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Reveille

Preface



THE EDITORIAL STAFF, representing the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Five, in presenting this, the ninth volume of the "Reveille," has endeavored to make the book worthy of the class and of the college. It has been our endeavor to chronicle the events in as interesting a manner as possible, and while we do not entertain the hope of pleasing all, we ask that you at least appreciate our efforts in so far as they deserve merit.

The various student organizations have been treated impartially, and we have tried to give each as much space and prominence as is consistent with the size of our book.

If any one thinks he has been "roasted" too severely, we wish to say that we have given what the occasion seemed to demand and have been moved by no personal motives whatever.

We wish here to extend our thanks and appreciation to those who have so kindly cooperated with us in the production of this work.

And now, with the feeling that we have not labored in vain and with the hope that this work will be a lasting credit to the class and to the college, we cease from those long hours of toil necessary in the production of such a work.

BOARD OF EDITORS.



COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

To Professor John Hanson Mitchell



IT GIVES the Editorial Board much pleasure to dedicate this, the ninth volume of the "Reveille," to Professor John Hanson Mitchell, who, as a student and later as an instructor, has always had the well-being and interest of the College at heart. Professor Mitchell was born in La Plata, Charles County, Md., on December 8, 1878. At home, he was under the instruction of a governess until the fall of 1893, when he entered the Preparatory Class at M. A. C. He graduated here in 1898. Upon leaving M. A. C., he took a course in Electrical Engineering at Cornell University.

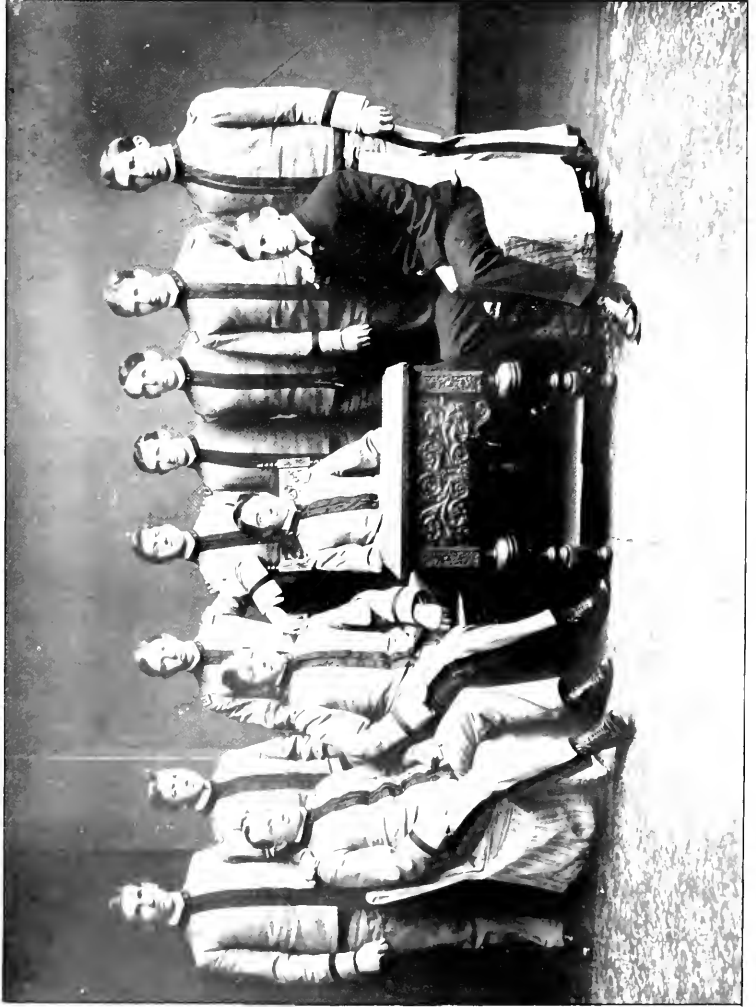
In 1899 he was made Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering at this college. He was also appointed as Commandant of Cadets for that year.

He graduated with high honors at the Bliss Electrical School in 1901.

By his untiring energy and marked ability he rose to the head of the Mechanical Department in a short time, and has since filled that position.



PROF. MITCHELL



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Class Motto—Vivamus.

CLASS YELL.

Yok-ko-me, Yok-ko-me!

Yok-ko-me, Yive.

Heigho! Heigho!

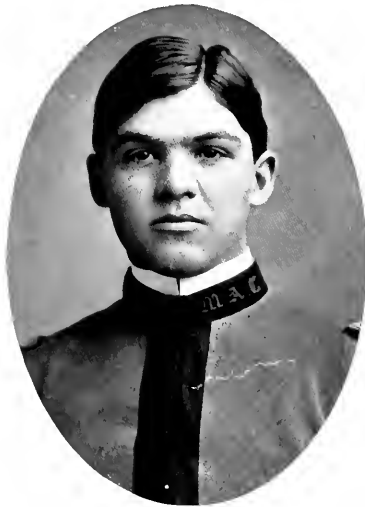
Nineteen Five!

SENIOR CLASS ROLL.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
W. H. Byron.....	Williamsport, Md.
J. C. Cockey.....	Owings Mills, Md.
E. D. Digges.....	Port Tobacco, Md.
M. Duckett, Jr.....	Hyattsville, Md.
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G. Sturgis.....	Snow Hill, Md.
W. White.....	Dickerson, Md.



WALTER HARWOOD BYRON, 1st Lieut, Co. A Williamsport,
Mechanical Engineering.



President Athletic Association,
Asst. Business Mgr. Reveille, Chair-
man Floor Committee June Ball Or-
ganization, Member Athletic Council.

"Man delights not me; no, nor
woman neither."—*Hamlet*.

"The best of men have ever loved
repose."

Walter Harwood Byron, fami-
liarly known to us all as "Pug," was
born in Stoneham, Mass., June 10,
1886. He moved to Mercersburg,
Pa., at the tender age of eight, and
moved to Williamsport, Md., after a
stay of four years in Mercersburg. He
attended school in all of the above-
named places and thereby laid a founda-
tion for the education which he was
to receive at the Maryland Agricultu-

ral College, which place he entered in the fall of 1900.

Byron entered the Preparatory Class and from there on has been an indus-
trious student, never failing in an examination and always being in the first
section of his class.

"Pug" has a fondness for celery which, throughout his college course, he has
never failed to gratify. A number of his exploits in this direction have now
become matters of College History.

"Pug" is a pedestrian worthy of especial note. He, along with another
inmate of the asylum, commonly known as "Wiggles," hold the College record
for walking, both in distance and in time.

Byron is an exceptionally popular fellow, being elected this year President
of the Athletic Association almost unanimously.

JOHN COUNCILMAN COCKEY, Capt. Co. A. Owings Mills.



President Rosshour Club, Captain Track Team, Humorous Editor "Reveille," Senior Lictor, Junior Herald.

"Hast any philosophy in thee?"—*As You Like It.*

"You may relish in him more the soldier than the scholar."

On June 5, 1884, "Jack" made known his entrance upon this mundane sphere by a loud yell, which was not understood at that time. Having been interpreted later, it was found to mean: "Company halt!"

He first developed his intellectual capabilities in the Franklin High School at Reisterstown. From there he entered the Maryland Agricultural College in the fall of 1900.

Among Jack's many hobbies, three stand out preëminently, viz: Meeting new girls, drilling his company and studying Dutch. His fame as a German scholar has spread through the College.

As President of the Rosshour Club he has shown his ability in successfully managing social functions, and the dances given under his auspices are always greatly enjoyed.

He has played on the football team for the last three years, and has done good track work.

Jack is a military man in the true sense of the word. This fact is exemplified by the company drills, his being one of the best drilled companies the College has ever known. He is very popular with his men.

John is now employed in constructing a coast defense gun. His military aspirations are well known, and some day we hope to see him holding a high place in the Army of the United States.

EUGENE DUDLEY DIGGES, 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, . . . Port Tobacco,
Physical Scientific.



Vice-President Athletic Association, Athletic Editor *Reveille*, Senior Armor Bearer, Chairman Refreshment Committee, June Ball Organization.

"I charge thee, fling away ambition: by that sin fell the angels." — *Henry VIII.*

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." — *St. Paul.*

Alias — "Grimes" — "Farmer" — "Bishop" — "Van" — "Preacher." This specimen was first discovered at Port Tobacco, Md., on February 6, 1885. His early education was obtained in the Public Schools of Charles County. In the fall of 1902 he came to M. A. C. and set sail with the Class of 1905. He has pulled a strong oar for his

class, especially in football, and we are proud of his work.

He has a few failings, like the rest of us; among them, his love for the ladies, Graphic Statics, and "Old Sol." He has been known to beat "Old Sol" several times in one night, but lots of the fellows hold that he did not play fair with the old man, and that he used some formula from Strength of Materials to work it out.

He is an all right fellow, and his classmates will always remember his ready smile and tobacco bag. He has that happy disposition of never letting things worry him. Great things are expected of him, and we believe he will live up to our expectations.

MARION DUCKETT, JR., 2nd Lieut. Co. B.....Bladensburg,
Mechanical Engineering.



Assistant Humorous Editor of
"Reveille."

"Sweet are the slumbers of the
virtuous."—*Addison*.

"O keep me innocent, make others
great!"

Duckett, the hero of this little
"spiel," first made his appearance
upon this babble on September 8, 1884,
at Bladensburg, Md. He himself
owned up to having been born at
Bladensburg, but probably he is none
the worse for that; at any rate, he
couldn't help it.

He began his education at the
public schools of that place, and later
entered the Freshman Class at the
Maryland Agricultural College in the
fall of 1900.

Duckett has always been a hard student and his work has been good. He is a great lover of Dutch, and may often be seen walking up from Bladensburg intently studying "Das Kalte Herz." He and our bulger, "Little Phil," are as thick as three in a bed, and if you want Marion seek him in Number Two.

He is a great lover of bugology; in fact, some of the boys say he is bug-house, and is now frequently seen holding a potato bug upon its back, his knee upon its chest, trying to extract its teeth. All this is necessary in his preparation to be an orchard inspector. He is also engaged in a crusade against the saloons of Bladensburg, and we wish him abundant success.

EDGAR T. HAYMAN, 2nd Lieut. Co. B. Stockton.

Physical Scientific.



Assistant Business Manager of "Reveille," Secretary June Ball Organization, Football '04.

"He is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach."--*Much Ado.*

"Many miles he trudged, some eight or nine,
Returning late from the District line."
—*Anon.*

Hayman, alias "Chief" or "Edgar," was discovered in Pocomoke City, Md., October 19, 1885. He received his early education in the schools of that county, and graduated with high honors at the Stockton High School in 1902, and joined the Class of '05 the following fall, choosing, upon entrance, the Physical Scientific

Course. Since that time he has been making a mark for himself, both in scholastic work and athletics. In the class-room he was always on hand with the goods, and was especially fond of keeping level notes, which, no doubt, accounts for his level head at all times.

"Chief" was very much devoted to football, and although he lost a bet by biting off the end of his tongue during a game, yet he was sensible and did not bite off more than he could chew, and his classmates decided it was a greater advantage to have him lose his tongue than to have played the game without him. In baseball "Chief" is far from being the missing link, but much prefers track work, especially running, having to practice during the winter months. He would think nothing of going up to the District line to pay a call on the fair sex and then try to beat the last car home. Consequently, he holds the record to-day from the District line to the College.

He and "Stubby" are frequently seen together, strolling up the Pike on their way to church. (?)

JOHN JULIUS AUGUSTUS KRENTZLIN, Sapt. Co. C., Washington, D. C.
Mechanical Engineering.



Captain Track Team, '04; Junior Lieut. Manager Track Team, '05; Secretary Rossbourg Club, Chairman Invitation and Program Committee, Rossbourg Club, and June Ball Organization; Vice-President Morrill Literary Society; Class Historian and Prophet, Chief Artist Reveille, Captain Co. C Basket-ball Team, Presentation Orator.

"His mind his kingdom and his will his law."—*Cozoper*.

"Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!"—*Nathaniel Lee*.

Alias — "Dutchie" — "Krentz" — "Jack" — "Jule." Born in the city of Columbia, S. C., on Jan. 12, 1885. Having completed the prescribed course of study in the public schools

of that place, he entered the Clemson Agricultural College, remaining there three years. In 1902 his parents moved to Washington, and in the fall he entered M. A. C., and since then he has taken an active part in the work of the noble Class of 1905.

In athletics he has done very fine work, especially upon the track. He was captain of one of the best track teams the College has ever had, he himself breaking three college records.

As a military man he is one of the best, and he takes much de'light in drilling his company. He hopes to enter the Navy, and it seems as though he has wisely chosen, for he has been known on more than one afternoon to go alone and sit for hours by the side of a "Lake," and to all that happened to pass, he seemed perfectly contented.

Jack is very popular among the boys, and will not be forgotten by the host of friends he has made during his three years at M. A. C.

JOHN NATHANIEL MACKALL.....Mackall

Physical Scientific.



Vice-President Senior Class, Class Treasurer '04, Vice-President Rossbourg Club, Chairman Refreshment Committee Rossbourg Club, Manager Baseball Team '05, Business Manager Reveille.

"O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife."
—Julius Caesar.

"O you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up."—Henry II.

"Rat," as we know him, is at present caged on "Buzzard's Roost" with the "Ape."

He first made known his entrance into this world by his prodigiously loud and long squeals in that great Metropolis of Calvert County, Mackall,

in the fall of the eighty-fifth year of the past century. At the tender age of six years he entered the public schools of Calvert County. Report has it that for ten years he occupied the chief position in the minds of his various teachers. Whether it was due to his wonderful adaptability to fun or work, we are unable to say.

In the fall of 1901 he entered the Freshman Class at M. A. C., and from that time on has played an important part in the affairs of the "worthy institution" with which he had so graciously connected himself.

"Rat" is extremely popular among his schoolmates, as well as classmates, as is shown by the responsible positions which he occupies, especially those of Manager of Baseball Team and Business Manager Reveille.

He is a hard student, and although usually busy with his books, he can find time at the most unexpected moment to slip over to ——— and spend a few hours with the fair sex.

Mackall's present ambition is to be at the head of the U. S. Geological Survey. We wish him an abundance of success in the furtherance of his ambition.

ROGER DARBY NICHOLLS, 2nd Lieut. Co. A.....Germantown,
Chemical Scientific.



Assistant Business Manager of
"Reveille."

"O sleep,
It is a gentle thing,
Beloved from Pole to Pole."—*Coleridge*.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy
merit."—*Fielding*.

Nicholls, the subject of this sketch, better known to us as "Little Nick," was born at Germantown, Md., on February 24, 1886. At a tender age he entered the public school of that place. After a few years' training in this school he entered the Darnestown Academy. Here he spent three years, but finding the course at that institution too limited, he entered the Maryland Agricultural College in

the fall of 1901. Nick always had a tender spot in his heart for the fair sex. Shortly after his arrival at M. A. C. he and his former chief adviser, James Henry, paid a visit to Georgetown, and since then there has been no place like Georgetown for Nick.

Though the chief object of his ambition be in Georgetown, he is never negligent of his studies. Early and late you may find him at his books. He is rarely found idle. He is either studying, going to Georgetown or sleeping. Occasionally, after successful raids upon the tobacco bag of the Professor of Chemistry, he and his assistant, Howell, entertain (?) their friends with a few selections from the latest opera. Give them a cigarette and they will sing for you by the hour.

Every member of the class wishes Nick much success in life.

ALBERT A. PARKER, Capt. Co. B. Poconoke City,
 Chemical Scientific.



Class President '05, Salutatorian '05, Class Historian '03, Manager Football Team '04, President New Mercer Literary Society '05, Secretary and Historian '04, Secretary Y. M. C. A. '04, Tennis Champion '04, Secretary Athletic Council '04, Associate Editor "Reveille," Baseball Team '05.

"I do not like this fooling."—*Troilus and Cressida.*

"He never knew pain who never felt the pangs of love."—*Platen.*

Parker, subject of this sketch, better known as "Ape," added to the population of this terrestrial globe on December 15, 1884, in the town of Salisbury, down on the Eastern Sho', and at the tender age of one year he moved to Poconoke City, where he received

his early education. He left the Poconoke High School and entered the Freshman Class at M. A. C. in the fall of 1901.

As a roofer, "Ape" has won great renown, both at home and abroad, having been known to make more noise than six ordinary men. In the art of painting the College surroundings with the numerals '05, he has proved himself a worthy member.

But with all his fun, "Ape" has never neglected his work, and consequently has always stood well in his class. His inability or lack of desire to work the sick-list is another feather in his cap.

He showed his ability as an athletic manager during the season of '04, in football. He has always shown a natural military disposition, and is captain of one of the best companies ever seen at M. A. C.

"Ape" is a man of great possibilities, having already had several pecuniary offers from different circus managers to appear as an ape, but his classmates have persuaded him to remain at College until after graduation.

WESLEY TEMPLE SMITH, Ridgley, Md.
Mechanical Engineering.



Captain Baseball Team '03-'04.
Captain Football Team '02, Secretary
'02-'03, President June Ball Organiza-
tion, Athletic Editor Reveille.

"None but himself can be his
parallel."

"Who agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic."

—*Byron*.

The village of Templeville, Queen
Anne County, Md., one morning—
August 18, 1882—awoke to realize the
significant fact that it was to live in
history as the birthplace of Wesley
Temple Smith.

Little Smith developed rapidly,
and at an early age was sent to school
at Templeville. When it was found
that the authorities of that institution

could no longer do anything with him, he was sent to the Ridgley High School,
and from there he entered M. A. C. in 1900.

At College, "Smitty" soon gained a reputation as a baseball player. In fact,
the fame of his prowess upon the diamond preceded him, and it is said that at
the tender age of nine he was known to play "hooky" a whole day in order to play
ball with some other boys in the lot back of the barn.

The subject of this sketch took a very important part in athletics, playing on
both the baseball and football teams every season since his entrance, and to prove
that the members of the teams recognized his ability, he was made captain of the
baseball team in '03 and '04 and captain of the football team in '02.

Temple showed that he was not only an athlete, but a scholar, leading his
class the first year and doing good work ever since.

"Smitty" is not only very popular among his classmates, by whom he is high-
ly esteemed, but is popular in the student body, and has the best wishes of every
one.

EARLE HENRY SNAVELY.....Sparrows Point,
Mechanical Engineering.

Secretary A. A. '05, Class Treasurer '05, Secretary Morrill Literary Society, Vice-President June Ball Organization, Athletic Editor Reveille, Junior Armor Bearer, Chairman Floor Committee Rosshourg Club, Class Treasurer '05.

"With busy hammer closing rivets up."—*Shakespeare*.

"From the scraps of iron I will build me an engine."

"Sister" was born in New Cumberland, Pa., on November 1, 1885, but as life became monotonous there, he moved to Sparrows Point, Md., when but two years of age. Having spent his early years in the machine shops and public schools of that place, and showed his ability as a mechanic

in both places (often twisting the ear of the next boy as if it were a screw-driver), he was sent to M. A. C. in 1901, where it was known he could become a mechanic of the first order. Nor was this a mistake. In the wood-working department he made all sorts of things, even "persuaders."

"Sister" has always been a great favorite with the fair sex, and is especially fond of dancing, never having been known to miss a hop within a radius of ten miles, and has even gone without his supper to catch a car to town to take in a dance. It is rumored that a little miss many miles away has stolen his heart, but we can never tell about those things. If it be true, we congratulate her.

"Sis" has done good scholastic work since his entrance, and we predict for him a successful future. His classmates have great confidence in him, as is evidenced by the numerous responsible positions which he fills.



JOHN WESLEY PORTER SOMERVILLE, 2nd Lt. Co. C.Cumberland.
Physical Scientific.



Treasurer Athletic Association,
Treasurer June Ball Organization,
Humorous Editor Reveille, Chairman
Music Committee Y. M. C. A., Chair-
man Meetings Committee Y. M. C. A.

"Youth would rather be stimu-
lated than instructed."

"There's a small choice in rotten
apples."—*Taming of the Shrew*.

"He trudged along unknowing what he
sought,
And whistled as he went for want of
thought." —*Dryden*.

And on the sixth day of May,
1883, in the town of Eckert, Allegheny
County, Md., there was born a child,
who was christened John Wesley Por-
ter Somerville, alias "Stubby,"
"Duckie," "J. W. P.," or "Summer-

time." He received his early education in the public schools of Frostburg, Md., and graduated at the Bell High School of that town in June, 1901. He entered the Freshman Class of M. A. C. the following fall.

As a student "Stubby" has worked hard, and like the rest of us, has had some narrow escapes. He has a very amiable disposition, and is a pleasant companion, with a jolly laugh and plenty of ready wit.

"Stubby" has done excellent work as Treasurer of the Athletic Association, every one being pleased with his work. His work in the Y. M. C. A. is also worthy of notice.

His specialty is mining, and he has had considerable experience along that line, having successfully superintended a mine at Newburg, W. Va., during the summer months. It is reported that he lost his heart while in that town. He and Edgar frequently take an evening stroll up the Pike, probably in the interest of the mines.

With a determination and ambition to rise in the world, with his success in doing the "Rats" and his ability as a financier, we feel that he will some day be one of the great Masters of Industry.

GLENWORTH STURGIS, 1st Lt. and Battalion Adjutant. Snow Hill.
Classical.



Editor-in-Chief of "Reveille,"
Valedictorian, President Morrill Liter-
ary Society, President Y. M. C. A.
'03-'04, Junior Orator, Representative
in Inter-State Debate '04 (won), Man-
ager Tennis Team, Chairman Recep-
tion Committee June Ball Organiza-
tion, Chairman Social Committee Y.
M. C. A., Member Athletic Council.

"Oratory is a warrior's eye flash-
ing from under a philosopher's brow."
—Harc.

"A tender heart, a will inflexi-
ble."—*Longfellow*.

Sturgis, known to us "Glen"
or "Brother," first saw the light of day
on the sandbanks of Lewes, Del., April
15, 1883. While he was still in his
tender years, his parents moved to

Snow Hill, Md., where they have since resided. It was here that "Glen" received
his early education, and graduated from the Snow Hill High School in the
spring of 1902, with high honors. In the fall of the same year he entered the
Sophomore Class at M. A. C., and has since distinguished himself in scholastic
work.

Never, as far as we know, until this year, has "Glen" been infatuated with
the fair sex, and even now we are inclined to excuse him and put the blame on
our classmate from the mountains, with whom he has been known to associate.

While "Brother" has never figured very prominently in athletics, his interest
is none the less. He has been known to play checkers on several occasions and
once to engage in a game of ping-pong.

As shown by the list of honors above, "Glen" is one of the most trustworthy,
popular and capable members of our class. He is not only extremely popular
with his own class and the student body, but is respected for his merits by every
member of the Faculty with whom he has come into contact.

WELLSTOOD WHITE, Cadet Major,.....Dickerson,

Physical Scientific.



Associate Editor Reveille, Vice-President New Mercer '05, Class Secretary '05, Treasurer Rosshourg Club, Chairman Reception Committee.

"I to myself am dearer than a friend."—*Two Gents. of Verona.*

"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."—*J. Beattie.*

Alias—"Prof"—"Pes." Born at Dickerson, Md., October 22, 1885. He early entered the public schools at Dickerson, and from the very outset showed a marvelous ability for every and anything mathematical. This ability awarded him his nick-name. He graduated with high honors, and in September, 1902, he entered the Maryland Agricultural College and became an active member of the Sophomore

Class of that year. His ability in mathematics stood him in good stead, and he quickly forged his way to the front in that particular study.

He has always taken an active interest in athletics, and in the fall of 1904 made the football team, and there played a strong game throughout the season.

He and Krentz are always found together.

He has a most amiable disposition and is a jolly good fellow. Needless to say his weak point is the fair sex. He has been known to stay out early and late to mingle in the fair crowd, who hold him in high esteem.

He has done good work for and at the College, has made many friends among the students and ladies, and we wish him the success through life which he so richly deserves.

History of the Class of 1905



LAST, in this year of nineteen hundred and five, we stand before you to say our last farewell in unison.

It does not seem possible, nor even probable, that we are about to have placed upon our shoulders the manifold hardships of life, but it is nevertheless true, and we must rise to meet all requirements.

Our career at the Maryland Agricultural College has been a notable one. At times the outlook has been dark and stormy, but trust to "Naughty five" to come out of the big end of the horn. Not always the best end, but nevertheless the big end.

The nucleus of this notable class gathered at the College in September of the year 1901, to learn of the mysteries which were enshrouded within the old walls and which were secretly imported to bona fide members only. The Sophomore Class were a kindly set of fellows and quickly let us in on all the secrets, and they practically illustrated all the instruments used in their mysterious proceedings. If my memory does not fail me, I recall the chief instrument as a long slat commonly known among the initiated as a "persuader." Along its side there was deeply carved the word "Rat," so that every love lick of this apparatus branded the unfortunate victim with this endearing term.

As time wore on we became more versed in the different phases of collegiate life, until in June of 1902 we went gaily home to return in September glorying under the hallowed name of "Old Boy."

Our class had somewhat decreased from its original number, but we had some valuable additions from among the new boys, and with a goodly number we entered gallantly upon the duties of the hardest knocked class in any college, the Sophomore. We furnished our full quota of athletic men to the various college teams, and for a testimonial of their good work you need only to scan the records. By diligent work we quickly climbed the ladder until the Junior portals were thrown open to receive us.

Upon returning in September, 1903, we found to our regret that our number had greatly diminished; in fact, made smaller by a half, for now we could muster only twenty men. But these twenty, like the Spartans of old, did not rely upon numbers alone, but upon quality, and entered upon the Junior duties as men.

By this time some slight thought of the responsibilities of life began to creep into the minds of this famous old class. The obstacles that were put in the way were surmounted, one after another; higher and higher was set the standard and ever onward we rushed to attain it. Obstacles, did I say, well rather barriers, for

I doubt if there has ever been a class at this old institution that has had to pass through a network, set so dexterously to entangle a foot that might for a moment go astray. But when a comrade did get entangled through some misfortune other than pure maliciousness, the class, as one man was ever ready to stand by and lend a helping hand.

The nucleus of the various teams was again called forth from our class and did the excellent work which has always been one of its chief characteristics. The Christmas exams, were soon over, Easter came and went, and June with its final examinations loomed up dark before us. Nothing daunted, we worked gallantly onward, the final exams, came and went, and we stood clothed in the garments of the Senior Class. The pride of that moment is far beyond the power of my pen to picture to you, and I will not tire you with my weak efforts. We were proud. Let it go at that.

This vacation, as all vacations have the detestable habit of doing, passed all too quickly, and we returned to college to take up the responsibilities of the Senior Class. These responsibilities we cheerfully accepted and carried out, we earnestly hope, to the satisfaction of those in authority over us.

Our class had by this time decreased to the number of fourteen, but we yet furnished a goodly number to participate in athletics. The Senior year passed swiftly by, and we stand before you, four years' work completed, we hope, satisfactorily, and ready to step out into this old world to see what she has in store for us.

We do not think lightly of it, nor do we suppose that there is any thing but the best expected of us, and we hope that when in later years you hear of good and noble achievements, and look out over the hills towards the origin of them, you may see, floating proudly in the breeze, the Blue and Gold of Nineteen-five.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of the Class of 1905



BEFORE BEING chosen by my classmates to prophecy their futures and lay them bare before the public, I immediately set to work to fold back the misty curtains that intervened between the present and what was yet to come, so that we might see clearly what was in store for us. I realized at once that my task was no easy one. That the future of every man was somewhere clearly plotted out, I felt quite sure, for the sages and prophets of old advanced the theory, and it is not for me to doubt their words. For months I searched in vain, until one day while in Washington, I chanced to see upon a theatre billboard the following inscription: "Keller, the world's greatest magician and hypnotist." As I read these words, a happy thought occurred to me, and it was this: "Why should I not go to see Mr. Keller, tell him what I sought, and ask for advice. If he could not tell me, then who could?" And so I went, not to the theatre, but to his room in the hotel. I was cordially received and attentively listened to, and when I had finished, he smilingly said: "My dear sir, you need worry no longer, for I think I can put you in possession of the details for which you are searching. You don't mind being hypnotized do you?" And upon my assurance that I did not mind, he arose and came towards me. The smile wore from his lips and he was all seriousness.

"I am going to send your mind to India," he said, "and there upon the banks of the Ganges, just twenty-three miles from Lucknow, is an old monastery that was inhabited thousands of years ago by magicians. In it to-day lives the King of Magicians. He is many hundreds of years old; and has power that will enable him to get the information that you desire about your classmates."

"Now while one is hypnotised he sees and hears many things, but remembers none of them upon waking, so if while in the trance, you will tell me what is occurring, I will write it down so that you may have it when you awake."

With this he looked me steadily in the eyes a moment, made a few passes, and my eyes began to close, for I felt a great temptation to sleep. I remember nothing else until I heard a clap of the hands and some one saying, "You are awake." In obedience my eyes opened, and there sat Mr. Keller smiling at me, and before him on the table lay several sheets of paper covered with writing. These he handed to me, saying, "There is your experience, and a notable one it is." I thanked him a thousand times for his help, and, taking my leave, I hastened home to read those precious papers.

It appears that in my trance I first found myself before the massive door of

the monastery, and upon lifting and letting fall the great rusted knocker, was admitted by the magician, who evidently expected my coming. His hair and beard were snow white and his quick eyes shone like beads of fire. He was clothed in robe and sandals resembling closely the old Roman costume. Without a word he conducted me along massive dark halls and at last into a great room, the magnificence of which I will not attempt to describe.

He motioned to a seat and then questioned as to who had sent me and what I wanted.

Upon telling him, he asked for the names of my classmates, and wrote each name upon a separate piece of paper. He then rang a clear silvery bell that hung directly over the table, and into the room there stepped a servant, black as the ace of spades, yet arrayed in a spotless white toga.

Without looking up, the magician said: "Send me fourteen of my elves." The servant retired with a low bow, and almost immediately there came in fourteen droll little elves, and as I looked I thought of the stories of Rip Van Winkle. These little fellows quickly arranged themselves in a semicircle in front of the magician and dropped on the right knee. The magician handed each a paper with a name upon it, and said: "I want you to hunt up the records for the next twenty years to come and find, at the end of that time, what each of these men has done." The elves bowed low and retired. The magician threw some blue powder on a fire that burned brightly on the other side of the room, and then chatted pleasantly upon several topics until, in a surprisingly short while, the little elves came back, each with his sheet written full. These the old man read to me in alphabetical order, and this is what he read:

Byron, W. H., better known as "Pug" to his classmates, went into the leather business after his graduation, and now owns the largest tannery in the world—that of Williamsport, Maryland. While at college he was rather shy when around the ladies, but the latest reports have it that he is now often seen making his way to a certain house with his guitar under his arm. There he sings and plays to a pretty dreamy-eyed maiden until the wee small hours of the morn.

"Pug" was ever a hustler; he has done well in business; has several important inventions to his credit, among them an instrument for measuring the area of an irregular surface—an instrument vastly important in the measure of hides.

Mr. Byron has also dabbled in politics, and has been very successful therein. If rumor has it correct, and we have no good reason to doubt it, he is a candidate for the next governor of Maryland, and stands far in advance in the favor of the people. We wish him a victorious campaign.

Cockey, J. C. After his graduation from M. A. C., "Jack" entered the drafting department of the Westinghouse Electric Company, and by diligent application, rose rapidly, until he is now in charge of the entire department. "Jack" has made one great change in the department, that is, the introduction of drafts-women instead of draftsmen. He finds the work far easier, and certainly far more to his liking. He says his only trouble is that the women want to do all the bossing, and he has to accept the pay for it as if he had done it himself.

Although he is much occupied with his work, especially those who do the work, he always finds time to run down to his big farm at Owings Mills, where his wife and little Jack eagerly await his coming. He still retains his love for the military, and has risen to command of the State militia, of which he was a member when still at M. A. C. He has made many improvements in the military of the State, and his State appreciates the fact.

Digges, E. D. Those who knew "Grimes" best in his college days might have guessed that he would adopt the mode of life which he has taken up—the job of living easy on an immense tobacco plantation, the largest in the State of Maryland. "Grimes" always did know good tobacco when he saw it. He was able to stand upon the tennis court at college and tell you what kind of tobacco was being smoked by a boy who was leaning out of a window on the top floor of the barracks. A man with so delicate a recognition of tobacco would have been doing his State an injustice by going into anything other than tobacco growing. His shyness when around the ladies soon wore off, and it was impossible for him to remain a bachelor.

His eldest son is following in his father's footsteps, and is doing well at M. A. C. We wish him his father's success.

Duckett, M., the largest real estate man and financier of the day, has made a great success in his profession. While at M. A. C. he took the mechanical course, but he soon found that to handle real estate and real cash was more in his line. He no sooner came to this conclusion than he acted upon it. He has certainly succeeded, for it is rumored that he tires of counting his money. Although a shrewd real estate man, he was not shrewd enough for a young miss who lived in the vicinity of his old home, for she soon had him roped in completely. The happy pair now live in Washington, and although Washington has fine amusements and splendid opportunities for rowing and yachting, there seems to be a peculiar fascination for them in the little branch of Bladensburg. They sometimes row up and down this stream for hours and chat about old college

days, the storming and capture of Hyattsville on Hallow'een night of 1905, and of the famous Hoolly Gang that once existed in these parts.

Hayman, E. T., the noted pedestrain of the class, went, in the fall of 1905, to Panama to participate in the construction of the canal. The climate was extremely warm, but "Chief" did not mind perspiring, and he never gave up when surrounded by adverse circumstances. By his diligence and marked ability he soon rose to the position of inspecting engineer, and it is a well founded fact that the successful completion of the greatest of all canals is largely due to the skill and untiring efforts of Engineer Hayman. But Edgar soon tired of life in the tropics, and realized that in old Worcester he could be more content than anywhere else. The interest which he had always had in the oyster industry was newly aroused on his return, and the tremendous stimulus given to the oyster industry in the State of Maryland, where he owns many large packing houses, was brought about by him. Having seen the Hayman Oyster Bill passed, he now resides on the sea shore of old Worcester, where, with the sweetheart of his college days and little Edgar to cheer his heart, he lives in perfect contentment.

Krentzlin, J. J. A., as was prophesized by his classmates at college, made a name for himself in the electrical world. He entered the Revenue Cntter Service soon after leaving M. A. C., but finding his sphere too narrow and aspiring to higher things, he left the service and entered Cornell University, where for four years he pursued the study of Electrical Engineering. Having shown his remarkable ability as an electrical engineer while a student, immediately upon graduation he was offered the chair of Electrical Engineering in that university, and accepted the same. His name having been blazoned abroad so much before, it was not surprising to the scientific world when it was announced that the Krentzlin system of wireless telephony was completed, the greatest and most successful invention the world has seen along electrical lines. The Krentzlin wireless telephone is a small instrument that may be carried in the vest pocket, and by pressing a button, the owner can talk to anyone, anywhere at any time.

Professor Krentzlin has written several works on electricity, among them "The Development of Wireless Telephony," "Electrical Lights in the College," and "How to Prevent College Students from Burning Out Fuses." The Professor and his charming wife, a one-time Southern belle, reside in Ithaca, where they are great favorites, especially with the university students.

Mackall, J. Nathaniel. The summer after his graduation at M. A. C., "Rat" began work with the Maryland Geological Survey. Finding the work here too

limited and the salary too small, he set sail for the Fiji Islands in the fall of 1910, to find a broader field in which to labor. By his untiring energy and ready adaptability to the manners and customs of the natives, he was soon promoted to the position of Chief of the Highway Division of the Fiji Island Geological Survey.

"Rat" ever kept in mind on his old question: "What's home without a wife?" which we heard so much at college, and it was with little surprise that we find him returning in a few years to Prince Frederick to claim the fair damsel of his choice.

John felt that his real home was with the Islanders, and after a few months' sojourn in his native State he, with his bride, returned to live with the Fijis, where he rightly belongs.

Nicholls, R. D. Soon after his graduation "Nick" decided that his future lay in the study of medicine, and so in the fall of 1905 he entered Georgetown University, to pursue his studies. We heard little of him for four years, but at the end of that time there suddenly appeared a Dr. R. D. Nicholls upon the horizon.

Dr. Nicholls is known throughout the entire civilized world on account of his great discovery of "How to keep college boys awake." In his college days he was troubled so much by the great temptation to doze that he devoted a considerable time to the study of this disease, and has at last introduced his great remedy. Dr. Nicholls has made a great success in his chosen profession, and is to-day one of the leading physicians of the country. So well was his ability recognized that at the meeting of the Associated Doctors of America, a few days ago, he was unanimously voted the presidency of the association, a position that can be reached by none except the greatest physicians. Mrs. Nicholls is justly proud of her husband and in his new capacity.

After graduating from the Maryland Agricultural College in June, 1905, "Ape" pursued still further his favorite study—chemistry. He spent two years in the laboratory at M. A. C., at which time, after diligent work and constant application, he resigned to take a better position at the University of Virginia. But with all his work "Ape" never lost the soft spot that he always had in his breast for the ladies while at M. A. C.

"Ape" was about as fickle as he was industrious, and while we expected him to marry a girl of his native town (and so did she), we were suddenly surprised by the news that he had married Miss Blank, of Charlottesville, Va.

The Parker process of making iron has made him famous. He is now head of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Virginia, and in the eyes of

scientific men he is one of the ablest men of to-day in the field of Inorganic Chemistry.

Smith, W. T. "Smitty" liked nothing better than a good game of ball, and so after his graduation he went South to play in the big Southern league, incidentally to rest from his scholastic work before entering upon a business career. It could not be expected that he could resist the demure Southern maidens, and so when he returned to his native State, some eighteen months later, Mrs. Smith accompanied him. Mr. Smith graduated from M. A. C. as a mechanical engineer, and has continued along that line. He is now the most successful contracting engineer in the country, and his yearly dividends would make John D. Rockefeller blush for shame. Mr. Smith's latest and greatest achievement was the construction of a suspension bridge across the Patomac at one of its widest parts. It is a structure such as mechanical men came miles to see. Mr. Smith has just closed his summer home and started for a trip abroad with his wife and family.

Sommerville, J. W. P. "Stubby" now owns and operates several of the largest coal mines about Cumberland. He has made inventions and improvements in mining that have saved the lives of thousands of the men who toil under ground. This and his ability to handle matters financial has placed him well forward in the ranks of the Captains of Industry. "Stubby's" weak point, his admiration for the ladies, soon got the better of him, and not long after his graduation, he swept down upon the little township of Berwyn and carried away one of its damsels. He was pursued, of course, but "Stubby" was always able to handle those legs of his, and so got away with his prize. He is also treasurer of the Maryland Athletic Association, and his training in collecting athletic dues at college now stands him in good stead. It is rumored that he can pull a man out of bed in the small hours of the night and make him pay his dues. In fact, "Stubby" says that it is the best plan; for the man is so sleepy that he pays almost any sum to be left alone.

Snavely, E. H. The very summer that he left college, he entered the Revenue Cutter Service. By the diligent work which had always characterized him at college, he rose to first lieutenant, and soon afterward to captain of the swiftest and readiest craft in the service. He has done good work for Uncle Sam in protecting our coasts and industries, and his praises have many times been sung in the records of the War Department. Just after his promotion to first lieutenant he asked for and received a furlough for several months. The next thing heard of him was that he had gone West. Now, as the magician read this, my mind at once pictured to me his room at the old college, where upon the

bureau stood the picture of a sweet-faced girl. If asked who she was, his only reply was a smack of the lips and, "Oh! that's a little Western girl of mine." That explained his trip West.

The magician continued: "He has made some very valuable designs of machinery now in possession of the Navy Department: for, despite his sailor life, he still clings to the tendency to design, acquired while at college."

Sturgis, G. Glen always was a speaker, in fact, he is said to have been able to talk when only a few weeks old. The politicians of Snow Hill received him with open arms, and almost before he realized it, he found himself in the State Senate. Now Senator Sturgis always was a level-headed fellow, and almost his first act in the Senate was the presentation of a bill to improve his *Uma Mar* in many ways. The bill, under the Senator's eloquent guidance, went through without a hitch, and the old college is much indebted to him, for, by this bill, its beauty and efficiency was increased one hundred per cent.

Now Glen, like "Stubby," had a longing in his heart for old Berwyn. He also made a swoop upon the town and carried off a bride, and was also pursued. He got as far as Paint Branch Bridge when he was overtaken. He quickly mounted the side of the bridge, and so great was his eloquence that he quelled the raging multitude and was allowed to proceed in peace.

State Senator is all right, but why stop there? And so in 1910 he was sent to Washington as the Senator from Maryland.

White, W., to his classmates known as "Fes," pursued his study of mathematics and civil engineering, of which he was especially fond, and after two years went to South America as Government Surveyor. He did well in this capacity, but soon tired of the climate and the copper-colored damsels of that region, and returned to his native State. As good fortune would have it, he returned just in time to find vacant the chair of Mathematics at the Maryland Agricultural College. This fine position was offered him and he immediately accepted. All of his old friends were indeed glad to have him back among them and hoped that he would stay, but they were doomed to disappointment, for after two years and a half, the Professor introduced a new mathematical science, and was very shortly after called to accept the chair of Mathematics at Harvard University. The Professor and his wife there kept open house to the students, by whom he is held in high esteem. "Although Harvard is all right" says the Professor, "I think I shall send little Wellstood, jr., down to M. A. C., where he can get the benefit of a military training."

Ode of the Class of 1905

Air, The Marseillaise

Words by J. A. Krentzlin

On the granite hills which tower
O're the rapid rushing tide,
Where the broad Potomac rushes
To the bosom of its bride;
Where the birds are always singing,
Where there's humming of the bees,
Where the sun and shadow mingle always.

CHORUS.

There she stands, old M. A. C.,
All alight with beauty bright,
With brow undimmed,
Dauntless and brave,
She awaits her destiny.

Not from piles of sculptured marble,
Though her walls are fair to see,
Will her fame be spread in story?
In the ages yet to be;
But the one who writes her history
Will inscribe with burning pen
How she lives in lives of noble men.—*Chorus.*

Stand we here a band of Seniors
Who have Juniors ceased to be,
We are guardians of our College—
Let us serve with dignity.
As we strive with faith undaunted
Her good works to keep alive;
May we ever exemplify her fame.

CHORUS.

Arise, old 1905, our banner now unfurl;
Strive on, fight on
E'er to increase
Our Alma Mater's fame.

Junior Class

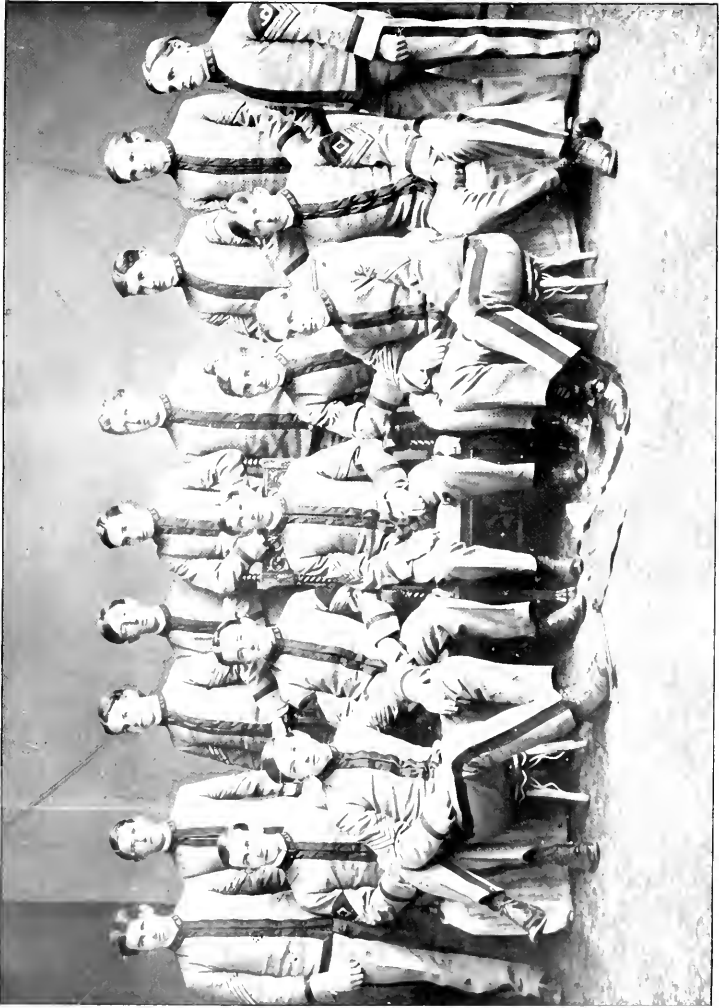
President.....	L. Bassett
Vice President.....	H. D. Williar, jr.
Secretary.....	G. M. Mayer
Treasurer.....	H. T. J. Caul
Historian.....	L. F. Zerkel

Class Colors—Red and White.

CLASS YELL.
Hickety! Hi!
Hickety! Hix!
Hickety! Hickety!
1906.

Motto—"Non Quis sed Quid."

NAME.	ADDRESS.
L. Bassett.....	Cambridge, Md.
H. J. Caul.....	87 West Genesee street, Buffalo, N. Y.
R. H. Dixon, jr.....	Cambridge, Md.
J. J. T. Graham.....	Angleside, Md.
R. F. Goodell.....	East Patrick street, Frederick, Md.
W. B. Harris.....	Coleman, Md.
C. L. Lippincott.....	Grafton, W. Va.
G. M. Mayer.....	Frostburg, Md.
J. W. Mitchell.....	Englewood, Fla.
A. M. McNutt.....	Berkely, Md.
E. I. Oswald.....	Chewsville, Md.
C. S. Ridgeway.....	Beltsville, Md.
J. L. Showell.....	Berlin, Md.
S. P. Thomas.....	Sandy Springs, Md.
F. R. B. Waters.....	Seat Pleasant, Md.
H. D. Williar, jr.....	Buxton, Md.
R. V. Wood.....	Barnesville, Md.
L. F. Zerkel.....	Luray, Va.



JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Class of 1906

Once upon an evening dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many happy days
Passed in strange and devious ways,
Since our entrance into College
To partake of work and plays;
Recollections quickly stealing,
Filled my soul with softened feeling,
For pleasures passed and victories won:
For noble things, most nobly done
By the Class of 1906.

I recalled our trepidation,
At our first examination,
How we hoped and how we prayed
'Twould not be hard nor long delayed,
And, when it came, the lively joy
That was felt by each new boy;
As he saw with great delight
That the worst was only fright;
And that his name was now enrolled
In the longed-for, sought-for fold
Of the Class of 1906.

When again our thoughts were free
From hard work that had to be,
And could homeward quickly flee;
In separate groups of two or three,
On the campus then each night
Those thoughts took unchecked flight
To our sweethearts and our mothers,
In those days we thought of others
As dire home-sickness on us rolled,
Touching heart and saddening soul
Of the Class of 1906.

For this weakness we were chided,
And "persuaders" swiftly glided
In a vain attempt to check
This disease, which threatened wreck
And ruin to us. But a fortnight
Of diversion, made us downright
Proud and full of animation,
Primed with youthful expectation,
To be rid of Soph annoyance,
That had chased away the buoyance
From the Class of 1906.

But again, how sad to tell,
We continued to get h—l.
'Twas, they said, on general principle,
That we might not grow invincible,
By being gently thus abused,
(Without our being much confused),
We ere long took "rat medicines"
Without the least of reticence,
But, why dwell on things of sadness
For athletics soon made gladness
For the Class of 1906.

There our triumphs first were gained,
For our athletes worked and trained
For the football teams, and claimed
Part of the skill that made us famed,
As a School with winning teams.
But, athletics soon did end
(They tell me all things have that trend.)
We took leave on our first holiday,
For home once more all free and gay,
And "Thanksgiving Turkey" put away;
This, the Class of 1906.

When to College we returned,
With hard work we were concerned.
Exams, again stared in our faces.

These completed, we retreated
To our homes with quickened paces.
Ah! How well do I remember
That home-going in December;
And how, returning, we related
That this Christmas should be rated,
Best that we had ever known—

All the Class of 1906.

Three long months then dragged away,
With lots of work and little play,
Often we would sit and ponder
On some things the poets say—
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"
Which to us seemed that it may
Have been written by a "jay,"
Or one knowing not his business anyway.
Yes, that time was very blue
(I remember well,—Don't you?)

for the Class of 1906.

Then came Easter, and with that,
Many games with ball and bat,
In baseball we now "stood pat,"
"Rooted" we, "Old Boy," and "Rat."
We recalled the three months lowly,
That had gone so very slowly,
And they seemed like dreams unholy.
For our Campus now was seen
Changed from gray to brightest green,
And spring cast a clear, bright sheen

O'er the Class of 1906.

Final exams, now drew near,
But our class had little fear;
For, to most of us, the work
Was a task we did not shirk,
The little hardships they imposed,
We still encountered with repose.
These completed, quick we shifted
From work to play, while sadness sifted

Through a sieve of pleasures steady,
For joys of "Final Week" were ready
For the Class of 1906,

In that week of fun and pleasure,
Came experiences we treasure,
For it held the fullest measure
Of excitement mixed with leisure,
Commencement and June Ball
Us delighted, one and all,
We, as "Old Boys" left 'till fall,
With no more "medicine" to pall
Upon us, as it had when we were "rats."
Now we were Soph'mores, not still brats
In the Class of 1906,

When school convened, '06 was there
With stout resolves to do and dare
And no effort now to spare
In exhibiting our share
Of work and play. We knew in part,
Our duties now; and every heart
Was pledged to deeper, harder study,
But one duty upon us fell
For it was "up to us" to tell
The "rats" how, with "persuaders," we could spell—
"The Class of 1906,"

In the fall of our second year,
The Class of '06 had little fear
It could not make itself the peer
Of former classes, stranded here,
This we think we did in part,
For our record from the start
Had the "O. K." mark upon it,
Some '05 man, "through his bonnet,"
Said his class would gain great fame,
If it fought a football game
With the Class of 1906,

I wonder if the aforesaid and the same,
Remembers the Soph-Junior football game;

And that his team got little fame,
For this contest, far from tame,
And this victory hard to get,
With such things I must not fret
My weary reader. This year passed,
Like the former, and should be classed
As one of much hard study,
And of joys, whose glow was ruddy,
For the Class of 1906.

In this year, we began to view
The aim of College life, with new
And serious thoughts, and found it true,
That to pass the Soph Class one must do
The best he can. But time flew by
And soon Commencement Day drew nigh.
We now transferred the duties thrust
Upon us for this year, and trust
That we had shown ourselves full well
Equipped, for doing what then fell
To the Class of 1906.

Many members then we lost,
And returning, found at most,
Only half the Class could boast
Returning with us to our post.
But, the few who did come back,
Resolved manfully to attack
Their work. One thing we learned—
That the Juniors were concerned
With attention to study and order,
And we hope we have reached the border
Set for the Class of 1906.

In athletics, as in past years, we appeared,
And held our own, nor even feared
The Soph-Junior Game, which cleared
Us a score of six to "zip," and cheered
Us to bolder flights. The Sophs now may
Claim the glory of this fray,
But still the score stands plainly out

As the official record for this bout,
Of course, we do not mind what's said
For we know that what stands head
Is the Class of 1906.

A concession that was granted us just now,
(Putting Seniors, Sophs, and Juniors in one scow),
Gave exemption from exams. This, to our brow,
Brought smiles, provided we knew how
To make a certain average mark
In daily work. It's now like a "lark"
To be free in exam week,
When you've done work which will speak
For itself. We now put in hard licks
So that this average we can fix
For the Class of 1906.

Our Theatre-party-Boys, have you forgotten that?
And, how this day we stood quite "pat"
With that sweet little bunch of "mat-
inee girls?" But, my memory "plays me flat;"
The real purpose for our hegira into town
Was to have the Class-picture taken down
At Bells. But business sometimes takes
A purely second place, when one rakes
Over old memories. So, for that reason,
My putting pleasures first won't be treason
To the Class of 1906.

In looking backward, Classmates, we can feel
That we've "done ourselves proud" in every deal
Of the past. But, from ourselves, we can't conceal
The fact that, in the future, duty's appeal
Will be more strongly sounded than before,
And responsibilities will crowd us by the score.
Let us then, like men, resolve to strive and do
What is expected of us, and establish a new
And glorious record for ourselves—the Senior Class,
So that praises from the faculty, and other friends, may pass
To the Class of 1906.

Good Luck to Naughty Six

C. S. Rid**G**eway

S. P. Th**O**mas

O. V. W**O**od

R. F. Goo**D**ell

H. D. Wi**L**liar, Jr.

H. J. Ca**U**l

R. W. Ri**C**e

L. F. Zer**K**el

F. R. Wa**T**

J. L. Sho**O**well

C. L. Lippi**N**eott

E. I. Osw**A**ld

A. M. Men**U**tt

L. W. Whiting**G**

J. J. T. Gra**H**am

L. Basse**T**t

G. M. Ma**Y**er

W. B. Harri**S**

J. W. Mit**C**hell

R. H. Di**X**on, Jr.

Junior Grinds

Bassett: "Only an inventor knows how to borrow; most men are therefore inventors."

Caul: "When a man maketh a joke, let him not be the first to laugh thereat."

Dixon: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Graham: "He is all there when the bell rings." (The dinner bell.)

Goodell: "I am Sir Oracle; when I open my lips, let no dog bark."

Harris: "If a word is worth one shekel, silence is worth two."

Lippincott: "The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labor."

Mayer: "A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about things."

McNutt: "He that would be a great commander, hath an awful task before him."

Mitchell: "'Tis hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

Oswald: "Let a man be ever so Christian and humble,
Let a woman smile, he will blush and stumble."

Ridgway: "With skillful hands he will dig and sow,
This manikin behind the hoe."

Showell: "I do but sing because I must and pipe but as the linnets sing."

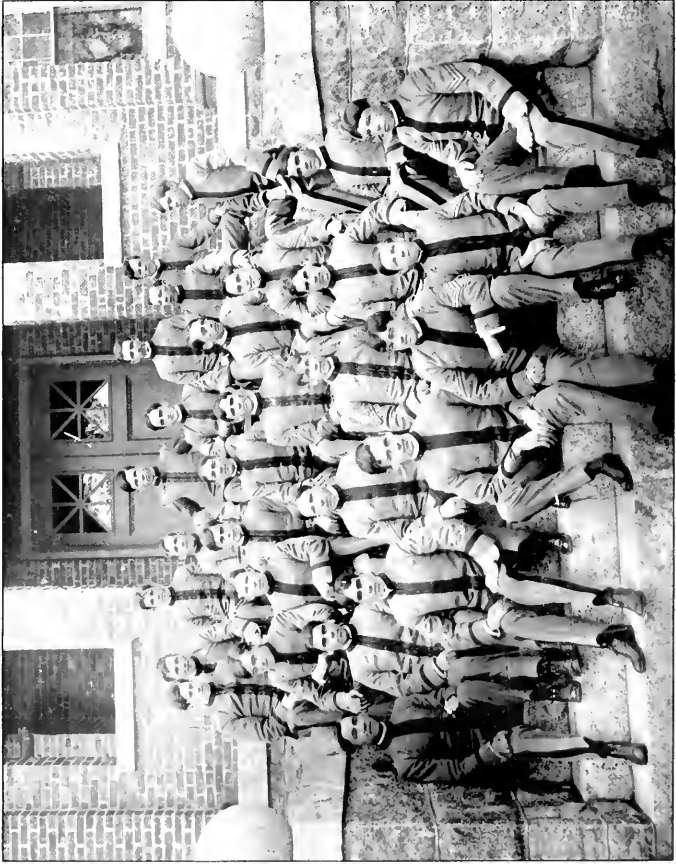
Thomas: "He never knew pain who never felt the pangs of love."

Waters: "If a donkey bray at you, do not bray at him."

Williar: "Let every man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?"

Wood: "If any would not work, neither should he eat."

Zerker: "With graceful steps he struts the floor
And smiles on maidens fair, galore."



SOPHOMORE CLASS



President.....A. E. Blair.
 Vice-President.....G. W. Firor.
 Secretary and Treas....N. B. Merryman, Jr.
 Historian.....J. F. Zouck.

Class Colors—Maroon and Black.

CLASS YELL.

Rickety—ax—coax—coax!

Rickety—ax—coax—coax!

Wah—hoo—ah!

Wah—hoo—ah!

1907!

Rah—Rah—Rah!

Sophomore—Sophomore—Sophomore!

Motto—"Quis, quid, fices, fices bene."

NAME.	ADDRESS.
W. H. Adams	Princess Anne, Md.
A. N. Bowland	Kingston, Md.
E. A. Blair	Baltimore, Md.
R. L. Caperstany	
A. D. Cockey	Owings Mills, Md.
J. A. Coale	Upper Marlboro, Md.
J. B. Dirickson	Berlin, Md.
J. W. Firor	Thurmont, Md.
W. B. Fluharty	Greensboro, N. C.
J. V. Gill	Boring, Md.
W. A. Gassoway	Darnestown, Md.
E. P. Haslup	Laurel, Md.
M. A. Hudson	Stockton, Md.
H. L. Hatton	Piscataway, Md.
C. H. Harper	Baltimore, Md.
E. S. Halloway	Rosaryville, Md.
J. L. Iglehart	Simpsonville, Md.
J. E. Jones	Davidsonville, Md.
M. C. Lewis	Crisfield, Md.
U. W. Long	Selbyville, Del.
W. B. Long	Westover, Md.
F. E. Linnell	Falmouth, Mass.
W. A. Lewis	Bethesda, Md.
E. G. McCandlish	Piedmont, W. Va.
W. T. Mahoney	Leeds, Md.
J. P. Mudd	Washington, D. C.
T. B. Mackall	Mackall, Md.
N. B. Merryman	Cokeeysville, Md.
H. H. Owings	Simpsonville, Md.
E. H. Plumacher	Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A.
M. C. Plumacher	Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A.
H. W. Stinson	Columbia, Md.
W. A. S. Somerville	Cumberland, Md.
H. C. Thrasher	Deer Park, Md.
R. J. Tillson	Davis, W. Va.
E. C. Tillson	Davis, W. Va.
S. T. Vocke	Baltimore, Md.
C. C. Vrooman	Hyattsville, Md.
H. O. Williams	Nanticoke, Md.
L. W. Whiting	Hyattsville, Md.
J. F. Zouck	Glyndon, Md.

History of the Class of 1907



WHEN forty-five men entered the portals of the Maryland Agricultural College in September of the year 1903, to take up their studies in the Freshman Class, it would have been hard to have found a more frightened lot of boys than these forty-five. But, after the first few weeks of torment (which all new boys at college must pass through) had been gotten over, the class commenced to take form and to be not merely a body of boys thrown together in the same class. But seeing that their strength lay in their number, they organized; and leaders sprang up, who, in many instances, showed great ability.

Once when the Sophs became too obstreperous the class went out as a body and drove the Sophs within doors. This was something unusual, for the Freshmen to get the upper hand of the Sophs. Nevertheless it was done in a fair fight, and the Freshmen were conceded the victory by the entire school. From this the class got down to hard work in their studies, and came well up to the mark in their Christmas examinations.

From Christmas until Easter, was mostly hard study, and the entire class breathed a sigh of relief when they were ready to start home after having finished their Easter exams. But now was the most pleasant part of the year, for the boys were able to be out doors and participate in baseball and other athletic sports, so all were sorry when June came.

On returning the following September they found their number greatly decimated, but several new members stepped in to fill the vacant places. It did not take the class long to find out their increased power as Sophs and *old boys*. They were very careful to see that no Freshman broke any of the traditions of the college. After they had reformed among the new boys, they commenced to go higher and thought it time something should be done to place their class on record. In a short while they pledged themselves to the Faculty to observe the Honor System in their class and examination work. As usual, the Junior Class followed our lead, so in a few weeks they had established the same thing.

The two classes met after Thanksgiving, in the annual Sophs-Junior game. It could hardly be called a game; for we outplayed the Juniors so much in the first half that when the whistle blew for the beginning of the second half, there was not a Junior to be seen on the field. So they had to content themselves with a forfeited score to 6 to 0, in place of what in all likelihood would have been 100 to 0.

At Christmas several members of the class left, so we had to start in the new year with a class greatly diminished in number. But what we lost in number we gained in *class spirit*. Although it is not a very large class that stands on the threshold of Junior dignities, yet it is a class that will stick together and remain loyal to the Black and Red flag of 1907.

Freshman Class

President.....A. B. Crisp.
Vice-President.....B. R. Cooper.
Secretary and Treasurer....G. C. Toadyvine.
Historian.....F. N. Youngblood.

Class Colors—Red and Blue.

CLASS YELL.

Rip! Rap!
Snip! Snap!
Slick Rate!
'o8!
Freshman!

Motto—Vincemus omnia.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
R. S. Allen.....	Rising Sun, Md.
C. C. B. Bishop.....	Snow Hill, Md.
E. J. Byron.....	Williamsport, Md.
N. E. Brice.....	Annapolis, Md.
C. G. G. Bailey.....	Hyattsville, Md.
J. P. Brome.....	Wallville, Md.
G. G. Becker.....	Baltimore, Md.
J. D. Blake, Jr.....	Baltimore, Md.
B. C. Bennett.....	Brandy Station, Va.
G. W. Campbell.....	Selbyville, Del.
G. P. W. Coudon.....	Perryville, Md.
L. M. Church.....	Washington, D. C.
B. R. Cooper.....	Wharton, Md.
F. B. Clark.....	Keep Tryst, Md.

A. B. Crisp.....	Brooklyn Station, Md.
J. D. Darby.....	Brick Lodge, Md.
G. C. Day.....	Dublin, Md.
G. W. Dorr.....	Hyattsville, Md.
F. V. Davis.....	Hyattsville, Md.
C. W. Firor.....	Thurmont, Md.
W. D. Groves.....	Ellicott City, Md.
J. B. Guthrie.....	Baltimore, Md.
J. P. Griffin.....	Highland, Md.
D. B. Galt.....	Hyattsville, Md.
F. T. Galt.....	Hyattsville, Md.
A. Gamero.....	New York, N. Y.
H. B. Hoshall.....	Parkton, Md.
J. E. Haslup.....	Savage, Md.
A. G. Harr.....	Forest Glen, Md.
L. Hays.....	Barnesville, Md.
J. H. Holmead.....	Washington, D. C.
R. H. Hall.....	Barstow, Md.
J. M. Hall.....	Hyattsville, Md.
C. E. Hutchinson.....	Fairmount, W. Va.
G. Jamieson.....	Hughesville, Md.
J. H. King.....	Pocomoke City, Md.
H. C. Knotts.....	Kingston, Md.
W. C. LeGore.....	LeGore, Md.
H. W. Lippincott.....	Grafton, W. Va.
L. G. Loekie.....	Altoona, Pa.
W. E. Lampkin.....	Washington, D. C.
S. M. Lowrey.....	Rossville, Md.
W. W. McCabe.....	Selbyville, Del.
F. C. McSorley.....	Stevensville, Md.
C. F. Mayer.....	Frostburg, Md.
H. Otis.....	Sykesville, Md.
C. P. Milbourn.....	Leonardtown, Md.
H. W. Owings.....	Simpsonville, Md.

P. P. Paull.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
H. L. Porter.....	Oakland, Md.
J. Packard.....	Rockville, Md.
T. E. Rumig.....	College Park, Md.
A. J. Ritzel.....	Westover, Md.
P. Russell.....	Washington, D. C.
R. A. Stott.....	Zaneytown, Md.
O. H. Saunders.....	Lankford, Md.
J. P. Shamberger.....	Parkton, Md.
R. L. Sylvester.....	College Park, Md.
J. W. Sanford.....	Washington, D. C.
C. Solari.....	College Park, Md.
A. L. Stabler.....	Brighton, Md.
A. R. Todd.....	Mt. Washington, Md.
G. C. Toadvine.....	Whitchaven, Md.
W. H. Thomas.....	Cross Roads, Md.
H. R. Whiting.....	Hyattsville, Md.
G. M. Waggner.....	Baltimore, Md.
G. W. Wilson.....	Simpsonville, Md.
A. R. Woodson.....	Washington, D. C.
F. N. Youngblood.....	Norfolk, Va.
G. C. Zimmerman.....	Frederick, Md.
C. F. Batman.....	Luray, Va.
F. C. Ort.....	Midland, Md.
C. A. Warthen.....	Kensington, Md.
N. L. Warren.....	Selbyville, Del.

History of the Class of 1908

Or a Record of the "Diddings" of the Freshman Class



EARLY in the fall of 1904 College Park presented a most lively scene. Every train was bringing scores of boys who were to undertake the trials of a college examination.

Some of us took the examination for entering the Sophomore Class, while the most of us tried for the Freshman Class. Many of us were successful, but a few failed. However, in whatever class we finally found ourselves, we gladly accepted our humble lot and entered with a spirit that was creditable to us all.

The first few nights were spent in arranging the scant supply of furniture which we had brought with us, and we soon made ourselves comfortable. College opened on the fifteenth of September, and in less than three days we were busy, hammering away at our respective studies. Some were wont to neglect their studies and think of home. This home-sickness did not tarry long in the hearts of our seventy-eight members, as "College" at this time presented a most beautiful and welcome home. The grand old building, nestled in a clump of trees like a chicken under its mother's wing. All this and more seemed to drive away the home-sickness, and we were soon looking forward to our Thanksgiving holidays. During the period of time between the opening of school and Thanksgiving, a great interest was manifested in football. We are proud to say that several members of our class took an active part in the many hard-fought battles on the gridiron.

Thanksgiving came and passed so rapidly that we hardly realized it was here, and we were soon back to our studies. At the time of this writing basket-ball is taking up the spare time of the boys. There is good material in the Class of '08 for a good basket-ball team. We hope that some will make the first team, which promises to be a winner.

Baseball is occupying the minds of our old stars, and we will no doubt surprise some of our old rivals when we meet them on the diamond this coming season. Let us hope that the Freshman Class will be well represented in this manly sport.

The time between Thanksgiving and Christmas passed very quietly and no event of any great importance took place. When "Old Chris" did come, he was given a hearty handshake and a royal welcome by everybody. Every one immediately made ready and took the first train available and hurried homeward to greet the loved ones who were waiting for him. Many did not forget some cer-

hearts and smiling faces to greet dear old M. A. C. and wish her a Happy New Year, and to try for much better marks in our studies than we made during the last term.

Spring now opens in all its glory, altho' somewhat late, and seems to put new life into our boys who have been confined to the buildings most of the time during the cold months of the year. The Campus presents a most animated appearance. Numbers are out for the purpose of making the baseball team, while others are training for the track team. The whole scene might be compared with a huge ant-hill, so busy and intent are they in their practice.

Inauguration day comes and goes and two hundred tired and dusty boys return to the barracks for a good night's rest.

That which now remains for us is to finish up the year with the best possible records. We have all worked hard, but this term means study and lots of it. The boys set to work with a will and no doubt will come out victors in the hard-fought battles with their studies.

What now follows must be more of a prophecy than a history. Reveille is very soon going to press, and this prevents me from writing a complete history of the class of '08.

We passed the weary months after Christmas until Easter, and many of us hurried home after a long period of home-sickness and hard work. The Easter holidays came and passed so rapidly that we hardly realized that we had been home, and we sometimes thought it more like a dream than a reality.

Thanks to our instructors, the last few months passed most pleasantly and most rapidly. We must now prepare for our final examination. The finals came and passed, and we were ready to pack our trunks and return home for a long stay, and bid good-bye to M. A. C. for the year. Each and every member of the Freshman Class feels proud that he was one of the noisy, mischievous and busy class of naughty eight, who, with all due respect to those at home, turns and looks back with loving eyes at the musty walls of the buildings which are so dear to the hearts of all true Freshmen. They bid them a last farewell till another year finds them tramping up the long lane to find a warm welcome awaiting those who have spent so many and prosperous hours in the rooms and corridors of M. A. C.

One thing more: Let me prophesy a great and prosperous future to each and every member of the largest Freshman Class in the State of Maryland. May the memory of the Class of '08, and its "diddings" during the year of 1905, live in their hearts—forever!

YE CLASS SCRIBE.

Preparatory Class

President.....P. C. Southard.
 Vice-President.....P. S. Dickey.
 Secretary and Treasurer.....S. S. Neale.

Class Color—Green.

CLASS YELL.
 Take me home!

NAME	ADDRESS
——— Ager.....	Hyattsville, Md.
J. F. Allison.....	Washington, D. C.
A. J. Beale.....	Fort Howard, Md.
L. G. Berry.....	Hyattsville, Md.
W. J. Baldt.....	Chester, Pa.
F. B. Beasman.....	Sykesville, Md.
A. S. Bryant.....	Berwyn, Md.
E. H. Bowley.....	Shepherdstown, W. Va.
A. C. Breedon.....	Sollers, Md.
G. M. Breedon.....	Sollers, Md.
J. C. Bennett.....	Brandy Station, Va.
A. M. Besa.....	Santiago, Chili.
E. Burgess.....	Hyattsville, Md.
J. P. Burwell.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
F. A. Carpenter.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
P. S. Dickey, Jr.....	Baltimore, Md.
C. F. Dudley.....	Easton, Md.
J. E. Darby.....	Buck Lodge, Md.
L. R. Eidman.....	Baltimore, Md.
F. B. Emmert.....	Washington, D. C.
A. B. Foster.....	Santiago, Chili.

C. B. Foster.....	Santiago, Chili.
J. P. Grason.....	Towson, Md.
W. W. Heyser.....	Hagerstown, Md.
M. D. Hinea.....	Walkersville, Md.
E. Kenly.....	Baltimore, Md.
A. J. Kirschner.....	College Park, Md.
H. T. Knight, Jr.....	Riverdale, Md.
J. A. Legge.....	Washington, D. C.
S. O. Luna.....	Pocasmayo, Peru.
J. E. Merceron.....	Sykesville, Md.
T. K. Moore.....	Washington, D. C.
S. L. Neale.....	Hurlock, Md.
M. Roberts.....	Washington, D. C.
W. J. Russell.....	Washington, D. C.
E. W. Shaffer.....	Laurel, Md.
P. C. Southard.....	Wilmington, Del.
J. P. Sayer.....	Washington, D. C.
W. L. Shipley.....	Sykesville, Md.
G. Shipley.....	College Park, Md.
F. Stevenson.....	Jessups, Md.
B. P. Sparks.....	Washington, D. C.
J. Salinas.....	Washington, D. C.
C. H. Treadwell.....	Baltimore, Md.
A. C. Turner.....	Sollers, Md.

Calendar for 1904-1905

FIRST TERM.

September 13th and 14th.....Entrance Examinations
Thursday, September 15th, 1 p. m.....College Work Begins.
Friday, October 14th.....Meeting of Board of Trustees.
Friday, December 9th.....Meeting of Board of Trustees.
Thursday, December 22d, 4 p. m.....First Term Ends.
Thursday, December 22d, 4 p. m., to Tuesday, January 3d,
Noon.....Christmas Holidays.

SECOND TERM.

Tuesday, January 3d, Noon.....Second Term Begins.
Friday, March 10th.....Meeting of Trustees.
Friday, March 24th.....Second Term Ends.

THIRD TERM.

Monday, March 27th.....Third Term Begins.
Wednesday, April 10th, 4 p. m., to Tuesday, April 25th, 1 p. m., Easter Holidays.
June 5th to 10th.....Final Examinations.
Friday, June 9th.....Meeting of Board of Trustees.
Sunday, June 11th.....Baccalaureate Sermon.
Monday, June 12th.....Class Day.
Tuesday, June 13th.....Alumni Day.
Wednesday, June 14th, 11 a. m.....Commencement Exercises.

Much Ado About Nothing

A Comedy.

(*Apologies to Shakespeare*)

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ.

LONG TOM.....	<i>Proconsul</i>
GRUB-MAN.....	<i>Lord Highsteward</i>
JIMMY.....	<i>Constable</i>
SKINNY.....	<i>His Roommate</i>
DUTCH BAKER.....	(<i>Self Explanatory</i>)
STUBBY.....	<i>2nd Lieutenant Company "C"</i>

ACT I, SCENE I.

Grub-man's room—Midnight, quiet disturbed by sudden alarm.

GRUB-MAN (*aroused from slumber*)—If mine ears play me not false, something be amiss without.

DUTCH BAKER—There they are! Harr! Harr! Harr!

G. M. (*to himself*)—Ye Gods! What's the fracas? I must away. Where may those trousers be? In sooth I find them not. Devil of a fix, this! Well, 'tis this night robe or nothing—methinks I'll don the robe. If I mistake not 'twas Saterkraut yelling fire.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Mess hall. Enter Dutch Baker.

D. B.—Mine Gott in Himmel, Johnny! Come quick already yet! There's altogether something doin. Vps for you take so much a time?

G. M.—Delay me not, thou prating knave! 'Tis not a time for trifling.

(*Exit hurriedly.*)

SCENE III.

"A" Hall, main barracks. Enter "Stubby" returning from a late trip up the Pike.

STUBBY—Methinks there's trouble brewing. Soft! Do I hear voices?

G. M. (*On fire escape, soliloquizing*)—This beastly gale chilleth me to the marrow, and fluttereth my mantle about me much. 'Tis lucky it be not daylight, for then perchance some passer by might rubber this way.

STUBBY—Gad wot! I had only one. (*Singing softly to himself at sight of Johnny on fire escape.*) "Monkey, monkey, bottle of beer; It's a monkey we have here?" And still that corpulent figure seems familiar. Be that you, Johnny?

G. M.—Yes, Summertime, thou conjecturest well—but for Heaven's sake, come and lend your aid. The buid'ing burneth, but tread softly and utter no word, or we will have a panic. We must have a lantern to seek the source of this dire conflagration. Let us then repair to the domiciliary repository of Long Tom. I fain would believe I smell smoke. Dost thou also?

STUBBY (*Mumbling*)—No but there's to me that dark-brown, smoky taste.

ACT II, SCENE I.

Street below Long Tom's door.

LONG TOM—There's someone would seek entrance, peradventure. Who's without?

G. M.—The steward, sir. I fain would speak with thee.

L. T.—Hold thou a moment until I have discovered my nether garments.

G. M.—I fear, from mine own experience of this night, that thou seek'st in vain. Make hurry, sir, the case is urgent. I'll take this lantern and hence follow at thy leisure.

L. T.—To be sure, Diogenes, take the lantern. I'll tarry me not long.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

North end of "A" hall. Enter Jimmy and "Skinny," conversing.

SKINNY—Who dost suspect, Jim?

JIMMY—Everyone until proved innocent.

SKINNY—Dost thou? Ah! Then thou art a duster. Ha! ha!

JIMMY (*Contemptuously*)—Poor joke, poorly timed. Let's away.

SKINNY—How wilt find the rogues?

JIMMY—Seek each in his own abode, and, finding him not, him will we hold guilty.

(*Enter Long Tom.*)

What ho! Is this the shade of some goodly fellow who mistook taps for Gabriel's toot?

SKINNY—Methinks 'tis some likely, and in his haste hath donned the robe of one who occupied not so long a trench.

LONG TOM—Cease, impertinent ones! Know'st not thy fellow facultator?

BOTH—Sir, it regrets us our mistake and humbly we ask pardon. But admit you must, sir, that robe doth ill befit your towering frame.

LONG TOM—Enough! We come not here to idly prate away the time. Can't tell me the whereabouts of his lordship, the hash-man? Soft! He is coming.

JIMMY—What does he with a lantern?

LONG TOM—I know not, but peradventure, he looks for a dishonest man.

SKINNY—Ah! A second Diogenes.

(Enter G. M. and Stubby, and D. B.)

JIMMY—Lieutenant, hast seen them?

STUBBY—No, but I've got 'em.

JIMMY—Got who?

STUBBY *(Recognizing the speaker)*—The headache.

SKINNY—They were making their exit by the rear window a little while since.

GRUB-MAN *(Excitedly)*—Where is it? Where is it?

SKINNY—They're outside.

GRUB-MAN—For God's sake! Where is it?

SKINNY—Where's what?

GRUB-MAN—The fire! The fire!

SKINNY—Fire h——! I've seen no fire. 'Tis merely some mischievous lads raiding the pantry.

GRUB-MAN—Methinks there are bats in my belfry.

DUTCH BAKER—Das ist recht.

SKINNY *(To Jimmy)*—Let us divide and make that inspection of which thou spoke not long ago.

[Exeunt all.]

SCENE III.

GRUB-MAN *(Perched on the side of his bed soliloquizing)*—To night I am permeated with the first gratifying thrills of true heroism. I doubt not but that a most dire panic would have ensued, had I not remained calm, and by my example of cool courage, system and forethought averted it. May-haps fifty hopeful and promising lives have been retained within this veil of tears by mine own effort. However, it gladdens me exceedingly, when I contemplate upon the untouchedness of my pies.

(Falls asleep.)

And ere he woke, the college horn had twice done salutation to the morn.

G. S., "05."

L. F. Z., "06."

Officers and Faculty of Instruction

R. W. Silvester.....	President and Professor of Mathematics.
Thos. H. Spence, A. M.....	Vice-President and Professor of Languages.
H. B. McDonnell, B. S., M. D.....	Professor of Chemistry and State Chemist.
W. T. L. Taliaferro, A. B.....	Professor of Agriculture.
James S. Robinson.....	Professor Emeritus of Horticulture.
Samuel S. Buckley, M. S., D. V. S.....	Professor of Veterinary Science.
W. N. Hutt, B. S. A.....	Professor of Horticulture.
Henry Lanahan, A. B.....	Professor of Physics and Civil Engineering.
F. B. Bomberger, B. S., A. M.....	Professor of English and Civics and Librarian.
Charles S. Richardson.....	Director of Physical Culture and Instructor in Public Speaking.
J. Hanson Mitchell, M. E.....	Professor of Mechanical Engineering.
J. B. S. Norton, M. S.....	Professor of Vegetable Pathology, Botany and State Pathologist.
T. B. Symons, M. S.....	Professor of Entomology and State Entomologist.
Henry T. Harrison.....	Principal of Preparatory Department, Secretary of Faculty.

ASSISTANTS IN STATE WORK.

J. B. Robb, M. S.....	Assistant in Chemistry.
F. H. Blodgett, M. S.....	Asst. in Vegetable Pathology, Botany and Entomology.
R. H. Kerr, B. S.....	Assistant in Chemistry.
A. B. Gahan, B. S.....	Assistant in Entomology and Vegetable Pathology.
W. R. Wharton, A. B.....	Assistant in Chemistry.
J. P. Gray, B. S.....	Assistant in Chemistry.

ASSISTANTS IN COLLEGE WORK.

J. C. Blandford, M. E.....	Asst. in Mechanical Dept., Acting Commandant of Cadets.
C. F. Doane, M. S.....	Instructor in Dairying.
A. B. Foster, M. S.....	Assistant in Chemistry.
E. F. Garner, M. E.....	Assistant in Mechanical Department.
E. W. Stoll, M. E.....	Assistant in Mechanical Department.

OTHER OFFICERS.

Joseph R. Owens, M. D.....	Registrar and Treasurer.
W. O. Eversfield, M. D.....	Surgeon.
Miss M. L. Spence.....	Stenographer and Typewriter.
Mrs. L. K. Fitzhugh.....	Matron.
E. P. Walls.....	Officer in Charge.
Wirt Harrison.....	Clerk.

Military Department

J. Cleary Blandford.....Acting Commandant

COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Wellstood White, Cadet Major,
Glenworth Sturgis, First Lieutenant and Adjutant,
E. D. Digges, First Lieutenant and Quarter-Master.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

J. J. T. Graham, Sergeant Major.
W. B. Harris, Quartermaster Sergeant,
C. S. Ridgway, Chief Trumpeter.

COLOR GUARD.

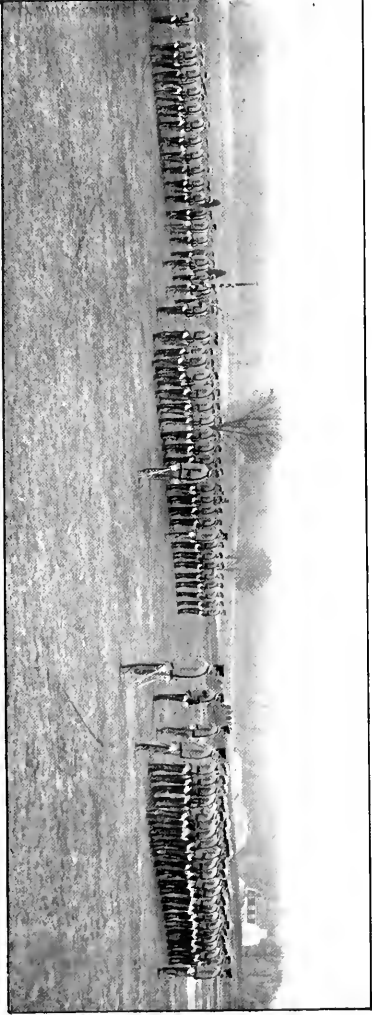
E. Ingram Oswald, Sergeant.
Corporal Merryman.
Private Church.



THE STAFF



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



THE BATTALION



COMPANY "B"

Company "C" Roll

OFFICERS

Captain.....J. J. A. Krentzlin
First Lieutenant.....E. H. Snavely
Second Lieutenant.....J. W. P. Somerville

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

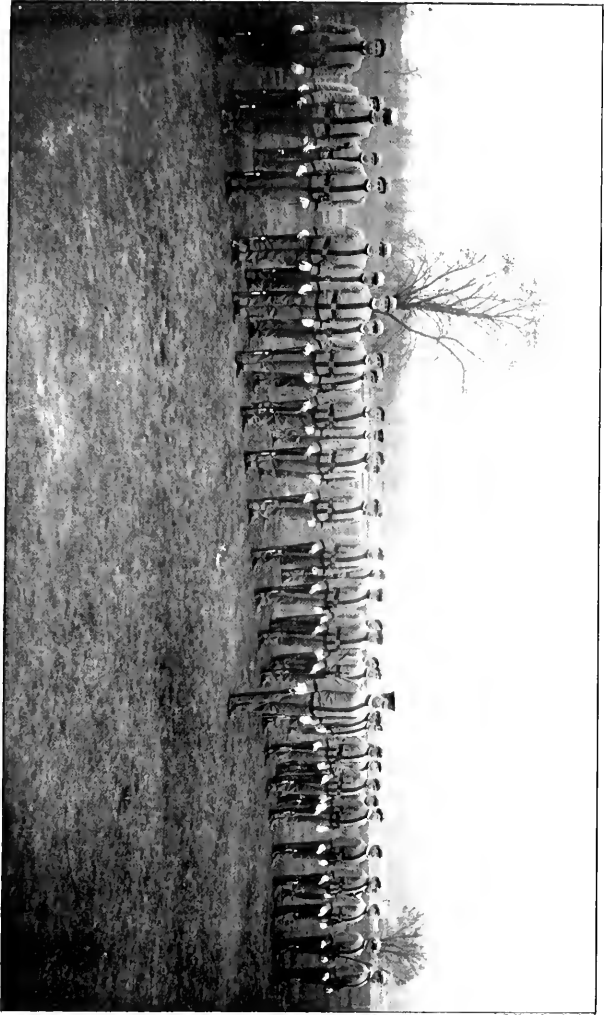
First Sergeant.....G. M. Mayer
Second Lieutenant.....A. M. McNutt
Third Sergeant.....H. D. Williar
Fourth Sergeant.....C. L. Lippincott

CORPORALS.

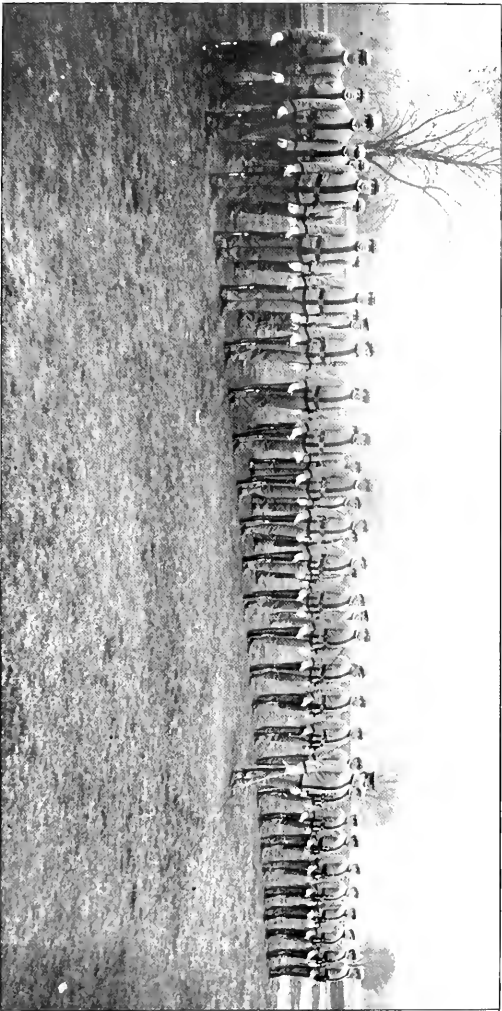
J. P. Mudd	W. B. Fluharty	H. H. Owings
G. W. Firor	H. C. Thrasher	

PRIVATEES.

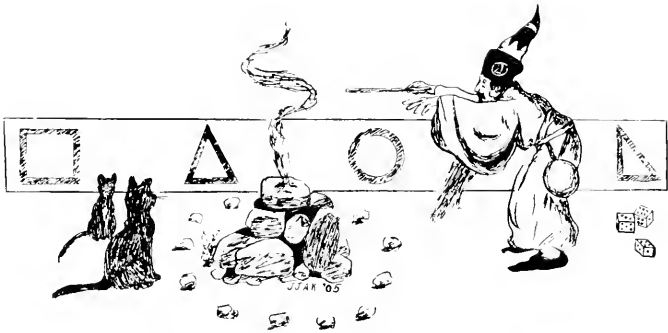
Allison	Allnutt	Bennett, B. C.
Bennett, J. C.	Besa, A.	Besa, C.
Capestany	Campbell	Church
Clark	Cooper	Condon
Dirickson	Galt, D.	Hayden
Hoshall	Lampkin	Lewis
Lockie	Long	Knight
Mayer, C.	McCabe	McFarland
Millarn	Otis	Plumacher
Roberts	Silvester	Stinson
Treadwell	Whiting	Valdes



COMPANY "C"



COMPANY "A"



The Clubs



NEW MERCER
LITERARY SOCIETY

Officers and Members of the New Mercer Literary Society

President.....A. A. Parker
 Vice President.....W. White
 Secretary.....R. H. Dixon
 Sergeant at Arms.....H. D. Willair, Jr.

Ager	Davis	Holmead	Mudd, J. T.
Allison	Darby	Hines	Otis
Bassett	Day	Hudson	Parker
Blake	Dixon	Janison	Paull
Batman	Dickey	Jones	Pena
Baldt	Duckett	Kenly	Porter
Besa, A.	Emmert	Kerschner	Pyles
Bennett, B.	Firor, J.	King	Ritzel
Berry	Firor, G.	Lewis, A.	Russell
Becker	Fluharty	Lewis, M.	Saunders
Blair	Gassaway	Long, U.	Sanford
Bowland	Gamero	Long, W.	Shaffer
Breedon, G.	Galt, F.	Lowry	Smith
Brice	Gill	Luna	Somerville
Burgess, C.	Goodell	Mackall, J. N.	Stabler
Burwell	Griffin	Mackall, T. B.	Tillson, E.
Byron, E. J.	Groves	Mahoney	Todd
Campbell	Harris	MacSorley	Turner
Condon	Hall	Massey	Warthen
Cooper	Harper	McClure	White
Coole	Haslup, J. E.	Merceron, H.	Whiting, S.
Cockey, A. D.	Haslup, E. P.	Merceron, J.	Williar
Clark	Hays	Merryman	Wilson
Church	Hayden	Mitchell	Woodson
Crisp	Hooper	Mudd, J. P.	Youngblood

PROGRAM COMMITTEE.

Bassett, chairman	Hudson	Mackall, T. B.
MacSorley	Zonck	

New Mercer Literary Society



THE Mercer Literary Society was first organized by Dr. Mercer, of New Orleans, in 1858. A great deal of interest was manifested by the students at the time of its organization, but in 1880, its membership having diminished so greatly, it ceased to exist. This society was again organized on January 13, 1892, with Mr. Henry Holbapfel, Jr., as its president, and was known as the New Mercer Literary Society.

It ran along with varied success for two years until in 1894, when there was a number of public entertainments of an especially successful character held under its auspices.

In the fall of 1894 the New Mercer Society was superseded by what was known as the Maryland Agricultural College Congress, consisting of the Senate and House of Representatives. The Senate consisted of the members of the Senior and Junior classes while the Sophomore and Freshmen constituted the House of Representatives.

At the opening of school in the fall of 1896 the Maryland Agricultural College Congress failed to convene and the New Mercer Literary Society was reorganized by Wm. S. Weedon and others, and has continued to grow and flourish until the present time.

The interest exhibited in literary work has been remarkable in view of the fact that its members hold impromptu meetings on the various corridors while some other member hunts up the janitor in order that he may obtain admission to some class room. Although the literary societies have no home, and their regular weekly meetings have been seriously interrupted by lectures during the winter months, a great deal of progress has been made and a very creditable amount of work has been accomplished by this society and its rival—The Morrill.

The membership of the society has grown from its twenty-five charter members to its present enrollment of one hundred and one, the largest enrollment since its organization in 1888.

In the debates, held a number of times during the year, between the two societies, the New Mercer and the Morrill, our representatives, always make an excellent showing and are very often the winners.

For several years the principal orator, and once or twice, also, the alternates were furnished from the ranks of the New Mercer Literary Society

for the Inter Collegiate Oratorical Contest. Last year, at the first Inter-collegiate Debate between Delaware College and M. A. C., the president of the New Mercer Society, Mr. Cruikshank, was one of M. A. C.'s debators, and with admirable assistance rendered by Mr. Sturgis, president of the Morrill Society for this year, they were able to win the honors from their opponents.

This year both of M. A. C.'s representatives were selected from the New Mercer Society.

The amount of work which can be accomplished by a literary society in a small college is very great indeed. In its meetings students acquire that freedom of speech and grace of movement which can come only with continual practice.

The benefits derived by an active member of a literary society far exceed those derived from the same amount of time spent in almost any other direction. Literary work will develop a young person from a crude lad into a young man with a strong, clear and quick thinking brain. Let us all in the year to come take hold of our society work with a renewed energy and try to develop it and make its power felt not only in our own school but in our state and nation.

A. A. P.



MORRILL
-LITERARY SOCIETY-

Snively
Silvester
Shamberger
Stinson
Solari
Somerville, A.
Southard
Showell
Shipley
Stott

Sparks
Tillson, R.
Thomas, S. P.
Thomas, C. E.
Treadwell
Toadvine
Thrasher
Valdes
Voelke

Vrooman
Wright
Williams
Warren
Waters
Wagner
Whiting, H.
Zerkel
Zimmerman



The Morrill Literary Society



SINCE the history of our Literary Societies has been given from year to year in this publication, it is only necessary here to say a few words regarding their organization and development.

The first literary society of the Maryland Agricultural College was organized over forty years ago by Dr. W. M. Mercer, of New Orleans. This was called the Mercer Literary Society in honor of its founder, and continued to enjoy varying periods of success until 1880, when it was no more. But it was seen that a literary society was a necessary adjunct to the college, and through the efforts of Professor F. B. Bomberger and others the society was reorganized in 1892 with the name of the New Mercer Literary Society, and has flourished since that time.

In 1894 the Morrill Society was organized by Professor R. H. Alvey, who believed that a friendly spirit of rivalry would give a stimulus to the literary work of the societies; and that he was correct in his belief, has been shown by the most excellent work of the two societies in the past few years. The society took its name from Senator Morrill, who did so much for the advancement of the Agricultural Colleges throughout the country.

The Morrill Literary Society has done good work since its organization, and, though young, it has proved a worthy rival to the New Mercer, putting up able men for every contest and never failing to take an active part in any movement which would stimulate and enhance the efforts of the students along the lines of elocution and debate.

A sketch of the literary societies would be incomplete if they failed to mention Professor Richardson, our most efficient instructor in Elocution, whose interest in and enthusiasm for the work has been of untold benefit and pleasure to the members. His devotion to the best interests of both societies has been an inspiration to the students at all times.

The interest and untiring efforts of Professor Bomberger have greatly encouraged the literary societies and helped the members to accomplish good results. He is always ready and willing to lend his aid for any movement toward the advancement of the societies' interest and well-being.

The annual debate with Delaware College has become a fixed part of the work of the two societies, having been held last year for the first time at Newark. It was very gratifying to the members of both societies when the trophy of the debate was brought to M. A. C. The Morrill Society was rep-

resented by Mr. Glenworth Sturgis and the New Mercer by Mr. L. W. Cruikshank.

The most adverse condition with which our society has to contend is the fact that it has no permanent home—no room to call its own. It is not altogether inspiring to an orator to be making a speech in a class-room where he flunked that same day in mathematics; and it is by no means pleasing or encouraging to line up the members against the walls of the corridor while an improvised detective is sent in quest of a key to unlock the door of a private class-room.

Let a room be provided for our society—a room we can call our own—with such equipments as are necessary for the accomodation of our members and the Morrill Literary Society will receive an impetus in its work which will be most gratifying and encouraging to all.

It is also impossible to have literary work on Friday evenings when Friday evenings are given up to lectures and entertainments. The lectures and entertainments are all right—most pleasing and desirable—but, of course, it is very obvious that the literary work must suffer as the result of the same.

It might be advisable to have the literary society meetings once a month and at times when no other diversion is on the programme.

Let those that have the authority help us out in this matter. We hope and believe the environments of the societies will be improved and it is the fond desire of every member that the Morrill Society may grow and flourish and continue to do the good work in the future which it has done in the past.

G. S.



STUDENTS' QUARTERS

Officers and Committees of the Rossbourg Club

Captain Jno. C. Cockey.....President
Jno. N. Mackall.....Vice President
Captain Jno. A. Krentzin.....Secretary
Major Jno. W. White.....Treasurer

COMMITTEES

RECEPTION.

Major W. White.....Chairman
Captain Jno. C. Cockey
First Lieutenant and Adjutant G. Sturgis
Corporal E. S. Holloway
Captain Albert A. Parker
Sergeant F. R. B. Waters
Corporal C. Batman

INVITATION AND PROGRAMME

Captain J. J. A. Krentzin.....Chairman
Sergeant H. D. Williar, Jr.
Color Sergeant E. I. Oswald
Corporal A. N. Bowland
Sergeant C. L. Lippincott
Corporal J. P. Mudd
Drummer F. B. Beaman

FLOOR.

First Lieutenant E. H. Snively.....Chairman
First Sergeant H. J. Caul
First Sergeant G. M. Mayer
Corporal T. B. Mackall
First Sergeant L. F. Zerkel
Corporal A. N. Bowland
Private G. W. Pinck

REFRESHMENTS.

Jno. N. Mackall.....Chairman
Sergeant Major J. J. T. Graham
Sergeant Dixon
Sergeant C. L. Lippincott
First Sergeant H. J. Caul
Sergeant H. D. Williar, Jr.
Corporal A. D. Cockey

ROSBURG CLUB



The Rossbourg Club



THOUSAND HEARTS beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a wedding bell.

The social side of man's nature must be developed and trained as well as his physical and mental organs. The Rossbourg Club has a two-fold function to perform. The dances given under the supervision of its officers fill the youthful hearts with delight and break the monotony of long hours of hard study. The social side of his being becomes broader and all the gallantry and gentility of his nature shines forth in his endeavor to please when in the company of fascinating women than which there can be no better educator. What could appeal to one's better nature more strongly than the beautifully adorned hall filled with the harmonious strains of music, to which charming girls glide over the smoothly polished floor, showing in every step the very poetry of motion? Could anything be more elevating or refining than the gentle conversation of lovely woman? When the young man, filled with an exuberance of youthful spirit, glides trippingly along with the maiden fair of whom he is especially fond, and who, in all the gentleness of her nature, with soft eyes looks a world of love and sweetness into his, he forgets the dull care and weariness of life and sees only the sublimity, the beauty—feels only the bliss and joy of living.

The President and Faculty, realizing the importance and helpfulness of the organization, encourage and foster it in every way, tending to its advancement. To them we extend our thanks for their hearty coöperation and support.

May the Rossbourg Club never take one step backward, but steadily improve as it has in the last few years. We, who now bid farewell to these dear old walls, will recall with thrills of delight the many pleasant dances given at M. A. C.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances in such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

J. C. C.

A Literary Cataclysm

"Eugene Aram" stood on "The Bridge of Sighs"
And said, "O, 'Woodman Spare That Tree!'"
"The Arab's Steed" hurried along,
Urged on by "Annabel Lee."

"The Barefoot Boy" sang "The Song of the Shirt,"
"The Village Blacksmith" his hammer plied;
"Maud Muller" rang "The Bells" for dinner,
And longed for "Paul Revere's Ride."

"The Ancient Mariner" killed "The Skylark,"
"My Highland Mary" wept for "Lenore;"
Said "Jim Bludsoe" I'll sing "Hiawatha,"
Quoth "The Raven" nevermore.

"Barbara Frietchie" moved the "Flag of the Free,"
"The Chambered Nautilus" drew out of sight;
"The Face Against the Pane" softly said,
"Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" gaily smiled,
And spun "The Yarn of the Nancy Belle;"
Quickly follows "John Gilpin's Ride,"
And he's looking for "Little Nell."

"The Vagabond's" told "The Blacksmith's Story,"
"The Little Match Girl" plied her trade;
"The Lady of the Lake" told "Baby Belle"
Of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Don Juan" paid "A Tribute to Columbus"
At "The Burial of Sir John Moore;"
"Hohenlinden" made a "Bivouac of the Dead,"
"A Soldier of the Legion" hears not the cannon's roar.

"O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"
Said "Hannah Binding Shoes" by hand;
"Nellie Gray" read "A Psalm of Life."
"We Are Seven" (?) said "The Moneyless Man."

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was heard
At the time of "Alexander's Feast;"
"Kentucky Belle" had crossed "The Bridge"
More quickly than "Sheridan's Ride" at least.

"The Wreck of the Hesperus" was in "The Tempest,"
Dashed to pieces on "A Cruel Reef;"
The farmer was "Driving Home the Cows."
But stop! We've reached "The Last Leaf."

G. S.

Y. M. C. A. Officers and Committees 1904--1905

Color Sergeant E. I. Oswald, '05.....President
Sergeant-Major J. J. T. Graham, '06.....Vice President
Sergeant R. H. Dixon, '06.....Secretary
Corporal C. H. Harper, '07.....Treasurer
Professor J. B. S. Norton.....Advisory Officer

COMMITTEES

Social

First Lieutenant and Adjutant Glenworth Sturgis, Chairman
Captain A. A. Parker
Mr. J. N. Mackall
First Sergeant L. F. Zerkel
Private B. C. Cooper

Meetings

Lieut. J. W. P. Somerville, Chairman
Corporal C. H. Harper
Sergeant H. D. Williar
Sergeant R. H. Dixon
First Sergeant G. M. Mayer

Bible Study

A. G. Harr, Chairman
Private B. C. Cooper
Corporal C. H. Harper

Soliciting

Sergeant-Major J. J. T. Graham, Chairman
Sergeant W. F. B. Waters
Quartermaster Sergeant W. B. Harris

Music

Lieutenant J. W. P. Somerville, Chairman
Sergeant S. P. Thomas
Private E. P. Plumacher
Private P. C. Southard
Private M. Plumacher

Reception

Captain A. A. Parker, Chairman
Sergeant A. M. McNutt
Corporal T. B. Mackall

Development of the Y. M. C. A.



IN the ancient days men of all scholarly vocations were accustomed to wear the most sober colors, to appear sallow, round shouldered, and for one to attempt a deed at arms would be the greatest subject for ridicule. Thanks to some farsighted and brilliant man it was found that the physical man was just as capable of acquiring and imparting knowledge as the degenerate being of former ages—hence the college athletics. Later, as civilization and Christianity progress, arm in arm the spiritual man is becoming a necessity, and to accomplish this is the task of our College Young Men's Christian Associations.

The Y. M. C. A. of our college is not as old as it might be, but we are willing to vouch that its standing compares favorably with more experienced and older organizations.

The constitution of the Maryland Agricultural College Young Men's Christian Association was adopted December 1900, and Mr. Charles N. Boutic was elected as its president. It is to Mr. Boutic that the association owes so much, for in its infancy he was never weary of tendering his assistance, and through his earnest efforts was the foundation laid which has caused the association to grow from twenty-five charter members to one hundred and thirty. His name will be honored down through our Y. M. C. A. as one of the greatest of student workers.

The Y. M. C. A. began the year 1904-05 under the most favorable circumstances. Shortly after the opening of college a reception was given the new students by the old members of the Y. M. C. A. A carefully prepared programme was rendered, after which refreshments were served. The chief aim of the reception was to make the new boys feel at home and acquainted with the old men, and it is believed that many friendships were made that will be lasting. In the construction of our new building, which was completed in 1903, the trustees provided a new room for the Y. M. C. A., and by generous contributions enabled the society to furnish the room with games and amusements of various descriptions.

In February, 1902, the Bible Class, as a branch of the Y. M. C. A., was organized. The class is progressing rapidly, having now thirty-three members. It meets every Wednesday night under the direction of Professor Norton, the Y. M. C. A. advisory officer.

The meetings of the class are informal and those present are at liberty to ask any questions concerning the lesson or any part of the Bible, excepting those questions involving the belief of some special denomination.

Our class sent delegates to the Interstate Bible Study Institute, held in Baltimore, January 13-15, 1905. This institute was for the colleges of Maryland and Delaware; the schools of Baltimore were the hosts and there were over a hundred delegates present—representing St. John's College, Annapolis; Washington College, Chestertown; Western Maryland College, Westminster; Delaware College, Newark; Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit; Charlotte Hall, Charlotte Hall, Md.; Wilmington Conference Academy, Dover, and the Maryland Agricultural College.

Some of the most eloquent men of Maryland addressed the institute and every phase of Bible study was discussed so that many new and beneficial ideas were presented to our class.

Y. M. C. A. sent two delegates to the Northfield Student Conference, held at East Northfield, Mass., from June 25th to July 6th, 1903. They were very much impressed by the great work done there and by the manifestation of such a deep religious spirit. Their report was very beneficial to the association and the students realized more than ever before what an instrument for good is the Y. M. C. A. in our colleges and institutions to-day.

The programme of the work of the Y. M. C. A. was published in the form of a topic card, containing the speaker for each Sunday and his text.

The topic cards distributed among the students enabled them to know the speaker and have an opportunity to study the text to be discussed. In addition to the student leaders, men, who from wide experience are especially fitted for the work, were asked to address the members. The public was cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The Second Biennial Conference, Eastern Division, for Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia was held at Annapolis, Md., March 24-26, 1905. Our Y. M. C. A. sent the usual number of delegates, who were very much benefited by the conference. Our delegates had the honor to be present at the reception given by Governor Warfield, March 25.

Mr. George F. Tibbitts, inter-state secretary for Maryland, West Virginia, District of Columbia and Delaware, is now on a trip abroad, visiting all the points of interest in Europe and the Holy Land. Our Y. M. C. A. extend to him our sincere thanks for his efforts in our behalf, and for the numerous delightful articles describing his trip abroad, which he sends from time to time.

Now, at the end of the fifth year, we find the association in a flourishing condition and we hope that its influence for good in the future may be even stronger than in the past, and that it will strive for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among men.

Our Trip to St. Louis



OUR trip to St. Louis. Is this a fact, or is it a dream? Is the thought that went through the mind of every member of the Battalion of Cadets of the Maryland Agricultural College on the morning of May 30, 1904, when they were preparing to board the train for St. Louis. We had heard of nothing else for six months preceding this, but how few of us really believed it. And were we not justified in our belief? Had we not been disappointed each year before? There are few of us who did not think that a few days, or even a day before we were to start that the president would announce "It will be impossible for you to go," but this was not the case.

On the morning of May 10, 1904, at 10:10 a. m. we boarded the train at College for St. Louis; all of us in high glee over our expected good time. As our train pulled out from the station we waved a last farewell to our friends who had gathered there to see us depart.

The day passed as quietly as could be expected from a crowd of 125 boys on a train en route for a Universal Exposition. The train made but few stops that day, but at each one "Stubby" jumped off to see some of his friends, and to come back with something to eat. This we did not seriously object to, as long as he shared up. The afternoon found us pulling over the mountains of Western Maryland, and after the boys, who by the way, were allowed to smoke, would stand on the rear platform and light their cigarette from the burning coal in the engine. But amid all this excitement we "unnaturally" got hungry, and found ourselves eating sandwiches and drinking coffee with as much relish as we would have shared a banquet two days before.

Nightfall comes and one by one we tumbled off to dreamland where most of us remained until "Were you ever in Cincinnati?" echoed from ear to ear and from car to car. Well we knew that we had reached Cincinnati and that sleep was out of the question until we should leave, which we learned would be in about forty minutes. The boys all piled off the train to see what the place looked like, and some of them to wash the coal dust down their throats. On comparing our watches with the clock in the station, in Cincinnati, we found that somewhere in the mountains of West Virginia we had run over an hour while we were asleep, and while our watches registered 3 o'clock the clock said 2.

After leaving here everything went on quietly until morning, when we found ourselves ploughing through the plains of Indiana. It was here that the boys began to realize that a little water might improve their personal appear-

ance, so proceeded to wash their faces, but they soon found that this cold water, without elbow room to rub sufficiently, tended to streak rather than cleanse them, so most of us decided to wait until we reached St. Louis and take a warm (?) shower.

Sandwiches and still sandwiches. "Don't worry" the boys would say "we'll soon be at our journey's end and eating good grub." "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." But, "the same old thing in the same old way" gets monotonous. And at each stop the boys would pour off the train and "Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!—pretty girls" could be heard pouring from the lips of the crowd. "To tell a 'fib' is sometimes pardonable," and to say "pretty girls" under such circumstances might not have been recorded in the "big book." The commandant began to fear, lest some of the boys should get left, so issued orders to the O. D. not to allow any body to leave the train unless it made a prolonged stop. I wonder how many O. Ds and "commys" it would have taken to stop that bunch from getting off—even if only for a minute?

At 2:40 o'clock p. m. we got off the train at the main entrance to the Fair grounds, and while waiting in the broiling sun for the baggage to be loaded on the wagon "Ferdy" suggested we take a look at the snow-capped peaks, the Tyrolean Alps and get cool—oh what a bright boy is "Ferdy!"

We marched up through the Fair grounds to the Administration building and halted, while the "Cammy" went to see where our barracks was located, but upon investigation he found that we were to go into camp instead of barracks. We always make the best out of life (?) so were willing to go into camp, barracks, or out-of-doors for the sake of getting a place to rest. After relieving ourselves of our guns and equipments we started for the "Military mess hall" (accent on the mess). On our way to dinner we received cheers from all the other colleges in camp, which were returned when we marched back from our meal.

The afternoon was devoted to fixing up camp, and about five o'clock we started out to see what a Universal Exposition might be at any rate. "Seeing is believing" is an old maxim which is not true, and one needs only one hour at such an exposition to prove it, for here it is impossible to believe what you see, and you would be very much fooled if you should believe half of it.

Naturally we devoted our attention to the "Pike," which was the most important phase of the exposition to us. The evening was spent on the Pike. We would walk up to the gate of a show, give a few cheers and walk in as if we owned the place. Of course we would rather pay, but to keep peace in the family we would go in without paying to accommodate the manager (??).



THE BATTALION AT ST. LOUIS

About eleven o'clock the boys came back, tired, hot, sleepy, and ready for bed. Not thinking that a blanket was necessary, we folded ours up and used them as pillows. As night advanced we realized that a pillow was not so necessary as a blanket, so converted the former into the latter. The blankets were soon doubled, but with not much better results. The desired effect (to keep warm) seemed hard to obtain. "What fools these mortals be," or better said, "What fools we mortals were." Why didn't we know that the cold was coming up through the canvas cot instead of down through the woolen blanket? The next morning when "Reveille" was sounded "Rat" stuck his head out between the tent flaps and offered to make a bet, but upon learning what his proposition was, nobody was willing to take him up. Everybody believing, for once, that what he said was true.

The next day we undertook to see the whole thing—only 1,300 acres literally covered with buildings—a small undertaking for a day.

We saw what we could of it in the day, and, of course, went to the Pike at night. But when we returned that night each one was sure to wrap himself up well in his blanket, in order that he might be proof against cold, either from above or below.

Everything went on quietly and about as usual until Friday, when we were going to have a parade of all the corps in camp—down the side of the lagoon, up the Plaza of St. Louis, and back home again. About one o'clock it began to rain, and came down pretty steadily for about an hour, when the sun came out. A messenger appeared, telling "Commy" that the parade would begin at 2:30 sharp, and then "We want more rain, We want more rain," came from all quarters of camp. For once the wishes of everybody in camp were gratified, when it began to rain as if somebody were pouring it from buckets. Those among us who had seen the "Galveston Flood" so vividly reproduced on the Pike, realized that if it rained in Galveston as it did in St. Louis, it would not take "forty days and forty nights" to destroy a city by floods. Soon each boy found himself clinging to the ridgepole of his tent watching the water, a foot or less deep, rush over the floor of his tent and expecting each minute to see his cot go with the water. All things have an end, and after everybody had about as much water as he wanted a Divine Providence stopped it. It is true that we had no parade that afternoon, but the fact remains that nobody who was in camp that day ever yelled "We want more rain" again, and if he had done so he would have had to seek a new place of abode.

The next day, Saturday, the Pike was dedicated, and of course we had to take it all in, and each boy picked up a fair damsel (not a hard thing to do in St. Louis) to take her on the "Great Scenic Railway," for if there was ever a

place where you had to sit close and hold tight, it is the Scenic Railway. Even the President and Steward enjoyed this trip while their wives were many miles away.

Sunday, "nothing doing" was the thought that prompted the boys to remain on the Pike until about 2 a. m. If you think that there is nothing doing in St. Louis on Sunday, evidently you have never been there. For where is the Bull-fight, Delmar Gardens, and last but not least, Montezono? Well, we didn't have any bull-fight. Delmar is about a half hour's ride on the car, and Montezono about ten miles down the Mississippi River. Enough to say about these places is, if you have never been there, don't go; and I know if you have been there once you won't go again.

Monday finds "Stella" at her same stand on the Plaza of St. Louis. Is there any wonder that one of our First Sergeants would rather drill there than on the Administration Quadrangle? The Pike is still there, and we had a little money left, so off we go when supper is over, with about 1,000 other boys right there with the goods. If we did the Pike, they made it up on somebody else. They didn't lose, you can bet on that.

There is always something new, and to-morrow the Maryland Building will be dedicated. It was there that Alex Streett mistakes "Cab" for "Steppy" and tells him a secret. "Stubby" gives three cheers for Mrs. Fisher and the boys sang "Maryland, My Maryland" to the tune of "Dixie." I might as well state that they had good Maryland water in this building. The next day—Wednesday—we leave for home at 8:30 a. m. "Well, we might just as well go back to the Pike," the boys said, and they could appreciate a good show. Ordinarily water cost 6 cents a glass, so we didn't use much, but now they had no dust in their throats. The next morning we went to breakfast at 7:30 a. m., after having gotten up at 4:30 and packed our belongings. At 8:00 we found ourselves retracing our steps toward the main entrance to the fair grounds.

At 8:30 we boarded our train at the Wabash terminal, all as happy as when we boarded it at College ten days before, because we were completely worn out and eager to be out of the excitement.

Just contrast us now to when we came out all willing and anxious to remain quietly in our seats and take life—I mean sandwiches—as it came, and not jump off at every station and yell at the girls. Not because we had seen so many "pretty" girls were we willing to glance casually at them through the windows, but because we had learned from experience that pretty girls don't grow in that part of the country. The Maryland girl for me!

The next day at 2 p. m. we stepped off our train at College, a rougher, tougher, blacker bunch of boys, ever to have been white, I venture to say has

never been seen in this part of the country before. Our faces and clothes about the color of the engine which had pulled us. When a little later we entered the college dining-room—thanks to the Vice-President, who was acting in the capacity of Steward—we found a dinner that would have tempted the appetite of the most fastidious, but I might add that ours needed no tempting.

Too much thanks cannot be given Capt. Sylvester and Colonel Fuller for the thoughtful consideration given us as a bunch of college boys off for a good time. Within reasonable limits we were permitted to do as we wished; and I speak the sentiment of the student body when I say that their every action impressed fully upon us that our welfare and pleasure was their aim throughout the entire trip.

Looking back upon the time spent away from college on this trip, each boy will say that he had a most enjoyable trip, and when the time came for our return each one found himself ready to come. After all, in the words of the poet, "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

J. N. M.—'05.

Members of Our Orchestra

LEADER AND MANAGER,

First Sergeant G. M. Mayer.

DIRECTOR,

Professor F. B. Bomberger.

PIANO,

E. Plumacher.

SAXOPHONE,

M. Plumacher.

BANJO,

H. J. Caul,
E. J. Byron.

CLARINET,

W. Fluharty.

GUITAR,

W. H. Byron.

CORNET,

P. S. Dickey.

FIRST VIOLIN,

P. C. Southard.

FIRST MANDOLINS,

J. A. Krentzlin,
E. N. Youngblood.

SECOND VIOLINS,

C. F. Mayer,
C. Besa,
A. R. Todd.

SECOND MANDOLINS,

G. L. Lockie,
F. E. Linnell.



ORCHESTRA

“Stuff”

Why is Byron a good Walker? Because he can Treadwell.

Why did Harold Caul? So that Roscoe Wood get his Hatton.

Why did Leslie Berry Dorr? To Guy John Pinck.

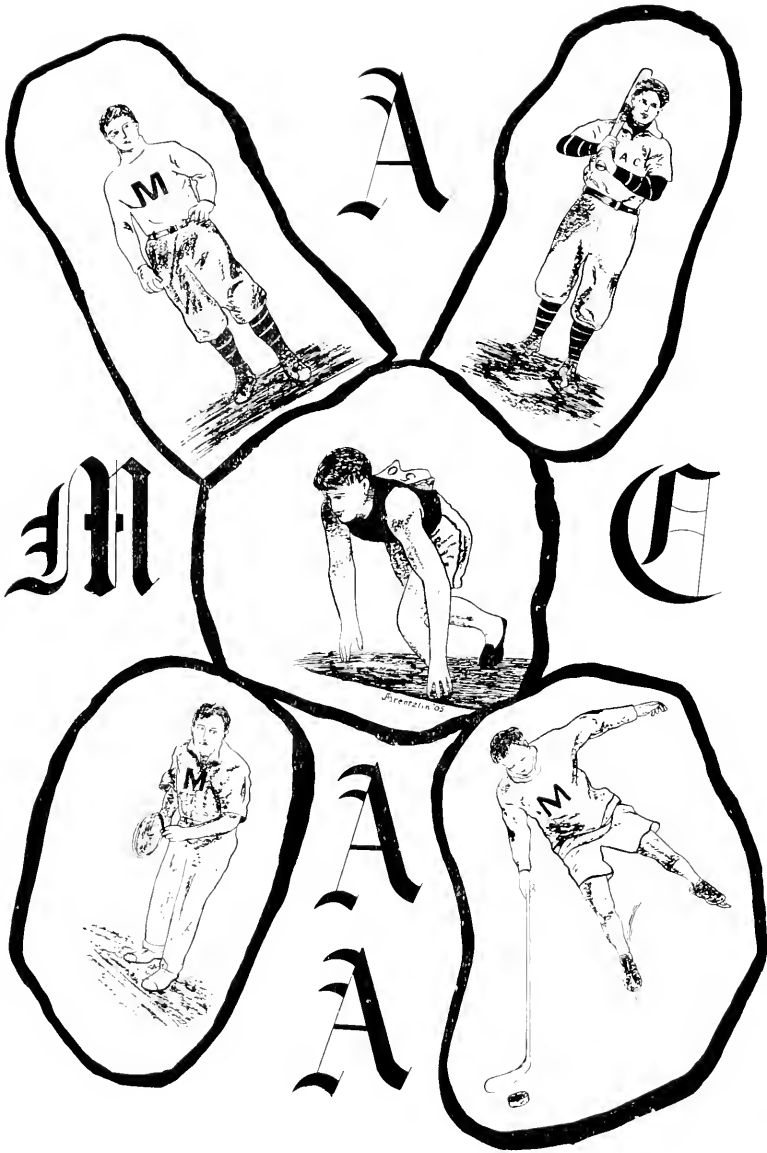
Why did Mark C. Lewis? To get Roger Nicholls.

Why is Captain Keene? Caul on the Seniors, they Ort to know.

Why did Oswald Hurtt Saunders? Because he kept Hinton.

What is the difference between Owings' head and the Bible? One is more
reca)d than the other.

H. D. W.—'05.



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College Athletics



IN modern college life, college athletics have come to be a factor of no inconsiderable importance. The direction of this factor, to the end that it may properly perform its function in the collegiate autonomy, is a problem, the proper solution of which depends upon the wisdom of the Board of Directors, Faculties and student bodies. Unless this correct conclusion can be obtained; unless a strong tendency at least to moderation in the estimate of the value of athletics as a factor in college life can be attained, then it were better that the athletic spirit did not exist at all. It is the duty of the Boards of Directors and Faculties to cultivate an esprit among the students in their contests, which will not tolerate unfair advantage or any form of deception. The slogan of their contests should be a fair field and fair play in every contest. No success won on any other basis is worth the effort. Victory, with the consciousness that it is ill gotten, is more demoralizing than defeat, with the realization that conduct conforming to the canons of fair play marked the action of every individual player. College authorities view with alarm at times the spirit in athletics which condones an unfair play, or undue advantage. To them it argues a condition, in the undergraduate department, which can only be interpreted to mean that the moral tone is below the standard which should obtain in any institution of a collegiate character. Without a high moral standard in student contests, all other advantages to be gained by the development of college athletics are of minor importance. Better no athletics than a low standard of morals which emphasizes itself in acts of brutal force, and undue advantage based upon deception. If our young men, in their friendly contests for supremacy on the athletic field, can show a chivalrous spirit which is intolerant of fraud in any of its many forms, then we will have a basis for athletic culture in which every virtue of physical development can be planted, with the assurance of a bountiful fruition of good results.

Among these may be mentioned a physical being well knit together with tendon and muscle; expansive lungs well filled with rich oxygenated air; a stout heart capable of pumping rich and arterial blood to remote territories of the body, and bringing back from these the slag-laden and waste-charged fluid for renovation and recirculation—each and all ready to respond to the behest of a will, self poised and supreme, in directing the action of every organ. A training to overcome difficulties in manly contests, in which possession the problems of life lose their terror, and a consciousness of individual resource becomes our possession, from which reserve strength is developed. It trains our young men to realize

that readiness in embracing an opportunity at a moment's notice, makes the difference between success and failure in many a contest. It trains men to hold their appetites in hand; it teaches self-denial; it urges the importance of self-control. It gives frequent evidence of the weakness of a man under the influence of angered spirit, and lastly, it gives a training in dealing with our fellow-man upon the broad basis that his rights are as sacred to him as are ours to us. Upon this realization is based the Golden Rule, that "we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us." Imbued with the spirit here outlined, the Faculties and student bodies of the colleges of Maryland have formed an Athletic League, whose manner of life as expressed in its constitution, is to be characterized by a training which will win victories or suffer defeat in honorable contests, based upon the skill of their individual players and the spirit of fair play.

If the spirit of this constitution is carried out, our college athletics will be backed and encouraged by Boards of Directors, Faculties and a refined public opinion, which will give them a position in college life never heretofore attained. May your efforts as a student body be helpful in bringing about this consummation.

Foot Ball Team 1905

A. A. Parker, Manager.

J. V. Gill, Captain.

D. J. Markey, Coach.

W. E. LeGore.....Center.
E. D. Digges.....Right Guard.
E. T. Hayman.....Left Guard.
W. White.....Right Tackle.
W. Wharton.....Left Tackle.
J. N. Mackall.....Right End.
G. M. Mayer.....Left End.
J. V. Gill.....Quarterback.
E. W. Stoll.....Right Halfback.
W. T. Smith.....Left Halfback.
G. W. Pinck.....Fullback.

SUBSTITUTES.

J. C. Cockey,
W. B. Long,
A. N. Bowland,

B. R. Cooper,
J. H. King,
M. P. Church,

G. W. Campbell.

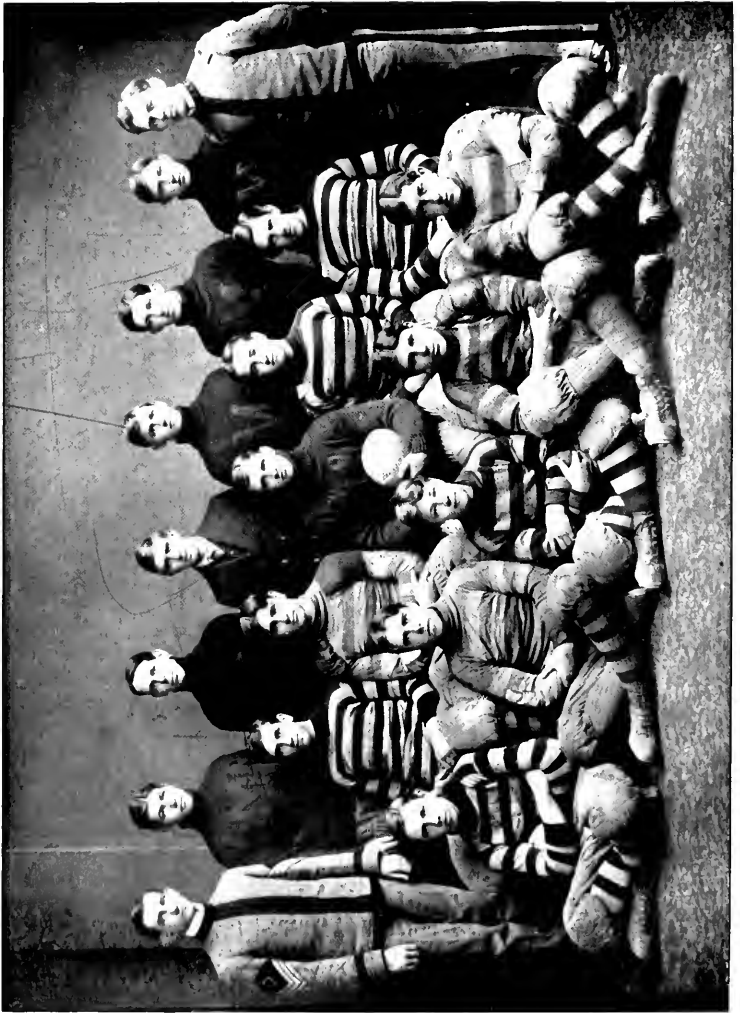
Schedule of Dates for Foot Ball Games in the Coming Season of 1905

DAY OF WEEK	MONTH	DAY OF MONTH	PLACE	TEAM PLAYED
Saturday	September	23	College Park	Open.
Saturday	September	30	Gettysburg, Pa.	Gettysburg College.
Saturday	October	7	Washington, D. C.	George Washington University.
Wednesday	October	11	College Park	Maryland Medical College.
Saturday	October	14	College Park	Gallaudet College.
Saturday	October	21	College Park	Western Maryland College.
Wednesday	October	25	Annapolis	Naval Academy.
Saturday	October	28	College Park	Mt. St. Joseph's College.
Saturday	November	4	Norfolk, Va.	William and Mary College.
Saturday	November	11	College Park	St. John's College.
Saturday	November	18	Chestertown	Washington College.
Saturday	November	25	College Park	University of Maryland.
Thursday	November	30	Newark, Del.	Delaware College.

H. J. CAUL, Captain.

L. F. ZERKEL, Manager.

J. F. ZOLTCK, Assistant Manager.



Should a Boy Play Foot Ball

Dear Mothers of Maryland:



THE management of the Football Department of M. A. C. Athletics feels that, in a certain sense, it owes you a statement of the advantages and disadvantages to be derived from your sons entering into football work. We would like, however, to state that we do not wish to put ourselves in the place of advisors in this matter, but simply to put you in possession of the facts from which you may reach definite conclusions.

In the first place, we do not believe that any boy, who is not physically sound, should undertake football athletics. Your family physician can tell you just whether or not your boys are physically sound. Taking for granted that they are all right in this respect, I will endeavor to lay before you, first, the disadvantages; and then the advantages of the sport, so far as I have seen them here at the College.

First, as to the disadvantages: It is a recognized fact that the American youth is inclined to excess in almost everything he undertakes. Your sons will probably be inclined to overdo their sport. This, however, may be overcome; and, in fact, will be overcome by a competent coach and a competent captain of their team. The applicant will be allowed to take only such an amount of exercise and vigor's outdoor work as will be both necessary to his becoming a good football player, and will be most conducive to physical good health to himself.

And again, there is a chance of physical injury, outside of the kind referred to above; and this is a disadvantage that cannot be so easily overcome by proper training and knowledge of the game. Nevertheless, it may be greatly *lessened* by a proper government of the mode and style of playing the game. I mean by that statement, that football is recognized as a game in which a man *may* play the part of a brute, but in which he *is not allowed* to do so. Therefore, with gentlemanly opponents, and himself properly trained in the defense and attack, just as one is trained in fencing, the amount of risk of injury is not so great as, at first sight, it appears. Another fact in this same connection, which is of the greatest advantage to the player in football, is that the game has been reduced to a practical working science, and is governed by certain tricks and sleights, a knowledge of which enables the player to look out for his own person and the defense of his team, as well as to break down the defense of his opponents. These

things not only result in the player's avoiding some danger to himself, but make of him a more aggressive, and, consequently, a more efficient football player.

Another great argument that is brought to bear against football, is that it takes too much of the valuable time, of one engaged in it, from the proper performance of his scholastic duties; thereby hurting his record in that for which he was sent to college. This we admit; but with certain and *most important* limitations. In the first place, I may say that I believe this to be the case at large universities; where one, to be able to gain admittance to the team, must give almost his undivided attention to football work, and where he is required to spend at least a fifth part of his day on the gridiron or in the football lecture room. But at a college of the class of the Maryland Agriculture College; or, I should say, at M. A. C.; the aforesaid is not the case. The football player here is expected to give two, of his possible three, hours of recreation, specially set apart for exercise and outdoor enjoyment, to football. He is not expected to put more time than that upon this department of athletics, nor is he permitted to do so, even though he wishes it. I believe that I may safely say that so far from taking any time from his studies, the work which he does upon the football field, even *aids him in mastering them*. This will be clear when we consider the undisputed fact that the brain is quickened and made more vigorous by exercise and outdoor air, which purifies the blood and sends a stronger flow of this healthy fluid to the brain, without which that organ is sluggish and clouded, and, consequently, cannot properly perform its functions.

It is likely, also, that such small one or two day holidays as your sons may be able to secure will be given to their team, and you will, therefore, see less of them than you would were they not athletes. When you do see them, Dear Mothers, I fear also that you will find their interests so absorbed in football as to make you feel jealous of the attention they devote to it. This, I believe, completes the list of disadvantages.

As to the advantages: Their careers in the college will be far pleasanter for them, if they should be successful in football; their acquaintance with the fellows be wider and more agreeable; and, provided they come through without serious injury, they will be the stronger and more robust physically on account of the development.

You may fairly ask me for my reasons for the last conclusion. In this connection let me say that I am quite sure that nothing in the way of set physical effort, like pulling weights, walking, or anything of that kind, possesses enough interest (unless performed in connection with and for the purpose of accomplishing some other result) to lead boys to take the amount of exercise necessary. The human animal, in his necessity for bodily exercise as a condition of health, has

not altered materially in the small period of time covered by what we call civilization. The centuries of struggle to secure the means of existence, exposure to the elements, and the pressure of conditions for physical life and activity, have tended toward the preservation of health and the development of the race to its present condition. Physiologists will tell you that there has been no very essential change in the organism of man during this period. Hence it is fair to say that there are certain definite requirements for a healthy life—namely: fresh air, sunlight, proper food, and bodily exercise. The necessity of this latter, towards replacing the old with the new in the animal economy, is of the greatest importance. And, all these necessary conditions are provided by football.

So much for the physical side of it. As to the mental and moral, I am frank, to say—and in this the majority, I think, of those who have watched boys in their development are inclined to agree—there is no finer discipline at the college age than that of the football field. The character building there is certainly remarkable. The fact, I think, is generally admitted that many boys, who come to college without the benefits of a large school, and perhaps too much protected by the wealth or social position of their parents from contact with things as they really are, might manage to get through college, if they kept out of football, without learning much about *democracy*; but no one of them would miss it, if he were cast upon a football field. There strict obedience, respect, modesty, patience, and persistence is taught. Many a man has worked there for two, or even three, years for the sake of securing the coveted place on a varsity team. And no matter how exaggerated one may consider the value these boys place upon that honor, the results are the same, and the work of the several years has been done, and the various points of discipline have been learned. During the time also that any boy is in training, he must and will curb his desires; his living will be wholesome and cleanly; the hours he keeps will be early and regular; and, in fact, his life will be far more carefully ordered for him than would be possible either by you or by the Faculty.

There is yet one other, and very important, consideration in the advantages to be derived from football. Your sons, Dear Mothers, will be happy in, and pleased with, their football work. They will enjoy every hour spent in practice, and every second spent in a contest. They will learn to love their tasks upon the gridiron, and they will take a deep and proper pride in their own prowess and power. They will learn to place confidence in themselves, and appreciate rightly their own abilities.

Such, Dear Mothers, are the advantages of football, as I have seen them here at the Maryland Agricultural College. I have endeavored, in this open letter, to put you in possession of the facts *pro* and *con*; and will leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Yours in the hope that your sons will be with us on the gridiron next season,

CADET L. FERDINAND ZERKEL, Mgr. Football Team.

Athletic Association

W. H. Byron.....President.
E. D. Digges.....Vice-President.
E. H. Snavely.....Secretary.
J. W. P. Somerville.....Treasurer.

FOOTBALL.

A. A. Parker, Manager.
J. V. Gill, Captain.

BASEBALL.

Jno. N. Mackall, Manager.
L. Bassett, Captain.

TRACK.

J. A. Krentzlin, Manager.
J. C. Cockey, Captain.

BASKET-BALL.

F. R. B. Waters, Manager.
S. P. Thomas, Captain.

TENNIS.

Glenworth Sturgis, Manager.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL.

Prof. C. S. Richardson, Chairman.	L. F. Zerkel, Secretary.
Prof. J. H. Mitchell.	J. N. Mackall.
Prof. H. T. Harrison.	G. Sturgis.
W. H. Byron.	J. A. Krentzlin.

AUDITING COMMITTEE.

Prof. H. T. Harrison. Prof. H. Lanahan. Prof. S. S. Buckley.

Base Ball
1905



Base Ball Team and Schedule, 1905

JOE. N. Mackall, Manager.

L. Bassett, Captain.

R. H. Dixon.....Pitcher.
 Bro. Benson.....Pitcher.
 W. T. Smith.....Catcher.
 R. G. Pyles.....First Base.
 R. H. Dixon.....Second Base.
 E. T. Hayman.....Second Base.
 L. Bassett.....Third Base.
 W. White.....Short Stop.
 A. A. Parker.....Left Field.
 J. P. Grason.....Center Field.
 D. Darby.....Right Field.

SUBSTITUTES.

E. T. Hayman,

J. H. King,

L. F. Batman.

SCHEDULE.

Date.	Name.	Place played.	Date.	Name.	Place played.
Mar. 25	GeorgetownUniversity	Washington.	May 3	St. John's College	College Park.
Apr. 1	Gallaudet College.....	Washington.	6	Delaware College.....	College Park.
5	Open.....	College Park.	10	Hyattsville	College Park.
8	Mt. St. Joseph's. . . .	Irvington.	13	St. John's College	Annapolis.
12	Revenue Cutter Cadets	College Park.	17	Gallaudet College	College Park.
15	FredericksburgCollege	College Park.	20	Rock Hill College	College Park.
20	FredericksburgCollege	Fredericksbg	24	Commissioners	College Park.
21	Randolph-Macon. . . .	Ashland.	27	W. Md. College	College Park.
22	Richmond College.....	Richmond.	31	McKinley M. T. S.....	College Park.
24	Artillery School.....	Fort Monroe.	June 3	Gallaudet College.....	Washington.
25	Norfolk.....	Norfolk.	7	Open.....	College Park.
29	F. S. Nival Academy.	Annapolis.	10	Washington College...	Chestertown.



Field and Track Team

Bassett, Long, Linnell, Pinck, Dickey, Dixon, Cockey, Krentzlin.	50-yard dash.	Allison, Salinas, Todd, Firor, G. Long, Warren, Hayden.	½-mile run.
Pinck, Linnell, Dickey, Besa, C. Besa, A. Bassett, McNutt, Dixon, Cockey.	100-yard dash.	Salinas, Todd, Allison, Heyser, Warren. Linnell, Cockey, Krentzlin.	1-mile run. Hurdles.
Cockey, Krentzlin, Heyser. Pinck, Dickey, Firor, G. Emmert, McNutt.	220-yard dash.	Lippencott, C. Pyles, Besa, A. Besa, C. Krentzlin. Pinck, Dixon, Thomas.	High jump. Broad jump.
Long, Heyser, Firor, G. Dickey, Todd, Besa, A. Besa, C. Emmert, Krentzlin.	¼-mile dash.	Lippencott, C. Clark, Church, White, Bowland. Krentzlin, Cockey, Long, Pinck, Firor, G. Allison.	Shot put. Relay team. Pole vault.



TRACK TEAM

Track and Field Team



THE M. A. C. Track and Field Team has come to stay. It has already won many successes, and will win many more. The wonder is not that we have ever lost in competition with other colleges, but that we have ever won—and why? Because we have no track on which to train. The only available running course is the cinder path leading from the college to the Experiment Station; and this path contains cinders of all sizes from molecules to masses. It is especially adapted to spraining ankles and skimming knees.

Of course, we have a quarter mile track, presumably for the use of runners, but the greater part of the year this is under water, presenting a magnificent circular canal. All this adds to the scenic effect of the landscape, but has no particular advantage as a running track. This track is ready for use about the first of June, affording opportunity for two weeks of practice during the nine months of the college term. We hope later on to have a more suitable course, in fact, are glad to say that we will have, next year, an indoor track, and we may expect better work from the team.

We are sorry that this year we will lose from the team Captain Cockey and Captain Krentzlin, who during their term at college have done good work and have always shown an untiring interest in track and field work. These men graduate from the college this year and will consequently not be with us next year.

Professor Richardson takes great interest in the track team, and does all that the conditions will permit to develop successful runners.



BASKET BALL TEAM

Basket Ball



BASKET BALL constitutes a new phase of our college sports, this being its first year at the college.

During the winter months, with simply a football game now and then, life became very monotonous, until some ingenious mind conceived the idea of basket ball. As the gymnasium had been moved to the new building, leaving the old gym-hall vacant, this suggestion was at once acted upon, and we began the practice of this most exciting game. The boys took to the sport well, and it was soon noticed that each company of the battalion was represented by quite a number of good players. This led to the idea of playing a series of championship games between the three companies. The teams were at once picked and they practiced diligently for about two weeks till the match games began.

It was so scheduled that each team should play each of the others a series of three games, making a total of six games for each team. The winner was to receive a silk banner as a trophy.

To say that excitement ran high would be stating the case mildly indeed. There was great rivalry off and on the teams, and the players played excellent ball considering the newness of the sport. The series of games lasted through several weeks, and each company had a good chance to win. But Co. C, although outweighed by both of her opponents, gradually forged to the front and won out brilliantly.

The line-up of the three teams was as follows:

Position	Company "A"	Company "B"	Company "C"
R. F.	Cockey	Thomas, Capt.	Capestaney.
L. F.	Caul, Capt.	Stabler	Roberts.
Center.	Whiting	Hayman	Krentzlin, Capt. ..
R. G.	Holmead.	Waters	Mayer, Allison.
L. G.	Todd.	Galt.	Firor, G.

After this most interesting series was over, an all-college team was organized from the teams of the three companies. It got into good shape, but baseball and track work came into season and the interest in basketball was transferred to these sports and the basket ball was laid away until next winter.

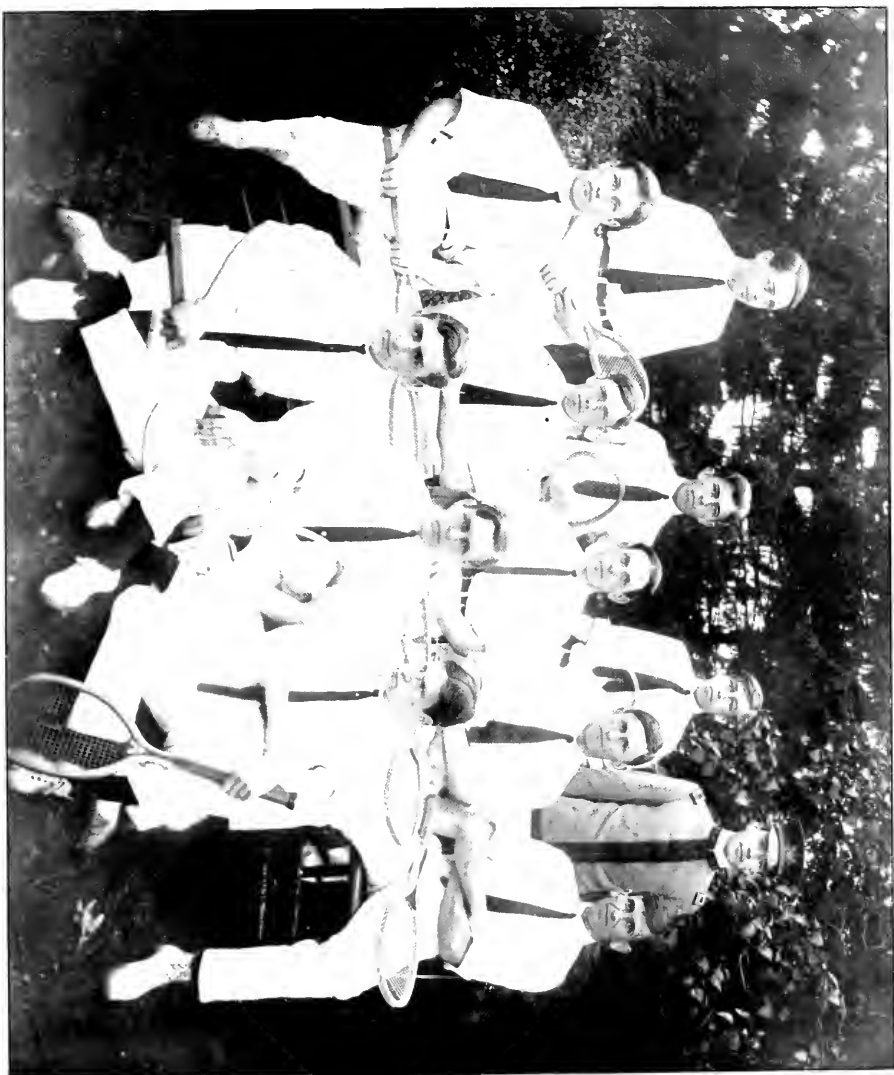
The college team line-up was as follows:

R. F.	Thomas, Capt.
L. F.	Capestaney, Roberts.
Center.	Krentzlin.
R. G.	Holmeade.
L. G.	Caul.

This team made a very good showing against Washington Y. M. C. A., and also against Carroll Institute even though they were defeated in both instances. Their defeat can be contributed to lack of experience and not lack of nerve.

It was most encouraging to see the men take so much interest in this new sport and to see them show up so well in the very first year of its existence, for we all know that it requires long and constant practice to become a good player.

So encouraging is it that we feel safe in making the statement that next year there will exist a team at this college that will compare favorable with any other team of its class in the State of Maryland.



TENNIS TEAM

Thoughts Concerning Oratory



l.l. speaking is not oratory; most even of what men call *fine speaking* has little that is akin to it.

The form of expression may be in keeping with all the rules of rhetoric; the flow of words may be the smoothest; the voice may be strong and pleasing, and the thoughts expressed may be of the highest order—and yet it may not be oratory.

Oratory is an art—and the master of it is an orator. A man but indifferently equipped in the art of painting may be considered a painter; but the indifferent orator is generally no orator at all. Only a *master* in the art of oratory can be considered an orator.

Real oratory is the child of truth and ardour. It therefore follows that the orator must be an honest man, and his theme an honest issue.

And yet oratory is not spontaneous. Webster scoffs at the idea of inspiration—*divine* inspiration, as some are pleased to term it—and he says there is no such thing.

Webster asserts that his speech in reply to Hayne was written several months before its delivery and carefully committed to memory. He was simply waiting for an opportunity—an occasion significant enough to call it forth.

It is more than probable that every word and every line of Patrick Henry's immortal speech had passed through his mind a hundred times before its actual delivery. In fact, he began to prepare that speech when a mere lad, addressing the horses and the cows and the forest trees; and when his impassioned eloquence broke forth in an apparently spontaneous and extempore effort, that eloquence was really the product of years of thought and preparation.

We must, therefore, conclude that two things are essential to oratory—great preparation and great opportunity; and no wonderful oratory has ever existed in the absence of either of these two requisites.

But what matter to us if the great orator burned his midnight oil in the preparation of his speeches? What care we where or how that mighty eloquence was conceived? We are concerned only in its *birth*—that glorious, unheralded birth which brings a mighty power into the world.

But we are sometimes asked, "Has not the day of oratory gone forever?" To this we would reply by asking if the day of *great events* has gone forever. Should another Philip threaten the liberty of another Greece—should another Verres prostitute the government of another Rome—should another Britain place the tyrant's heel upon another America, the orator will arise as great and glorious and powerful as those who have gone before.

Let history repeat the robberies of Warren Hastings, and there will be present a Burke; let there be another downtrodden Hungary, and a Kossuth will come forth.

It is when the interests of a nation are at stake that immortal eloquence is born—when a gallant but oppressed people are lashed to madness by accumulated wrongs—when the fate of themselves, their wives and their children hang upon the decision of the hour—or when the question is one of “liberty or death”—it is then that the Ithmal spear of eloquence touches the orator, and transforms him into a demi-god. History writes his name upon the pinnacle of Fame’s temple and embalms it for immortality.

And yet these great orators are not ultra-superior beings, specially ordained by Heaven for the rolls of fame. Some would have us think that the orator is *born*, not *made*, and that all the muses sang and danced at his birth; and that the impress of supernatural genius was gratuitously placed upon him by the hand of his Creator. What could be farther from truth? All the evidences of history are opposed to such a thought.

Demosthenes was tongue-tied and awkward—his first efforts were failures; but years of untiring application; the intellectual mastering of his subjects, and the constant rehearsal of his idea in gesture and speech; the laborious preparation for a great opportunity; and then the opportunity—and Demosthenes was an orator.

Cicero speaks for ancient and Webster for modern times when they both affirm that oratory can be acquired by hard work and continuous practice.

After one of Wm. Pitts’ great speeches an admirer said to him, “That was a spontaneous outburst of eloquence.” “No,” said Pitt, “my father taught me to say that speech when I was a child.

The United States owes much of its greatness and glory to the orators it has produced.

It is true that within the period of our national existence we have given birth to more orators than any other nation in the same length of time.

It becomes then the duty of the American people to protect and encourage the art of oratory, and it will in turn protect us.

The work must be done in the institutions of learning, and should be a necessary part of the curriculum in every public school, college and university in our land. We know not what the future has in store for us as a nation. We know not what crises may have to be met. We know not how soon we may need the eloquence of a Henry, a Webster, a Calhoun, or a Clay. Then let us make it possible, at least, for the American youth of to-day to become an orator when the great possible opportunity shall arise.

CHAS. S. RICHARDSON.



S T U F F

. . . OF ALL . . .

S O R T S

June Ball Organization

W. Temple Smith.....President
First Lieut. E. H. Snively, Vice-President
Second Lieut. E. T. Hayman.... Secretary
Second Lieut. J. W. P. Somerville, Treasurer

COMMITTEES.

INVITATION AND PROGRAMME.

Captain J. A. Krentzlin, Chairman

Captain A. A. Parker	Corporal G. W. Firor
First Sergeant G. M. Mayer	Corporal N. B. Merryman
Sergeant C. L. Lippincott	Private R. G. Pyles
Sergeant F. R. B. Waters	Private J. H. Holmead
Sergeant C. S. Ridgway	Private Joe Sanford

FLOOR.

First Lieut. W. H. Byron, Chairman

Second Lieut. R. D. Nicholls	Corporal J. P. Mudd
First Sergt. L. F. Zerke	Private M. P. Church
Sergt. S. P. Thomas	Private P. C. Southard
Sergt. H. D. Williar	Private L. M. Hayes
Corporal F. E. Linnell	Private Bro. Benson

REFRESHMENTS.

First Lieut. and Q. M. E. D. Digges, Chairman.

Major W. W. White	Corporal A. N. Bowland
First Sergt. H. J. Carl	Private F. P. Clark
Sergt. L. Bassett	Private L. Showell
Sergt. R. H. Dixon	Private W. A. Somerville
Sergt. A. M. McNutt	Private J. W. Mitchell

RECEPTION.

First Lieut. and Adjutant Glenworth Sturgis, Chairman.

Captain J. C. Cockey	Q. M. Sergt. W. B. Harris
Second Lieut. M. Duckett, Jr.	Corporal C. F. Batman
Mr. Jno. N. Mackall	Corporal T. B. Mackall
Sergt. Major J. J. Graham	Private W. D. Groves
Color Sergt. E. L. Oswald	Private A. B. Crisp



A Difference of Opinion

Some men like to wander in the twilight,
With their sweethearts, bright and fair,
While others prefer the ball-room,
With cupid lurking near.

Again some choose the quiet nook
To tell that he's her slave ;
But give me, oh ! give me my lady love
And a life on the ocean wave.

J. A. KRENTZLIN, '05.

A Toast to Alma Mater



HERE comes a time, in the college career of every student, when he becomes discouraged. All his plans and fondest hopes seem to be surrounded by adversity and misfortune, and he thinks there can be no advantage in remaining in the fight. But "Sweet are the uses of adversity." It is not without comfort and hopes. Everything will turn out right in the end and greater strength will be acquired by taking a bold stand against the trials.

We cannot but be filled with regret at leaving those, who, by their examples, with their ever ready hand and wise counsel have raised us to greater heights.

Is there any one who does not love his Alma Mater, and, who will not stand up for her in the face of all the world? Is it otherwise than natural that we should love and revere those dear old walls within which we have spent the brightest and happiest years of our lives?

Breathes there the man who never sought
To keep alive this inward thought:
"Alma Mater, long may she stand,"
Whose pride has not within him burned,
When again to her he hath returned
From traveling in a distant land?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him shall peal no joyous bell.
Though his name be wide as Heaven;
No college yell for him is given,
Whose heart bath not now beat anew
When he hears again the old "tattoo."
No dirge for him e'er shall we raise
Who can forget his college days.

Then here's to M. A. C. May the number of those who love her ever increase to uphold and cherish her fair name. On the gridiron or on the diamond; on the track or in the class-room—may the Orange and Black ever wave in triumph, inspiring the boys in gray, who shall raise the victorious cry "M. A. C. forever!"

GLENWORTH STURGIS.

Just for Fun



As the fat prisoner is brought before him, the chief of the Cannibals smiles a self-satisfied smile and asks: "Who is this savory looking individual?"

"That," replied the chief broiler, "is the Steward of M. A. C."

"I'm glad to see him," says the chief, "stew him with some onions and serve him up with strap and stale bread for supper."

And, as they led him away, the Steward thought of the old days at M. A. C., when he gave the boys trunk hinges and hardtack all the year round.

The Splendiferous High Cockelorum-bunictions Opera Company has arrived and will hold a matinee this afternoon from 3:30 p. m. until time for slum.

A. ———, the wild man from the South Sea Isles, supported by an able company of artists, will render the thrilling drama, "One Week's Arrest," or "The Punishment for Rough House."

This soul-stirring tragedy was written by A. ——— himself and reflects great credit upon the author. All the characters are well chosen.

HERR. TULLSON, E., Chief Comedian.

A Letter

Greentown, Maryland,
June 4, 1905.

My Dear James:



'M WRITING to say that I want you, without fail, to send your Sam to the old "M. A. C." Colledge this comin' Fall—I'll tell you why. Its one impruvd place, is that old "M. A. C." Colledge. You jest would not know it. I an' Marthy stepped ovur to Washinton to buy a carpet fur the spare room, en while she was a vibratin between Kans and Heeks, I jest left the whole thing to her, amiable like, and took a run out to the old Colledge. Will try to tell you somethin' of the improvements I saw, an' then if you kin cummand the money and then cummand Sam, I know you'll send him.

When they calls out "Colledge Avenu," I steps off brisk like an' come up the hill. I jes had in mind the old buildin' we both remembers, holdin' its head up high among them oaks. Well, James, that buildin' now is just bearily a tale end of an array of beautiful buildin's—There's a great big "Science Hall" where they shows you as nice a colleeshum of bugs, snakes, grasshoppers an' creepin things, es ever sunned themselves in an August sun. I seed more cabbage wurms than ever seed before; but it is well enouf to know what *might* git after your crops. Perfessor Simms was as glad to see me as tho he'd ev known me all my life, en told me about more awful scales and things that might fasten themselves onto my crops, til I was jest ready to go home, sit down and thank the Lord if I relized anything fur my crops. When I left that Science Hall, I was willin to take 25 cents a bushel fur my peach crop, not knowin when the "yallers" ("Yello Kill-noff") might turn on me; would have sold evry pear tree I had, seem as how the blight ("Blighta Etenp") might attack my place. Don't think I'm putin on airs with my botaniel names—Perfessor Gan give me these scientific turms before I left.

Well, that aint all—we seed wheels flyin roum in another tremendous buildin, an when we got there we found they wuz prepared to make anything from a wooden glass to drink out iv, down to shoein horses. That Mechanical Buildin struck me as the real thing. Whats more, they got a gimnasiem at old "M. A. C." You recals they never laid much stress on that in the old days, an to tell the truth I don't jest know what they got now, but there was pertenances on the walls fur strengthenin the arms and chist, but mostly it seemed to be fur

Basket Ball, a nice ruff sort of a game, where as fur as I could make out the pint seemed to be to throw a ball up in the air an see who could hit his head aganst another boys head the hardest before that ball went thro a basket with no bottum to it. It might be "fastinatin," which wus the word a lady used who wus lookin on, but it struck me I'd give my place to another feller an not git mad over the exchang. The Perfesser in charge of this Ginnaseem was mighty agrecabul, and come to think of it, most of the perfessers I saw seemed harmless, an I don't think they botter the boys a great sight. There was some boys lookin on an not playin and they told me about the other physicul exercisin games. Mr. Summer-vil explained that they had mighty fine Base Ball and Foot Ball teams in '04-05, an as fur as I could make ort from what he said, the only games they lost the whole seasn through, was when the Umpirer made an unjust decishun. There wus a right mischeevus lookin boy, with red cheeks standin by. They cauled him "Holler" I think, and explained that on account of his name, he wus the Chief Rooter of the Bas Ball Teem. I asked him how he managed his Rootin Team so all fired well, an he says: "Gosh, thats as easy as gittin money from home." This maid me feer he had no tender feelins, en so I past on. Ovr this ginnaseum is a right sizabul Library—boys settin roun readin as nice as you pleece, with whole shelves full of Histries, Travuls an Sermons not molested, an a hand-sum feller from the Eastern Sho' named Dixin splained that we could have eny of them to read, as them books was rarely missin from the shelves or called for, but we did'nt have time fur no readin that day, an went on to a buildin next to the Libary, wher a real clipper youn man, with glases on was standin on the porch, and I says to him "What's this buildin?" an he says "This? This is the Chemical Lab," and so I jes says, "Oh yes, of course," not a lettin on I did'nt know what a "Lab" wus, but I wern't goin to be fooled out of knowin what that buildin stood fur, so I says "To whom is this a Memoreal?" and he laughfs and says "It is a monment erected to pureness in fertilizars and food stuvs," an then I begun to see it ralely has a misshun, and when he asked me in, I steps inside. I jest come out of that buildin knowin they had it down to dots. They told me while in ther that they oftun analized watur, bein as how they was opposed to more'n a certain number of animals havin a habutat in their drinkin water, an then they condems it.

The next thing to attract our attenshun was a big, roun barn, as pretty as a pictur, but I never got inside uv it, not havin the tim, but it would lay all around any barn you've got. Nice little one story house I see on my way back from the barn, and they tell me thats the Hospital. Now, you know I never in my life took no shine to hospitvls, but if I wus stricken down by the hand of Providence or Hay Fever, I would as leve that Doctor I saw ther and that nice lookin lady fur

nurse had charge of my miseries as anyone I ever seed. In our day, you recals, when you was sick, you just had to make your own livin. Then we past what they called "The Shanty" where handsum young assistents resides, until they gits marriage in their heads. They to'd me when a man livin in the Shanty runs to katch the car to town six evenins in the week, an sits kind of morose-like the other evenin, there ain't much hope fur him, and the other Bachelors begins applyin for his room, fur marriage is shure to befall him and those who are left never know wher the blow will fall next.

I have left the best for the last, fur about this time we come upon the New Administrashun Buildin, jined to the Old Buildin on the Simese-Twins stile of architekshur. It had a Legislativ start an a Queen Anne finish, that is, when it was finished, because they told me them builders was so attached to that new buildin, they hated to strik the last blow, an would build the porch one day and tear it down the next day an build it up again. We was lucky enouf to have some of it showed to us by Captin Selvester. He certainly is a fine lookin gentleman an has mighty corjel manners. In course of conversashun he explained to us that if the Trustees could gain their consent, they would make the Colledge a place fur educatin the girls as well as the boys; said they was enxshus to have them all taught sech burnin questions as "How to make the fire burn, when the Cook don't come," an also "The strong pints in butter makin." He seemed to set gret store by this skeem. Perfessor Bludgeon jined us just then an entured into the conversashun, and he seemed pleased with the idee too—I think he called it "Coweducashun." We cum to the new Auditorium, an there set a new pianer, which called to my mind that old pianer which wernt so bad if you could muster three people, one to hold the keys down, one to hold the pedal up an one to hold the audience in. They told me the new one had mighty sweet musick in it. There was a Society man in the Hall, named Cockie, who seemed to be runnin things, an when he was a tellin me about the Dances now-a-days, I could not help thinkin about our dancin days in the old Chapel, when it was so cronded, you jest had to go out under the Oak trees to recollect who your next partner was. Mr. Cockie did tell me that they had moon-light dances *inside* now-a-days, but I thot he was tryin to fool me, so I jest says "Certinly" an past on. Besides this Rossberg Club, they has Debatin Clubs, and erin to think of it, thats a mighty good trainin for a man, espeshully, if in after life he expects to git married. To learn to have the last wurd and not give in to no one elses opinions. There is many good things lerned at that Colledge. A golden haired boy named Mr. Mudd, was a tellin me about another Club they have called the "Colledge Grove Club." This seems to be the bigges Club. They are not exclusiv, he says, and sometimes their membership is enormous, but at sametime, it don't seem to be poplar. I did not under-

stan this, but seein' s how I am not a Club man myself I kept quiett. There was a strait-brilt, Dashin Seniur, there who explained the lectric Lights to Me. I think they called him Krentz-lyin. Them lights is certinly an improvement; turn on an off jest as easy. They said to me that the boys found it easier to turn them off than on, but not bein a lectrishun, I did not understand this, but Mr. Krentz-lyin knows lots about them lights. They moreovur has new kind of Heat. Steam heat throughout—Automatick heat with Andattackit valves. Automatick was the wurd, for I distinetly remember it was not Systematick, no one seemed to think it was that—jest automatick. They has things down to a sistem in most respees, for they told me that military rule and order was reduced to such a sistem there, that this winter, Professor Spence, Mr. Green, the Baker, a boy named Har and an Offishul of the Day named Summervil, put out a fire one night an it was done with sech expedishun that no one has seen that fire—to this day—just herd about it—Thats all. An to set his mind at rest Perfessor went around to evry boys door in that whole buildin an asked them if they was burned up, or skered, er anything like that an they answered to a man, "No Sir, We're asleep."

Its a system I tell you!

While ther I certinly met a nice lot of Perfessors, an you might serch far before you'd find another lot who could tell you so quick that you knowed nothin, absolutely, an your condition was not likely to impruve as Time past on. But whats more important, they are an Enthusa-sic Faculty. Sometimes they convenes for two whole days at a time, an after one of them meetins, you would have to advertis in that College an git out a Search Warrant for one boy there that had a threed of reputashun left so far as studyin' propurly conductin himself or good intenshuns is concerned. That Faculty does their dooty. But, who I likes most of all is them boys who is there this year. They was a jolly set and peacabel and mild-like when I seed them. They say in dead of winter they do have to walk the hal's of nights carryin a gun an a marshal air, and they do have occasional piller fights, jest so no one will mistake it for a Monestary, but O thought them as gentlemanly a set as I ever see. One boy named "Willyer?" took me to his room, an when I admired it and said I was struck with the bed, he jest laughed and said "So am i—evry night—that bed strikes you right in the middle of your back" but I thought them beds was out-of-sight, which he said they *wus*. They told me they had ro old-fashun hazin like you and me enjoyed in our day; said there was an occasional "Lapsus plankm" (Latin). You see I took the Clasi-cal Course under Perfesser Spence when I wus at Colledge and it elings to me and will crop out, he teeches that thorough.

A real perlite boy named Mire then shoed me the Dinin Room. As we cum up the steps from the Dinin Room, I was interduced to Mr. Oswald and his

Chum, Mr. Sturjes, an they was reel corjel and took me right in the Y. M. C. A. Headquarters Room. From this you kin see in a minut that this place is all right. Why, man, in our day, they would have lincjed you fer refering to moral swashun and Y. M. C. A.'s an thing of that sort, but now they got a good, live Y. M. C. A., properly run too. It is an alright plac, an makes me proud to think I entered there a carefree boy, not knowin what was before me, and now am an Alumnibus of that great Institushun, altho I got no fault whatever to find with the fine education you and I gathered there by our own effurts, in years gone buy, an I hope you'll send Sam.

No more.

From, Your old schol-mate,

MARK L. SPICER.

Our Mess Hall

NOW we have a mess-hall at this place—
A mess-hall long and wide;
And when the grub is not up to T,
The steward is sure to hide.

From Monday morn till Saturday night,
We get few things that are nice;
We mostly live on hominy,
Raw oatmeal, hash and rice.

Sometimes we get a well burnt chop,
And 'taters burnt to match;
And now and then a hard-boiled egg,
The hen tried hard to hatch.

But Sunday rolls round once a week
And Johnny's smile it brings;
We fill ourselves with chicken and pie,
And all "them sort o' things."

Oh! how we envy those to come;
For they'll be living high,
When, as the song says, "every day'll
Be Sunday, by-and-by."

J. A. K.

What They Say

It breaks the continuity of the curriculum of this institution with which you have so graciously connected yourself.

Urh...ah! Urh—ah! Peradventure.

You can readily see—
'Tis very obvious—

Mr.————t-h-a-t-s a-l-l n-o-n-s-e-n-s-e.

Do you know, I really believe—
I simply want to say this:

That's sufficient.

There come the Sophmo's,

Elbytime.

Words and Phrases in Everyday Use

- Bomb—Instrument to call out guard.
Bum (n)—To borrow.
Bum (a)—No good.
Bughouse—Loony.
Buzzard's roost—Top hall.
Cinch—Easy.
Crib—Aid to memory.
Cut it out—See ring off.
Flunk—Fail.
Fierce—Rotten.
Hash (the author has not made sufficient research to define this mystery).
Hit the list—Pretend illness.
Jar—Rattle your slats.
Jump on—Speak to roughly.
Keen—Skecky.
Loony—See Bughouse.
Pull—Influence.
Put the bug to—Report.
Pike—Top hall.
Pony—A translation.
Ring off—To stop.
Rough house—Disturbance.
Rotten—On the bum.
Skip—To leave class-room before entering.
Skecky—All right.
Sub—Substitute.
Soak—To strike, hit.
Strap—Molasses.
Stick (v and n)—Report.
Swipe—To hook.
Talk in bunches—To give hot air, like Mackall.
Wiggles Alley—Hall in wing of New Building.
You don't want to—You must not.
Zip—Zero.

Favorite Songs

- Byron, W.—“O Didn't They Ramble?”
Blair —“”
Benson—“If She'd Only Let Me Sleep an Hour More.”
Coekey, J.—“When Johnny Comes Marching Home.”
Dixon—“There's Just One Girl.”
Graham—“It Was Not Like That in the Olden Days.” (Rendered in either Dutch or English.)
“Grimes”—“Under the Annheuser Busch.”
Lippincott, C.—“I Hates to Get Up Early in the Morn.”
Mackall, J.—“Take Me Back to Baltimo.”
Nicholls—“Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep.”
Krentzlin—“They'll Need No Lights in Heaven.”
Oswald—“I Long for Thee, Darling, Day by Day.”
Ridgway—“Kiss Me and I'll Tell.”
Showell—(Miscellaneous assortment.)
Smith—“Good-bye Little Girl, Good-bye.”
Somerville, J.—“If You Ain't Got No Money, You Needn't Come Around.”
Willair—“I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You.”
“Rats”—“Home, Sweet Home.”
Agricultural Students—“Down on the Farm.”
Civil Engineering—“Castles in the Air.”
The Faculty—“I've Got My Eye on You.”
Johnny—“Every Day Will Be Sunday By and By.”
Mechanical Course—“The Village Blacksmith” (To the tune of Sweet By and By).

A Toast

I REPEAT a toast that was given
In the gallant days of yore,
When the noble youth of the Southland
Held sway upon the floor.

When Beauty alone was reigning
And music's sweetest strain
Floated full upon the night air
Of our noble Southern main.

When the Southland's very noblest,
No longer nobly brave,
Bowed low before some ruler,
Confessed himself a slave.

When men who had laughed at Bunker Hill,
When bullets came their way,
Turned from a woman's angry glance
With never a word to say.

When the old halls rang no longer
With words of angry strife,
When law and legislation
Gave way to love and life.

But enough of the when and wherefore,
Enough, for the wine is cold;
So now for the toast that was given
In the gallant days of old.

Come, gather round with your glass of wine
And I'll give you a toast that none will decline,
"Here's to the maids of the South—my toast is not new;
But we can't overpay where such homage is due,
Let each find in his glass, as these bright bubbles rise,
The smile of his loved one, the light of her eyes,
And I'll wager another cold bottle like this
That each memory pictures some dear Southern Miss."

So here's to the maids of our dear Dixie land;
A greater blessing our Maker ne'er planned,
Though they tease, yet they please clear through to the last,
And brighten our lives as the years hurry past.

J. A. KRENTZLIN, '05.

Things We Hear

Williar.—Are you going to have any vocal singing to-night.

Smith (*looking at French book*).—That's right easy for Latin, isn't it Glen?

Oswald.—Harris, does Horticulture teach about hearts?

Grimes.—The sun will scorch the earth.

White.—The earth will never be destroyed by fire again.

Smitty.—The next flood will be a fire.

Grover (*Reading R. S. I. P. in letter*).—That means "Refreshments served very promptly." I've received two or three like that lately. They must think I'm a hog.

Stubby's Dutch Report.—Increasing cloudiness; probable rain.

Corporal of Guard.—"Transmit your orders."

Linkins.—"If any one raises a rough house put the bug to 'em. That's all."

Hays.—"I wish I were as tall as 'Little Watts,' and big as I am all the way up."

Bishop.—"Where's Tom?"

Brome.—"He's taking the Forgery exam, I think."

Dr. B.—"Mr. Ridgway, define St. Vitus Dance."

Mr. R.—"It is an involuntary twitching of the muscles."

Dr. B.—"Correct. Do animals ever have it?"

Mr. R.—"Yes sir, we had a mule once that had it in his hind legs, only his was voluntary."

Sturgis.—"A man insulted me the other day by asking me to have a glass of beer.

Somerville.—"What did you do about it?"

Sturgis.—"Swallowed the insult."

New Student (*to Professor F.*).—"Say fellow, are you trying for the Freshman or Prep?"

Professor F. (*Rather backward in saying he is a professor*).—"O, I was here last year."

New Student.—"Your're all right then; they wont haze you."

Mahoney.—"I'll never be able to get these shoes on until I've worn them a day or two."

Dixon (*In surveying class*).—"I can't get this thing to come out correct. I get 40°-60' and it should be 50°."

As he gazed on that mirage fair,
Caul knew he had met his fate;
For surely no deception was there,
In the face of that beautiful "Lake."

Goodell reading Dutch comes to the word "damit." He hesitates a moment and then pronounces it "damm-it." Professor S. sends for Ingram and asks him to see that Mr. Goodell joins the Y. M. C. A.

How long does it take a student to walk from the District line to college during the still hours of the night, after attending a dance in Washington and missing his car?

Ask Hayman.

"Yes sir," said the professor, "silence is golden." And Graham and Dick, kept awake all night by the crying of the little ones next door, murmur to themselves: "What golden hours are lost to us."

Pyles.—"Say boys, did you hear about my getting two weeks' arrest?"

No, what was it for?"

Pyles.—"Raising a racket on the tennis court."

Song of the Editor

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With a brain that couldn't think,
A student sat in unstudently style,
Plying his pen and ink—
Write! Write!! Write!!!
Amid bustle and noise and glee,
And still with a sigh for his sorry plight,
He wrote for the "Reveille."

Write! Write!! Write!!!
When the baker is baking his bread,
And write, write, write,
While the boys are scrapping o'erhead,
It's Oh! to be an editor,
With others in the land of nod,
When one never has time to sleep;
If this is the editor's job,

Write! Write!! Write!!!
Till the last clear bugle sounds,
Write! Write!! Write!!!
Till your head weighs fifty pounds,
Joke and poem and sketch;
Sketch and poem and joke,
Till over the stuff I fall asleep
And wrote till I awoke.

O! boys, with guns to shine;
O! boys, with swords and knives;
'Tis not your belts you're wearing out,
But human creatures lives,
Work! Work!! Work!!!
In bustle and noise and glee,
And through the night with bleary eyes,
He writes for the "Reveille."

Write! Write!! Write!!!
From taps till break of day,
Write! Write!! Write!!!
As others write for pay,
Joke and poem and sketch;
Sketch and poem and joke,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
And the fingers almost broke.

O! but for one short hour,
A respite, however slight,
No blessed leisure for rest or sleep,
But only time to write.
A little sleep would ease my head.
Get it? I don't think.
For every little snooze I take
Hinders pen and ink.

With fingers weary and worn;
With a brain that couldn't think,
A student sat in unstudently style
Plying his pen and ink.

Write! Write!! Write!!!
Amid bustle and noise and glee,
And still with a sigh at his sorry plight,
Would that others had to write.
He wrote for the "Reveille."

G. S.

Presidents of the Faculty and College

PRESIDENTS OF FACULTY

Benjamin Hallowell.....	1850-1860
Rev. J. W. Scott.....	'60-'60
Professor Colby.....	'60-'61
Henry Onderdonck.....	'61-'64
N. B. Worthington (acting).....	'64-'67

PRESIDENTS OF THE COLLEGE

C. L. C. Minor.....	'67-'68
Admiral Franklin Buchanan.....	'68-'69
Samuel Register.....	'69-'73
General Samuel Jones.....	'73-'75
Captain W. H. Parker.....	'75-'83
Augustus Smith.....	'83-'87
Allen Dodge, President pro tem.....	'87-'88
Henry E. Alvord.....	'87-'92
Captain R. W. Silvester.....	'92—

EVENTS.

College founded.....	1858
Chemical labatory built.....	1897
Mechanical building erected.....	1896
Gymnasium built.....	1893
Library built.....	1893
Morrill Hall built.....	1898
Hospital built.....	1902
Administration building erected.....	1903
Mercer Literary Society organized.....	1861
Glee club organized.....	1894
<i>Cadets' Review</i> first published.....	1893
Morrill Literary Society organized.....	1894

Football inaugurated.....	1891
Base Ball inaugurated.....	1893
Tennis inaugurated.....	1895
Track inaugurated.....	1893
Basket Ball inaugurated.....	1904
First Athletic Association.....	1892
Rosshourg Club reorganized.....	1892
<i>Reveille</i> first published.....	1897
Y. M. C. A. organized.....	1900
Bible class organized.....	1900
Orchestra organized.....	1904
Senior medal first given.....	1894
Junior medal first given.....	1894
Military discipline began.....	1868
Rank of Major first bestowed.....	1893
Blacksmith shop erected.....	1904
Alumni medal first given.....	1894
Old barracks repaired and refurnished.....	1904

Midsummer Night's Dream

ON a summer's night when the moon shone bright,
The Sophomore class took a stroll by night.
On the pike they went and up the hill,
And at last reached the town of Hyattsville,
And they shouted with glee and made merry that night,
For exams were just over and their hopes were bright.

They sang class songs, gave yells with a will
Threw rocks at the windows from the streets of the Ville;
Took off the gates, broke down the fence;
Oh; the fun they had, it was immense,
Painted the houses with black and red
To show that the class of '07 wasn't dead.

Now the folks of the 'Ville when they heard all the noise
Didn't know that it was simply college boys,
Some lay wide awake, all trembling in their beds,
While others pulled the covers clear over their heads;
And they dared not get up, ope' the door and look out
For the whole town was filled with laughter and shout.

Now the 'Ville has a constable out at night,
To see that all is kept quiet and right,
And when he heard this frightful din,
He scurried around to find his men,
Now, it happened that there was not one at home,
So he decided to go out and face it alone.

He went down the street towards all the noise,
And on getting near, saw it was college boys,
On getting closer to listen and bark,
Soon found that '07 was out for a lark,
So he says to himself, says the constable, says he,
"I'll pinch this crowd and take them with me."

So he steps to the front, this one lonely man,
And shouts with a vengeance "Throw up your hands."
Then what do you think of the class of '07,
When half hundred hands were raised towards heaven,
They stood for a moment then half turned and ran,
Deserting their comrades on the Hyattsville sands,

Fourteen there were who couldn't get away,
For the gun of the constable bade them stay,
So the one lonely man on that night before dark,
Pinched fourteen Sophomores out for a lark,
He threw them around and searched them as well,
For they were so scared they dared not rebel.

He put them in jail at the end of the town,
Thinking next morning that he would come round
To take them up before Judge Carr,
And have his praise sung wide and far,
And so he went back to his downy bed
After the weary raid he had led.

Now the jail was old, and failed to hold
That band of fourteen Sophomores bold,
For they found a stick upon the floor,
And silently they pried open the door,
And then away like thieves in the dark
They swiftly sped toward College Park.

When the constable saw they had gotten away
He said to himself "Now away they will stay."
He'd accomplished his purpose, and if you go to the 'Ville,
The people will proudly tell you still
How their brave constable, alone after dark,
Pinched fourteen Sophomores out for a lark.

J. A. KRENTZLIN, '05

Program of Public Exercises, 1904

SUNDAY, June 12.—

4:15 P. M.—Baccalaureate sermon.

By Dr. Herbert Scott Smith, of Washington, D. C.

8:00 P. M.—Annual Meeting of Y. M. C. A.

Address by Rev. F. L. Middleton, of Berwyn, Md.

MONDAY, June 13.—

9:00 A. M.—Tennis Tournament.

2:00 P. M.—Field and Track Events.

6:30 P. M.—Drill and Battalion Parade.

8:30 P. M.—Class Day Exercises.

Address by Hon. Henry Holzapfel, of Hagerstown.

TUESDAY, June 14.—

10:30 A. M.—Annual Meeting of Alumni.

2:30 P. M.—Base ball, Alumni vs. College.

4:30 P. M.—Review of Battalion.

8:00 P. M.—Joint Meeting of Literary Societies. Debate for Alumni Medal.

WEDNESDAY, June 15.—

11:00 A. M.—Commencement Exercises in New College Hall.

Address by His Excellency, Edwin Warfield, Governor of Maryland.

4:00 P. M.—Exhibition Drill.

8:30 P. M. to 1:00 A. M.—Commencement Ball.

Music furnished by the Fifth Regiment Band.

Class Day, Monday, June 13

EXERCISES.....8:30 P. M.

Music.

ENTRY OF SENIOR CLASS.

Class History and Prophecy.....Lieut. J. P. Gray.

Music.

Class Ode, 1904.

ENTRY OF JUNIOR CLASS.

Announcement, President of '04.....Captain W. R. Mitchell.

Address of Presentation.

Senior Orator.....Lieut. G. L. Wentworth.

Presentation of Class Shield and Fasces.

Senior Armor Bearers.....Lieutenants, E. R. Sasser and J. G. Ensor.

Senior Lictors.....Capt. R. P. Choate and Lieut. T. B. Mullendore.

Junior Armor Bearers.....Sergeants E. H. Snively and C. P. Whiteford.

Junior Lictors.....Sergeants J. J. A. Krentzlin and W. P. Roberts.

Address of Acceptance.

Junior Orator.....Sergeant G. Sturgis.

Class Pipe and Song.

Retirement of Senior Class.

Announcement, Junior Herald.....Sergt. J. C. Cockey.

Installation of New Senior Class.

Resolutions.

Address Upon Resolutions.....Sergt. A. A. Parker.

Class Ode, 1905.

Formal Adjournment.

Music.

Address to Classes.....Hon. Henry Holzapfel, Jr.

Music.

Alumni Day, Tuesday, June 14

10:30 A. M.—Annual Meeting of Alumni Association.

2: P. M.—Base ball, Alumni vs. College.

8:00 P. M.

JOINT MEETING OF LITERARY SOCIETIES.

MUSIC.

DEBATE FOR ALUMNI MEDAL.

“MORRILL” vs. “NEW MERCER.”

Subject—Resolved,

“That the Government of the United States was Warranted in Recognizing the Independence of the Panama Republic.”

1. Affirmative, Mr. White, of the “New Mercer” Society.

MUSIC.

2. Negative, Mr. Sturgis, of the “Morrill” Society.

MUSIC.

3. Negative, Mr. Stoll, of the “Morrill” Society.

MUSIC.

4. Affirmative, Mr. Cruikshank, of the “New Mercer” Society.

MUSIC.

Announcement of Decision of Judges.

MUSIC.

10:00 P. M.—.....Alumni Banquet.

Commencement, Wednesday, June 15

Exercises 11:00 A. M.

Music.

"Maryland, My Maryland" Randall.

Invocation Rev. J. C. S. Mayo

Music.

Overture, "Poet and Peasant" Von Suppe

Address to Graduates by His Excellency, Edwin Warfield, Governor of Maryland.

"Foxy Quiller" De Koven.

Salutatory L. W. Cruikshank.

"Modern Chivalry."

Music.

"Hearts and Flowers" Tobani.

Valedictory E. W. Stoll.

"Our Own Country."

Music.

March, "Bachelor Maids" St. Clair.

Presentation of Diplomas.

By His Excellency, Edwin Warfield, Governor of Maryland.

Benediction Rev. S. Ward Righter.

Music.

Star-Spangled Banner Key.

8:30 P. M.—Commencement Ball.

Music Furnished by Fifth Regiment Band.

Statistics of the Class of 1905

NAME	HANDLE.	WHERE FROM.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	HOW WE KNOW HIM.	MOTTO.	LOAFING PLACE.	CHIEF OCCUPATION.	PROBABLE PROFESSION.
BYRON.	Pug.	Where the owls hide.	Sure, He! He!	Big feet.	Singleness is bliss.	In bed.	Playing the guitar.	Teaching music.
COCKEY.	Jack.	Troop A.	You're d—— shouting right.	Military manner.	Don't study too hard.	Steward's room.	Drilling Co. "A."	Prof.
DIGGES.	Grimes.	Charles Co., God bless you.	Bi-je! I losing.	Bashful ways.	Never worry.	Armory.	Cleaning guns.	Teaching graphic statistics.
DUCKETT.	Not worthy of one.	The "Villie."	By Glory!	The tilt of his hat.	Don't let them get away from you.	Dickey's room.	Collecting tent.	Real estate agent.
HAYMAN.	Chief.	Marshes.	By great, I'm tweating.	Length of coat sleeves.	Don't get done.	Lanny's room.	"Tweating."	Irrigating land in Alaska.
KRENTZ-LIN.	"Tracy."	Swellhead Co.	Who put those lights out.	His graceful walk.	Catch him if you can.	Senator's room.	Replacing "blown out" fuses.	Electrician.
MACKALL.	Rat.	Calvert Co., — you.	What's home without a wife.	By his smile.	All work is hard. Don't work.	Cab's house.	Kidding Stubby and Chief.	Pug's ass't.

NICHOLS.	Nick.	Old Mont	H - - i you say.	By his industry.	Neverwork if you don't have to.	Berwyn.	Reporting Lewis and Capestany.	Analysis of fertilizer.
PARKER.	Ape.	God's Country.	God-darn me.	By his mustache.	Eat, drink and be merry, it may soon be gone.	Chemical lab.	Eating and sleeping.	Prof. of rooting.
SMITH.	Smitty.	Same as Ape.	Has none.	By his good looks.	Take life easy; you don't live long.	Pete Bassett's room.	Fanning Dick Hall.	Commandant of cadets at M. A. C.
SNAVELEY.	Sis.	The "Point."	Be dogged if I know.	Lady-like ways.	Get married as soon as possible.	Some-where in Mich.	Trying to grow tall.	Farming.
SOMERVILLE.	Stubby.	The mines.	I'm going to stop after this time.	By his height, 4 ft.	Don't let the other fellows get ahead.	Newburg, W. Va.	Playing nurse for the Kids.	Selling coal.
STURGIS.	Brother.	Same as Smitty.	You're O. D. tomorrow.	His studious ways.	Keep on and you'll catch up.	Commy's office.	Writing de-linq u e n c y reports.	
WHITE.	Too good to have one.	Same as Tracy.	Aye (I). Aye (I). Aye (I).	Shoulder straps.	Nothing is worth doing well.	Cab's office.	Drilling battalion.	Prof. of agriculture.

Statistics of the Class of 1906.

NAME.	HANDLE.	HIGHEST AMBITION.	FAVORITE EX-PRESSION.	REASON FOR COMING TO M.A.C.	PRESENT OCCUPATION.	MOTTO.
BASSETT.	Pete.	To be captain of baseball team.	By Gosh! Who could win in all this mess?	To play baseball and—	Studying to be an orator.	Do everybody but don't get caught.
CAUL.	Pete II.	To play the banjo.	Don't kid me.	T o b o s Cockey.	Playing basket ball.	
DIXON.	Dick.	To be a ladies' man.	Oh, pshaw!	Chased away from home and had to.	Studying analytics.	
GOODELL.	Goo-Goo.	To weigh 100 pounds.	Hip! Hip! Hip!	To make a man of himself.	Chinning with Prof. Foster.	
GRAHAM.	Jess.	To get sick book right.	You can't get on the list today.	To be librarian.	Running sick list.	
HARRIS.	Doesn't possess one.	To learn jiu jitsu.	He never talks.	T o b e a farmer.	Milking cows.	
LIPPINCOTT.	Slippery.	To be a Junior.	Stop, fool.	To room with Pete.	Playing Old Maids.	

Do everybody but don't get caught.

MITCHELL.	Mitch.	Has none.	High balls for two.	To be with Grimes.	Loafing in Grimes' room..
MAYER.	Roy.	To win an M.	I've won it. Same as Harris.	To play football.	To keep order on.
McNUTT.	Nuts.	To make a ro in Agri.	Same as Harris.	Same as Harris.	Same as Harris.
OSWALD.	Ingram.	To be Y.M.C. A. president.	D---it, don't do that.	To work for Snorter.	Professor of Pyrography.
RIDGEWAY.	Sawed Off.	To lead the Drumm Corps.	R u b-a-d u b, dub.	He doesn't know.	Running a laundry.
SHOWELL.	Shikes.	Not to retire before 2 a.m.	Nothing doing; he only has a smile.	To listen to pick's jokes.	Being hypnotized by "Rat" Mudd.
THOMAS.	Kid.	Same as McNutt.	Gee, Whiz!	To live at "Cabs."	Teaching little "Cab."
WATERS.	Freddie.	To be a preacher.	You shoot it. I'll get it.	To swipe chickens.	Dodging the Sheriff.
WILLIAR.	Harry D.	To be a Junior.	D---it. No.	To be near the "ville."	Loafing.
WOOD.	Tony.	To bum a cigarette.	Same as McNutt.	Same as McNutt.	Same as McNutt.
ZERKEL.	Ferdie.	To be major.	What are you doing? Visiting?	To learn to be a jockey.	Being O. D.

Oratorical Association of Maryland Colleges

Seventh Annual Contest

COLLEGES OF ASSOCIATION.

ST. JOHN'S. WASHINGTON COLLEGE.
WESTERN MARYLAND. MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL.

OFFICERS.

PROF. CHAS. S. RICHARDSON, *President,*
Maryland Agricultural College.
PROF. E. J. CLARKE, *Secretary,*
Washington College.
DR. J. W. REESE, *Treasurer,*
Western Maryland College.

JUDGES.

J. M. STREET, ESQ., *Belair, Md.*
REV. W. R. TURNER, *Washington, D. C.*

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

Address of Welcome.....	CAPT. R. W. SILVESTER
	<i>President M. A. C.</i>
Response.....	PROF. E. J. CLARKE
Remarks by President of Association.....	PROF. C. S. RICHARDSON
Music.....	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
Oration—A Plea of Education.....	MR. J. HOWARD FOX
	<i>St. John's College</i>
Music.....	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
Oration—Responsibility.....	MR. ERNEST ALBERT HOWARD
	<i>Washington College</i>
Music.....	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
Oration—Democracy Triumphant.....	MR. JOHN MITCHELL HENRY
	<i>Western Maryland College</i>
Music.....	COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
Oration—The Supreme Evil.....	MR. GLENWORTH STURGIS
	<i>Maryland Agricultural College.</i>
Decision of Judges	
Vocal Solo—"Beauty Eyes".....	MISS HELEN CHAFFINCH
Music	

A True Story

FIRE! FIRE! the awful cry
 Did pierce the midnight air—
Fire! fire! the dread alarm
Went shrieking up the stair.

Two hundred boys leaped from their beds,
 With faces scared and white,
And grabbed their clothes and got the hose,
 But swooned away with fright.

Professor S——— did hear the cry—
 It roused him from his sleep.
He cleared the bed and made the stairs
 In one tremendous leap.

And on the middle of the stair,
 With serious look and mein;
With tooth-mug full of water,
 Stood valiant Johnny Green.

“Where is the fire?” said Johnny,
 “I feel the heat, I swear—
I fear we’ll all be burned to death—
 Professor, lead in prayer.”

And there upon the stairway
 In night-gowns all arrayed,
Professor S——— and Johnny Green
 Knelt down and fiercely prayed.

But suddenly the baker man,
 A German, speaking Dutch,
Ran up and cried, “Dis all is wrong,
 Dare is von fire nod much.”

You all did me misunderstan—
Dot vaiter I desire,
And called his name—vich it is Harr—
You tink it soun like fire.”

Oh my! but didn't they feel cheap
(Can't tell you what they said),
They laughed a sickly sort of laugh
And both crept back to bed.

“Wanted”

More farmers—Agricultural Course.

Sleep—Editor-in-Chief.

Moustache—J. C. C.

Pony. Any age, so it is sound. Price no consideration—Classical Students.

Wife—J. N. Mackall.

Position as instructor in Calculus—Grimes.

Preparation to prevent perspiring when temperature is 14 degrees below—Edgar.

An apparatus to increase one's height without pulling the spinal column asunder—“Sis.”

“As You Like It”

Any one finding a T square with “Mudd” on it will please have “sand” and “grit” enough to return it and not treat him “dirty.” Probably “Grimes” (Diggles) has it.

Lost.—“Lover’s Guide to Courtship and Marriage.” Finder will please return to Room 22-B.

Man, born of woman is of a few days and full of hash.

A certain professor’s wife, riding from station with Mack, tells him where she wishes to stop. Mack.—All right ’m. I deliver all parcels to their destination.

Mackall.—“Blair got stuck for using obscure language.”

Cockey, J.—“Goodell, what size hat do you wear?”

Goodell.—“Six.”

Cockey, J.—“What size shoes?”

Goodell.—“Five and a half.”

Cockey, J.—“My! but you’ve got small features.”

Dr. McD, in Chem.—“Mr. Owings, what can you say under the head of illumination?”

“Reddy.” (*putting his hand on his head*)—“There’s not much under this illumination.”

Gus.—“King can’t play tennis.”

Smitty.—“How do you know?”

Gus.—“I beat him last night playing caramels.”

Tillson, E. (*on Saturday evening*).—“Let’s play tennis to-morrow and go fishing and if we have time, let’s go to church in the evening.”

Bowland.—“I don’t want to see any such expression as that on your appearance again.”

Harper.—“Say Ferdy, don't you think the Major will assign those small boys to the “Infant-ry?”

Ferdy.—“Yes, and the very last squad.”

Harper.—“But then they will not be able to take part in the “man-ouvres.”

Young student of Shakespeare.—“I hate potato pie, but Shakespeare is simply too dear for any use.”

“You didn't know I was an electrician, did you?”

“Well, I thought something of the kind must be the case, because you shock me very often.”

Pug.—“I hear H—— will be disranked.”

Cockey, J.—“Go tell him to hand in his recognition.”

“Why is President Silvester called “Cab?”

“Because he is a hansom man.”

Owings finds “Immonia” to be a colorless, inodorous gas with few properties and a strong smell.

Grover.—“Won't I look fine when I get dressed up in my new dress suit-case?”

Showell.—“Where is there a church in Washington where I can hear some good singing?”

Tillson, E.—“The Metropolitan.”

Showell.—“Let's go to-morrow.”

How to Keep Young Men on the Farm



If there is one phenomenon, which, above all others, is commanding the attention of Sociologists, it is the constantly increasing tendency of young men to leave the country to seek their fortunes in the already over-crowded cities. The reason for the high interest excited by this movement is to be found in the two-fold problem which it presents for solution—What is to be done to diminish or to remove the evils, industrial, political, social and moral, which the existing overcrowded state of our cities entails; and, what relief can be afforded from the drain to which this movement subjects our country districts? That both city and country are injuriously affected by this exodus of brawn and brain, it hardly needs be asserted. We read it in the daily press not less than in the magazines. We hear it preached from the pulpit and declaimed from the public forum. We accept the fact; and with eagerness seek the remedy, if any such there be.

With the first phase of the problem, the effect on our municipal life, we are not, in this paper, to deal. We leave that aspect of the case to the economist, the statesmen, the sociologist or the moral philosopher. It is to the remaining question that we address ourselves. What can be done to induce young men to remain in the country, to identify themselves with rural interests, to endeavor "to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," to elevate the ideals of country life, and by so doing, "to take arms," as Hamlet says, "against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing end them." For it must be clear to all that if grave evils come to the country, and other social disorders result to the municipality by the migration of the country youth to the city, then we shall be going directly to the source of the trouble if we can discover any means whereby this same young man can be persuaded to stay on the farm. It will appear that, when our part of the problem shall have been solved, there will remain no problem, resulting from this cause, for solution by the reformers above referred to. To our mind the question is one worthy of careful consideration; and, in order to solve it we must first observe the causes which impel the young men to leave the country.

Briefly stated, the reasons for this social phenomenon are to be found in the greater attractiveness of the city to the youthful imagination, and the larger opportunities there afforded to strength and energy. Now we do not intend to dwell upon the justice of this view. We shall simply observe that the extent and value of opportunity are always relative, and that the attractiveness of any-

thing to the human mind must depend in large degree upon education. We are forced to admit, though, that the young man, however much he may be mistaken in his estimate of the advantages afforded him by city life, has a keen appreciation of the unattractiveness of country life as he is compelled to live it, and knows by bitter personal experience how small are the rewards, measured by commercial standards, which energy and perseverance yield under the economic conditions with which he is familiar. Unfortunately the sequel to his bold entrance into the lists of the fierce commercial life of the city, is too often for him a merciless disenchantment. Once involved in its wild vortex, he realizes the truth of the old adage, "all that glitters is not gold," and he soon becomes one of the throng that constitutes the problem for the student of city life. And it seems to be true that, with the passage of the years, the struggle of city life becomes fiercer, while the life in the country becomes more unattractive.

Here, then, is the problem. What shall we do about it? In trying to answer the question we are forced to observe first that in the past, our efforts to change the conditions above referred to, have been largely directed towards the commercial aspect of the case. Wise plans have been formulated and carried out to bring about that enlightenment of the rural population which will enable them to make farming pay. With this end in view the National Government established and maintains its Department of Agriculture, employing the most eminent specialists upon every phase of science relating to agriculture; in pursuance of the same purpose, it established the Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations in each state and territory of the union. It was to extend and enlarge the scope of this work that the state governments have so liberally endowed these colleges that they have, in many states, become great universities. In like manner the experiment stations have been supplemented by departments of Farmers' Institutes, the function of which is to establish a personal chain of communication between the farm and the Experiment Station and College.

We need not point out the beneficent result of this development. To say that, in many portions of the union, methods of agriculture have been revolutionized is to utter a truism. Agriculture has been made to pay—to pay well; to pay handsomely. If there are districts or states in which it does not pay, the condition is either due to a failure on the part of state legislatures to supplement, in adequate degree, the work of the federal government, or grows out of a settled disregard of the means of improvement by those whom it is intended to serve. We believe that the prejudice against "book farming," as it has been styled, is dying out, and that our farmers are becoming daily more firmly convinced of the usefulness of these scientific aids to agriculture. But, on the other hand, it needs hardly be pointed out that in many parts of the union, and

notably in the Eastern States, the farmers' sons do not avail themselves of the advantages offered by agricultural colleges. In spite of the lavish expenditures of state and nation to make agriculture pay, young men do still leave the farm in large numbers to crowd the cities; and, what may seem paradoxical, but what is by no means a local or incidental feature of the case, is the fact that the greater number of young men educated at our agricultural colleges do not go back to the farm.

Now whence this condition? Why is it that the utmost effort of state and nation to make agriculture profitable has failed to revive a dying interest? The answer is to be found in the other aspect of the view, above noted, which the rural youth entertains concerning the conditions incident to country life, as he is compelled to live it. Country life to him is unattractive. A recognition of this fact has induced our wisest educators to inaugurate a system of instruction, the aim of which is to develop in the hearts of our young people a warmer sympathy with nature. Hence Nature Studies, so-called. As the name implies, the system comprehends a study of natural science in all its branches, but more especially those phases of it which enter into the daily life of the child. Without seeming to do so, the child, by observing simple facts of every-day life, acquires a knowledge of natural law, but better still, learns to know and inevitably to love the world about him. The plants of the field, the birds of the air, the babbling brook, the glistening snow, the fierce thunder-storm not less than the wee small voice of the cricket—every phenomenon of nature has a new meaning for him. The country becomes an infinite wonderland more marvelous than the realm of the fairies.

It is true that the full significance of this comparatively recent departure from the beaten path of education is not fully appreciated. There are those who deery it, who deplore the study of "weeds and bugs and things" as catering to the truant spirit of childhood and substituting mere pleasure for work. They lose sight of the fact that work can and should become a pleasure. "Blessed is that man who finds joy in his work," and the same measure of blessing is the reward of the child who labors with cheerfulness of heart. The limits of this paper will not permit a full discussion of the merits of this system of elementary education. But we believe that it opens a new life for our little ones. We are unreservedly in favor of its adoption in all our public schools. Moreover, we advocate, especially in the rural districts, that emphasis be placed upon those phases of the study which bear directly upon agriculture. To accomplish this end there should be attached to every schoolhouse enough ground, in addition to that used for playgrounds, to enable the children, under the supervision of the teacher, to devote a portion of the school hour to a practical application of the principles of growing plants.

This is by no means an original idea with us. In many of our large cities we find that school play-grounds are being enlarged with this very end in view. Does it not seem strange, that in the city, where land is highly valued, it is not deemed wasteful or extravagant to expend large sums of money in this manner? How much more simple is it to inculcate a familiarity with nature in the country where are all her visible forms spread out in limitless profusion, right at hand. It will be maintained, no doubt, that the cost of inaugurating such a system would be too great; that it would involve too much increase in the tax-rate of the counties. Surely such a consideration will not be argued seriously when the cheapness of land in most of our rural districts is taken into account. Let us put the matter in this form—What is the cost of an acre of land to a community as compared with the fact that, through the use of the land for the purposes outlined above, one or two or perchance a score of young men may be induced to remain in the country to increase the productive capacity of the community?

We are convinced that there are in this latest plan to reconcile the rural youth to country life, infinite possibilities of good; but again we are forced to observe that even this will not achieve the object aimed at. Could the child remain in this fairyland of nature as opened to him by his nature studies, his life would be pleasant, indeed. What could the city offer to offset such charms as are here presented to his view? But, alas! what happens when the hours of school duty are over? We submit to a candid public opinion, if the home training of the children is not frequently, (unfortunately, almost generally throughout the rural districts), such as to nullify the teachings of nature study. What is the use to expect the child, who has been in the hands of the teacher for a few hours, to have a deep all-pervading love of nature, when, as soon as he is released from the duties of school, he is compelled to become the ordinary drudge of the farm? How can we reasonably expect the boy to love nature when from the first peep of dawn until long after the sun has sunk to rest, he is compelled to engage in labor of the most mechanical sort, a labor that is too often beyond his strength? What intellectual development can be expected when a few months are clipped from the school term in the fall in order that the child's labor may complete the harvesting of the grain; and when a corresponding shortening of the term is made in the spring that that same child labor may aid in the planting of new crops? What must result when the child is thus caught between the upper and nether millstones of drudgery in the summer months and drudgery added to study in winter? Is it not reasonable to find the enthusiasm ground out of him? Why shouldn't he dislike the country, and look to the city for emancipation? Are we painting the picture too dark? Possibly so; but we are convinced that there is enough of the force of truth in the argument to show one cause, be its influence great or small, which tends to nullify the influence of nature study education.

What, then, is the remedy? The formula for educating a child has long been announced: "Educate the grandfather." This, we believe, is the connecting link that is to make it possible to educate the youth to remain in the country. Let parents consider the practical aspect of this question: Is it better to employ child labor for farm work, when it is manifest that such labor is not the most economical, and when it surely entails the creation in the child's mind of a lasting dislike for country life; or is it better to treat the child so that his physical strength will not be stunted, that his intellectual powers may be developed, and that he may be brought into a broad sympathy with nature, which will be the attractive force that will surely hold him on the farm? Will not the economic advantage be greater from having young men intellectually keen, as well as physically able, with a sympathy and liking for the country life, remaining in the country and devoting that same energy and intelligence to production, than from the conversion of under-developed children into mere drudges, out of sympathy with their environment? Is child labor any less heinous or uneconomical in the country than in the city? What shall it advantage a man if he gain a child's labor and lose the youth's productive power?

But it is not only in an economic sense that it would be better to aid children in their development, rather than to retard their growth as above outlined. There must inevitably result a great moral uplifting from such a policy. A broader view of life must surely follow, and much of the narrow provincialism of country life will vanish. Let the culture of the public schools and the college and the university flow back to the farm, not away from it, and we shall have indeed a regenerated agriculture and a transformed country life.

If there be any truth in the principles laid down above, it must be clear that we must not depend upon any one factor of this educational system to produce the revolution demanded for the cure of the evil which constitutes the problem for our solution. There must be a more intelligent treatment of children in the rural home. Let home life be made attractive at whatever cost; for the effort will be as bread cast on the waters, and after many years, it will return an hundred fold. The system of Nature Study must be developed to its fullest extent in our public schools. Our school commissioners must not balk at the first cost; for it means the restoration of "the yeomanry, our country's boast." The agricultural college must be liberally patronized in order that the full benefit afforded by state and federal aid may be disseminated among the rural youth. At all these stages the fact must be impressed upon the youthful mind that the greatest good lies near to nature's heart, and the young man must be urged to go back to the farm. We believe that with each generation, the urging will be needed less and less. The logic of circumstances will point the way not to the overcrowded city, but back to the "fresh fields and pastures new."

College Ode

Glenworth Sturgis.

L. F. Zerkel.

Tune—Maryland, My Maryland.

Our college dear, of thee we sing,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
And loyal hearts we gladly bring
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
In memory fond thy name shall cling,
Throughout the land thy praise shall ring,
So to the breeze your banner fling,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

Thy sons have e'er been true to thee,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
And greater yet their love shall be,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
When records of our deeds they see:
If we obey thy every plea,
And keep unstained thy history,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

In Wisdom's hall or on the field,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
To vaunting foe we ne'er shall yield,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
For in our lives shall be revealed
Those inspirations that appealed
To feelings true by you unsealed,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

While other banners wave on high,
 M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
And brighter colors greet the sky,
 M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
The Orange and Black shall ever fly,
And heights of fame they shall deserv
Who guard thee with a loving eye,
 M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

Oh, let us then to her be true,
 M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
Her high and noble aims pursue,
 M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
And let us dedicate anew
Our lives to every service due
That may thy glorious fame renew,
 M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

All's Well That Ends Well



LONG time ago, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "The and "Over Niagara Falls" and reached "The Eternal City," the World in Eighty Days" and soon sailed "Across the Pacific World" for the "Northern Lights." He traveled "Around sen," left "The Old Homestead" and set forth "Alone in the Man from Arizona," otherwise known as "The Prince of Pil-

It was here that he received "A Scrap of Paper" containing "A Message from Mars," saying that "Peggy from Paris" would be there at "The Eleventh Hour" and they would have "A Royal Wedding." He wanted to meet her at "The Crossing," but strange to say she had "Her Own Way," and they met "In the Palace of the King." When she arrived, he was glad to learn that she was not the "Street Singer" of old, but "Merely Mary Ann."

Their "Wedding Bells" could not ring for over a week, as "The Yankee Consul" and his wife were visiting "King Dodo" in "The Royal Palace" on their "Chinese Honeymoon." In the meantime, "Arizona" plays the part of "Office Boy," while "She Stoops to Conquer" by playing "The Second Fiddle."

At the end of the "Twelfth Night" they found "The Little Minister," and after making "Much Ado About Nothing," were married. They spent their first "Ten Nights in a Barroom"; after this they got "Busy Izzy" and sailed "Down the Pike" "Under Two Flags" to "The Land of the Midnight Sun," where they met "The Virginian." It was here the "The Crisis" came, as the man from "Way Down East" was given "The Jilt," but he having "The Right of Way," left for "Old Kentucky" with "His Last Dollar." Here he fell in love with "The College Widow," but she would have nothing to do with "The Errand Boy." As she was already the wife of "David Harum," "The Gentleman from Indiana," she bade him "For Her Sake" to repent for "The Fatal Wedding" and return to "Pretty Peggy."

H. D. W., Jr., '06.

Things That Happened

SEPTEMBER

13. Inrush of rats and, as usual, they take Johnny Green for President.
14. Sturgis and Somerville go to see their lady friends and walk through mud puddles.
15. Regular work begins. Rats hunting for class-rooms.
16. Cab has rat meeting and explains that Johnny Green is not President.
17. Football squad begins work. White tells "Commy" he is going to Washington.
18. All the rats go to church.
19. Organization of Rossbourg.
20. "Lanny" gives first lesson in Graphic Statics and everyone makes 10.
21. Organization of A. A. Prof. Richardson makes his annual address on "Paying Dues."
22. Nothing doing.
23. Oswald goes to Balto. Business unknown. Somerville resumes his old habit—working the sick list.
24. Cockey dreams that he has been made Capt. of Co. "A"; gets up hurriedly and cuts off one shoulder strap before he realizes that it is only a dream.
25. Watts and Anderson pay us a farewell visit.
26. "Commy" jumps all over the Adj't. and tries to impress upon him that he ("Commy") is It.
27. Meeting of Trustees. Gov. Warfield pays us a visit.
28. Digges changes his shirt, or at least that is what Harris told on him.
29. Not much doing.
30. Y. M. C. A. makes its debut in new auditorium. First reception ever held by the Association. Great success.

OCTOBER

1. Football game with Randolph-Macon. Score, 0—0.
2. Preaching in auditorium. Edgar comes down. (Cloudy.)
3. Promotions read out. Cockey made Capt. and appears five seconds later with his shoulder straps. How did it happen?
4. "Commy" smiles. Cloudy to-night. Rain to-morrow.
5. Oswald makes a pun. More rain.
6. Nothing doing.
7. Football team leaves for Newport News.

8. Team plays Artillery School. Score, 0—0.
9. Earl, Nick and Edgar go to church and do not return until Reveille.
10. Prof. Spence fails to meet his classes. Great rejoicing.
11. "Commy" follows directions and takes one pill. It almost kills him. Ye gods and little fishes! Why didn't the directions say two.
12. Prof. Lanahan demonstrates to the Juniors that the weight of love equals one dyne.
13. "Stubby," celebrating, returns at 3 a. m. and sleeps all day.
14. Meeting of Trustees. Cab gets 30 days. Football team leaves for Frederick.
15. Team defeats Mt. St. Mary's. Score, 0—0. Second team loses on home grounds to B. P. I. Score, 6—0.
16. John gives us fried chicken for lunch. Expect hash for rest of week. Glen goes to Balto. Business unknown.
17. Meeting of A. A. Athletic Council. Present subject, "We Must Have Money," by Prof. Richardson.
18. White awakes from nap in class room in presence of Prof. L. "Lanny" laughs.
19. Boys worry "Commy" by going in O. D.'s room for mail. He says various things.
20. Juniors like Analytics so well that they wait for Cab. a whole period.
21. "Commy" gets "stuck" (to the bottom of his chair). Who did it?
22. Football team are defeated by Western Md. College. Score, 5—0.
23. Edgar stays in Balto, all day. Attraction unknown.
24. Boys disappointed. No holiday.
25. "Commy" has entire battalion at Guard Mounting.
26. "Stubby" hands Graphic Statics in on time. Dixon and Williar have trouble at supper with Johnny. Reason, things in general, principally grub.
27. Sophs. get in coop. Prof. Spence lectures on rowdyism.
28. Nothing doing.
29. Ferdie takes second team to Balto.
30. Rev. ——— preaches good sermon. Boys go to sleep.
31. Hallowe'en. "Commy" approve requests from 11 p. m. till 6 a. m.

NOVEMBER

1. Cockey and "Commy" have a little matter of difference.
2. Glen returns from home. School lamenting because Mt. St. Joseph's cancels game.

3. President and ex-president of Y. M. C. A. put out sign "Free lunch with every glass."
4. Senior class placed under arrest for short time. M. A. C. co-ed. for a few hours in evening.
5. Football team defeated by University of Maryland. Score, 6—0.
6. "Stubby" goes home to vote for Teddy.
7. Blue Monday.
8. Election day. Rats take French leave and go to Kernan's.
9. Majority of Faculty met over result of election. Not much work. New visitor comes to college. Result—no sleep for boys.
10. And still it yells.
11. Capt. Keene explains new drill regulations.
12. Football team does not play St. John's. Boys make Ape say things.
13. Big snow. Ingram goes to Balto. to see his cousin. (*E pluribus unum.*)
14. Ape tries to call up Capt. of Gallaudet football team on 'phone. (Dummy.)
15. Cockey buys bath tub, and is so pleased that he buys four more (dark green).
16. Well, there's not much doing.
17. Rats begin leaving for Thanksgiving holidays.
18. "Stubby" hides behind the "little green bottle" and "Grimes" fails to see him.
19. Third team licks Mt. St. Joseph's reserves in morning. Score, 10—0. First team defeats Gallaudet in afternoon by score of 22—5. What's the matter with M. A. C.?
20. Very quiet. Preaching at supper time. Ingram goes to Balto. Same old story.
21. First battalion drill.
22. Seniors hold class meeting and everybody wants to conduct it. Results—0. Mr. Green gives big dinner.
23. Boys depart for home to eat turkey. Hospital does a rushing business and stock of "Eversfield Cathartics for Everybody" runs low.
24. Game with Delaware College. Capt. Gill severely injured. Some of the M. A. C. boys come out of game with hair all mussed up.
28. Wiggles slightly indisposed. Captain finds him locked in clothes shute.
29. Prof. Richardson fails to interpret Hinea's Penn. Dutch and Hinea gets called down.
30. Class team squads begin work.

DECEMBER

1. "Commy" pulls up stakes very unexpectedly just before drill. School in mourning.
2. "Shike's" appetite exceeds that of Jake Zouck. Johnny goes in mourning.
3. J. C. B., the new "Commy," disapproves all rats' requests. Much squealing.
4. Have preaching and Thos. Humphrey goes fishing. Rats on Jimmy's Lane and Buzzard's Roost, under leadership of "Big Chief" and Groves, have strenuous pillow fight.
5. "Jimmie" goes to Benning's. Result, new desk and Varsity sweater with football M. Go again, "Jimmie," and take us along. Eidman fails to appear in Ape's room more than 21 times. Snow fall.
6. "Nick" unable to remain in Chem. Lab. because of too much smoke (tobacco). Pug and Sis have scrap. Pug goes on list; Sis turns nurse.
7. Junior and Soph. football game. General mix-up. No results except that both classes vow vengeance upon the Editor-in-Chief if he—— Ingram and Shike say damn. Three feet of snow expected.
8. Mudd, T. J., hypnotizes Groves, and he in turn runs Shike and Col. and Jamieson on Buzzard's Roost. Shike, "If I die, I'll be near Heaven."
9. Seniors hold class meeting until 2 a. m. to decide on ring. Vote, 6—6.
10. First Sergt. marches battalion to breakfast on account of Senior class meeting. And still it snows.
11. Snow one foot deep. Seniors have class meeting. Vote, 6—6.
12. "Stubby," Ingram, Edgar and Co. go to Sunday School. "Stubby" gets lost in snow drift (1 foot deep) and returns at 2 a. m. Seniors have class meeting. Vote, 6—6. Don't worry.
13. Seniors choose ring. Everybody goes skating.
14. Somebody blows out a fuse. Electrician Krentzlin "cusses" as usual—"his bark is worse than his bite."
15. "Jimmie" gives all Asst. Profs. skating leave, good until 11 p. m. "Bunnie" and "Farmer" reported for overstaying leave.
16. Arms turned in to armory. Drill over until after holidays. Rats happy. Three cadet officers start free transfer agency from College to Pike by means of sleds. "Abe" the first victim.
17. Exams. Hard work and no time to write.
18. Ditto. Sunday dinner "out of sight."

19. "Rat" decides that he knows too much Dutch and makes excavation in rear of his cranium to let it out.
20. Many gone, others going.
21. Ditto.
22. Sweetest dance ever given.
23. All gone.

JANUARY

3. Coming—coming—coming!
4. Still coming.
5. All here. Hawk Alley Quartette hold meeting and elect Shike chief Hawk. Results of celebration—all got stuck. "Jimmie" makes inspection. Not necessary to give results.
6. A young Hanson makes his appearance. His father says he must take the Mechanical Course. On car, Bishop gives his seat to a "lady of color." Boys threaten to disown him. Bishop routs her and regains his seat.
7. Cry of fire at 1 a. m. Johnny faints, but quickly revives when someone yells: "They've got the pies!" "Jimmie," "Bunnie," and Johnny look for fire and pies. "Stubby" looks for—well, never mind. Ask him.
8. Emmert blows Reveille at 5:30. Is visited by "Big Guard" and Sherlock Holmes II. He now takes his meals from the mantelpiece.
9. Pug and Jack skip chapel. Cab. sticks both of them. Heavy clouds in sky.
10. Prof. Bomberger wears the same necktie for three consecutive periods.
11. Great excitement. Walker finds \$348.00 in back of old ledger. Remainder of day spent in destroying old books. Nothing doing, boys; sorry for you.
12. Continued excitement. Mr. Calvert partakes of it and paints his house red.
13. Wreck on B. & O. Everybody attends. Lecture on "Farming." Special Agri. men on front row, deeply interested. Remainder spend very pleasant hour in Land of Nod.
14. Another lecture. Same results. Rabbit for supper. That's what Johnny said it was. A month's starvation expected.
15. Ingram returns from Balto. It's useless to say what he went for.
16. Grimes comes down to breakfast on time. Mudd gets reported before Reveille.

17. Stubby strolls up the Pike
To see his "tootsie-woo,"
Edgar says, "That's just all right,
But I think that I'll go, too."
18. Major Wellstood lectures on "The Changing of the Tide." Some of the boys say it should have been "A Changing of the Socks."
19. Mr. Green receives order from Gen. Nogi for two cargoes of biscuit. These are said to be the most effective projectiles that have been used in the siege.
20. Very interesting lecture in chapel about the "feller on top." Boys keep awake. Emmert doesn't hit the list. Doc is afraid he will lose his job.
21. Glen and Rat go to Balto, on Reveille business. Glen went elsewhere, too; but she knows he doesn't mean business.
22. Showell goes to bed before 2 a. m.
23. "Ape" has his mug taken and doesn't like the photos because they resemble him so much. But who can blame him?
24. Rat plays possum. Taken to Infirmary in fainting condition (?). Madam Fitz. doctors him up. Result, "I wish I hadn't done it."
25. Grimes gets up in time to have a game of "Old Sol" before breakfast. Anyway, we're glad to see him on time once.
26. Cockey fails to drill his company.
27. Moonlight dance in chapel, in which the moon forgot to shine. Ask Krentzlin how it was done.
28. Edgar has photo taken and tells photographer he would like to see the proof before coming out to college.
29. Pinck goes to Sunday School. Ye gods and little horn-ponts! What will happen next?
30. Jer Jitser Club organized by Digges and Harris. Club pays in ten dollars and receives photo of Mr. Yabe. Well pleased.
31. Ingram doesn't go to Baltimore, nor Stubby up the Pike.

FEBRUARY

1. Ingram goes to College Park to collect Y. M. C. A. dues from Mr. Calvert. Reaches College again out of breath and very much frightened. What can be the matter?
2. Lecture in chapel. Agriculturists learn to beware a mule's head. Nothing was said of his bee's.
3. Chief walks out from District line. He forgot the last car passes at 12:40.

4. Chief misses Reveille, breakfast and chapel. Recuperating, they say.
5. Smitty makes up his bed. Grimes gets a hair cut.
6. Boys swipe bugles and breakfast is a half-hour late. Prof. Spence has clock set back half hour and things go on as usual.
7. Now the drums are gone. Jimmie makes a midnight trip to town and returns with a bugle in time for Reveille. No use, boys.
8. Company basket ball series begins.
9. Prof. Lanahan shows the Juniors some experiments with the tuning fork in sound. Shike thinks he is in singing class and tries to run the scale.
10. Ingram starts for his cousin's wedding with good and philanthropic intentions of giving her old shoes and plenty of rice.
11. Nothing doing.
12. Jamieson visits the Zoo, and returns with a startling tale of an animal there with a tail before and a tail behind.
13. Harris goes over to the Library and gets a book, "Bugs and Their Works." Says he will enjoy himself for a while.
14. Great catastrophe in Gym. During exciting game of basket ball, grand stand falls with a crash and brings all on it down. Result: Toadvine is missing. If you should see him, express him to College Park.
15. "Rat" changes his shirt.
16. Smitty, Stubby, and Chief go coasting after supper. Each saves his care fare to Washington.
17. Entertainment in Auditorium by Mademoiselle Sally Conrad Faunt le Roy. Girls, don't turn him down in May, wait until June.
18. Find stress on Jimmy's mind when he wanted to go coasting and found sled in use. Answer requested.
19. Sis becomes enamored of a dusky maiden while in town.
20. Harris and Ingram have a game of poker. Betting heavy, for Ingram holds two fives, two tens and a seven, and Harris, three fives, one ten and a tray.
21. Mudd and Jamieson get stuck only seven times each. Good work, boys. The Y. M. C. A. hasn't worked in vain.
22. Smith, Glen and Ape go to Balto, to see "Her First False Step," Holiday street.
23. Rat frightens all the snow-birds from College Grove with his laugh.
24. Seniors and Juniors have a dance. Not a moonlight dance—the moon doesn't even look—when the lights go out.
25. Edgar calls on lady friend and drinks a bottle of Heinz tomato catsup. Returns and tells us what fine wine he has had.
26. Everybody goes to church, even Rat. Snow expected.

27. Snow arrives. Boys begin to realize that Farmer Wall's room has been rough-housed. Several put under arrest until May 31, others until June 1st. Some compelled to stay in; others not allowed to go out.

28. "Tom Humphrey" and Stubby have little confidential talk. Stubby thinks he is President.

MARCH

1. No disturbance raised on Wiggles Alley.

2. Jack King wants recipe for making vanilla lemonade.

3. Everybody preparing to go to the inauguration.

4. Teddy inaugurated. Boys escort him. Jamieson even in step when he passes the President.

5. Boys go to church in the morning and to town in the afternoon to see the pretty girls (visitors), but fail. Crowd on the Avenue too great for them.

6. All the Juniors make two "zips" in calculus except Mitchell, he only one. Too much Teddy.

7. Fancy dress ball in Hyattsville. Oh, you ought to have seen "Sunny Jim," "Nery Nat," "Willie Boy," clowns and frontiersmen. Even the "Hoolies" were in awe of them.

8. The following sign is found on Lanny's class-room door: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Very appropriate.

9. Nothing doing.

10. Trustees meet. We have hash for a rarity. "Tolly" doesn't have his lecture on Agriculture.

11. Everybody goes to town to see "Peggy from Paris." Worse than the "Sambo Girl."

12. Ingram skips chapel and Grimes get a shave.

13. Unlucky day and Blue Monday for Seniors. Make "zips" with Lanny.

14. Speeches in auditorium by Profs. Spence and Richardson. As a result of the enthusiasm aroused Stubby collects about \$500.00 (?) dres.

15. Mackall, reading Geology, recognizes Ichthyosanopothy as a mystical animal weighing 8 feet high. No wonder, with such a name.

16. Cake frier makes its debet in kitchen. Oh, that satisfied smile on our steward's face!

17. Inspection. Grimes gets stuck for dirty room. How could this be?

18. Saturday. We don't make "zips" on this day of the week. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

19. Everybody goes to church except those that don't go.

20. Rat receives a letter on burnt orange paper and considers it an insult. She should use green.
21. Exams begin. Jamieson hears about the cribs and says he will borrow a pony.
22. Senior class meeting. White is voted as the greatest laides man and the class decides that Rat will be pretty when his face comes in fashion.
23. No one puts out the light. Krentzlin rejoices.
24. Maryland Day celebrated. Anything to get out of work.
25. Opening game of the baseball season with Georgetown. Score, 6—3. M. A. C.'s coming.
26. Baseball manager goes to church as result of yesterday's game. Play 'em again.
27. The dreaded day passes quietly.
28. Ingram returns from a visit to his cousin and is found writing to her at 2 p. m. and again at 7:30 p. m.
29. A student calls on his lady friend in the 'Ville, and has to wait on the porch while she dines. Ask Krentzlin about it.
30. White skips breakfast formation.
31. Bassett talks baseball for only fifteen minutes before breakfast. He wasn't up earlier.

APRIL

1. April Fool's Day and the boys take advantage of it. So does the baseball manager.
2. Jimmy reports everybody for not leaving college.
3. A bug Prof. stands in front of barracks smoking his pipe. Boys think there is fire and turn hose on him from second story window. That makes him hot and he blazes forth with sparks in his eye, but his goose is cooked and he cools down, while the boys extinguish the lights.
4. Stubby engages in the barber business. Cuts two rats' hair and now "I don't like you any more."
5. No baseball game on account of rain. Glen and Stubby walk a mile in ten feet of mud to call on young ladies.
6. Prof. Lanny smiles. Now what do you think of that?
7. Edgar visits District Line and the usual calamity befalls him. His plodding up and down the sand hills of Worcester have not been in vain.
8. Baseball team plays Mt. St. Joseph's at Baltimore. M. A. C. wins by score of 10 to 1. Keep it up boys.

9. Very quiet; only a little baseball discussion.
10. Mudd, T., gets a hair cut. Don't you know, he looks awfully funny.
11. Stubby and Chief take a trip up the Pike. Strange things will happen. Stubby says he will probably be back for breakfast.
12. Grimes sweeps out, and being thus occupied, stops playing solitaire for thirteen minutes. Jamieson doesn't get stuck.
13. We do not have slum for supper. Thirteen isn't so unlucky after all. Preacher Digges reforms and swears only twenty-seven times during supper.
14. Big debate with Delaware College. M. A. C. loses. We can't win everything all the time.
15. Glen's birthday. Goes to Baltimore on Reveille business and to ———, well, never mind. Baseball team defeats Fredericksburg College to the tune of 7 to 1.
16. "Pug" spills the strap and gets so stuck up he won't speak to anybody. Stubby and Chief fail to go to Berwyn.
17. Basset is seen without a cigarette in his mouth. Nick goes up on Berwyn Heights to spend the evening. Ferdy takes a shave.
18. "Ape" doesn't report Jamieson or Bishop. Coming much cooler, probable snow.
19. Easter holidays begin. Boys all happy, and most of them start for home.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

This little space is set apart for the select (?) few, who, for various reasons, remained at College during the holidays.

20. Every one plays baseball or tennis. Tillson, E., challenges any "knight of the court," but no one wishes to play him.
21. Some of the boys hitch up Nancy Hanks and drive to Hyattsville. Three ride while the fourth walks ahead to see if Capt. is around.
22. Big baseball game. The Besa Brothers' Giants vs. Mark Antony Hudson's Blue Stockings. Score, 43 to 37 in favor of the Giants. In the tennis tournament Mr. Smith goes down to defeat at the hands of "Rat," sometimes known as Mr. Mackall.

23. Everyone goes to church. "Rat" and "Smitty" go to three different churches during the day. They were probably playing steeplechase. They say they gave a nickel each time, but we don't know. Mr. Green gave each one an extra for each time he went to church.

24. All is quiet along the Pike. Edgar pays a short visit across the branch.

25. Work begins. Boys come in with a rush to take up scholastic duties. The good things which they brought are too numerous to mention.

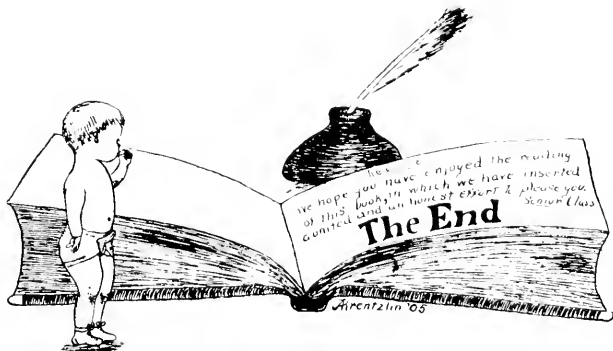
26. Nicholls reports Capestany for assumption of authority because he goes up on the "Heights."

27. Cockey does not go on O. D. in order to get out of classes. Oswald and Harris go bug hunting and return with tin can full of tadpoles.

28. Edgar and Stubby receive bill for board and kerosene, but the kerosene is a mere bagatelle when Stubby is around.

29. Game with Naval Academy at Annapolis. M. A. C. meets defeat. They played a great game, however, and are in no wise discouraged.

30. "If you'll turn that 'bloomin' diary in, the forms will be already to put on the press," say our publishers. We mustn't delay them.





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Bulletin No. 178 of New Jersey Agricultural Experimental Station, on pages 4 and 5, says regarding KIL-O-SCALE:

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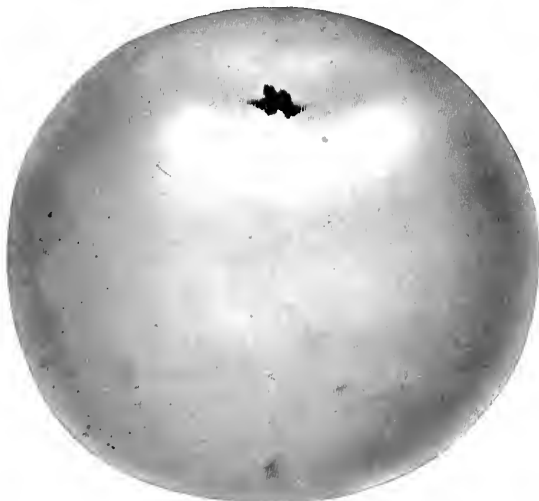
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