICE, T. N.

ROBB, J. B.

SHAMBERGER, D. F.

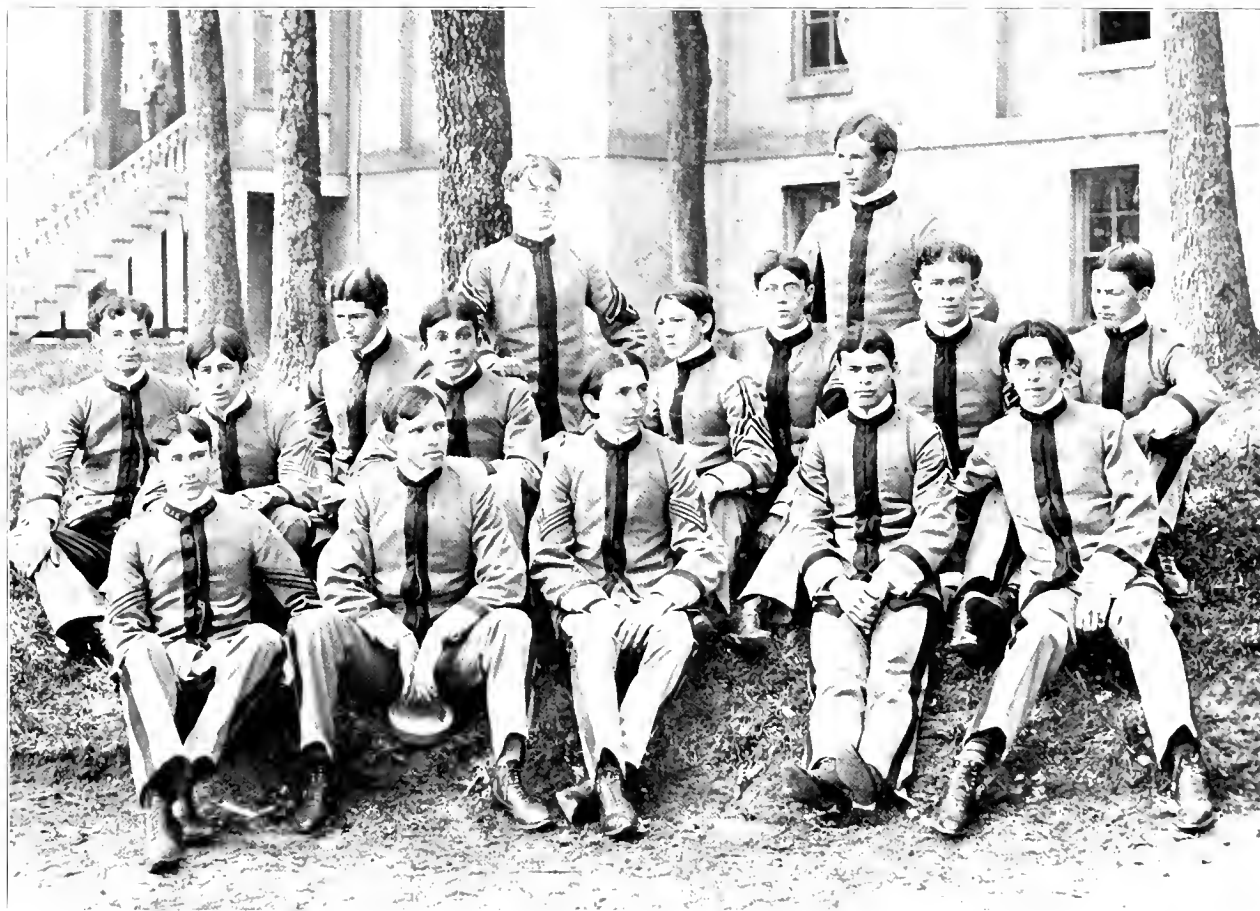
SEDWICK, T. O.

SIPLEY, I. H.

STRAUGHN, M. N.

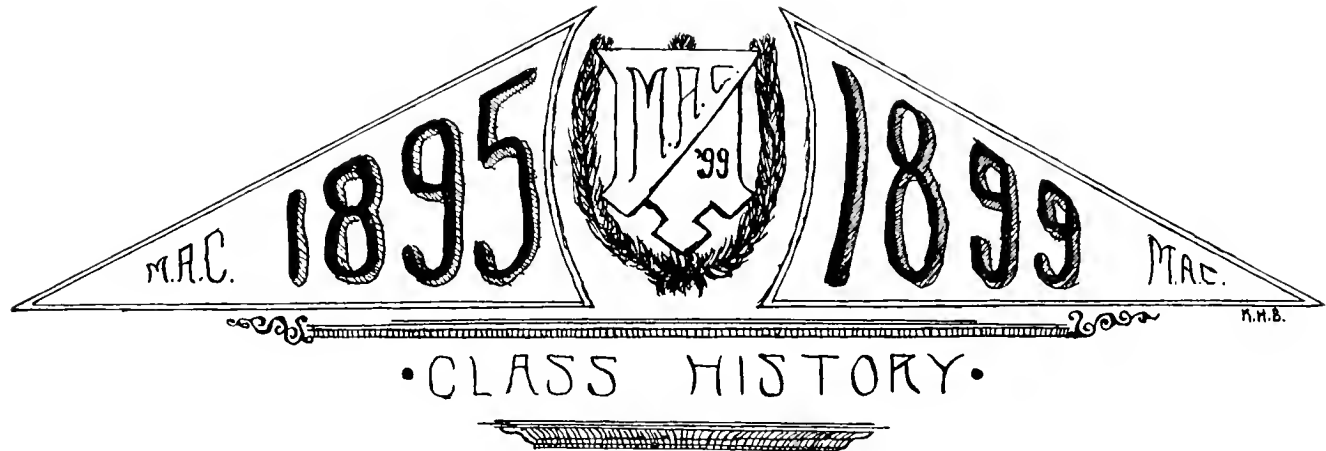
THORN, J. O.

WHITEHILL, I. E.



Negative by H. A. Parrham.

JUNIOR CLASS.



WE REALIZE that another year has passed by since we had the pleasure of giving a sketch of our class in the REVELLE; we feel highly gratified that again this pleasure is extended to us. Although one year nearer the goal, our entrance has not faded from our memory, nor will time ever blot out its strong impression.

As we glance back over our career, our attention is attracted to that bright September morning when we first entered the portals of M. A. C. Vividly do we recall the circumstances which followed.

Taking in the situation at a glance, for we had not the opportunities for a careful insight, so quickly were we called upon to register and then "hustled" off to the section room for our entrance examination. This comprised our first day's experience through which, we were to pass that night. This was the first opportunity the old boys had had of giving us a careful survey; or "sizing us up," as they said, which afforded them great amusement to our complete discomfiture.

We soon realized that reasoning with them availed us nothing. We tried to be submissive and

to make light of the ordeal which followed, but with heavy hearts we humbly submitted to their demands.

This "harangue" was the source of amusement for the old students for quite a while, but at length we became better acquainted and formed many warm friendships among the upper classmen. Since we had become reconciled, we seemed inspired with renewed vigor. Realizing the chief purpose for which we had come to college, we set to work to accomplish those tasks laid before us and our determined manner was instrumental in accomplishing our first great victory in college life. We have accomplished many since then, which now cause us many pleasant reflections.

After we were thoroughly installed into membership, foot ball constituted the principal source of amusement. Several members of our class were fortunate enough to make the team, but unfortunately the team was forced to disband.

The days we eagerly counted until Christmas. This recreation created new strength, which was very essential for the semi-annual examinations which were fast approaching.

While this caused some anxiety and was an abyss too wide for some to cross, still the majority reached the opposite side in safety, another victory

was added to our fast increasing list. Anxiety faded away and clear sailing was before us.

Time rolled on until nature was all aglow with life, at which time base-ball became the prevailing sport. We were more conspicuous in this than in the foot ball department. And while we developed no phenomena in this line, we labored energetically towards holding up M. A. C.'s record on the diamond.

Again our spirits seemed to be depressed. Why? Because, as coming events cast forth their shadows, so, we could discern in the dim future examinations slowly but as death, surely approaching. We feared them because we thought they might have a tendency to lower our excellent year's record, and cause that which was a delightful reflection to be but a painful reference. But this was not the case, for on the contrary, we added still another laurel to the honor of our class.

Then for vacation. O, how joyfully we looked forward to it, for we realized that we had successfully passed the first mile stone of our college course. It is needless to say that our satisfaction was complete. This record has no doubt greatly inspired us during the two succeeding years.

Vacation passed like a flash and again we viewed the old walls of M. A. C. But, alas, only twenty

out of thirty-seven answer to their name at roll call. Five new members joined us, Messrs. Collins, Gorsuch, Price, Shamberger and Thorn. These increased our roll to twenty-five. Little did we expect to have our ranks thinned so. This had the tendency to cast a gloom over us for a time, but brighter hopes dawned beyond. We soon settled down to work, met and vanquished our foes, the examinations, whenever they appeared.

During the winter months we organized a literary society, and well do we remember the spirited debates, in which all participated. This afforded us much pleasure as well as it was the means of diverting our minds from the monotony of school life.

The year passed quickly and at the end of the year the battalion encamped at Bay Ridge. 'Twas there that those familiar faces of our old classmates greeted us. After this vacation again demanded our time, but before we could realize it we were again at M. A. C.

Now this is our Junior year. Messrs. Eyster and Sedwick are heartily welcomed into our ranks. The former, we are glad to say, is beneficial to us, for he is one of the chief members of the Mandolin

Club, and the latter a member of the Glee Club. Yet only sixteen are found remaining. The rest have severed their connection as classmates, but certainly not in friendship. May those tender ties which have held us in such close connection in the past continue in the future.

Yet our class, though few in number, has worked energetically to uphold the class record and it is useless to enumerate the incidents which have transpired during the year as all who are associated with us know that our work thus far has been that of good students, and that we have striven hard towards holding up the institution's pride in each and every detail.

During our three years' course we have had our disappointments. In these we stood united and sallied forth with our banners "warring." What change there may be in the future we are unable to comprehend. Still we trust that our efforts in the past may reap their rewards in the future and that every member of the class of '99 may look upon his career at M. A. C. as a few years spent in profit as well as pleasure.

HISTORIAN.

Class of 1900.

CLASS COLORS : Royal Purple, Garnet.

CLASS YELL : Hi rickety rit, hi rickety rit.
Yackety, yackety, nineteen, nit nit. ('oo).

Class Officers.

F. G. BELL, *President.*

E. N. SAPPINGTON, *Vice-President.*

S. M. PEACH, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Class Roll.

ALVEY.

BARBER.

BELL.

BORST.

BROOKS.

BUTLER.

CHOATE.

CHURCH.

EWENS.

GROFF.

HAMMOND.

HINES.

HARVEY.

JENIFER.

JONES.

KEFAUVER.

MESSICK.

PEACH.

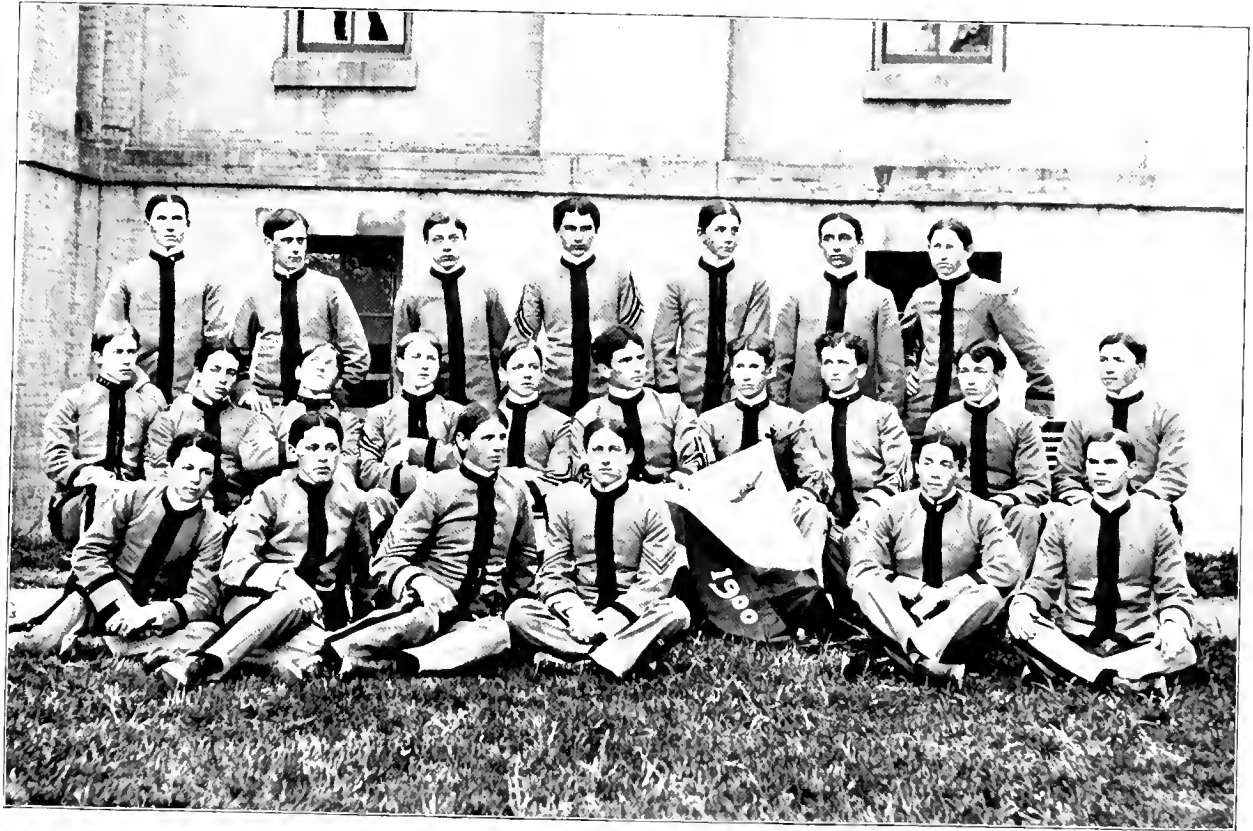
SAPPINGTON

SUDLER.

TALBOTT.

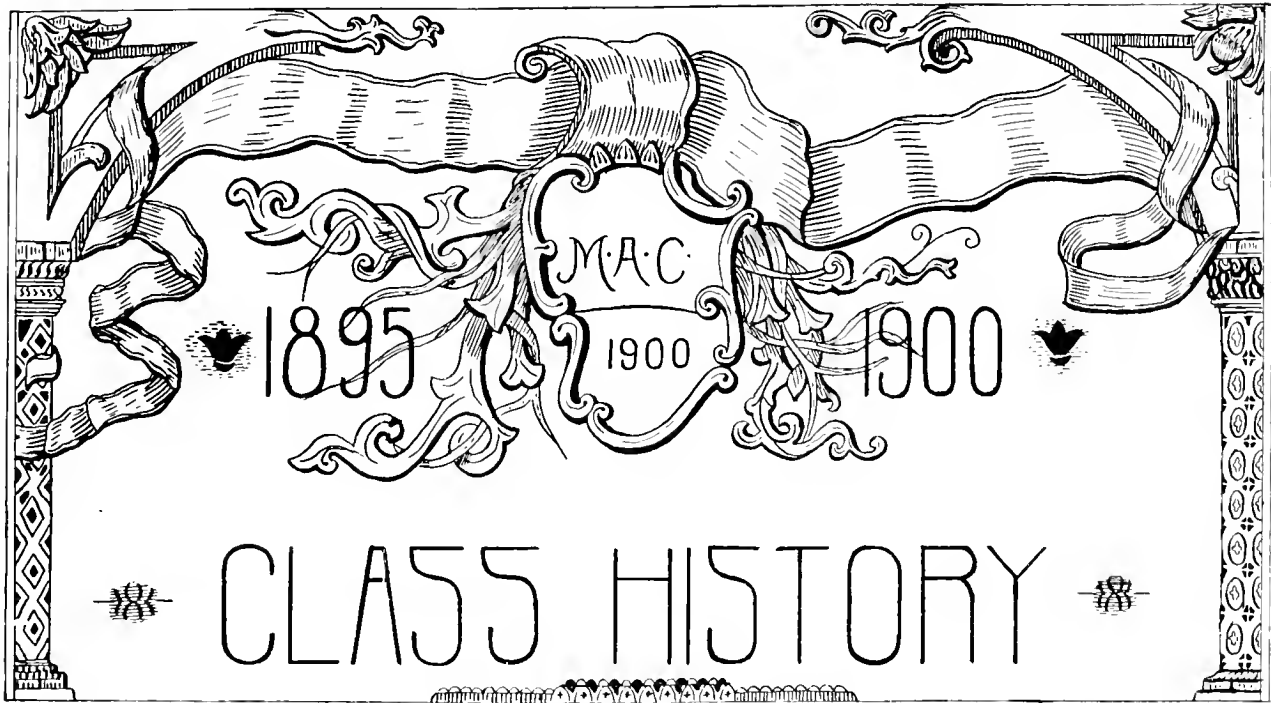
WEIGAND.

WILLIAMSON.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.





ABOUT a year and a half has now passed away since we first began our class life at the Maryland Agricultural College.

We were Freshmen then, and as we well knew, we had yet to experience that feeling that comes over every youth as he is about to enter upon his college career. We had yet to become ac-

quainted with the many toils and privations, which, from time immemorial, have fallen to the lot of Freshmen according to college tradition.

How we dreaded the torments, which we knew the unrelenting upper classmen would surely inflict upon us much to their amusement and our terror. But as there is a limit to all worldly things, so these

troubles ceased to worry us and we had some peace and satisfaction.

Football being the prevailing sport in the Fall, we directed our attention to that game for exercise and for something to wear off homesickness. Not a few of our members soon became proficient in the game, and, by the usual amount of training, several became members of the first team, that team which so wonderfully held up the honor of the college.

As the enthusiasm for foot ball became less ardent, and as Winter with its dreary days and long evenings came on, we were closely confined and had little to occupy our minds except our studies; so inspired by the glory of excelling we bent our energies to our work. Time wore on slowly until we began to think of the Christmas holidays, nor were we sorry, for who is he that is not anxious to go home after his first few months at college? We soon found ourselves homeward bound with glad hearts, for we well knew what pleasant greetings awaited us at home and from friends.

But these days of pleasure were hardly begun before it was time to return to our books. With a New Year resolve we set to work, mastering all difficulties that presented themselves.

We organized a literary society and so spent many an evening pleasantly and beneficially that otherwise would have been very slow and fruitless. Our meetings were well attended and were kept up all winter.

Nor must our record as a class to hold up its rights and honor by an occasional "class scrap," be left unnoticed. In fact that is a poor class indeed, which cannot either hold up its name or fight to the last in the attempt. No college, university, no matter how sanctified or religious should discourage class feeling among its students.

The next event to present itself was the examinations. As everyone viewed it as a serious matter, it was deemed best to make as good an examination as possible. I am happy to say we overcame all difficulties and were soon launched into the second term. Several new members joined us at this time, and after the usual welcoming ceremonies, were soon reconciled to their new life.

The time sped swiftly on now, and as Spring opened up with all its verdure, we became inspired by new feelings as our surroundings became more and more beautiful. After being confined all Winter, both mind and body, busied with study and care, we needed some recreation of a new kind.

Base ball, that sport in which everyone takes such an unbounded interest, now comes in season. Every evening from 4 to 6 o'clock the campus presented a lively appearance; every body either training for the team or simply to derive all the fun and good that could be gotten out of it. Our class was represented on the first team; we also had a class team that did its work in a way that demanded admiration.

As Spring grew into Summer we were still cheerily plodding, each on his own brierly way, meeting with reverses and good fortune according as the fates decreed. We looked forward to the time when all our troubles and labor should yield sweet and long-coveted fruit. Our little cycle here at college may be compared to the life we must lead when we leave it.

At last we have come to the end of our studies for the first year and are face to face with the final examinations. With renewed energy we set to work to accomplish that which must prove our fitness to enter a higher class. Examination over, we enjoyed a week in camp, and the experience we had that week will never be useless to any, and should we ever be called upon to put into practice what we learned then, when there was pleasure connected with it, we may feel the importance of that week's encampment.

When we returned to college how it seemed to welcome us; it had been so lonely while we were gone and we brought life back to it. Nor, in truth, were we sorry, for our vacation was near, but we were gladdened by the prospects of the next few days. The commencement was no sooner over than we again turned homeward and forgot study as though there never was any such thing.

Yet we must look back over the year past and reflect whether we have spent the time profitably or not. Surely the year has not been lost; we have all learned and improved our knowledge in that which we undertook at the beginning. We have no reason to regret the time and work we spend here, if we take advantage of our opportunities.

During our summer vacation, our occupation being changed, gave our brain a chance to rest and prepare for another year's work at college. Our vacation was spent happily, each in his own way passing the time to suit his tastes or as circumstances compelled him. Those three Summer months passed quickly and we were again reminded that it was time to return and take up our duties as members of the Sophomore class. About the latter part of September we were nearly all here again. We regret the loss of a few of our members but as new ones have joined us, the vacancies are

about filled up and we feel ourselves as strong as ever.

We were then Sophomores and we well remembered our last year's experience with the class then bearing that name, so that we knew our first duty at the beginning of the year, and it was performed admirably.

As we have then reached our second year at college we naturally feel ourselves of some importance. This year, no doubt, has been our happiest, yet it has been an exceptionally hard one. We have not changed our determination to overcome all obstacles no matter in what form they may present themselves, and hope to make this year more successful than last.

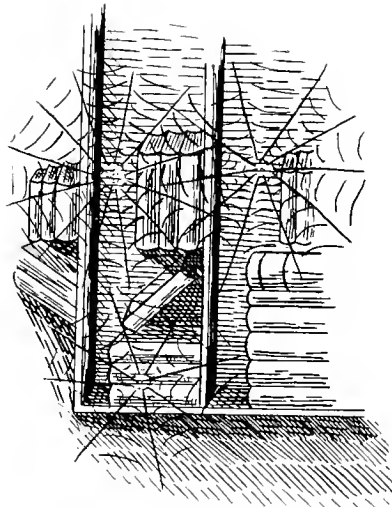
We have made good progress thus far in our second year. Everything has gone very smoothly for us, with few exceptions. The Christmas holidays came and went as the year before and we soon found ourselves ushered into the new year. Time wore on without any event of importance until an-

other season of examinations came; always prepared for such occurrences we passed creditably and thus found the work of the first year completed. Then we turned our faces to the work to be completed in the second term. It seemed like a mountain to be removed, but, armed with such weapons as self-confidence, strong determination and a motto like the old reliable "Omnia labor vincit," we feel able to conquer anything that dares oppose us.

Up to the present time we have a record that we may never be ashamed to speak of at any time. By means of our class organization we have been able to ward off all difficulties and make a formidable front against all attacks.

We feel proud to note that few have dropped out of the ranks, and we yet have a large class. Let us then, my classmates, one and all, unite in a firm resolve, to make a mark for our class and for our college, and let 1900, the last class of this glorious century be a model for those that follow.

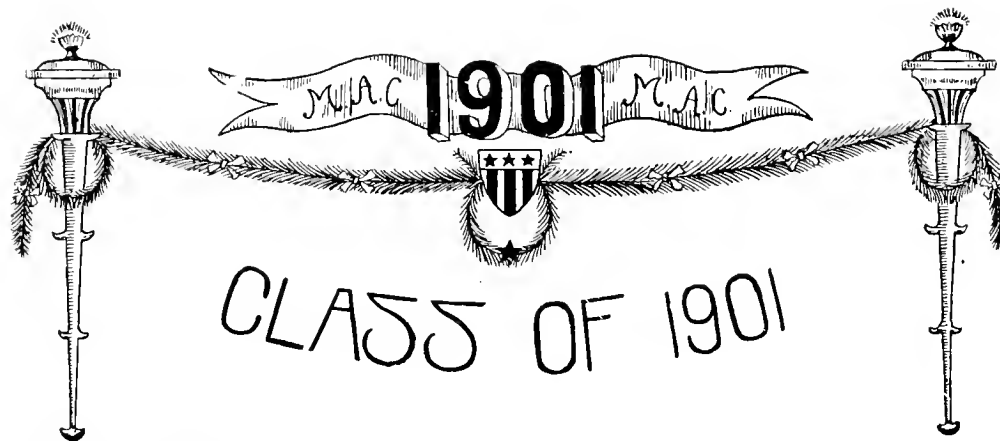
HISTORIAN.



SOPHOMORE BOOK SHELF.

Freaks of 1900.

- A noisy thing—BELL.
A thing of beauty and joy forever—EWENS.
A bristly fellow—CHOATE.
Running water—BROOKS.
Head servant—BUTLER.
Preacher—BARBER.
Man of the iron mask—DICKERSON.
Rarity of College—PEACH.
Bird without beak—HAMMOND.
Man with \$25 Mandolin—BORST.
A Mower—JENIFER.
A Freshman Persuader—GROFF.
“A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing.”



CLASS COLORS: Violet and Maroon.

CLASS YELL: Sumus, es, Sum,
Sumus, es Sum,
M. A. C. Nineteen One.

Class Officers.

D. W. CASHELL, *President.*

G. L. DULANEY, *Vice-President.*

E. R. SPEAKE, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

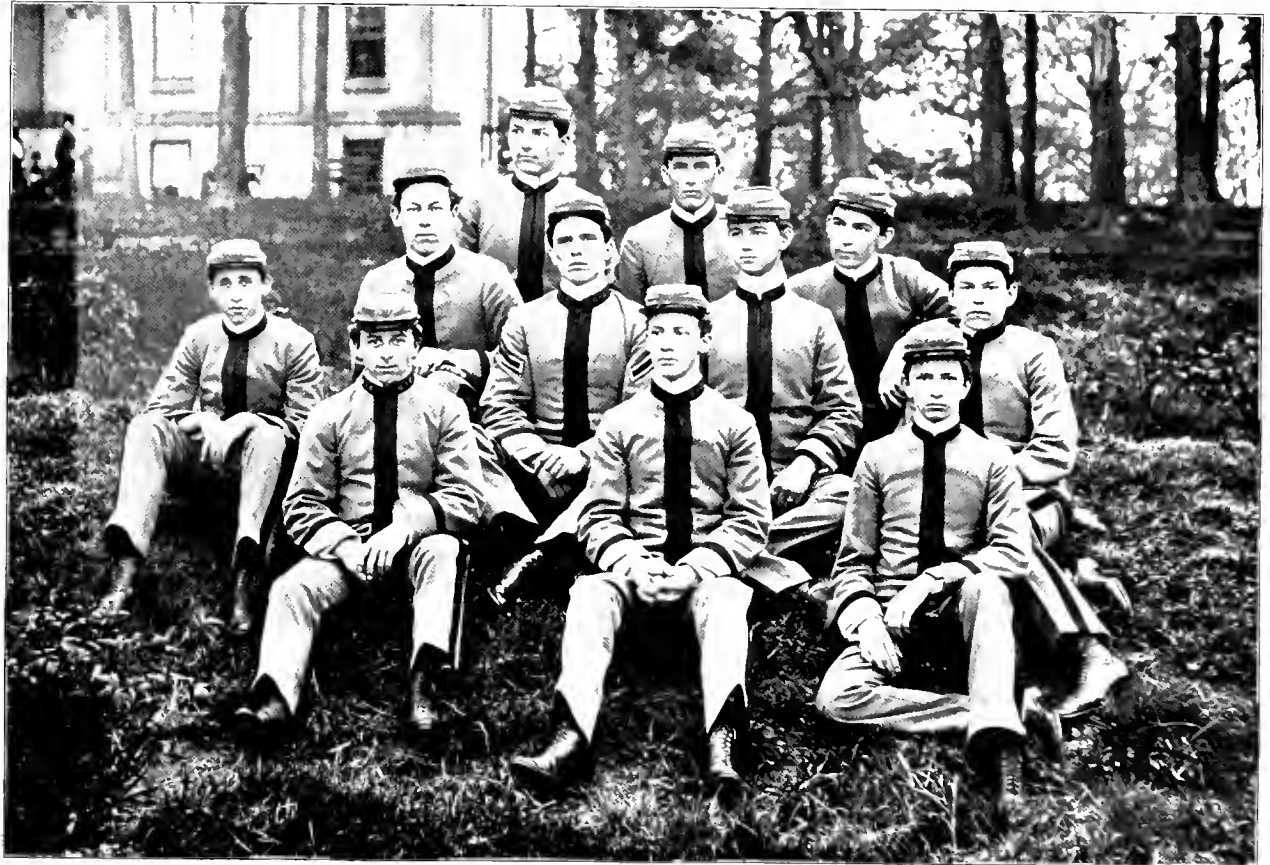
Class Roll.

BRYDON,
NININGER,
PEREZ,

RAY,
SCOTT,
COBEY,

PETERS,
ROBERTS,
VIERS,

HARDISTY,
PEYTON,
RUSSELL,



FRESHMAN CLASS.



History of the Class of 1901.

ON the twentieth day of September, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, the majority of the Freshman Class arrived at and viewed the surroundings of the Station.

Very little time was lost in observing this place, however, as each and every one of us was anxious to compare the Maryland Agricultural College in reality with the idea which had been formed concerning it quite previous to this eventful day. Several of those constituting our number were students who had spent the previous year in the Preparatory Department of the institution, consequently they were not unnerved, nor did they seem to hasten to the college, but one could plainly see that despondency was depicted upon the faces of those who had never before experienced the novelty of the first few days at college.

At length, after a walk of a mile up-hill, we reached the college, and, when we entered, we were

confronted by a person of very military bearing, who was afterwards to be so greatly feared, the Officer of the Day. He immediately conducted us to rooms, larger and more convenient than we had imagined, which were to be our quarters for the next four years. Indeed, M. A. C. presented to us an appearance much more home-like than any of us had anticipated.

Now we were quartered, but none of us were without a sensation of home-sickness and consternation, for we had already, at this early date, been informed as to what would be our deserts if we failed to execute submissively all requests submitted by our superiors, the Sophomores.

The first night was spent very quietly, but, of course, perfect rest for a Freshman was entirely out of the question, for before retiring we could see rather conspicuous and desperate-looking characters stealing cautiously up and down the long corridors.

"Would that I were a Sophomore, or that I had spent the previous year in the Preparatory Department," were the only audible exclamations which we felt inclined to utter at this critical period. We were awakened the next morning by the sounding of reveille—a classical term which we knew nothing about, of course, being Freshmen—at quite an early hour.

After we had assembled, the major marched us to the dining room, where a substantial meal awaited us. At 8 A. M. we were sent to our respective class-rooms, where the remainder of the day was so thoroughly occupied with new thoughts that it passed by almost unnoticeably. The week passed by very rapidly, to the gratification of the "Sophomore Hazers," who had been contemplating a visit to us on this particular evening. About twelve o'clock, when the building was quiet and all were supposed to be asleep, I heard a gentle knock on my door. I knew better than to not open the door, so, with chattering teeth and trembling limbs, I approached and opened the door. All my midnight visitors were masked, with the exception of two, who were blackened. Ah! how I remember every detail! The leader, a large and frightful-looking man, blackened and carrying a large "persnader" in his hand, asked, "Can you sing?"

"No," in a trembling voice, was our reply.

"Then probably you will honor us with a declamation."

We, reading determination on the faces of our superiors, thought, and, indeed, knew, it would be best to proceed at once. The vain attempt seemed to afford them that satisfaction which they demanded.

In a little while they left us and passed to other rooms. Those who refused to respond to their summons were given a gentle reminder that it was compulsory. A persuader is a board with many holes in it; each one of these will draw a blister if used by the trained hand of a Sophomore. With these they helped us to decide.

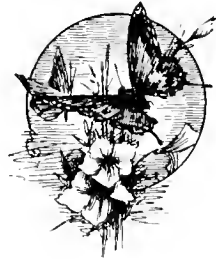
The next attraction, if we can consider the preceding as such, other than our studies, was football, and we are pleased to mention the fact that our class was represented on the first team.

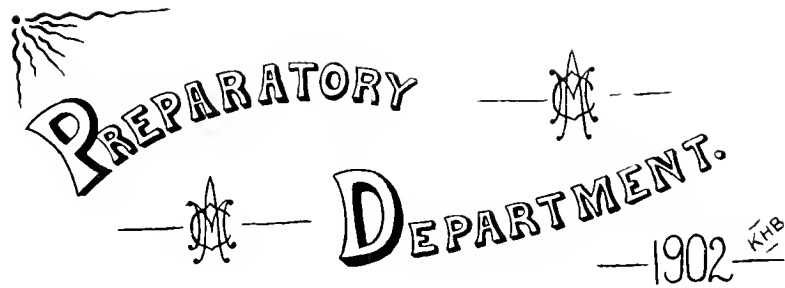
Thanksgiving having approached, afforded us a little recreation, for we visited our homes. Upon returning determination among us to resume our work with renewed vigor was plainly noticeable. Ere many weeks had elapsed, Christmas was upon us to contribute to the Freshmen as well as the notorious "Sophs" an unbroken vacation of nearly two weeks.

Having returned, we began to prepare for the semi-annual examination, and it is useless to say that each and every one of us were anxious to impress the Faculty and our parents with the fact that we had not entirely neglected the numerous advantages and opportunities afforded us, and I am proud to say we were somewhat elated over the success which we met with in regards to the examination.

As yet, we have not organized a Class Literary Society, but many of us have been admitted, through the urbanity of the Seniors, to the famous New Mercer Literary Society, from which we hope to derive much benefit.

Now, my dear classmates, let us stand united in the future as we have done in the past, and mark the dawn of the twentieth century by closing a happy and successful career. HISTORIAN.





PREPARATORY
DEPARTMENT.
—1902^{KHB}—

FREDERICK LEO MCGLONE *President.*
DOUGLAS GORDON CARROLL *Vice-President.*

Class Roll.

BROWNING.

CALVERT.

COMBS.

COOKE.

DELAUDER.

DEVON.

DICKEY.

EVANS.

FAWCETT.

HARVEY.

MANGUM.

PAYNE.

POSEY, A.

POSEY, F.

RAY, A.

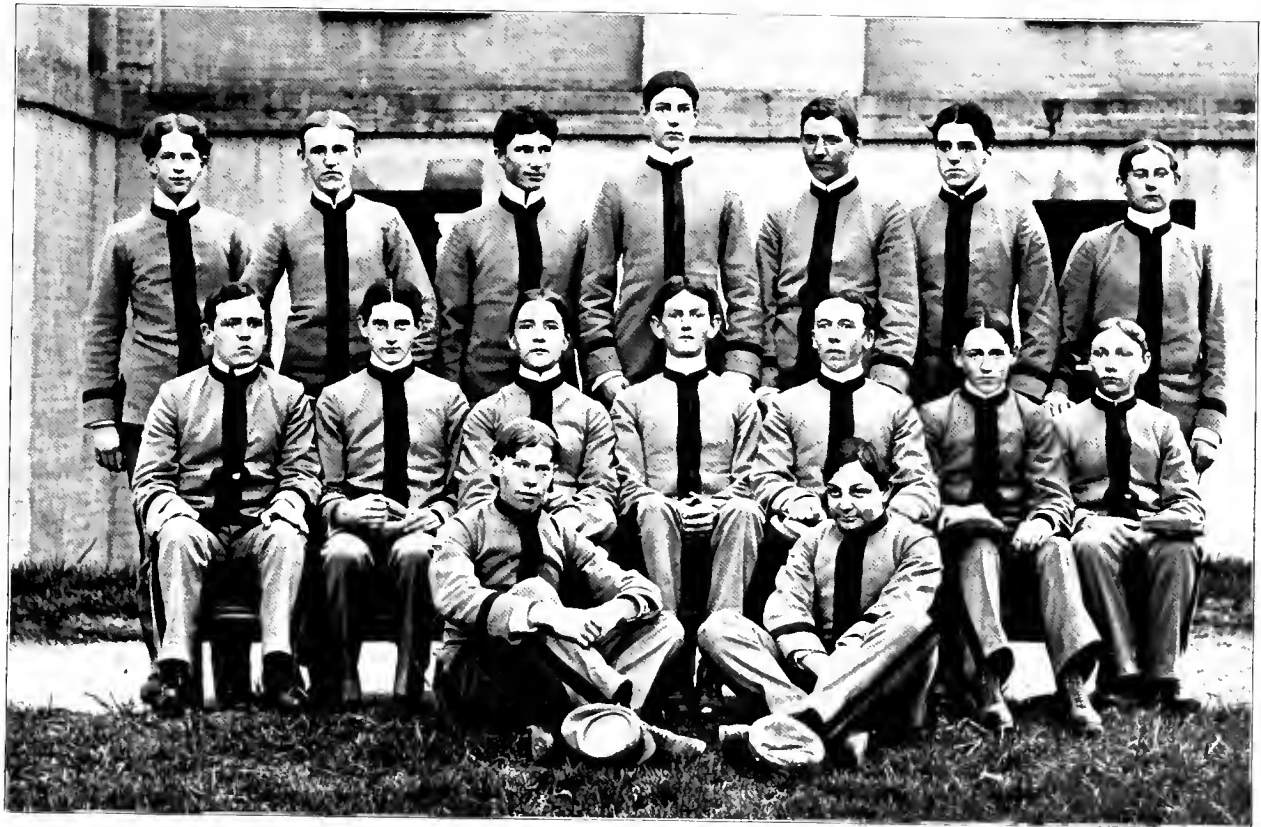
SHAECKER.

STONE.

WARFIELD.

WHEELER.

WILKINS.



Negative by H. A. Farnham

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Examinations in Preparatory Department.

Question. Where is Milwaukee?

Answer. Northern part of Chicago, South of Portland, State of Detroit, on the Mississippi River.

Q. Describe the Choptank River.

A. Rises in the Mountains of the Moon, flows Northeast into the Arctic Ocean.

Q. What did the Indians raise mostly?

A. Wigwams.

Q. What does the Eastern Shore grow?

A. Whiskers and sea-weed.

Q. What are the greatest falls in the world?

A. Paddle falls.

Q. Who was the wisest man?

A. Reeder.

Q. What were the earliest means of locomotion?

A. Cribs and ponies.

Q. What were the Alabama claims?

A. The right of a State to secede when it wants to and to make its own laws and govern itself as it sees fit.

Q. What was the first cable message?

A. Send us some broth.

Q. Compare good.

A. Good, gooder, goodest.

Q. Which is correct—I can't eat college grub or I cannot eat college grub?

A. Either.

Q. Give principal parts of eat.

A. Eat, et, eat.

Q. Give principal parts of dine.

A. Cornbeef, turnips and cabbage.

Some of our Favorites.

NAME.	SOBRIQUET	PLACE OF RESIDENCE.	CHARACTERISTICS	HIGHEST AMBITION
ALVEY	"Footsey,"	Usually College Grove,	Diminutive Feet,	To free Cuba.
BLANDFORD	"Dutch,"	Somewhere in the vicinity,	Are Irish,	To be a carpenter.
BORST	"Ta ta-de-ho,"	Musical center of Baltimore,	{ Supreme score of { Dulaney,	To lead the Mandolin Club.
BURROUGHS	{ "The Rabbit," { "Peter Monk,"	{ Any old sedge-field in { Charles County.	{ Military bearing and ab- { sence of motor organs,	To be a photographer.
COLLINS	"Satchel,"	Chesapeake's sandhills,	Solemn expression.	To sing 2nd bass.
CAMERON	{ "Satchel Secundus," { or "Col. Hawkins,"	The Susquehanna,	{ Excellence in Graphic { Statics,	To imitate Satchel.
DENNISON	"Irish,"	Swampoodle,	Tremendous proportions,	To be an Irish comedian.
DULANEY	"Theodore Secundus,"	{ As far as possible from { Theodore,	Animation and volubility,	To command the "Reeder Gang"
GOUGH	"Reeder,"	Charles County again,	Punctuality at Tactics,	{ To play base ball and to visit { College Park at midnight.
HINES	"Monk,"	"Hinesville."	Absence of nasal appendage,	{ To disapprove of the Dar- { winian Theory.
HOUSTON	"Preacher,"	{ The newly discovered { Eastern Shore,	Susceptibility,	{ To make a machine to keep { a hen from sitting.
LILLIBRIDGE	"Laurel,"	{ Agricultural district some- { where on the B. & O.,	{ Dislike to visiting Wash- { ington,	{ To take out naturalization { paper in Piedmont.
MCGLONE	"Mick,"	Believed to be Ya.,	Also Irish,	To Kill a "Dummy."
PETERSON	"Piggy,"	Over on the hill,	{ Blushing bloom of in- { nocence,	To be first from church.
PRICE	{ "Tis mince or 'Taint { mince,"	Dear old Darlington,	Missing.	To curl his hair like Theodore.
ROBB, P. L.	"Annanias,"	{ Swamps of Southern { Virginia,	Inordinate love of truth,	To make 100 % in Biology.
RUSSELL	"Cat fish,"	St. Mary's—God bless yer,	{ Generosity with smoke- { ables,	{ To be able to ride home on a { railroad.
SEDWICK	"Hedgehog,"	Flood's Park,	Love of betting,	To skip paying his bets.
THORNE	"Diamond King,"	Razor Beach,	Love of jewelry,	To disfigure a cadet for life.
WAREFIELD	{ "Tobey," { "Pat," { "Ching,"	Love Grove Alley,	Want of appetite,	To become a waiter.
WHITEHILL	"Sallust,"	Yankee Town,	Love of Latin,	To become a saw-bones.
WAITELEY	{ "Yellow Kid" or { "Blushing Baby,"	A suburb of College Park,	{ Elegant appearance on { Friday night,	To lead the class.

Only a College Trick.

Listen : a story : strange but true.
Of what the boys will often do.
On a wintery night sometime ago,
When the earth was covered o'er with snow,
And the cold North wind was blowing like
" Hello " boys, the bugle's blown.
Now let us start on our midnight roam
For the chicken house on Captain's Hill
Said one little fellow, (we'll call him Bill).
And into procession the others fell
For a " fry " was in store they knew quite well.
So off they went on the escapade
And on the coops they made a raid:
And on the return from on the hill
They pulled off feathers from toe to bill,
And each, with a chicken swung at the waist,
They started back at a rapid pace
And, lighting the stoves that were hidden away
One little fellow to the other did say
" I'm a nat'ral born robber and dat aint no lie,"
And soon all were eagerly eating the " fry "
And all agreed it was " clean out of sight,"
For " hash " they had lived on, morning and night.
Then clearing all traces of feathers and bones
They crept away to their rooms alone.
And each, in his dream, began to cry
" I'm a nat'ral born robber, and that aint no lie.'

Captain P————'s Meditation.

IT WAS the nineteenth of February, the morning after the dance. I was seated at the staff table of the "M. A. C." Although there was a lively conversation going on all around me, as I was afterwards told, in which I occasionally took part, but only to answer direct questions because, the truth was, I was "meditating." The dance the night before had been the most successful of the season and it seemed to me as if I could hear the music as plainly as I did when gliding over the floor with Miss H——, whom, I must confess, was the subject of my thoughts. Now and then I was brought back to my senses by the Adjutant's well-known voice, "Come back," I would look up and find every eye turned upon me, and to add to my embarrassment my friend sitting just opposite me would say "There goes Pete dreaming again." This would bring a howl from the rest of the batallion. This state of affairs lasted only for a minute, however, for the boys though fond of a joke, could not afford to lose their breakfast and would set to work again as hard as ever.

From what I heard between my dreams I found that the conversation of the staff was not wholly

unlike my own thoughts, for the Major was counting the dances he had missed, etc.

Just then a discussion began as to who was the prettiest and most popular girl on the floor. How this question was decided I have never heard, but, in my mind, of course, there could be no doubt. Just before this question was brought to a close my thoughts, try as I would to prevent them, carried me off to the seats behind the parlor door where I sat looking into those soft blue eyes—trying to read my destiny, never thinking for an instant how fast the golden minutes were flying, for before I knew it a young man appeared at the door and said "Miss H——, the bus for the train leaves in five minutes." It was only then that I realized that I had been there for seventeen dances. Words could not express my thoughts when I found that I had to say good-bye and the words which I tried so hard to utter died on my lips and destined to go unsaid—for I was brought back to my senses by the Major's sonorous command "Batallion rise" and looking down I found that my plate had not been turned over, and that I had breakfasted once more on sweet meditation.

The Wonderful Blow of Lightweight Limber



"FEATHERWEIGHT PRETTY."

Come hither, my classmates, and I'll recall
A wonderful scrap on the Freshman Hall.
It occurred in the month of bleak December,
Between "Featherweight Pretty" and "Lightweight Limber."

The room was packed clear back to the door,
And the contestants were scrapping all over the floor,
When suddenly Limber's right shot out
And caught the end of poor Pretty's snout.

The blood on the floor formed a small-sized lake,
Which scared Pretty so that his curls became straight.
Pretty now carries his nose in a sling,
And Limber's acknowledged the cock of the ring.



Military Organization.

CLOUGH OVERTON (First Lieutenant, First U. S. Cavalry), *Commandant Corps of Cadets.*
J. HANSON MITCHELL, *Major Commanding Battalion.*

Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff.

W. C. NESBITT, *First Lieutenant and Adjutant.* J. A. LILLIBRIDGE, *Captain and Quartermaster.*
M. N. STRAUGHN, *Sergeant-Major.*

Color-Guard.

CORPORAL NELSON SAPPINGTON. CORPORAL W. G. GROFF. CORPORAL MOORE JENIFER.

Light Battery.

R. P. WHITELY, *First Lieutenant.*
—————, *Second Lieutenant. (To be appointed.)* —————, *Second Lieutenant. (To be appointed.)*

"A" Company.

PHILLIP L. ROBB, *Captain.*

EDWIN T. DICKERSON, *First Lieutenant.*

D'ARCY C. BARNETT, *Second Lieutenant.*

D. F. SHAMBERGER, *First Sergeant.*

Sergeants.

Corporals.

LEVIN DIRICKSON.

J. F. KENLY.

S. M. PEACH.

HARRY ALVEY.

DORSEY CASHELL.

F. C. BELL.

W. H. WEIGAND.

"B" Company.

GEORGE PETERSON, *Captain.*

CHARLES H. RIDGELY, *First Lieutenant.*

CLAUDE V. ALLNUTT, *Second Lieutenant.*

IRA E. WHITEHILL, *First Sergeant.*

Sergeants.

Corporals.

LESLIE COMBS.

T. M. PRICE.

W. D. GROFF.

GRAFTON L. DULANEY.

J. OWEN THORNE.

R. M. JENIFER.

"C" Company.

ROBERT E. DENNISON, *Captain.*

LEVIN JOHN HOUSTON, *First Lieutenant.*

GEORGE W. CAMERON, *Second Lieutenant.*

JAMES C. BLANFORD, *First Sergeant.*

Sergeants.

Corporals.

J. BERNARD ROBB.

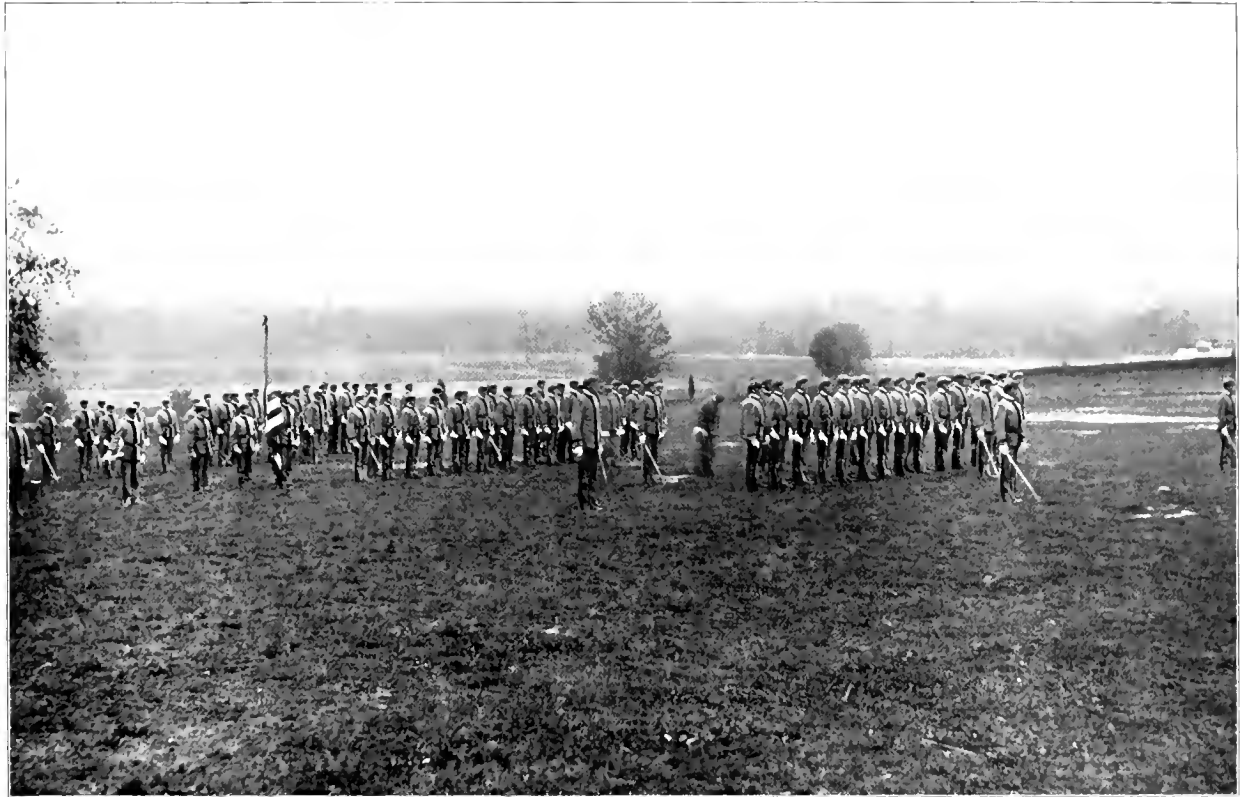
A. S. GRASON.

NELSON SAPPINGTON.

H. A. WILLIAMSON.

R. J. McCANDLISH.

JOHN A. JONES.



Negative by H. A. Farham

BATTALION OF CADETS



Delinquency List.

- ALVEY—Not preparing Tactics.
ALVEY—Raiding College Park?
BARBER—Using profane language.
BARNETT—Failing to get excused from drill.
BELL—Shooting “Snipes” out of season.
BORST—Not attending meals.
BORST—Objecting to be called “Ta-da-ho.”
BURROUGHS—Not attending meals.
CARROLL—Keeping a “satchel” under his bed and a
“shoat” in it.
CARROLL—Buying tobacco.
CASHELL—Keeping a “dickie” bird in his room.
COLLINS—Appearing before ladies in a negligé costume.
DICKERSON—Failing to get excused from drill.
DICKEY—Carrying mice in his clothes.
GORSUCH—Remaining at College on Sunday.
GOUGH—Raiding College Park?
HAMMOND—Padding his legs.
HARDISTY—Secreting a peach in his room.
HARDISTY—Carrying mice in his clothes.
HARVEY—Keeping “suds” in his room.
HOUSTON—Leaving a stump in his room at Inspection.
JIM—Failing to swipe a chimney.
MCGLONE—Buying tobacco.
NESBITT—Detailing, O. D.
PETERSON—Failing to visit the President on Sunday.
RAY, A.—Preserving a military bearing.
REEDER—Breaking hearts at dances.
RIDGELY—Being present at Agriculture Class.
RUSSELL—Not “bumming” tobacco.
SCOTT—Rooming with a STONE.
SHAMBERGER—Taking a bath on hall after Taps.
TOBY—Failing to take part in the celebration of Saint
Patrick’s Day.
WARFIELD—Going on the sick-list because of a PAYNE
in his room.

Parody on "In Memoriam."

I hold it true of one who passes
On one sure pony in divers exams,
That cadets, on stepping cribs,
May go from their dead flunks to higher classes.

But who can so forecast the causes,
Or find in "zips" a sheepskin to match,
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off results of riding horses?

A Fragment.

How dear to our hearts is
Cash on subscription,
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view ;
But the man who don't pay—
We refrain from description,
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That man might be you.—/E.V.

Our Dear Charmer.

O Theodorus ! whose beaming looks and curly hair
Are so great an idol to all maidens fair,
Why further rouse the envy of lesser men,
By grasping that sweet instrument again,
Whose beauteous strains so clearly heard,
Lack not the full softness of a lovers' word.

Our Camp at Bay Ridge.

IN accordance with the precedent of the previous year, and through the consent of the Board of Trustees, an encampment was decided upon for June, '97, but it was not until the latter part of May that the place was selected.

The announcement that Bay Ridge was the choice caused many expressions of approval, and excitement gradually increased in the student body as the time of departure grew near. The day for leaving having been fixed for Saturday, June 5th, the day previous was noticeable by the excitement and commotion which prevailed, caused by the proximity of such an unusual event.

All preparations having been completed the night before, the cadets retired for a restless nap, to be called from their cots next morn before the usual hour by the blast of reveille.

After a hasty breakfast, assembly was sounded and the battalion, having received a short but encouraging address from the president, was marched to College Station through the mud. We arrived at the station considerably before train time, which

caused an impatient wait of several minutes, seeming to us so many hours, and as the train came in sight each of us felt that his expectation was about to be realized.

Boarding a special train, we revelled in thoughts and dreams of what future fate in camp life would bring us, and, although the weather had been very bad for a few days and the ground quite wet, our spirits were not to be depressed by an unfavorable outlook.

Arriving at Bay Ridge about noon, we dined at the hotel, and, guards being posted, we spent the evening in pitching tents, in which we were greatly assisted by Corporal Stewart, of Fort Meyer.

As a sufficient quantity of straw had not yet arrived, bedding was scarce, and Company "A" passed the night on the hotel porch, the other companies remaining in camp.

The first few days were somewhat disagreeable on account of the rain, but, during the latter part of the week, the weather was quite different. Arrangements had been made with the manager to

board the battalion, so that cooking, one of the worst phases of camp life, was dispensed with. Thanks are due here to the manager, Mr. Duvall, for his numerous and considerate efforts in behalf of the cadets.

Guard duty was performed in a very praiseworthy manner, while all of the drills furnished a standard to be proud of.

Satisfaction was also given by the Signal Corps, which had been organized in the Spring.

The new boys were subjected to many tedious trials, while performing their guard duties. Notwithstanding the fact that the drills consumed a great portion of our time, there were a few hours each day during which we could enjoy ourselves in various ways. Some of the boys spent their time dancing, some bathing and rowing, while others devoted their recreation to the different amusements which the place afforded. The boat arrived from Baltimore at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M., and its approach was eagerly awaited, some of the boys probably in expectation of friends, and others to test their popularity with the girls.

Our visitors were mainly from Washington and Baltimore, and increased in numbers toward the end of our stay.

The dress parades held at six o'clock each evening proved very attractive to the large crowds

which witnessed them. The battalion in white ducks marching to the music, with the dark pines and setting sun for a background, furnished a charming picture. The close order drills alternated with parades and movements in extended order. On Thursday, before we left, we were inspected by Captain Finley, in close order movements, arms and equipments, after which a well-ordered attack was planned and executed from Mosquito Lake as a base, upon the grove near the hotel as an objective point. This was our most efficient drill during the encampment, and won us especial commendation from the inspectors, and "bravoes" from the crowd. On the following day a party of friends from college arrived, and, for some unknown reason, Pete was absent from his place at dinner that day.

Many cadets took advantage of the facilities of acquiring female acquaintances, and were frequently seen strolling about on the pier or through the grove with the objects of their choice.

During the last day nothing of importance was done save preparations for departure. Immediately after breakfast the baggage was packed and piled at the head of each company street. All of the stakes having been pulled up, except two on either side of the tent, the "general" was sounded and at its last

note all the tents fell together, and "Camp Bay Ridge" was no more.

The camp equipage was removed to the wharf, and we were released from duty until seven o'clock, when the color line was broken and the battalion boarded the train for college, taking with them many fond recollections, and regrets that the stay had not been longer.

After a journey of a few hours, the gray walls of the college appeared in the twilight and seemed to welcome us back again.

Orders issued at "CAMP BAY RIDGE."

ORDERS NO. 15.

The following service-calls are announced :

- 1st Call for Reveille 5.50 A. M.
- March and Reveille 5.55 A. M.
- Assembly 6.00 A. M.
- Inspection Call 6.15 A. M.
- Fatigue. 6.25 A. M.
- Sick Call 6.45 A. M.
- 1st Call for Breakfast 6.55 A. M.
- Assembly 7.00 A. M.

- Parade 8.15 A. M.
- Assembly 8.20 A. M.
- Guard Mount 10.10 A. M.
- Assembly 10.15 A. M.
- 1st Call for Morning for Drill 10.20 A. M.
- Assembly 10.25 A. M.
- Recall 11.30 A. M.
- Release from camp for all except guard.
- 1st Call for Dinner 12.15 P. M.
- Assembly. 12.20 P. M.
- 1st Call for Drill 3.25 P. M.
- Assembly 3.30 P. M.
- Recall 4.25 P. M.
- Release from camp.
- 1st Call for Supper 5.30 P. M.
- Assembly 5.35 P. M.
- 1st Call for Dress Parade 6.15 P. M.
- Assembly 6.20 P. M.
- Retreat.
- Release from Camp.
- Tattoo. 9.30 P. M.
- Taps 10.30 P. M.

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

By order of
 CLOUGH OVERTON,
 1st Lieut., 1st Cav., Comdt. of Cadets.

Caught.

'Twas midnight, and half a dozen boys
Assembled on the hall without a noise ;
Then, moving cautiously, they did not stop
Until they reached the student's stairway top
And, looking closely, I noticed one young fellow
Who carried on his arm what seemed a pillow.

And when they had the top hall safely gained
They listened carefully, to see that silence reigned.
Then said one boy, a very timid Soph,
" We better keep a lookout for the Prof."
Then said another of the risky boys,
" Why, what's the use? We won't make any noise."

So, taking out a knife he opened wide the blade,
And opened too, the downy pillow very soon was laid.
And then the feathers fell like flakes of snow
And slowly settled on the halls below.
So away went all the feathers, except a very few,
Which they reserved and these upon the hall of Broadway
strew.

But now they bitterly regret they heeded not the Soph,
Who told them at the first to keep " a lookout for the Prof."
For now they hear his footsteps, and every time they fall,
The face of each young rascal turns whiter than the wall,
And now he nears the spot where the band of rascals stands,
Each one of whom, in sorrow now is wringing!at his hands.

When he looks down upon the hall of Madison avenue,
His face is red, then white and then it turns to blue.
And when he turns his gaze on the hall of Buzzard's Roost.
He feels as if he'd like to give each boy a rousing boost.
However, he contents himself with reporting one and all,
For " creating very serious disturbance in the hall."

And then the risky fellows, who played the dirty trick
Were all confined within their rooms and were feeling pretty
sick,
For the president of the college thought it would be best,
To put such dangerous characters under close arrest.
Next morning, in the chapel, from his ordinary station,
He asked the " student body for their hearty co-operation."



D'ARCY C. BARNETT
 GEORGE W. CAMERON
 J. A. ENGLISH EYSTER
 OWEN THORNE
 C. RUDOLPH BURROUGHS

President.
Vice-President.
Secretary and Treasurer.
Editor.
Songant-at-Arms.

Members.

ALLNUTT.	CHOATE.	GOUGH.	PEACH.	SHAMBERGER.
ALVEY.	COBEY.	HARDISTY.	PEREZ.	SPEAKE.
BARBER.	COLLINS.	JONES.	PETERS.	STONE.
BARNETT.	DE LAUDER.	KEFAUVER.	PETERSON.	STRAUGHN.
BLANDFORD.	DICKERSON.	KENLY.	ROBB, J. B.	THORNE.
BROOKS.	EYSTER.	McCANDLISH.	ROBB, P. L.	WARFIELD.
BURROUGHS.	FAWCETT.	NESBITT.	ROBERTS.	WEIGAND.
CAMERON.	GALT.	NININGER.	SCOTT.	WHITELEY.

Honorary Members.

PROF. SPENCE.

PROF. LAUGHLIN.

PROF. SIEMAN.

The New Mercer Literary Society.

TO BE able to express one's thoughts quickly, freely, and correctly, is an accomplishment most earnestly to be desired, not only from the fact that it prevents much ridicule and embarrassment, but also because it has served as a powerful auxiliary to many a man in obtaining a livelihood.

In whatever walk of life a man may determine to try his fortune, from the son of the celebrated millionaire to that of the ignorant farmer, at some time in his existence there will come the desirability of expounding his views and of explaining his reason for such views to his fellow-countrymen and he will find that his persuasive abilities are enhanced proportionately as his delivery and ease of expression are superior to those of his opponent.

Professional men, especially lawyers, who are very well versed in their particular profession will find themselves badly handicapped in the race for honor, fame and wealth when the adversary with whom they compete, has the advantage of being able to express his arguments more freely and with greater volume.

To young men enjoying the vicissitudes of college life, preparatory to entering upon their life's work, the advantages of a literary society in giving them confidence in themselves and in cultivating their innate powers of debating, oratory and declaiming are inestimable.

It was for the purpose of developing these innate powers and for giving to the students of M. A. C. the opportunity of preparing themselves to become able to cope successfully with the graduates of other institutions of learning, that the New Mercer Literary Society was established and the thanks which our graduates owe to this feature of our college are innumerable.

The society was organized in 1861 by Dr. William N. Mercer, of New Orleans, who displayed great interest in its welfare—an interest which he strongly proved by presenting it with a large sum of money as well as with some very valuable books. He had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts rewarded with success, for the movement seemed to take admirably and at the time of his death the society numbered almost every student in college.

With the death of its illustrious founder, however, enthusiasm began gradually to decline, and in 1889 the society seemed to have attained an untimely grave, for this interesting organization ceased to exist.

It was re-organized in 1892 by Mr. F. B. Bomberger, who, as president, deserves great praise for his efforts and success. It was now called the New Mercer Literary Society and under this name continued through the years 1892 and 1893. The books, which the former organization had owned, were now taken to the college library and these books, with the numerous additions which are continually being made, offer to the society members and students very great advantages. Mr. Bomberger, during his term of office, also conceived the idea of having several public meetings of the society which reflected great credit upon its members and the work they were doing.

In 1894, the House of Commons, modeled after the British House of Commons and organized by the members of the Senior and Junior Classes, superseded this society and a great amount of benefit was derived from it. It dealt particularly with parliamentary law, the president being well up in such law and enforcing rigidly its requirements. As a consequence, enthusiasm was high and, as is always

the result under such circumstances, it prospered greatly. In the same year the Sophomores organized a society known as the Spencerian Literary Society; and the Freshmen, one known as the Calvert Society. These only lasted till the close of the term.

In the Fall of 1895 the House of Commons was re-organized as the M. A. C. Congress, the Senior and Junior classes constituting the Senate and the Sophomores the House of Representatives. This was modeled after the U. S. Congress and was very instructive, at the same time very interesting. Questions concerning the interest of the nation were debated and voted upon; bills and resolutions were drawn up, passed through readings, discussed and voted upon. This valuable organization, however, only lasted one year, and September of 1896 found the students without any society or place in which to cultivate the powers of oratory.

At this point the class of '97 came to the front. After a convass of a week or more succeeded in again re-organizing the New Mercer Literary Society. Thanks are especially due Mr. William S. Weedon for taking the initiative in this movement. He was elected president and along with his subordinate officers performed his duty so well that the meetings grew larger and larger and the enthusiasm increased proportionately.

In January a new election of officers was held, Mr. F. Sherman being elected president, and in April Mr. G. H. Whiteford succeeded him, both conducted the society so admirably that the meetings were largely attended up to the very last and many old students expressed themselves as believing it the most successful year the society had ever experienced.

In June the society held a public meeting which was very interesting and which furnished excellent proof of the advancement and beneficial effects received by its components. Professor T. H. Spence offered a handsome medal to the best debater, and as a consequence much preparation was made by those who were to participate. The judges, after a long consultation, decided that Mr. F. Sherman debated best.

On returning to resume our studies at the beginning of this year the society work was taken up where it had been left off the previous year and most pronounced has been its success. Mr. E. T. Dickerson was elected president and to his great work and interest may be attributed the remarkable success which the society has had. About one-half the entire number of students are on its roll and whenever a number is scheduled to take part on the

programme, he always prepares himself with that enthusiasm and determination which is followed by success alone. Every second week is devoted to extemporaneous speeches, which have proven to be the most beneficial by far, since it necessitates absolutely free and unprepared speaking.

At the end of the first term a new election of officers was held. Mr. D. C. Barnett was now elected president. He has very zealously conducted it and from present prospects the end of the scholastic year will find that this has been the most prosperous in the history of the organization. Already a public meeting has been held at which there were a number of visitors from the surrounding villages, all of whom certified that they had greatly enjoyed the attractively rendered programme.

Another will be held in June which will be more elaborately carried out than the preceding one, and which we hope will be very largely attended.

In conclusion we desire to advise those we leave at M. A. C. in June, by no means to neglect this very important function of college education, but to take it up early in the Fall of 1898 and to determine, that no efforts on their part shall be spared to make it a source of abundant pleasure and benefit to all concerned.

The Rossbourg Club.

WHETHER arrayed in the well padded, if somewhat ungraceful, costume of the foot ball field, the startling maroon and pearl of the diamond or in the cadet gray, the M. A. C. cadets hold themselves ready to defend the honor of the college at all times and in all places, save one. But on that occasion, when the Rossbourg Club extends its welcome to its many friends, the boys lay down their arms in token of surrender to the fair invaders. The purpose of this club is to promote the social side of our college life and in this it has been a complete success. The dances coming as they do each month, except March, contribute somewhat towards lessening the monotony of the long months of work. This club was organized in eighteen hundred and ninety-one, Mr. Sn Penn, of Corea, being the first president.

After this, every year officers were chosen from the Senior Class, to conduct the dances, and new officers to manage the June ball, which in the thoughts of all is the climax of our social life at college.

The first dance of our Senior year was held on Friday, October 22nd, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. This dance, given by the faculty, in honor of the Senior Class was a complete success, and will serve as a model for many years to come, to classes that wish to insure success. On account of the trains the dances have to end about midnight and so reluctant are the guests to leave that in many instances they have missed their trains and remained at the college over night.

The other dances were held on November 19th and December 17th, eighteen hundred and ninety-

seven and January 14th and February 18th, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.

These dances have been as successful as the first and the committees have left nothing to be desired in their management.

We are to have three more dances this year, April 15th, May 13th and June 15th. Under the instruction of those more experienced, the boys who do not know how to dance are soon able to hold their own on the floor and the most of them avail themselves of the opportunity to become familiar with this most delightful pleasure.

As the Rossburg Club has been so nearly perfected in the last year or two, in the near future it should become an organization to be proud of and a credit to the social side of our *Alma Mater*.

We sincerely hope that it will always be as generously and willingly supported as in the last year and we can say without any hesitation that if this is continued it will be in a few years a criterion according to which any college may with credit to itself, regulate its social affairs.





THE MORNING AFTER THE "BALL."

IF.

If I could change you, dear, into an angel,
Clip both white wings, and heaven sadly cheat,
Into an angel, dear, I would not change you,
You are too sweet.

If I could change you, love, into a rosebud,
Such as you twine oft in your sunny hair,
A rose bud, love, my heart would never wish you,
You are too fair.

If I could make you, darling, as the lilly,
As fair a one as ever bloomed in air,
I'd keep you so, for in your face is beauty,
I deem more rare.

Yet is there something I would gladly alter,
Ay, vastly change if such a thing might be,
Your heart, my dearest, that it might not deem you,
Too dear for me.

The Glee Club.

WILL C. NESBITT, *Director*

First Tenor.

J. A. E. EYSTER, '99.

E. R. SPEAKE, '01.

First Bass.

IRA. E. WHITEHILL, '99.

J. B. ROBB, '99.

Second Tenor.

R. J. McCANDLISH, '99.

W. C. NESBITT, '98.

Second Bass.

A. R. NININGER, '01.

H. E. COLLINS, '99.

Mandolin Club.

IRA E. WHITEHILL, *Leader.*

C. V. ALLNUTT, *Manager.*

First Mandolin.

IRA E. WHITEHILL, '99.

THEO. BORST, '00.

Second Mandolin.

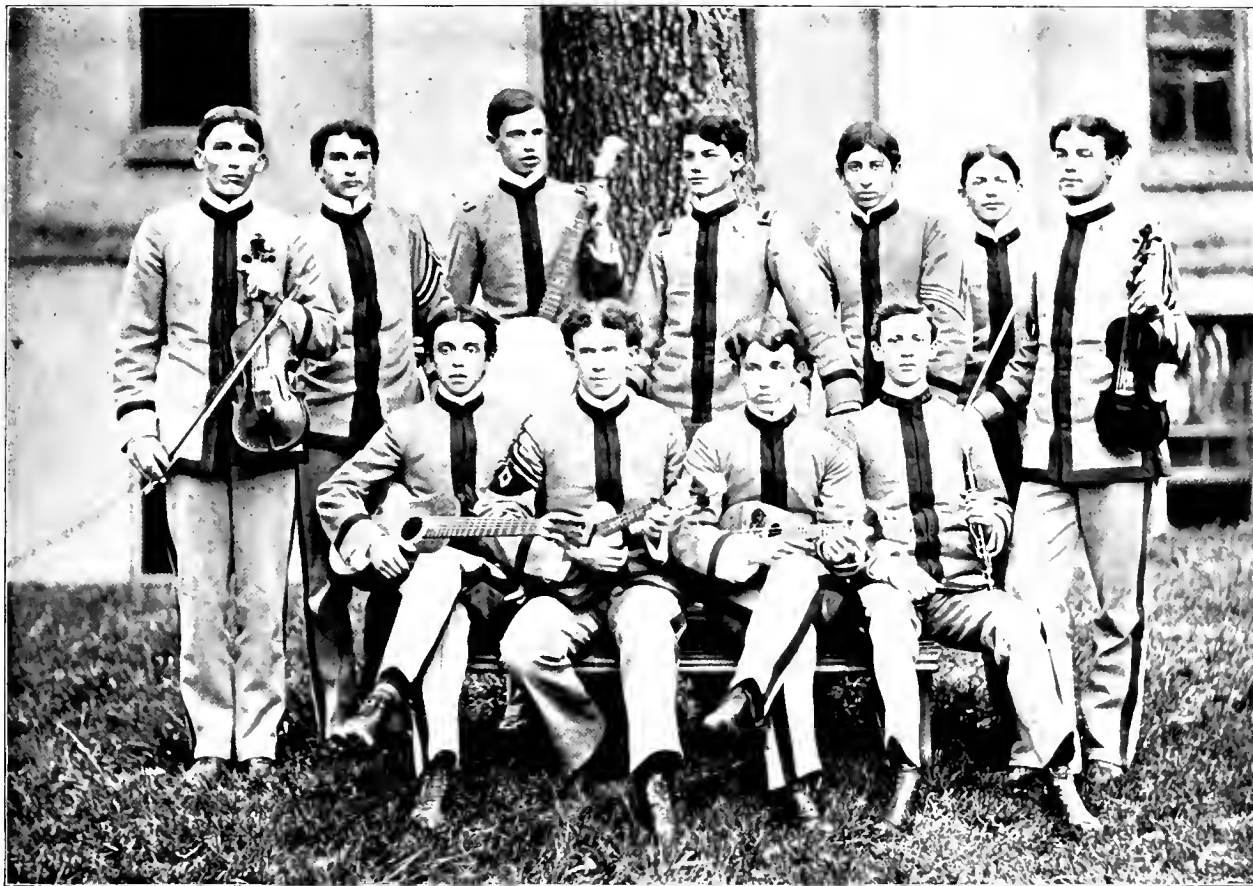
DULANEY, '01.

Guitar.

J. A. E. EYSTER, '99.

Flageolette.

A. R. NININGER, '01.



Negative by H. A. Farham.

GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.



Mandolin Club.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE year 1896-97 marked the first efforts toward organizing the stringed musical talent of our college. Feeble though it was, it marked a strong foundation on which the marvellous success of this year's mandolin club was built. Last year's attempt, while it could hardly be called successful, proved that it was possible to organize a club, as there were plenty of students in college with such talent as to enable them to become members of such a club. Last year's trial was a stimulus to which is due the remarkable advancement made this year.

Mr. Whitehill was the only member of last years club who returned to college and, with his quick musical insight, he was not long in selecting the best talent and endowing each member with a determination to organize a club, which would be an honor to their college and to themselves. Mr. Allnutt was chosen

manager, and to his earnest efforts no small amount of our success is due.

During the year many enjoyable and profitable trips were made, and as we look back upon them, we feel as though we are fully recompensed for our many hours spent in practicing. This club, without doubt, has added new laurels to the M. A. C. Our prospects for the next year are exceedingly bright, as all the old members will return and additional members are expected. With this in view, we can indeed hope for even better success than that of this year. May our hopes be realized.

The Glee Club has always had one great advantage over the Mandolin Club. From time immemorial it has been the custom to have some kind of organization in this line, but few have equalled and none surpassed the one of this year. Both together have given several entertainments, and the student body cannot show too much appreciation. These clubs have given the Athletic Association valuable assistance in several entertainments. May both continue to grow and flourish, is the earnest wish of the student-body. I think I am justified in saying these clubs have the hearty co-operation of the entire school.

Guitar Club.

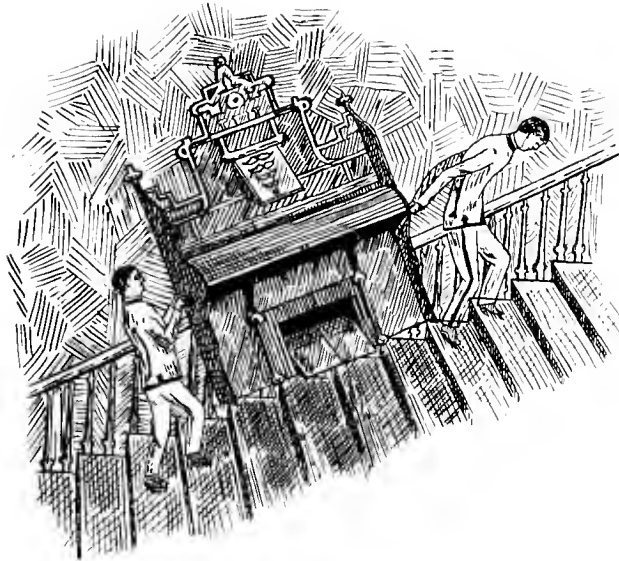
JOHN A. E. EYSTER, *President.*

J. A. ENGLISH EYSTER, *Vice-President.*

JOHN AUGUSTINE EYSTER, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Members.

JOHN, AUGUSTINE, ENGLISH, EYSTER.



RAISING A TUNE.

June Ball Organization.

ADJUTANT WILL C. NESBITT

MAJOR J. HANSON MITCHELL

LIEUTENANT EDWIN T. DICKERSON

President.

Vice-President.

Secretary and Treasurer.

Programme Committee.

LIEUTENANT D. C. BARNETT, *Chairman.*

LIEUTENANT DICKERSON.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON.

FIRST SERGEANT SHAMBERGER.

SERGEANT DIRICKSON.

CORPORAL BELL.

CADET HINES.

CADET EYSTER.

CADET COLLINS.

CADET BURROUGHS.

CADET WARFIELD.

Refreshment Committee.

LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. CAMERON, *Chairman.*

LIEUTENANT DICKERSON.

LIEUTENANT BARNETT.

FIRST SERGEANT WHITEHILL.

SERGEANT GRASON.

SERGEANT KENLY.

SERGEANT CASHELL.

CORPORAL SAPPINGTON.

CADET HINES.

CADET COLLINS.

Floor Committee.

CAPTAIN LILLIBRIDGE.	CAPTAIN ROBERT E. DENNISON, <i>Chairman.</i>	
LIEUTENANT HOUSTON.	FIRST SERGEANT WHITEHILL.	SERGEANT KENLY.
LIEUTENANT ALLNUTT.	SERGEANT GRASON.	CORPORAL SAPPINGTON.
	SERGEANT ROBB.	CADET HINES.

Invitation Committee.

CAPTAIN DENNISON.	CAPTAIN J. A. LILLIBRIDGE, <i>Chairman.</i>	
MAJOR MITCHELL.	SERGEANT McCANDLISH.	CORPORAL GROFF.
SERGEANT-MAJOR STRAUGHN.	FIRST SERGEANT WHITEHILL.	CADET BURROUGHS.
	SERGEANT CASHELL.	CADET BROOKS.

Reception Committee.

	LIEUTENANT CHAS. H. RIDGELY, <i>Chairman.</i>	
CAPTAIN P. L. ROBB.	LIEUTENANT ALLNUTT.	CORPORAL SAPPINGTON.
SERGEANT COMBS.	CORPORAL JENIFER.	CADET EYSTER.
SERGEANT CASHELL.	CORPORAL BELL.	CADET SUDLER.
	CORPORAL GROFF.	CORPORAL ALVEY.

Arrangement Committee.

	CAPTAIN GEORGE PETERSON, <i>Chairman.</i>	
MAJOR MITCHELL.	LIEUTENANT ALLNUTT.	CORPORAL GROFF.
CAPTAIN ROBB.	FIRST SERGEANT WHITEHILL.	LIEUTENANT HOUSTON.
	SERGEANT KENLY.	

A Letter.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,

September 19th, 1897.

DEAREST MAMMA :

I am at last at M. A. C., and am very much pleased with my surroundings, especially with the boys; their love of music is extraordinary, they are always wanting you to sing, not classical music, but old-fashioned tunes like "Home Sweet Home" and "Hot Time in the Old Town," which affects them almost to tears. I am also in training for the foot ball team; this consists mainly in lying over a trunk and having an instrument, called a "persuader," applied, this limbers up your muscles and improves your digestion. Then you get a shower bath every week—just as you get ready to get in the bath-tub, somebody comes along with a bucket of ice-water and empties it over you and your clothes, then after a brisk rub down with a wet towel you are ready to go out and sweep out somebody's room, which develops your back and shoulder muscles, then you can chase yourself down to the

station for somebody else, which improves your wind.

At night, when going to sleep, they come in and turn you and your mattress over and place chiffonniers, chairs, tables and other bric-a-brac on you; as you are extricating yourself, they pour a pitcher of ice-water down the small of your back; this is beneficial in case of fire, and makes you turn out readily for reveille.

A great many of the boys are ardent collectors of stamps, not old ones, strange to say, they use them in their correspondence, and never return them. When you go to drill, if you tread on your front rank man's heels, he cusses you and afterwards beats you, and if you fall back a little you get an inch or so of a lieutenant's sword in you, so you have to preserve a golden mean, or grin and bear it.

I wish you would send me \$5.00 as I have to get some stamps.

Hoping to hear from the money soon, I remain,
Your loving son,

NEW BOY.



THE FATE OF FROLICHSOME CHARLIE.

MORAL: NEVER BE KITTENISH.

The Reeder Gang.

T. R. GOUGH,	<i>Commander-in-Chief.</i>
G. I. DULANEY,	<i>Captain.</i>
V. B. ROLLINS,	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>
H. ALVEY,	<i>Second Lieutenant.</i>
B. COMBS,	<i>First Sergeant.</i>

Privates.

CARROLL.

COOKE.

EVANS.

EWENS.

DE LAUDER.

FAWCETT.

MESSICK.

PAYNE.

SCOTT.

SHAECKER.

A Raid Through College Park

OR FROM M. A. C. TO TWO WEEKS ARREST.

A FEW weeks past some of our young cadets becoming imbued with the prevailing war spirit, sallied forth under the new moon seeking what they might destroy; the only thing which they succeeded in destroying, was the peaceful slumber of an individual of the order "hobo."

After parading through College Park several times, and totally annihilating a couple of hungry curs that dared to impede their progress, they began to look for something new, as they did not appear to be having the excitement which they had expected.

Their vigilant glances immediately alighted on an old school house, which they captured with a single assault and prepared to defend against any and all comers; but alas for the plans of human understanding—up in their very midst arose a man of a stature never heard of before outside of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with ferocity depicted in every line of his unwashed visage. It is said, that "In the hour of death or great danger your whole life passes before you like a moving panorama," and some of those present have informed me

that they were afflicted with the same symptoms. For a moment or two not a sound was heard and then there was a wild yell, and a wild rush for the window, and not a stop was made until they were safe within the walls of M. A. C.

After they arrived in the building they were hauled down before a member of the Faculty, who in a few kindly words warned them against exposing themselves in the damp night air, and then sent them to their little cots.

For two weeks afterwards they could be seen most any evening with a far away look in their eyes, sitting in the grove immediately surrounding the college. They amused themselves playing base ball in the grove, and one evening had a match game in which those "who jumped through the window" showed their superiority over those "who crawled through the transom" by a score of 32 to 2.

Let us hope this will be the last sortie of the Reeder Gang.

College Yells.

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) aint worth a —
Um yenk! yenk!

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,
Skin-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!

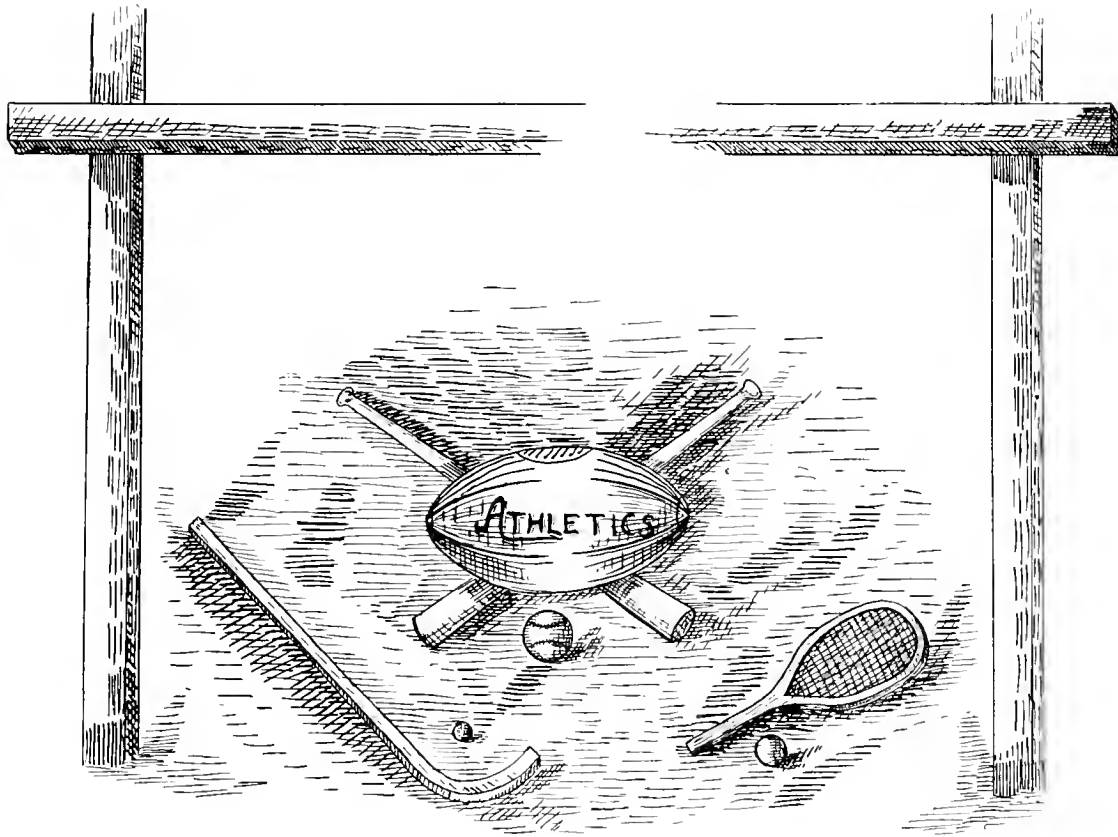
Hella-ba-loo! hooray! hooray!
Hella-ba-loo! hooray! hooray!
Hooray! hooray!
M. A. C., A. A.!

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?
We're the boys of M. A. C.

“ Reeder gang ”
Smash! crash! bing! bang!
Sis, bum, bah!
Reeder gang, reeder gang,
Rash! rah! rah!



Athletics.

IN looking at the history of athletics at Maryland Agricultural College we see that they have been somewhat limited in the past, and it was not until comparatively recent years that we obtained a position in that realm among other institutions of our class. After once obtaining a beginning we made rapid progress in all branches and soon overtook and even surpassed our sister institutions. This position we held until a very recent time, and now it looks as if we were to be left behind again—but why was it that our sister institutions obtained the start upon us and why is it that they are slowly but steadily gaining on us now? These are questions which we hear every day and I will now endeavor to explain our present condition in this department.

A few years ago, when the idea cropped out that the physical side of a student's course should be cared for as well as the mental, and that gymnastic training was necessary to both physical and mental develop-

ment, our sister institutions at once accepted the idea and erected their gymnasiums, obtained instructors and made rapid progress while we only looked on with wonder at their success and advancement. In a few years, when this movement was seen to be universal, and its success and righteousness could not be doubted, our board finally consented to erect a gymnasium for the benefit of the students.

This marked the beginning of a new era in athletics at Maryland Agricultural College which has been characterized by success in all branches. The services of Prof. Strickler were secured immediately after the completion of the building, and he has ever been a treasure to our athletics. At once there sprang up an interest, enthusiasm and a desire to excel. This desire has been gratified in many instances, as we find ourselves on an equality with other institutions of our State, and now no department of the college is of more interest to the student than this.



Negative by H. A. Farnham.

FOOT BALL TEAM.

And now as to our present conditions in relation to other institutions of our class.

In recent years it has generally become the idea that in order to develop a successful and winning team it is absolutely necessary to be under the instruction of a competent coach, and that the captain, no matter how able a man, cannot properly control the men and at the same time originate and study new plans and ideas.

Here again we have sadly neglected a point which undoubtedly, if it had been properly attended to, would have won glory for us on more than one battlefield where we were forced to accept defeat. Our sister institutions at once accepted the idea and now we see the wisdom of their movement and the folly of ours, but it is only an example of the old saying that "History repeats itself."

We have no opportunity for the development of our teams except through knowledge transferred from one student to another and by observation. It is true that the military idea applies to a certain extent, *i. e.*, that one's knowledge of the science of war depends upon the history of the campaigns of great generals. In football, for instance, this is applicable only to a limited extent. Though a great deal of knowledge is to be gained from the study of the history of great leaders of the game and from the experiences of others, the principles of the game are continually changing and this makes the old historical idea unapplicable.

What were once up-to-date ideas all pass into history before we get a chance to apply them.

The only remedy is to procure the services of a competent coach who will originate and apply new ideas before they have gone down upon the innumerable pages of history.

The need was never more apparent than in the last season, when, with the best of material in college, and the very hardest labor on the part of the captain and members of the eleven, we had only to accept defeat wholly, undoubtedly and entirely on account of the absence of a coach. The expense would be little and the returns inestimable. As it is we have held our own among our contestants, but by the aid of such a movement we would, without doubt, far excel those who have been classed with us or have even defeated us.

Let us hope that before another season rolls around that the Faculty and Trustees will have taken this in hand, that this condition of affairs will have been a thing of the past, and to see "Old Maryland" in proper shape to battle with her neighboring institutions.

It may be said that athletics at this college had their birth in the Fall of '92. In this year the first football team representing the Maryland Agricultural College was placed upon the field to battle with the teams of long and varied experience for the championship of the State. In this year we must openly admit that we

gained nothing more than a firm foothold from which we have steadily risen to the top.

In the following Spring a base ball team was placed on the diamond under Prof. Strickler, and ended the season with results very similar to those of the previous foot ball team.

The next season the men, having obtained a start, determined to be no longer an unknown quantity in the sphere of athletics in the State of Maryland and accordingly set to work to capture the pennant, or at least to make a great effort to do so. Nor were their efforts in vain, for at the end of the season they were agreeably surprised to find that they had not met with a single defeat.

In the following Spring the base ball team came out equally victorious.

Flushed with these inspiring victories and with a large amount of new material the team of '94 had most brilliant prospects. Mr. Harris was elected captain and we still owe him thanks for the efforts that he put forth in behalf of his team, although he failed to come out in the lead he made a record of which Maryland Agricultural College long has been and always will be proud.

It is interesting to know, too, that he labored under difficulties which would have caused many to give up in despair. Mr. Harris was also elected manager and captain of the base ball team the following Spring. Here again he put forth his undivided efforts to the

development of a team of which Maryland Agricultural College's breast has always swelled with pride. His efforts were crowned with success and at the end of the session he was welcomed home with a clean, victorious record, with one exception.

Early in the Fall of '95 athletics took a decided fall and it looked as though we were doomed to a premature grave. But thanks to the efforts of manager A. S. Gill and Captain Lewis of the team of '96, under their guidance we again established ourselves on our old standard. After a season of rest like that of '95 it was like beginning entirely anew. Having completely lost our foothold there was nothing left to do but to begin over at the bottom and try to regain our lost ground. Little was expected of this team, it being the idea simply to develop the mental and physical qualities of the men and thus enable them to win laurels in future years.

Considering these conditions and difficulties which had to be overcome was it not an extraordinary feat for Captain Lewis to develop a team which not only gained its lost ground but established the standard record of "Old M. A. C." which, no doubt, is destined to stand as our model for years to come. Toward the end of this season three contestants for the championship of the State remained in the field viz.: St. John's, University of Maryland, and ourselves. Under disadvantageous circumstances we played a tie game with the University of Maryland, which they refused



Negative by H. C. Faribault

BASE BALL TEAM.



to play off, and St. John's having repeatedly refused to play us under any circumstances, left us the only claimants of the championship. We do not care to claim victory won in this manner but since we were refused the opportunity of gaining it on the ground, there was nothing to do but to accept the alternative.

Right here I will say that we strongly advocate the righteousness of the Interstate League of Maryland and District of Columbia, composed of Western Maryland College, Johns Hopkins, St. John's and Maryland Agricultural College, of Maryland, and the Gallaudet, of the District of Columbia. We beg to thank Prof. Chew, of St. Johns, the originator of this movement, for using his efforts in so just a cause and to congratulate him for the success he has met with. The object of this league is to promote athletics in general and to prevent the unjust claiming of the championship which has been apparent in so many cases in the past. It went into effect at the beginning of last season which was one of the most progressive and advancing in the history of athletics in the State of Maryland.

We wish to congratulate Gallaudet on the success of their team.

In the Spring of '97 Messrs. A. S. Gill and Lewis were elected manager and captain of the base ball team, respectively, and under their guidance we passed a most successful season. The team began practice in the gymnasium early in February and field practice about the first of March.

After a few weeks of hard and earnest labor on the part of the captain a superb team was placed on the field. This team made a most favorable record and it was a complete surprise for the college, and in fact much more than was expected of the team. It was composed almost entirely of new material, only three being members of the old team.

The foot ball season of '97 opened with comparatively bright prospects, but it seemed "Fate's decree" that we should not be the second time champions.

Among the new players who came in was Sam. Cooke, of Hyattsville, who filled the position of full-back, made vacant by the absence of Lewis, most favorably. In our second contest he was injured and forced to leave the game for the rest of the season. Ridgely admirably took his place, but his loss was a blow to us from which we never recovered. Then followed the loss of Gibbons and Hildebrand. Captain Lillibridge put forth his most strenuous efforts to develop a winning team, and deserves great credit for the manner in which he conducted the team, but, owing to these misfortunes, we give up all hope of being the leaders on the gridiron and contented ourselves with placing the best team possible on the field, which, although severely crippled made a very creditable showing. The season was ended with a vow on the part of all members of the team to put forth their best efforts to make a successful season of '98 and we sincerely hope that their efforts will not be in vain.

At present nothing definite can be said of the base ball team other than that the prospects for the coming season are very bright, several players of last year's team being back; these are Devon, catcher, who entered last year and made a remarkable record in that position. He is captain of the team and will without doubt develop it into a winning team; Peterson, 3rd base; Mitchell, s. s.; Cameron, 2nd base; Allnut, center field, and P. L. Robb and Whitehill, pitchers. The positions made vacant by the graduation of Lewis, Sherman and Nelligan will be a source of trouble but the candidates are hard at work and we expect to have these positions well filled.

The makeup of the team will probably be as follows: Devon, catcher; Whitehill and P. L. Robb, pitchers; Cashell, 1st base; Cameron, 2nd base; Harvey, 3rd base; Peterson, s. s.; Price, left field; Allnut, center field, and Mitchell, right field, with McGlone and Speake as substitutes.

The following admirable schedule has been arranged by the manager.

March 30th, Johns Hopkins, at Baltimore, Md.
 April 2nd, Central High School, at home.
 April 6th, Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va.
 April 7th, Alleghany Institute, at Roanoke, Va.
 April 7th, Roanoke College, at Salem, Va.
 April 8th, St. Albans A. A., at Radford, Va.
 April 9th, Blacksburg Pol. Inst., at Blacksburg, Va.
 April 11th, Hampden-Sidney College, at Hampden-Sidney.

April 12th, Richmond College, at Richmond, Va.
 April 12th, Randolph-Macon College, at Ashland, Va.
 April 13th, Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg.
 April 16th, St. John's College, at home.
 April 20th, University of Maryland, at home.
 April 23rd, Washington College, at Chestertown, Md.
 April 27, Baltimore City College, at home.
 April 30th, Johns Hopkins University, at home.
 May 4th.
 May 7th.
 May 11th, Episcopal High School, at Alexandria, Va.
 May 14th, Western Maryland College, at Westminster.
 May 18th, Galludet College, at home.
 May 28th, Gallaudet College, at Washington.

Our track team is hard at work training for the event which is to be held sometime during the coming May and our prospects for carrying off honors are very bright.

Tennis and basket ball have been somewhat at a discount in the past but at present great interest is being aroused and we hope to place strong teams on the field in both these departments.

In the departments of athletics more interest is felt by the college student than in any other and the eyes of every student are on each team ready to rejoice at its victory or to mourn at its defeat.

In conclusion I will say that the fondest hope of the board is that the teams representing the Maryland Agricultural College may ever be in the lead in athletics of the State of Maryland.



Negative by H. A. Farnham

TRACK TEAM



Base Ball Team of '97.

Devon catcher.
 Lewis, (captain) 1st base.
 Cameron, 2nd base.
 Peterson, 3rd base.
 Mitchell, short stop.
 Sherman, left field.
 Allnut, center field.
 Nelligan, right field.
 Hershberger pitcher.

Substitutes.

P. L. Robb, Whitehill, McGlone.
 A. S. Gill, *Manager.*

Foot Ball Team of '97.

Cooke, full-back.
 Bouscaren, right half-back.
 Gibbons, left half-back.
 Lillibridge, (captain) right end.
 Church, left end.
 Ridgely, right tackle.
 Bell, left tackle.
 Blandford, right guard.
 Cashell, left guard.
 Shipley, center.
 Kenly quarter-back.

Substitutes.

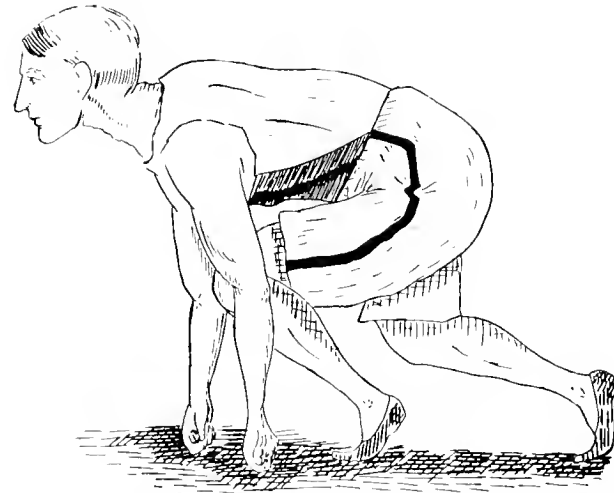
Peterson, Dirickson, Stanford.

Games Played.

Hyattsville 0	M. A. C 12
Columbian University. . . 7	" 6
Western Maryland College 6	" 10
Gallaudet 2	" 10
District Commissioners . . 7	" 8
Washington College . . . 4	" 3
Episcopal High School . . 6	" 10
University of Maryland . . 20	" 5
St. John's 7	" 15
Georgetown College Resv. . 7	" 14
Gallaudet 10	" 11

Games Played.

Central High School . . . 6	M. A. C. 24
Eastern High School . . . 0	" 4
Johns Hopkins 30	" 6
Gallaudet 16	" 5
St. John's 6	" 4
Baltimore Medical College 10	" 0



The Significance of College Life and Training.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. SPENCE.

IN this generation which has been marked by so decided a tendency toward a higher civilization, there has been no line of progress more rapid and defined than that of college education. A short half century ago general public education was inaugurated in this country, and the schoolmaster was sent abroad in the land. As a result of his efforts we see to day colleges organized in every thickly settled community, affording facilities for instruction to every student of even moderate means.

So numerous and convenient are these colleges, that it remains but for the parent to select one from the number, and let his son receive the benefits of its instruction. And yet with this multitude of colleges and multiplicity of courses it must be confessed that, judged by its product of ex-students and graduates, the modern college does not appear to have reached its maximum efficiency.

In case of failure, either at college or after leaving the same to apply the benefits of its training, parents and students and, I regret to say, sometimes the public, are prone to ascribe this failure to the college and its methods; and it is my purpose in this article to demonstrate how frequently such criticism is unjust and without foundation.

In the vast majority of instances wherein college-bred men prove failures in life, the fact may be directly traced either to bad judgment upon the part of the parent in the selection of a college and course, or to a failure of the student to gain all the benefits available from his collegiate training.

In the first place, there are many students who are sent to college whose whole character and tendencies are repugnant to a higher education, whose tastes and desires strongly incline to a different life. Thoroughly unsuited for study both by temperament and want of

literary ability, they regard their diplomas as merely marking their relief from college work, with neither intention nor desire of applying the education received. There are many boys, however, naturally studious, whose College training does not confer the benefits anticipated; this is because either the college selected does not accord with the student's temperament, or the course selected is not best adapted to the development of his talents.

There are institutions of learning adapted to every type of mind; there are also institutions adapted to every type of character. In this connection, it would be well for a parent to consider the tendency of his son's mind, and then have him apply himself down that line of study best calculated to develop it. There have been many good engineers spoiled by studying law and medicine, and many men who would probably have been pre-eminent in the walks of commerce, have turned out very mediocre in the professional world. No student can get the maximum benefit from a study which fails to arouse his interest, and if he cannot gain enthusiasm in what is to be his life work, success is seldom achieved. The adaptability of the student temperament to the discipline of the college selected is a very important factor in his success. There are students whose sense of responsibility has been developed early in life, and to whom parental discipline and direction have become almost unnecessary; such young men will succeed best at an institution where every

student is treated as an adult, and to a great extent placed upon his own responsibility. To such students, strict discipline and a faculty supervision are unnecessary and irksome, and liable to detract from the benefits of his college life. On the other hand, there are young men who have never been placed upon their own responsibility, whose home life has been constantly under parental supervision, and who have never been called upon to practice self government. To such students free university life would no doubt prove unprofitable for education, and dangerous to character. These students require a college wherein every care is exerted and every precaution is taken to guide and direct their daily life, and which, while giving every encouragement to the inexperienced to follow a right line of conduct, sees to it that he does not waste his time in unprofitable pursuits. Upon the parent of a studious boy, therefore, devolves two important things: first to study well his mind, to determine in what direction is its trend, and then to select such a college and such a course as will best accord with his mental tendency. Second, to study well his temperament and character, to determine whether faculty supervision will be necessary and congenial, or on the other hand superfluous and repugnant.

The college having been selected and the course prescribed, it now devolves upon the student to make the best of it. We would have him practice industry, and give due attention to matters of study, but he

should not neglect to make friends, assert himself in a social way among his fellows, for college life means far more than mere instruction; to the average student it presents an entrance into a larger sphere of life. The raw, egotistical pet of the family here finds himself thrown into a circle where individuality and character alone may grant pre-eminence, and where he may only acquire respect by sturdy worth. For the first time, his individuality is to be asserted and his character defined. If he is aggressive, straightforward and outspoken he assumes a place among his fellows, analogous to that which will be his in the arena of life. If on the other hand, he applies himself only to his studies and neglects opportunities to make himself known, his real talents are as a light hid under a bushel, and are apt to be overlooked for lack of opportunity to put them into practice.

We see two extremes of men produced by college life. The one type is the student well liked by his

fellows, who takes the lead in athletic and social functions, is always popular and obliging and devotes to study such time as is left over from other pursuits. This student will always make friends and be a favorite, but his education is apt to be superficial; he has neglected the golden opportunity, and will always find that his accomplishments are clouded by a want of knowledge. The other type has made study and the acquirement of book lore his only end: has neglected to cultivate the friendship of his college-mates and refrained from all human intercourse, save that presented by the printed page, or offered by his instructors.

This young man may leave college a profound scholar, but he is none the less devoutly ignorant, for he has failed to gain that great knowledge which is essential to success—the knowledge of his fellow man. *Maryland Agricultural College, April 21, 1898.*



College Vocabulary.

Bugs—Entomology.

Blacksmith—A mechanical student.

Buzzards' Roost—The Sophomore Hall.

Broadway—The Freshman Hall.

Biff—To hit with the fist.

Bomb—An instrument to call out the guard.

Bum—To borrow tobacco.

Crib (roller)—An aid to memory.

Crib (stepper)—Same.

Crib (v)—To obtain unauthorized information.

Cinch—An easy thing.

C. G. C.—College Grove Club.

Condition—A study in which one has failed.

Confinement—An hour's arrest for misdemeanor.

Dutch—German.

Exam.—Examination.

Flim-flam—To bunco a Prof.

Funk—To fail.

F'aulein—A young lady.

Hazing—An introduction for new boys.

Hot—Something very fine.

Irish Stew—A dish placed on the table for ornamental purposes only.

Jump on—To speak to roughly.

Krank roller—Sick list.

Kid (v)—To guy.

Kid (n)—A Prep.

List—The sick list.

Lab—Laboratory.

Math—Mathematics.

Mess Hall—Dining-room.

Madison Ave.—The Senior Hall.

Nigger Heaven—The Top Hall.

O. D.—Officer of the Day.

Persuader—A paddle with several holes in it.

Pull—Influence.

Prof—Professor.

Pony (n)—A translation.

Pony (v)—To use a translation.

Prep—A member of the Preparatory department.

Q. M. D.—The Quartermaster's department.

Reveille—6:10 roll call.

Reveille but—A half-smoked cigarette reserved for use after reveille.

Reminder—Use of a persuader.

Rack—To be in a fit of anger.

Spooning—Love making.

Skip—To purposely miss a class.

Spoon—To make love.

Soph—A sophomore.

Sup—Supernumery.

Strap—College molasses.

Staff of life—Strap.

Stick (n)—To report.

Stick (v)—A report.

Swipe—To borrow without authority.

Slats—Ribs.

Sneakers—Gymnasium slippers.

Swelled head—Struck on promotion.

**Tready Easy Club*—A commissary organization.

*Members unknown.

Taps—11:00 bugle call.

Turn in—To go to bed.

Turn out—To get up.

Tattoo—10:00 bugle call.

Trig—Trigonometry.

Wharfrat—A new student, *alias* Tobey.

Work the list (v)—To get on the list when it is not necessary.

Zip—A zero.

1900—A Freshman persuader.



Behind the Scenes.

What are the boys most fond of—"bombing"?

First Cadet—Why is Pete like the celery in the cadet's dining-room?

Second Cadet—Because he has lost his heart.

First Cadet—Why is the celery on the Prof.'s table like Pete's girl?

Second Cadet—Because it has two hearts.

Where, O, where have my turkeys gone?

Soup that's hot, soup that's not,

And soup that's made from no one knows what.

—*College Daily.*

Phenom—Senior class at breakfast on time.

"So she wrote."

"Guess again, Mis-ter Ridge-ly."

I-want-to-see-Phil-Robb!!

You can tell time to turn backwards, but you can't tell a soldier to meet me here last week.

Hooray for Uncle Freddy!

My collars are too *soople*—Hedgy.

Prof.—I want a piece of music, but I don't know the name of it and I don't know who the author of it is, but I want it.

Satchel—Wahn--Wahn—Wahn—

Scene room 24—10 P. M. Messrs. Wooten, Posey, F. and Posey, W., occupants of the room, and Mr. Combs, visitor, participating in a feast. (Knock at the door.) (Meanwhile the feast is cleared away.) Enter Commandant.

Commandant—Mr. Combs, what are you doing visiting?

Mr. Combs—I came over to get Mr. Wooten to work an example for me.

Commandant. (Surveying the crumbs)—Ahem! Must have been a sum in division, wasn't it?

"Bring back, O, bring back, my lamp chinneys to me"

Dacy—"Dun" is applicable when bread is well cooked, and "done" when you pay the Athletic Association a quarter.

A Senior's Reminiscences.

O, well do I remember the fifteenth of September,
When to me things were looking blue and flat,
And the gay Sophomore placed my pillow on the floor'
While he diligently plied a heavy slat.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
Where a Cannibal monarch held sway,
And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
And before the next morning was seen,
By the cholera morbus that tribe was attacked
For that Freshman was terribly green.

A Telegram.

'Tis Cupid wills my heart to you,
Prepaid he will not be,
For when I asked him what was due
He smiled and said: "Thought you knew
That hearts go C. O. D."

Question Box.

Prof.—Who's been walking up and down my tran-
som?

Com'd't.—Where, O where has my Dashund
gone?

Earle.—Say, did you borrow those lamp shades,
and were you ashamed to return them?

C. G. C.—Who says we haven't a standing leave
of absence?

O. D.—Were you visiting, or were you only re-
turning a call?

1900.—Who said we had a "sho-at" in our class?

Bug.—Who says I've got the mumps?

Tater-Ho.—Who says I can't play the mandolin?

Snipe.—Who said I was afraid of water?

Monk.—Who says Irish hasn't a swelled head?

Laura.—Isn't Pretty a cute thing?

Bessie.—Yes, but Dickey's cuter.

Toby.—Comm'd't, can't I wear green on St. Pat-
rick's Day?

Who swiped those oranges?

Program of Public Exercises, 1897.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.

4 P. M. Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. James H. Young, of Baltimore, Md.

MONDAY, JUNE 14.

2 P. M. Field Sports on College Campus.

4 P. M. Distribution of Athletic Prizes, College Hall.

5 P. M. Drill and Dress Parade on College Campus.

8 P. M. Public Meeting of New Mercer Literary Society. Debate for Gold Medal.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

2 P. M. Competitive Company Drill and Target Practice, College Campus.

4 P. M. Battalion Drill and Dress Parade, College Campus.

8 P. M. Class Day Exercises, College Hall, Address by President R. W. Silvester.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE, 16.

2.30 P. M. Commencement Exercises, College Hall. Address by Hon. H. G. Davis.

4.30 P. M. Exhibition Drill on College Campus.

5 P. M. Annual Meeting of Alumni Association.

9 P. M. Thirty-eighth Annual Ball in College Hall.

Music by Fifth Regiment Band.

Class Day Exercises.

TUESDAY, JUNE, 15TH, 1897.

MUSIC.

Piano Solo, MR. C. W. MULLER.

ENTRY OF SENIOR CLASS.

Class History and Prophecy, MR. FRANKLIN SHERMAN.

Ode of Class of '97, } Words by W. S. WEEDON AND F. SHERMAN.
Music by J. D. CROMMILLER.

ENTRY OF JUNIOR CLASS.

Announcement, Senior Lictor, MR. B. WATKINS, JR.

Address, Senior Orator, MR. A. S. GILL.

PRESENTATION OF CLASS SHIELD.

Address, Junior Orator, MR. D. C. BARNETT

M. A. C. Two-Step, MR. I. E. WHITEHILL.

CLASS PIPE AND SONG.

Announcement, Junior Lictor, MR. W. C. NESBITT.

Installation of New Senior Class,

RESOLUTIONS.

Address upon Resolutions, MR. P. L. ROBB.

FORMAL ADJOURNMENT.

Address to Classes, PRES. R. W. SILVESTER.

Commencement Exercises.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1897. COLLEGE HALL.

MUSIC.

Address to Graduates, By HON. H. G. DAVIS.

MUSIC.

Salutatory Address, WM. S. WEEDON.

Valedictory Address, J. D. CRONMILLER.

MUSIC.

Presentations of Diplomas and Prizes, By His Excellency, GOVERNOR LOWNDES.

Music furnished by the Fifth Regiment Band.

College Stew.

Bell (Glancing at *Cornelius Taciti*)—Is that *Cornell's* tactics?

New Student (to waiter)—Is there a dog about this country?

Waiter—Yas, sah. De Captain has a bull-dog ober to his house.

New Student—Can he bite?

Waiter—Yas, indeedy. He am de mos' wishus dog I eber seed.

New Student—Then be kind enough to give him this beef with my compliments, I would like to believe there is something that can bite it.

Shorty—I never done no such thing and I wouldn't do no such thing.

Hooray for Rudie's whiskers!

First Cadet—Say, do you know the girl at Hyattsville, who tends to Central has thrown up her job?

Second Cadet—No. What's the trouble?

First Cadet—She said the "Earl" flirted with her so much over the 'phone that she couldn't attend to her business.

We are sorry to hear that several of our students, becoming tired of life, have retired from society.

Gentlemen, don't be playful.—*Prof. S.*

(After the explosion.) Somnambulistic cadet, after turning over in bed three times and scratching his ear with his off-hind foot to collect his thoughts. "Say, is the world coming to an end, or is this just an ordinary earthquake."

Ridgeley,
Kobb, P. L., } (On their way to make a call)—
Peterson, } What shall we talk about?

Mitchell—The phenomenal (?) shortstop.

Wheeler—Say, Dick, what's the meaning of cordially?

Dick—I guess it means pertaining to the heart. Are you sure it isn't cordially?

Wheeler—No, it was at the end of a letter. (Laughter by the crowd.)

Claude—I have been in the habit of doing that hereafter.

Prof. T.—Mr. Cameron, what's the plural of "it"?

Mr. C.—"Its."

Mr. Jenifer (As umpire)—He didn't have his foot on the bag when he had it there.

Dickey (Walking into a Washington barber shop)—Gimme a sack of Maryland Club.

Barber—We don't sell tobacco. Go next door.

College Hash.

Words by R. J. McCandlish.

Music by Ira E. Whitehill.

From the building emerged a posse one night,
In garments you seldom see worn ;
And charged through the Park, throwing rocks at the lights,
To the music of tin pans and horns.
But a bumper dropped down in the midst of the crowd,
Now he didn't go off, but they did ;
They flew to their rooms, hid in closets and trunks,
But they mostly got under the beds.

CHORUS :

Say, Diamond King, are you going in Denny ?
And don't rack, Dariff, for the joke's on Ray,
Singing on the hall—First Sergeant Freddy,
And why wasn't Laurel in town to-day ?

Several students have grown quite religious of late,
They wouldn't miss church for the world.
They go down with calm and self-satisfied airs,
But return with their heads in a whirl.
Last Sunday the signals were somewhat mixed up,
And one was left weeping behind,
'Twas a very sad case, but it wasn't his fault
That he happened to be color blind.

Captain Alvey's recruits nightly sleep with their arms ;
That they'll whip Spain we have no doubt ;
But I very much fear if they're tramps in Spain's ranks
That they'd very soon be put to rout.
Our Prep. would-be Major did the city last week ;
Inspected the gun-boats and crews ;
In fact, he has grown quite so martial since then,
That he's lighting his pipe with a fuse.

Order for Camp.

On going to camp each cadet will provide himself
with the following articles :

6 cakes of soap.
1 alarm clock.
7 blankets.
2 overcoats.
7 bags tobacco.
5 dozen candles.
1 bale of straw.
2 umbrellas.
3 Mackintoshes.
6 barrels provisions.
20 dollars, more or less.

The above articles are considered as sufficient to
last a cadet 10 days.

After Taps.

Lives there a Freshman with soul so dead
Who hasn't at sometime augrily said,
When his bed was turned over on top of his head,
— — — — ! ! ! ! ? ? ? ? , , , , .

College Menagerie.

BURROUGHS—Rabbit.
HINES—Monkey.
BLANDFORD—Phenomenon.
WILKINS—Living Skeleton.
HARDISTY—Fancy dancer.
ALVEY—Contortionist.
SCOTT—Giant.
GORSUCH—Married man.
HOUSTON—Preacher.
BARBER—Ditto.
SUDLER—Safety lamp.
BROOKS—Same.
EVANS—Weasel.
NESBITT—Skillet.
KENLY—Stump.
STONE—Footless man.
JENIFER—Melrose Mower (Moore).

MITCHELL—Handsome man.
COLLINS—Braying ass.
COOK—Alabama coon.
SEDWICK—Hedgehog.
SPEAKE—Light-house.
PETERSON—Piggie.
LILLIBRIDGE—The “ practical ” chemist.
WHITEHILL—Music box.
EWENS—Pretty boy.
SHACKER—White squadron.
POSEYS—The loving brothers.
THORN—Pointed thing.
ROBB, P. L.—Sentimental man.
PAYNE—Wild Chinaman.
DELAUDER—Midget.
RAY, W. G.—Bureau of information.

Deed.

THIS conveyance, made this 17th day of June, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, by the members of the Treadeasy Club, consisting of members of the Class of '98, and others, witnesseth :

That the aforesaid Treadeasy Club, for, and in consideration of the numerous articles acquired by it, obtained and used, hereby grants, bargains and gives to the Treadeasy Club, consisting of members of the Class of '99 and others, their successors and heirs for the scholastic year of '98-9, to have and to hold, with all the rights and appurtenances thereunto belonging, all those necessary appliances such as ropes, files, jimmies, bar-extractors, lock openers, slippers, masks, lanterns, stoves, pans, etc., belonging to the aforesaid Treadeasy Club, and lying or hidden under the 17th plank of the floor of "Nigger Heaven," in the northeast end of the building or under the 18th plank on Buzzards Roost.

Attached to said articles this deed conveys the right of using fire escape between the hours of 11.00 P. M. and 4.00 A. M.

That the said articles are in a good state of repair and all placed for ready and convenient use.

That the aforesaid Treadeasy Club hereby covenants that it has a right so to grant, bargain and give to the Treadeasy Club of '98-'99 the herein described articles, and that the same is free from all encumbrances ; and that it will warrant and defend its good name, work and uses against any and all defamers.

Witness the Club's hand and seal, this 17th day of June, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.

SILAS LOCKOPENER,

President of the Club.



WITNESS :

JIMMY McCrackin.



Wants.

An Old Song.

(WITH NEW WORDS.)

His name-i-a,
Is Ambros-i-a.
He's from Laurel,
Maryland-i-a.

Twice a week-i-a,
He takes a sneak-i-a.
To Mt. Pleasant,
D. Columbia.

Not Contented-i-a,
At two days spent-i-a,
With this "fair one,"
In Columbia.

At Colleg-i-a,
He receives-i-a
Six thick letters—
A week-i-a,

WANTED—A pair of curling irons in room 7.

WANTED—A horse that won't back.—Senior Latin class.

WANTED—A coach in German.—Reeder and Daruff.

WANTED—To know who discovered America.—Pretty.

WANTED—Someone to join the Glee Club.—H. S. R.

WANTED—Drums and other toys.—Roscoe.

WANTED—Two Lieutenants.—Capt. Co. "A."

WANTED—A corporalcy.—Barber.

WANTED—A handle for a "satchel."

WANTED—Matches.—Top Hall.

WANTED—A mustache.—Gorsuch.

WANTED—A coach.—Base Ball Team.

WANTED—More privileges.—Juniors.

WANTED—Every day to be Sunday.—Peterson.

WANTED—Field glasses by the privates of Co. "C,"
so that they can see their Captain during field
movements.

WANTED—Stamps.—Room 38.

WANTED—The boys who set the powder off before
Christmas.

WANTED—Something to smoke.—Galt.

WANTED—The Watchman.—By the students.

WANTED—Someone to listen to Theodore's music.

A Collection.

Satch—Say ! Stop that, you will “disencourage”
the man.

We can stand large headed women
Full of Latin, French and Greek,
But we ask the gods to save us
From the girls that have big feet.

Russell—And him an old boy, too.

Duruf—That’s what he done, anyhow.

Phil—Yes, Catholics “subtain” from eating meat
on Friday.

Say, Moore, what’s the price of a kiss?

I “diagnized” her case.—*Jim*.

Say, Dick, I got one from Schenectady this morn-
ing!—*Phil*.

New Boy—Is this spring or hydron water?

Old Boy (Viewing the new boy)—Neither, it is
milk, and better than you will get later on, too.

Pete—Say ! Put me in as a Dr.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

“To sit up till eleven,
Is a privilege great you see ;
But beware lest you abuse it,
For our worthy O. D.,
Is sure to make inspection
At about 11:03?”

Student (In Latin)—Gero, geri, gessum.

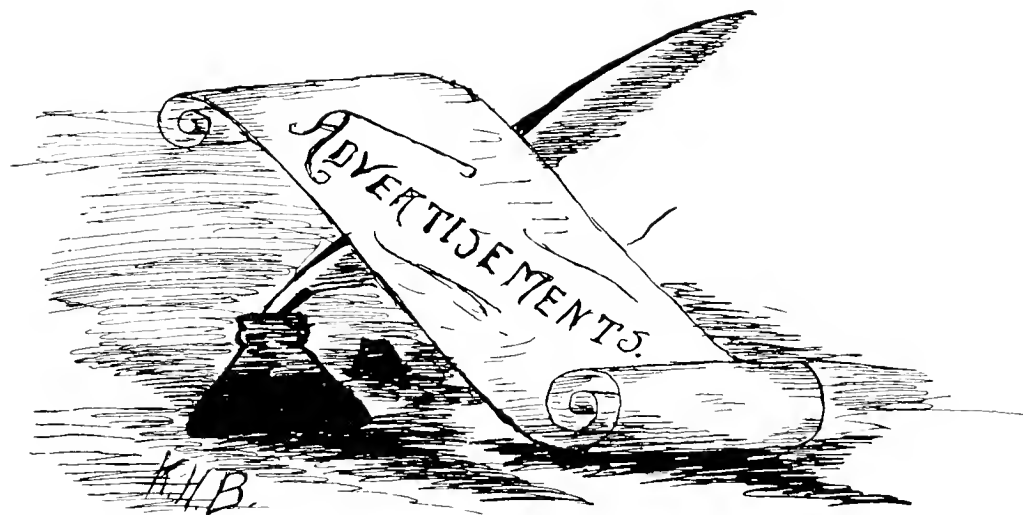
Prof.—Yes, I think very likely you did guess
them.

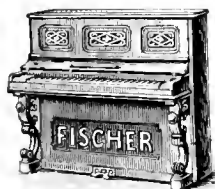
Lieut. H.—Execute this movement from right
shoulder, while at order.

Faint—For sale. Apply to Monk.

The little boy preacher, better known as “Buck,”
Thinks the girls on him are all dead struck.
But others think that it is instead,
Only a case of a badly swollen head.

As a manager, too, he can argue and dicker,
And thinks he’s a star, some kind of a “tricker.”
But some day he’ll lose all his fond hopes so beaming,
And awakes to find he has only been dreaming.





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Team uniforms made to order if desired.

Comparison of our prices and styles will secure us your order.

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