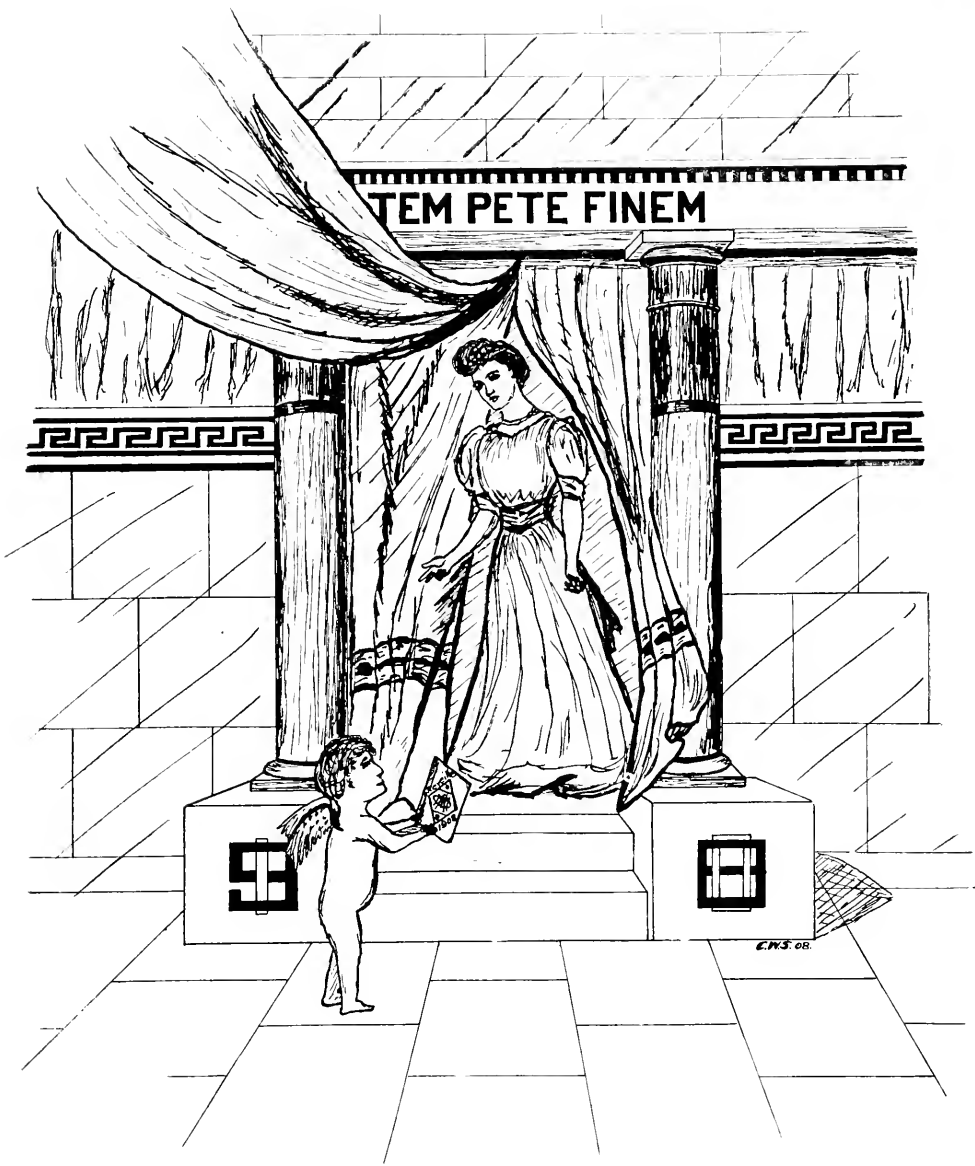


ARCHIVES

TEM PETE FINEM



C.N.S. 08.

To

Dr. G. B. McDonnell

With esteem and affection, we dedicate this little
annual in pleasant remembrance of
happy Sophomore days.

Editorial Preface

“Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and fields remote and passing by,
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden, once at every gate.”

—*Ingalls*

Opportunity! What a word to conjure with. The golden key of our future, the enduring hope of all life. Abundantly opportunities have come to us in our college career. Unmistakably have we heard their knocking. Some we have answered gladly, some few we have followed diligently, and some, by far the greater part, we have passed by unheeded. Among others, we have grasped this opportunity to bring forth a brief record of our happy, thoughtless college life, whose care-free spirit has moved us in this delightful work. We have produced, as we sincerely hope, something that may serve at least to pass the idle hours away, that will in future days dispel a little of the cares and trials of life's routine and awaken once more within us dim memories of the joyous atmosphere of M. A. C. in the palmy days of Nineteen Eight. If we have failed in this attempt, if we have fallen short of our humble object—why, then, we have failed, and that is the end of it. If, however, we have succeeded, then the pleasure, the enjoyment of success is with us, and with those who have worked for its completion, who have contributed to its pages, or who have in any manner aided in its progress. So, trusting that to our friends and fellow-students it may serve as a refreshing reminder and remembrance of the passing of the Brotherhood of Nineteen Eight, we leave to you its perusal.

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Dr. H. B. McDonnell

On a broad-acred farm near the little town of Florence, in Washington County, Pa., Dr. H. B. McDonnell was born, spending his boyhood there, assisting with the farm work, and attending the district school in winter. After a year spent in the public schools of Pittsburg he attended academies at Frankfort Springs, Pa., and Butler, Mo., taught school for a while, and then, in the fall of 1882, entered the Freshman class at Pennsylvania State College, graduating four years later in the Chemistry and Physics Course. He obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in Baltimore, in 1888, assisting while there in the Chemical Department of the Medical College as well as in the College of Pharmacy, and spending his vacation as chemist in a large fertilizer factory. Having practiced medicine for nearly a year, he accepted the position of assistant chemist at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, and was appointed in 1891 Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Maryland Agricultural College.

Since his residence here Dr. McDonnell's principal work has been the inspection and analysis of fertilizers, spending his first long winter vacation in taking a course at Johns Hopkins. After the reorganization of the college in 1892 he assumed entire charge of the Department of Chemistry. At this time the income from fertilizer licenses amounted to only eight hundred a year, severely restricting the work of inspection. Having drafted certain amendments to the existing law, Dr. McDonnell succeeded in having it adopted in 1894, and now, with an income of nine thousand dollars for analyzing fertilizers under the new law, the Chemical Department is self-sustaining.

Dr. McDonnell is a member of the Washington Chemical Society, The American Chemical Society, The American Association for the Advancement of Science, The Prince George's County Medical Society, of which he is secretary; The State Medical Society, and treasurer of the Maryland State Grange as well.

Our association with Dr. McDonnell as an instructor has been most pleasant and delightful. Indeed, to our large class, divided as it is into engineers, farmers and scientists, he has been a binding tie, since we were all together under him as students of elementary chemistry in our Sophomore year. We have always appreciated his good-natured tolerance of our boyish exuberance and excesses,



DR. H. B. McDONNELL

and consider it a factor in our education of no inconsiderable importance that we should have come in touch with such a man as he, who has so ably lived up to the true functions of a professor, which consists, we believe, not so much in mere technical teaching as in the strength and force of character which is brought to bear upon the pupils. The details of inorganic chemistry, its salts, its bases and its acids, have long since faded from our lax memories, but we doubt if ever our lively recollections of "Doctor Mac," his methodical ways, his quiet criticisms and generous treatment of our, we fear, too oft offending class will ever be effaced.

Around him, too, cluster some of the happiest experiences of our college course. Well do I remember how as Sophomores, fifty strong, we used to march down from the barracks to the old chemical lab. on our weekly jubilee parade, garbed like beggars of the nursery jingle, "Some in rags, some in tags and some in velvet gowns." Surely we were a fearful and wonderful sight! And then up the stairs we would rush in a wild stampede that I often wonder it did not bring the building down. But it never appeared to phase "Doctor Mac."; he had seen Sophomores come up those stairs before! Having arrived on the scene, we would proceed with all expedition to throw order back into chaos, and this we confess is one of the Doctor's tender points, since he is, we believe, a sincere believer in the commandment that "Order is Heaven's First Law."

Especially do I remember a balmy day in the late fall, when we had been manufacturing chlorine. From fifty generators the noxious gas was leaking out in copious quantities. The room was full of it, we were full of it, and everything in sight and hearing as well. At length we were driven out, and while the patient Doctor cleared the atmosphere we rolled among the rustling leaves and breathed in the rich autumn air.

Those, too, were the days of weekly "matinees," at which some of us (if I remember rightly) held box seats reserved for the entire season, and few were they who so far disgraced themselves as to let a whole month go by without their patronage.

If we were remiss in our studying, with what fear and trembling did we listen to "Doctor Mac's" cool, decisive "That's sufficient," when he had pumped the desired knowledge out of some reluctant individual and came on down the line to us. What joy if we answered correctly! What desperation if we tried to bluff!

It was at the end of this same Sophomore year that we planted our row of star-leafed gums along what is to be some day the "Avenue," and we can conclude this simple appreciation in no more fitting manner than by joining, as we did then, in a hearty, "Three Cheers for 'Doctor Mac' and the whole McDonnell Family."

College Days

Four years are passed, and we stand on the threshold of our life's work. It is not for us to penetrate the dim avenues of time and see what the hands of fate are going to scatter along our pathway, but the joys and the sorrows of the past are always ours. We can never store them in the dark corners of our memories, these years that have been so much to us.

How many of us can forget our first arrival here? Our hearts and minds were filled with anticipation of what was to be our home for such a long period in a boy's life. We could hardly restrain ourselves as the car stopped, so eager were we to be the first to see her celebrated halls. At last the train rolled into the station, and we were able to drink our fill of the beautiful scenery. How proud we are of our State for establishing such an institution! Our college spirit had already passed the embryonic stage, and as we walked up the broad, gracefully-curved avenue, shaded by wide-spreading silver maples, it seemed to fill our whole being.

The scenery which greeted us on every side could not be more delightful. From our feet the lawn spread out in a velvety green carpet, stretching over the hill and into the valley beyond. A field of clover on our left was nearing the cutting stage, and the butterflies and the bees, realizing the great need of haste, were sipping continually the nectar from the ripened blossoms. How earnestly this picture of rural plenty appealed to us, and as we went on, and our point of view enabled us to see over the ridge into the rose garden, with its background of vineyard and orchard loaded with their luscious fruits, which one of us was then ashamed to acknowledge himself a country lad, even if it did bring disdainful smiles to the lips of the city-born among us? From the rose garden we are not able to see the building; instead we find towering up before us an army of foreigners. We are not dismayed at their appearance, however, for they are from the friendly shores of Norway, and they wave to us their long branches of evergreen, the universal sign of peace.

The inquisitiveness of youth cannot long be restrained, so we hurry thru the grove of spruce until we come in view of the main buildings. "And this is the place—this old gray building, our home. The place of our struggles and joys."

How can we ever forget her beauty as we viewed it for the first time, in the halo of idealizing youth! Around us on every side we see beautiful flower gardens, but all of them fall into insignificance as we look directly ahead of us. Here is the central figure of the grounds, a large circular mound, crowned with castor beans, elephant ears and scarlet sage, so artistically arranged that one seeing it can never forget its beauty.

Our minds now have to turn from the beauties with which we are surrounded, for we have before us the trying ordeal of facing the professors with their long lists of examination questions. For the next few days nothing but work in warm classrooms fell to our lot, and when the final results were published they filled us with as much pleasure for the time being as all the beauties of nature combined, for we had passed and were now a part of the school. The dread of failure no longer put a check to our buoyant spirits, and we busied ourselves making friends with those who had started on the same road to graduation with us. Some of these boys have kept with us throughout the entire four years, and if we could but write of all of our fun as well as our duties in this time many of those who are contemplating a college course would decide to take one as soon as possible.

Can we ever forget our walks through the country about college? How they seemed to draw out from our souls all that was pure and noble. The hills and dales are again before us, and we live over again the pleasure that was then ours. We can see the old back road as it winds its way among the pretty farmhouses down the hill, with the tall, dark pines on either side, and out again into the valley below. The old mill, with its moss-covered water wheel, again looms up before us, and the picture is so real that it brings back to us the roar of the water madly rushing on over the rocks long worn smooth by the angry lashings of the wrathful element. We can see again the falls and the large boulders on every side. The spray again wets our cheeks as we stand at the base of the cataract and watch with ever increasing fascination the maddened waters churned into foam by its downward rush. There seems to be some potent charm in the scenery that brings us in close communion with the wild life of our prehistoric ancestors. The rough battle of the elements harmonizes with our thoughts, and we long to walk continuously in companionship with the matchless beauties of nature.

Once away from the falls the scenery is even more picturesque. Rocks on either hand rise almost perpendicularly from the stream. Here and there mountain laurel covers the face of the rock with masses of white flower clusters. The wild pansies are not to be forgotten, for in every place where the sunbeams can penetrate we find their friendly little faces turned up to ours in pleasant greeting. Wild geraniums and dog-toothed violets are scattered thickly over the low ground, while fringe trees and magnolias hang over the banks and reflect their blossoms in the clear, still water below.

These walks, altho giving us much of pleasure, were not the only things that made life worth living to us as college men. The athletics—how can we find anything in life to take the place of our college sports? What are we going to do for the gridiron, with her hardened and battered heroes, when we leave college for the last time? How can we quench the fire for baseball that burns in the heart of every true college man? My comrades, we must leave them to the ones who follow in our footsteps. The world is now our athletic field, and we are to cope with the problems which will require harder fighting than any of our college games, but the same great rules that brought victory to us in the past will apply in the future. Remember, fair play and justice will always be triumphant! Endeavor to lift your fallen comrades, and they will add strength to your own position. Let us strive to solve some of the problems in the game of life, and when to our life's work the last tattoo is sounded we will fall to sleep happy in the knowledge that we have added our mite to the advancement of the human race!

Esperanto, '08.



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In Memoriam

Dr. W. O. Eversfield, late resident physician to the college, was born on November the 5th, 1841, on his father's estate, which joins the college farm. He received his early education at the Bladensburg Academy and was graduated from St. John's College, Annapolis.

He then attended the University of Virginia, but did not graduate from that institution. He completed his course in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of M. D. in 1861, when he was but twenty years of age. He then became resident physician at Agnew's School of Surgery, Philadelphia, and pursued a post-graduate course in surgery at that institution.

After completing this course he became, in the early part of the Civil War, surgeon of the 1st U. S. Cavalry, stationed on the Pacific Coast. In the latter part of the war he became Chief Surgeon of the Panama Railroad, and at the end of hostilities returned to his home to engage in private practice and to take care of the family estate.

With the exception of a few years, during which he practiced in Washington, D. C., his life was spent in this neighborhood, and, either by appointment or by proximity, he continued physician to the college until his death, which occurred on January 20, 1908.

Dr. Eversfield was ever a conscientious servitor of M. A. C., and since the Civil War few, indeed, have been the students within her walls who have not known him, or who will not learn with sadness of his death. At the end of his long and useful career we feel impelled to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter, thou into the joys of the Father."



Die Musterung.

- | | |
|--|---|
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1 9 0 8

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H. C. BYRD Salutatorian
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Class Colors

Blue and Red.

Class Motto

“Certem Pete Finem.”

Class Yell

Sis-boom! Sis-boom! Sis-boom-bate!
M. A. C., M. A. C., Nineteen-eight!
Hala, yala, yip, yam, ye!
We're the best as you can see.
Edo pel ecce, classis clate,
Seniors! Seniors! Nineteen-eight!

G. G. BECKER	Baltimore, Md.
N. E. BRICE	Annapolis, Md.
R. BRIGHAM	Brinklow, Md.
L. B. BROUGHTON	Pocomoke, Md.
H. C. BYRD	Crisfield, Md.
B. R. COOPER	Worton, Md.
G. C. DAY	Castleton, Md.
J. W. FIROZ	Thurmont, Md.
H. B. HOSHALL	Parkton, Md.
U. W. LONG	Selbyville, Del.
S. M. LOWREY	Rossville, Md.
T. B. MACKALL	Mackall, Md.
E. I. OSWALD	Chewesville, Md.
E. M. PARADIS	Stockton, Md.
E. H. PLUMACHER	Maracaibo, Venezuela
M. C. PLUMACHER	Maracaibo, Venezuela
W. C. REEDER	Rising Sun, Md.
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R. L. SILVESTER	College Park, Md.
C. S. REVOREDO	Lima, Peru
W. A. S. SOMERVILLE	Cumberland, Md.
H. W. STINSON	Columbia, Md.
G. W. SYLVESTER	Denton, Md.
W. H. THOMAS	Cross Roads, Md.
N. L. WARREN	Selbyville, Del.
C. A. WARTHEN	Kensington, Md.
R. A. WILSON	Cumberland, Md.

Comrades

Comrades we were, and comrades still,
 Altho within thy pleasant gates
Are other places now to fill—
 The vacant places of the Fates.
Fond memory turns me back again
 To those two years of joyous life,
Which all too soon were passed and—then
 For me, the sterner call to strife.

Oh college years—how calm, how bright;
 How like a dream they passed away!
Two years have sunk to sleep in night;
 In memory now they wake to-day.
My friends of then, my friends still are,
 Each tie is cherished in my heart,
Tho time doth scatter us afar,
 In memory never will we part.

One home, one life those years we spent,
 And then each cherished tie to sever—
Oh what a pang that break has meant;
 To me alone 'tis known forever.
But comrades were we, then and now,
 And comrades still we shall remain,
Tho we to Fate's decree must bow
 And maybe never meet again.

For friends must meet and friends must part,
And hearts with joy must ever glow
When thus they feel within them start
The wells of love for friends they know.
But each to his or her reward
Must travel on the road of life,
Unhelped, unaided, save by the sword,
Which each must carry to the strife.

But tho the gathering mist of age
May bring with it its toils untold;
Yet in this life, to me no page
Will be more dear than that doth hold
The memories fond of comrades true,
Of friendships formed in those two years,
When we were drawn as but a few
Are drawn to share their joys and fears.

Then may we on life's battlefield
As comrades still go hand in hand;
Each ready to uphold and shield
Our college dear to all the land.
To duty's roll-call ever hark—
Our very life to duty lend—
Till the last reveille shall mark
A wondrous day that knows no end.

O. H. S., '08.

History of the Class of 1908

“O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us.”—*Burns*

It is with considerable satisfaction that we transmit herewith the history of our noble selves, for in our humble opinion the future lords of M. A. C., surveying with unprejudiced eyes the records of the past, will observe:

“There was a class, take it all in all,
We shall not look upon its like again.”

And so we think that following generations, by a careful perusal of our chronicles, will obtain much information of value, and either by following our example, or else harkening to a voice from the tomb bidding them to avoid those paths which lead to destruction, will be enabled to raise the standard of excellence beyond their most sanguine expectations.

But let us pause a moment to decently inter our departed mates. There were some amongst us who were deserving of a better fate than theirs; some on whose offending head was laid the inexorable hand of Fate, and 'neath her scorching touch their life plans withered away. To those go out our heartfelt sympathies, and over their graves we shed a tear. Yet there were some who, like the old hare in the adage, slept, alas, too long, and awoke only to find, to their bitter disappointment, that their train of opportunities had gone by. And some there were who frittered away their time, who squandered their natural endowments with a prodigal hand, who forgot that “to-day is the day of reckoning.” To these we extend our condolences as in duty bound. Legion is the name of those who have left our ranks since our Freshman year, and tho the separation of the tares from the wheat has been furiously administered; the task is still incomplete.

Ever since our arrival we have been a vital force in athletics, and time and again have our representatives snatched victory from what seemed sure defeat. As Freshmen, our challenge to the effect that we would play any eleven from the

classes above remained unanswered. As Sophomores, for the first time within the ken of man, the Juniors acceded the championship in football to us without a contest. And as Juniors we covered ourselves with glory, and drunk with the praise of the multitude we left the gridiron. Our trackmen, too, have broken fast records at their discretion, for it is not said of us that "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong;" and to-day the baseball banners which we have fought so hard to win completely drape the reception hall.

From the first we have been a precocious class. Our intellects are wonderful. In their ability to comprehend and in their power to originate our brains are without a peer. Versed in the lore of the ancients and familiar with the science of the moderns, we can discuss intelligently the most abstruse subjects. Our verdicts are final. There is no appeal. Our logic is without flaw and, indeed, fatal to many. We can convince any rational person in five minutes' time that the flag pole on the campus is planted upside down, that our mess-hall milk is watered, and that our entire faculty are fools. We look upon the pigmy race of men above us with mingled scorn and pity. Galling as it is to our finer sensibilities to be compelled to sit at the feet of ignoramuses, our generous natures overmaster us, and it is with infinite patience and calm resignation that we bear with our poor, deluded professors. Vain, are we? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," said Solomon; but Solomon is mistaken. We are not vain; for, according to a later poet,

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not of the Pierian spring."

And, like true philosophers that we are, we have studiously refrained from moistening our parched lips.

"What profiteth it if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Herein lies the whole secret of our success. Our every act, our every deed has been colored by moral sentiment, high and lofty. Without ostentation, yet with pardonable pride at our forbearance, we flaunt our white badges to the wind. No flaming letter burns in scarlet shame upon our breast, and we defy anyone to point his finger of detection and say, "This one was dishonest." Unpatriotic we may be called, but patriotism, according to our view, is something more, something higher than mere alcohol. Yet rising as we do above the sordid cares of men and viewing ourselves without the interference of the proverbial "beam," we see several disfiguring specks upon our otherwise spotless character. For, alas, it is painfully true that during our stewardship "We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

Our social life! Ah, our social life! It is, indeed, true that "man is a social being." Our whole college life has been wrapped up in social functions—dances, hops, pink teas and midnight feasts. From Hyattsville, from Berwyn, from Riverdale and from the very Park itself come little pink, aromatic evidences of our sociability. Still there were some in our class, some men who possessed no small amount of common sense, men upon whose judgment one could generally rely, who for three years successfully resisted the Sirens of Hayttsville, but in their Senior year, lulled into apathy by a false sense of security, they were drawn into the maelstrom of society. I cannot imagine a sight more full of pathos than that of a strong man being led astray by such a puny force. And what is love? Love in the hands of an amateur is a loaded pistol, a dangerous toy. Love—but it is not my intention to moralize on love. I frankly admit that I have never been within its dangerous embrace, and so, according to our esteemed friend Reuleux, I am not in a position to criticise. It is true that to successfully combat an enemy we should study him thoroly, but not so love. A man in love is comparable to a man intoxicated—he knoweth not what he doeth, and tho nature has provided him with two legs for the express purpose of moving from place to place, he persistently attempts to walk on his head, and as a consequence views the world topsy-turvy. No! No! Harken to one who has never been beguiled into Circe's enchanted palace, and shun love as you would the devil. Avaunt! Avaunt! Delusive love! I'll none of thee!

Our Senior year, tho giving rise to some new joys, has been replete as well with sorrows. Regretfully did we tear down our highly-colored ideals and bury them deep in the darkest recesses of our inmost selves, never, we fear, to be resurrected. On every hand our illusions came tumbling down upon our heads, crushing the spirit within us, and fortunate was he, indeed, who could adjust himself to this new condition and still look hopefully forward. What a gulf separates the college life of M. A. C. from the college life we used to dream of. It is so exceedingly prosaic, after all! Yet we have compensating pleasures. Our seniority has given us the whip hand in college affairs. Our grave responsibilities and important trusts have swelled us with dignity and pride, tho weighting us down with cares. Still, with the ever recurring thought that in June we will be free—what a misuse of the word free!—new life springs into our beings. But as the fatal hour approaches, our hearts begin to soften, and in the smoke which lazily floats from our long-stemmed pipes we see the future. We see the star leafed gums which we planted along the avenue and the maples which we inserted with such care around the tennis courts grown into flourishing trees. Then we picture ourselves visiting our former haunts, ruminating upon our desperate escapades and frequent depredations, and wondering why in the world we were never hanged, for "then we shall see ourselves as others see us now."

In order that this history may be complete, it becomes my unpleasant duty to eject my classmates, including myself, from this stronghold of education. Immediately upon the completion of our commencement exercises we each and every one of us tied up his sheepskin in the folds of a handkerchief, fastened the letter to the end of the adventurer's stick, slung it military fashion across his right shoulder, and separately sallied forth to seek our fortunes; some to return to the farm, some to the forge, and some to draw their swords afresh. With heavy step and saddened hearts we went out from these gray old walls, and never till then did we realize that we were leaving behind us forever our beloved kinswomen—our faithful Alma Mater. So, one and all, we were swallowed up in the great world about us, in which we were to find many other great men beside ourselves.

Historian, '08.



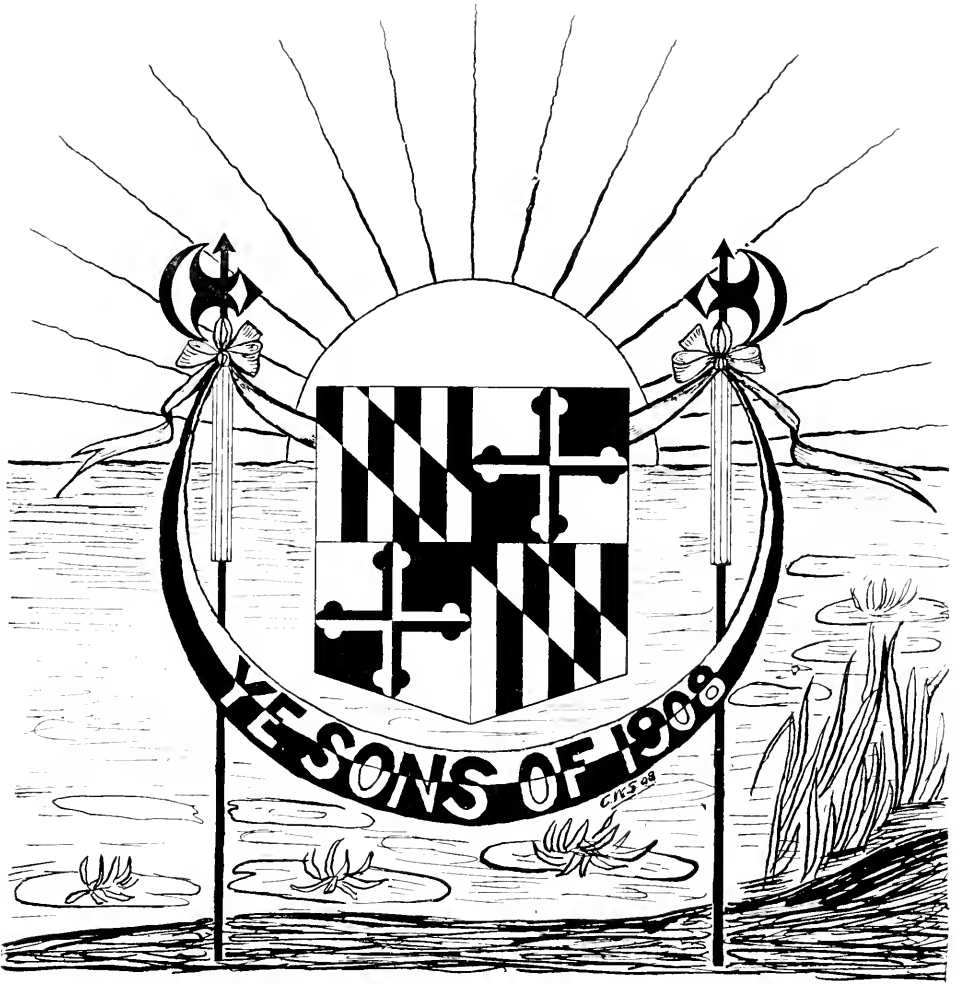
Ode to Nineteen Eight

Comrades of Hope, our day is come,
Hark to the nearing battle's hum.
Victors of Campus, Hall and Field,
To Time alone our crown we yield.
 Oh Nineteen Eight! Strong Nineteen Eight.
 Shoulders together! Nineteen Eight!

Lo, now on you, our worthy heirs,
We do bestow our trust and cares.
In honor guard Our Mother's shield,
Whilst we in deeds her homage yield.
 Oh, Nineteen Eight! Strong Nineteen Eight.
 Shoulders together! Nineteen Eight!

Thru coming years we'll bear her name
From hard-fought fields to halls of fame.
In soil and steel, by tongue and pen,
We'll forge her way, chosen of men.
 Oh, Nineteen Eight! Strong Nineteen Eight
 Shoulders together! Nineteen Eight!

Brothers in Arms, Sons of the Strife,
Calls now the stirring toil of life,
On summit's fair our eyes are cast,
Then forward till we strike our last
 For Nineteen Eight! Strong Nineteen Eight
 Shoulders together! Nineteen Eight!



Prologue

“We know what we are, but not what we may be.”—*Shakespeare*

Before perusing these sketches, in justice to them as well as to ourselves, we beg to inform our readers that we were all born sometime in the last quarter century, that we were all educated in a public school somewhere, and that for the most part we all entered the portals of M. A. C. together in the fall of 1904. We wish moreover to assure you that in the natural course of events we progressed from Freshmen to Sophomores, from Sophomores to Juniors, and in due time, being invested with Senior responsibilities, we, naturally, have the best major, the best captains and the best cadet lieutenants, as well as the best battalion M. A. C. has ever seen. As a body we have never neglected our duties, have always stood well in our classes, and have all been trustworthy, capable and popular men. We have all shown remarkable business ability, have all been stricken with the darts of Cupid, and, incidentally, all had our pictures taken at “Buck’s.” Great things are expected of us, and we really believe that we will live up to our expectations. We all heartily wish each other the success in life which we no doubt so richly deserve, as witness the numerous responsible positions we have so honorably and worthily filled. We state the above not in a spirit of vain-glorious boasting, but as simple accepted facts, trusting that if after all our readers should be inclined to doubt us that they will take our word for it!

Meditons!

GEORGE GROVER BECKER

Horticultural

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."—*Shakespeare*

How such a tender infant came to survive the crushing congestion of crowded Baltimore is certainly at first sight a miracle to all. But we once hear that incongruous jabber of low German and high English and the problem is solved. Georgie's Germanic instincts have hitherto shown a marked preponderance over his cultivated English propensities, inasmuch as, like many another



"would-be" scientist of the Fatherland, he is constantly "busy" collecting well-known bugs, common river pebbles, bun jokes, pointless mottoes and other inconsiderable trifles that happen along—all in the hope that some day the spirit of Poe may descend and lead him to the discovery of the "Gold Bug," and thus his name shall be written in the "Hall of Fame" as M. A. C.'s foremost scientist.

We gasp as we think that twice he was almost lost to the entomological world! First, the stage claimed him, for Georgie was perfection itself in his droll imitation of "Dick, the Cook and the Rolling Pin" a la Uncle Remus.

Then, again, he was threatened with the most incurable

of maladies, the terrible disease of love; but our "cute little boy" never got any "decided results," for the maiden herself "decided." So Georgie went back to chasing bugs and she was left to another's tender care.

The telling of what he will do at Cornell next year occupies all his hours of leisure; and suffice it to say that, tho he is always late, always studying the wrong lesson, and always asleep when his turn comes to recite, Georgie has more college spirit to the square pound than any cadet living, besides possessing that ideal state of the Cabbite mind, a Senior sense of responsibility.

NORMAN EARLE BRICE

Mechanical Engineering

“His head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.”—*Shakespeare*

“Ape,” the origin of this, his well-known nickname, is shrouded in mystery. Some say that it arose from his wonderful likeness to the tribe of Simians, and will cite you chapter on chapter from Darwin’s “Descent of Man” to uphold their argument. Others as stoutly contend that no stigma attaches to the personage



who bears this epithet, but that it is only an indirect method of comparing ye ancient town of Annapolis to a Congo jungle. Be that as it may, the worthy subject of this sketch has always been known as the “Ape.”

“Ape” kept very quiet during his first two years at college, never participating in any social amusements, but in his Junior year—oh, my! Someone whispered to him that he had the making of an excellent dancer, and so to develop this “trait” he charged down upon the class of ’07 for dancing lessons. By his proficiency in this line he won the enviable title of “Tanzbodenkoenig,” “beating “Rube” out by at least twenty points.

Everything went well with “Ape” until his Senior year, and then it was “Why in the world did I ever leave Newark?” I cannot surmise what happened

there that summer, unless, unless—pshaw! Unjust accusation! I have often heard of indiscreet young men who occasionally fall into duck ponds and mill dams, but who under the sun would be so foolish as to fall in love?

I think “Ape” has an idea that some day he will be a great engineer, as we have heard him talking of putting on his finishing touches at Cornell. We all wish him a bright future, yet I’m afraid that the last we shall hear of him is that he is traveling straight to—ruination? bankruptcy? No! but to Helen(a).

REUBEN BRIGHAM

Agricultural

"High houses are usually empty in the upper story."—*German Proverb*

Whom have we here? "A youth of some nineteen summers, with dull, blue eyes, tallow hair, the dimensions of a lath and remarkable quantities of voice." His nomadic childhood was spent in learning to speak German, and later he tried to Germanize the Japs, for which he was exiled by that warlike nation. "Shorty,"



as his name implies, had been destined for a small man, but his violent ejection from the country of his heart caused him to prolong his upward growth until his head was hid amidst the clouds, thinking, like the ostrich, that if his head was covered his body would be safe!

After the Yankee arrived at M. A. C. he gradually outgrew his timidity, and soon became famous as a candidate for the football team, where he rose and fell in three days, as a writer of criticisms, expositions and portrayals for a certain high-school girl, who forgot him as well as his writings after her graduation, and again as a dancer, only to be eclipsed by the "Dancing King," our old friend the "Ape." "Reuben" (that is what the girls call him) is a specialist in "fine writing," and it undoubtedly gives him a great mental shock to write a

word of one syllable where he can use one of eight or ten. Such a sentence as "My cerebellum is a continuous and homogeneous mass of palpitating protoplasm void of any anatomical differentiation or systematization" is common conversation for this walking encyclopaedia.

Looking forward we can see our friend Brigham living in isolated Montgomery, where, as a no-profits entrepreneur, he is engaged in raising pigeons and breeding bumble bees, while there appears weekly in the Sandy Spring *Gazette* this ad.: "WANTED—A WIFE." Needless to say, this will never be answered.

LEVIN BOWLAND BROUGHTON

Chemical

“Bachelor, a peacock; betrothed, a lion; wedded, an ass.”—*Spanish Proverb*

BANG! goes the stopper. Up starts a boiling stream of H_2SO_4 , and the days of Frantz and the water bottle are with us again as the great Levin, the busy man of M. A. C., takes a speedy departure for the shower bath. “Land, I reckon that took the roof off all right,” chuckles his irrepressible partner, for he has heard “Hubbie” unconsciously humming, “Last Night as I Lay on My Pillow,” for the past half hour, and, as usual, the expected has happened. In running a determination, “Hubbie” had strayed from the beaten paths and indulged in the doubtful pleasure of planning “a cottage for two,” with the unavoidable reaction related.



But “Lev” is not always thus, for he can use his brain to good purpose whether in Deutsch or Organic. Indeed, if by accident he should get into a tight fix in the latter, he has only to stir up his magnificent head of hair, snap his fingers imperiously, and presto! the Genius of Chemistry fetches up another ten to add to his valuable collection. And when it comes to using German references in his practical work, he invariably prefers the original language to the translation. So noticeable is his scholastic superiority that he has

already been appointed professor in embryo of elementary chemistry to the “Shorthorn’s,” despite the fact that Paradis loafed about in citizen’s clothes for nearly three weeks in hopes of cornering the job.

“Dr.” Broughton daily reminds us more and more of his worthy predecessor of happy memory, “Prof.” Wharton, whose living image in physique and mental acquirements he is. Indeed, when “Lev,” resplendent in dress suit and spotless tie, appears on the ballroom floor, we doubt if even the redoubted “Buck” ever equaled him in grace and dexterity. “Lev’s” future is assured, for he has happily harmonized profession with pleasure; and in due time, upon the retirement of “Woodpecker” and “Chicken,” we confidently expect that “Duckie,” in conjunction with the “Crown Prince,” will succeed to the O. C.-ship, in which coveted position he will, we hope, lead a charmed life against bottles, bombs and other such impedimenta.

HARRY CLIFTON BYRD

Civil Engineering

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."—*Shakespeare*

"I tell you what," drawls a caressing voice, "you can take this for what it is worth or let it alone," and forthwith "Curly" has launched into a glowing panegyric on his native land, the Eastern Shore, "the fairest land that e'er a zephyr kissed or ocean bathed, the birthplace of greatness, the home of liberty, the land

of partiotism, and the cradle of genius," and up we soar with "Curly" in his fiery flight. Heat waves surge about us in pulsating throbs, we gasp for breath in the rarified air and—"tap tap," the moderator's pencil checks our furious course; the "windmill action" subsides, the atmosphere recovers its normal temperature and we are on *terra firma* again.

Did you ever enjoy the thrilling sensation of seeing "Curly" pull himself out of a hole in the pitcher's box? No! then look with me. With three men on bases, three balls, none out, and the opposing rooters wild with excitement, "Curly" is in his element. Caressingly he pets the dusty sphere, shows his teeth to the spectators, grins amiably at his victim and—"Batter out," sings the umpire. The grin widens, the frenzied rooters cool down and then, with feline grace, "Curly" puts on the finishing

touches, while his opponents wake up to the fact that he has been playing with them again.

So when "Curly" grins, watch out. Something is sure to break. His paths are strewn with the broken hearts of guileless maidens whom he has "loved to death," he-siren that he is, and never has our handsome Don Juan been found "detrop" in feminine society; yet, in spite of his fondness for impromptu tete-a-tetes, we expect that he will soon settle down to domestic life with his "Sweet Hallie" and live happily ever after.



BARNEY REYBOLD COOPER

Horticultural

"It is a wise father that knows his own child."—*Shakespeare*

Ye sons of modern Paradise! Ye aborigines of the Eastern Shore! Stand back and hark to thy friend from beyond the Chesapeake, for he would fain have speech with thee, even concerning one who in the days of his youth did sojourn in this land of bottomless sand. Surely, ye have heard of this prodigal son, he



who, in the forefront of his gridiron warriors, did go forth and slay thy brethren, they that came unto his house to give him battle. And that he did prevail over them and sorely oppress them so that they fled before his face, even to the House Washington, which lieth within the walled city of Chestertown. And lo! their banners were with them not.

Know ye that he of whom we speak was a great chief, for he did lay low all disorder within the house over which he was appointed, so that he walked without fear in the face of his people, "traversing the halls and setting awhile among them." And it came to pass that he made covenant with the House of Jesse (N. Y. C. H.), in that as he commanded they brought him much revenue and coats of many colors, lest peradventure he should smite them and despitefully use them.

Now listen, and ye shall know that this great chief shall not return to the land of his fathers, even unto the land of milky fogs and sandbars, for it shall be as it is written. "He shall dwell in the gardens of the Phillistines, he shall be a tender and dresser of vines unto one who shall give him his daughter as helpmate, and his garden shall be their garden, and it shall be known thruout the land as the Dale by the River." Now the rest of his acts and all that he did and all his might are they not elsewhere recorded?

GROVER CLEVELAND DAY

Civil Engineering

"A goodly apple rotten at the heart."—*Shakespeare*

The two leading exponents of the piscatorial art before the public to-day are, in our opinion, our worthy Ex-President and his scarcely less worthy namesake, Grover Cleveland Day. Indeed, ever since he was shipped rough-hewn from the serpentine quarries of old Harford, long famous for their "dilatatory" production,



the latter's favorite pastime has been angling for "tens," even to the extent of daily sojourning to the board in Calculus. Further, after acquiring a liberal (by which he means cheap) education, and mastering the "technicalities" of political economy, he anticipates fishing for dollars and votes. In short, he aspires to be a "Napoleon" of finance and politics, the Rockefeller-Harriman of Harford and the Western Shore. And when playing at "hide and seek" with "Commie" during inspection, dodging the snares of "Old Cab," or bluffing our worthy no-profits entrepreneur, he exhibits a remarkable aptitude for Napoleonic strategy. What truly imperial attributes are his! Blessed with a brilliant complexion like an ancient court beauty, a seductive laugh that resembles the cackle of a hen of the same age, and with a proboscical prolongation perspicuous to

everyone, what an imposing figure our vernal Day would make beside the "Little Corporal!" He is, we must admit, a man of high culture, a man with a lofty contempt for unfinished orators and disappointed lovers, a man whose literary greatness has too long been obscured in the arduous toil of "bumming" tobacco and playing "pitch" for "Tommie's" pies. He is much given to sophistical argument, especially in regard to the payment of debts, and holds firmly to the proposition that "Base is the Slave that Pays." His favorite hobby is race suicide, and his principal failing a fondness for military discipline, a trait quite inexplicable in one who aspires to be the beau ideal of a self-made man.

JOHN WILLIAM FIROR

Horticultural

"Vain, very vain, my weary search to find that bliss which centers only in the mind."—*Goldsmith*

A strange figure was old Diogenes hunting for an honest man among the ancient sons of Athens. But at length, amid the steep and barbarous wilds of Frederick, there has come into erratic existence a philosopher more profound, a conversationalist, more brilliant than even the anfractuons Diogenes himself.



His, too, has been a "vain and weary search"; a fruitless, heart-breaking quest for that indefinable mystery of mysteries—passionate, self-absorbing love. The first indication of his "despicable" condition was evinced when he adopted as his fallacious motto, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," and perpetrated on our astounded faculties his delectable "Life without Love." Then, armed with the irresistible magnetism of his dark, romantic eyes, he set about his merciless investigation into the simple hearts of womankind. His greatest stroke of diplomacy, however, was when he stood "attention" during the alluring strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and now, oftener than not, in response to his amorous glances, we hear some enchanted damsel blissfully murmur, "Waltz me around again, Willie." His recent study of Psychology has drawn him

still deeper into these alluring depths, and he is now engaged in his crowning masterpiece, a careful analysis of the "Vagaries of a Girl of Sixteen." We might speak also of his power as a debater, of his skill as a pianolist, or of his well-meant attempt to reduce Brigham's bump of conceit and reconstruct his Yankee incongruities, but all must yield to his pronounced genius for building "castles in Spain." May they be realized! May they resolve themselves, as he fervently hopes, into a cozy mountain cottage, beside whose cheerful hearth sits John William Firor, the eminent author and sociologist, and the fair incarnation of his college dreams, "a pretty, witty, charming She."

HARRY BENTON HOSHALL

Mechanical Engineering

“Very like a whale.”—*Shakespeare*

Stop! Look! and Listen! Adjust your eye-glasses and look again, and you will observe that you have found a metazoan worthy of much investigation—and after you have looked long and pondered deeply how so much greatness

could be so long kept in seclusion, a wee small voice will emanate from our clinic, saying, “Have a good time Xmas?” Then we are off. Our friend Hoshall, more familiarly known as “Harry,” has proven to be a shining light at M. A. C., and the glory of his love affairs will illumine the pages of history long after he has obtained the dignity of an alumnibus. But right here I must state that the climax of his sporting prowess was reached when he used those “pretty eyes” to beat Guy Wisotzkey out at Hyattsville about the first of February.

He is not only a decided success in affairs of the heart, but the conquests of his head and hand are no less marvelous. As the side partner and Siamese twin of our illustrious “Shammie,” he is destined to play a great part in the mechanical advancement of the industrial world. Even while I am



penning this feeble testimony to his greatness, he is down in the Mechanical Building, making more noise to the square inch than anybody in the class. His student days at M. A. C., however, are fast drawing to a close, and ere long we will be bidding him God speed to his native heath of Parkton, when, according to the Darwinian theory of evolution, he will have so far developed that he will be successfully operating his Simple, Reciprocating, Vertical Engine, the principles of which he imbibed at M. A. C. while swimming around with Catfish.

URAH WILLIS LONG

General Science

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."
—*Shakespeare*

On your mark! Get set! And "Ury" is off—off thru Prince George's jungles and swamps, off by toadstools and ant hills, off in sunshine and rain. Gone in his long, stern chase after bugs, gone in the trail of "Sy." Forgotten are



the lions (Lyons) that lie in wait. Forgotten are the "zips" that hang o'er his head. Forgotten the happy days of his youth in the strenuous race for a "dip" as June draws near. No wonder "Ury" looks on the dark side of things; no wonder he is always saying, "It will never be," as bugs on bugs—millions of bugs—haunt him by night and dodge him by day. But bugs beware! For "Ury" is fast and sure, a born "cribber" that needs no spur.

Now, aside from the Hemiptera, "Ury" is a most popular man, the natural result of a generous and sociable nature, and he has become a great man as well, verifying the adage that "Little pigs often eat great potatoes." Office upon office has been loaded upon him by his inconsiderate fellow-students, until he has become a regular clearing-house for thankless jobs. Indeed, "Ury" lives in constant dread of

some fresh testimony of popular favor, certain that he is destined to flunk thru sheer popularity and "Sy's" unexampled generosity in filling his schedule. He is surely "destined" to flunk, and I hope I may never stir if he ever recovers from its harrowing effects.

"Ury" is of a speculative nature and is deeply interested in stocks and bonds, being a heavy investor in the Riverdale Park Company, his returns usually coming via the Bugle Corps. In this connection we might mention at least one tow-headed rat in his extensive circle of acquaintances who calls him "Brother." His devotion to chaperons, to whom he is a thing of joy forever, is not exceeded by even their devoted Barney. But would you know "Brother" in his glory? Then behold him arrayed in Tuxedo and lemon-colored tie on the ballroom floor, forming a study in color with his fair Juliet of Hyattsville.

SAMUEL MACLEROY LOWREY

Civil Engineering

“Beware of a silent dog and still water.”—*Ancient Proverb*

Sam, called by some “Fancy,” by others “Sleepy,” and by a “former” “Dear Tutes,” made the acquaintance of this joint, wearing a hat encircled by a vermilion band, habited in a pink vest upon a dapple gray background, and bearing upon his shoes unmistakable evidence of Rossville mud. Sam’s



greatness is undoubtedly attributable to an attack of brain fever, and it is a mystery to me how he, so retiring, so very, very bashful at M. A. C., could inflame a certain young damsel to such an extent that she should write him letters of no less than seventeen finely-written pages, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but seven times a week.

Sam’s debut upon the dancing floor was directly attributable to the artful machinations of his roommate, the “Ape.” It was at the May Ball of ’07 that Sam for the first time condescended to “swing the ladies.” Now at every dance he is a familiar figure among those who “trip it on the light fantastic toe.”

During his sojourn at M. A. C. Sam has made some very staunch friends, the chiefest of whom is the Zodiac. Sam says that he has always possessed a peculiar fondness for the latter from his “rat-

hood” up—a fondness that still lingers way down deep in his heart. It is pleasing to observe that Sam’s kind feelings for the Zodiac are thoroughly reciprocated by that austere gentleman, and if Sam is shipped before June we will have to seek the “Three Wise Men” for an explanation.

Gossip reports that Sam is getting a swelled head over his intellectual attainments. We wonder if this is not due to his intimate association with Dr. Tollie? Sam says that he is going to make the other fellows at Boston Tech feel like twenty-nine cents when he enters that institution next year. He says he “can!” I wonder if “Dear Tutes” really can? We hope so, since he took great pains to tell somebody not “to make love too earnestly.” Sam should practice what he preaches.

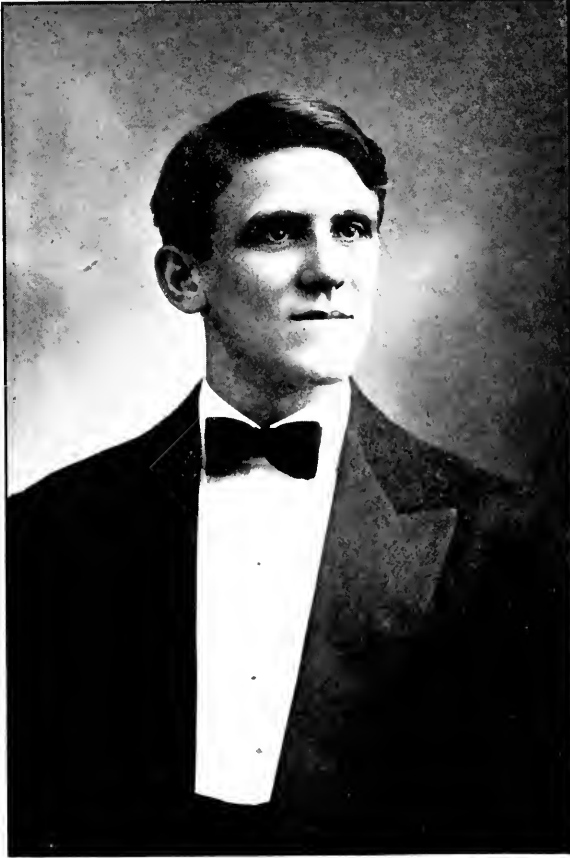
THOMAS BOURNE TURNER MACKALL

Horticultural

"A noisy man is always in the right."—*Cowper*

From the fog-hidden swamps of Calvert there came to us in the last century the last of the great house of Mackall. There, as in other counties of Southern Maryland, the aborigines do not believe in race suicide, and we verily believe had it not been for the great ingenuity of his ancestry in securing suitable names

(and suitable wives as well) "Rat" would have borne the unique cognomen of Mackall Mackall of Mackall.



"Rat" is one of the sharpest thorns in "Cab's" crown, and we are often led to believe that he is charged with electricity, for many and deep are the furrows that it has made in that venerable brow. "Rat" belongs as well to that class of desperadoes who believe that good looks and volume of voice are more able to carry a point than strength of argument. Outside of his devoted chaperonage of our beloved Peter, we must place "Rat's" foraging capacity first among his good qualities. Hen roosts, celery beds, strawberry patches and the pantry—all—have come under his critical eye and expert hand. We do him

honor, even as did the Israelites Moses of old, for many a time has he led us out of the wilderness to a land of plenty.

"Rat" once "hitched his wagon to a star," and taking Emerson's advice before he had severed his connection with worldly affairs, serious trouble resulted. While in the lecture-room his star suddenly shot into ascendancy, but "Cab" did not smile on him, and, in his efforts to maintain his eminent position as a lecturer on forest problems, the rope broke and—we still have the remains of our "Rat."

EDWARD INGRAM OSWALD

Horticultural

"Oh, noble fool! Oh, worthy fool! Motley's the only wear!"—*Shakespeare*

Come, let us spend a day with Ingram, the "married man," for of all the busy men with which M. A. C. abounds he surely is the *busiest*. He is so very, very busy, and his days are all such busy, busy days. Not a moment passes that he is not up and—bluffing! Usually rising at 7 A. M., he spends from a half hour to an hour in "dressing," carefully brushes his derby, and then trots up on his



morning constitutional from the station to the college. After swallowing down his breakfast—Ingram used formerly to attend chapel, but of late his time has become too valuable to indulge in such frivolous dissipation—he, accordingly, hunts up the Editor, who is also a busy man, and who likewise does not attend chapel. The first period is consumed in Ingram's giving instructions as to how he wants his next lecture written, and from that he branches off into a glowing description of the Traveling Institute Car, with its salon and library in which he will make his "debut" as a lecturer when the Editor has finished his lectures. Then he suddenly remembers that he is quite busy, but meeting the Scientist on the hall, he stops long enough to convince him that the sap "goes down" in trees with the coming of fall, altho he knew better five years ago when he began to "graduate." After dinner he spends a practical hour or two

watching the effect of "digestion" on weed seeds, returning in time to trade off his latest gun metal "white tops" and superintend the distribution of the evening mail. Later he seeks out the Hermit in his Cave on the Roost, listens "attentively" while the latter *recites* his German, and, finally, as the lights blink, he gets ready to "go," and as they go out, Ingram is actually "gone," having spent a very strenuous and enervating day for Ingram.

ELWOOD McAFEE PARADIS

Chemical

"Why, then, the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open."—*Shakespeare*

One of the few great sources of pride to the class of '08 is the precocity of Paradis. He is beyond doubt a marvel of wisdom, the epitome of all knowledge. Let anything go wrong, and he knows why. Let anyone do wrong, and he is there

to correct them. Let the "Big Three" be in doubt, and he is there to advise them. Let him set about making a military school or harmonizing class discord, and nothing, not even the Juniors, resident and visiting in '58, can stop him. Woe to him who crosses the path of Paradis—his days in the land are numbered. We bask in his smiles. We tremble at his frowns. His edicts are as absolute as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He is Czar of all he surveys. None escape his rigorous censure; no, not even our honored major himself. Oh righteous judge! Oh, wise young man, how we do honor thee!



In the classroom, as in military affairs, we recognize his master mind no less. It was he who, when an instructor asked what gas was found in beer, sternly rebuked him, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It is he who occasionally

condescends to lend "Hubbie" a helping hand in planning his house. Nor may we fail to mention his unique beauty, his ambrosial locks, which have earned him the title of "The Last of the Mohicans," and whose care cause him so much trial and tribulation. It is this engrossing dissipation which hinders him from becoming an orator of the first water, tho we still live in hopes of hearing his "Political Integrity, the Safeguard of Nations," which so thrilled and startled Stockton in June of 1905. All honor to thee, greatest of Remsonians!

EUGENE HERMAN PLUMACHER

Civil Engineering

"Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."—*Shakespeare*

"Gene," the first of the Plumachers (stepsons to "Cab" and aid-de-camps to Dr. Tollie), was discovered in the rough among the jungles of South America. He was caught, caged, and sent to the United States, where he has since flourished



like a green bay tree, under the care of his keeper "Johnnie." Like his brother, he has a peculiar fancy for Calculus, and is now editing a work entitled, "How to Learn Calculus by Absorption." In common with the rest of the inmates of this asylum, "Gene" has a weakness for "Cigar-Ritas," especially of the sweetheart Lillian brand.

After graduation he intends to organize a "dago" army of seven men, invade his mother country, and put the ingrate Castro to death. His reasons for perpetrating this revolutionary measure are that the tyrant has confiscated the diamond, coke and coal mines on his father's plantation, thus cutting off a considerable proportion of his "princely revenue." Having divided the spoils and considered the pros and cons of marriage, he will then take unto

himself a "creole *charmante*," in fact, a "Lily" of the Valley of the Nile, and, great savant that he is, will settle down to a peaceful life among the crocodiles of his native country. In conclusion, I will say that he is obeyed and respected by all; that he is a "hard" student, and that he is widely and favorably known for his open tobacco bag. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

MIGUEL CARMEN PLUMACHER

Civil Engineering

"The civilized savage is the worst of all savages."—H'ber

This rare and curious specimen was caught in the forests of Venezuela by the American consul at Maracaibo and sent to this country to be tamed. For fear of losing such a valuable specimen of the biped group, it was sent duplicated;

that is to say, his twin brother was shipped along also.

Mike, as we have christened him, has forsaken his former wild habits, becoming a thoroughly civilized and almost human being. His brother Jean is like him in every respect. They are so similar that very often they confuse each other. Sometimes Mike thinks that he is Jean, and Jean believes himself to be Mike. But when both want to be either Jean or Mike, there is a fuss, and the one who wins out assumes whichever identity he prefers.

Mike always studies his lessons when the lights go out, because he says, "Calculus and Strength of Materials, look easier in the dark." He is very strong in mathematics, and altho he gets a few "zips" quite often, he does not pay any attention to them,

because they are only minor details, and are given for convenience and uniformity's sake.

Mike's greatest ambition is to become a civil engineer and bridge constructor. We are almost sure he will admit that none of us would dare to cross a bridge built by him, since we are not anxious to commit suicide yet. But to the public in general, which is not so timid, we recommend Mike's great bridges and viaducts, and we are sure that his great natural abilities in engineering will be very beneficial to mankind.



WALTER CAMERON REEDER

Agricultural

"A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive."—*Mallet*

What is this commotion we hear at the Cow Barn? Let's investigate: "Come in, boys! Come in! don't be afraid, the animals are all safely tied," calls the well-known voice of our Animal Husbandry Expert, Walter C. Reeder. But no sooner



do we enter that uncouth place than we hear a terrible splash and sputter, and before us rolls a conglomeration of legs, arms, buckets, electric wires and straw. We fly to his assistance, and as Walter regains his feet we ask him what in the world he is trying to do; whereupon he tells us that he is testing a new electrical machine of his own invention, but had forgotten to tie the old cow's legs, hence the embarrassing accident.

Aside from his duties as stockman, Walter has spent some little time in developing his social being. His anxiety to become mingled in society first became evident when, as a Junior, he attended a dance given at our worthy President's. On that memorable occasion he followed the procession over the hill and sat squeeze'd up in a corner, "studying human nature."

Concerning his future we are a little in doubt, but feel assured that after taking a post-graduate course in "Organic" (for altho common sense is a great help, one needs a little book-learning to keep the "rings" away) he will settle down on "The Barrens" of Cecil and spend the remainder of his life in putting into practical use the "common-sense" methods learned at M. A. C.

CAESAR SOLARI REVOREDO

Civil Engineering

“The smallest worm will turn being trodden on.”—*Shakespeare*

“Friends, Romans and Countrymen! lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.” Once upon a time, under the southern skies of Peru, it came to happen that there was born into the universe a minute being—and he

was named Caesar Solari Revoredo. This young piece of humanity has since grown up to be a good-looking gentleman, of whom we are all proud and the ladies even jealous.

Caesar is not an athlete nor a poet nor a musician, but he is a wonder in mathematics, and, outside of this subject, “Cupid” is his only pastime. He smokes about twenty-one cigarettes a day; therefore, according to the laws of that distant tropical country, he is a full-fledged citizen. How Mr. Solari happened to drift into this institution I do not know, and we will never know, but he has always been a good student and, altho extremely small in stature, he is highly respected. His chief delight is to watch his classmates do practical work, altho, strictly speaking, he

is a man of “theory,” not of “practice.” Caesar’s highest ambition has always been to become a military man, and we all hope that some day he will raise the standard of his native army by introducing the tactics learned at the Maryland Agricultural College.



ROBERT HENRY RUFFNER

Agricultural

"A saint abroad, a devil at home."—Ancient Proverb

From "Ole Virginia, where they live so long and die so slow," came Robert Henry Ruffner, to cheer and delight the denizens of M. A. C with his thrilling tales of courtship days and hairbreadth escapes on the road. Notwithstanding three years spent at the historic William and Mary, where he acquired a dangerous



fascination for the daughters of Eve, and his superb delivery of "Lasca," which, along with Prof. Richardson's lectures in parliamentary law, have become an annual event in the literary life of M. A. C., Bob is still a picturesque character. Owen Wister must have known Bob when he wrote the "Virginian," for there could not be two persons so original, so entertaining and so successful in perpetrating practical jokes. "Honestly now," begins Bob to an admiring circle, and the "sucker" is as good as caught. Indeed, you might as well "take your medicine graceful," whether you have to sit up all night in a strange hotel or are the victim of a "railroad detective" with a string of tin cups.

But, as we were about to say, Bob couldn't resist the call of the farm, and from his arrival has been the trusty henchman of the "Corn King," whose staff and prop he is since Ingram became Vice-Director. Bob is a man of great energy, especially in his love affairs, which have not altogether prospered since that night when he returned from Georgetown in a desperate mood, and would have cremated the "Ape" had not the fuel given out. But surely all will come right in the end, and "Robbie" will have that beautiful Virginia farm and that beautiful Virginia girl whose worth is to him as "pitchers of silver and apples of gold."

FRANK ERNEST RUMIG

General Science

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."—*Dekker*

Some years before our class struck the cinder path to M. A. C., a wild, scrawny little Dutchman wended his way along the same path. It never occurred to him that in the future he would become a great man, but he had no more than become partially domesticated, which took three long years,



than, like all the rest of his nationality, he began to feel the importance of his position. In fact, this feeling took such a strong root in his system that, on our arrival, we took him to be no less a personage than the Vice-president or perchance, the Professor of Bacteriology and Plant Physiology. He was always the pride of his professors, and our own meagre attainments sank into oblivion when such authorities as Prof. Tollie held him up before us as our mental ideal, basing his conclusions on the distance between the eyes of the specimen.

When "at home" (a place where we have never been able to find him) Rumig is a "plant doctor." In this capacity, we understand that of late the Crown Prince has been negotiating with him, and it would not be surprising to us if we

were to hear of his making some valuable discoveries relative to "Greenhouse Diseases." To write a satisfactory sketch of Rumig would be impossible without taking note of his extreme versatility, for he can talk with the greatest ease on any subject from the midnight manipulation of ice-cream to the most recent dissertations on Plant Pathology. For further information on this matter we refer you to the Pie-Merchant, his fellow-conspirator and grafter.

JOHN PAUL LYSIAS SHAMBERGER

Mechanical Engineering

“And still they gazed and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew.”
—*Goldsmith*

Among the heroes of Nineteen Eight, foremost stands our “hermit” captain, “the grave and reverend seigneur” John Paul Shamberger, builder of airships, electrical wizard and general factotum to “Cab.” A pigmy in stature but the



“model” of “Commie” to the very roots of his close-cropped hair, we have need to regret our degenerate deeds when gleams the “light artillery” of his eyes; when puckers his face in Saturnian frowns and thunders his “still small voice.” Paul is study personified, and whether in language or science is good as the best of cribs, being constantly in a state of recitative overflow immensely refreshing to his famished audience. Notwithstanding his versatile genius, Paul will insist in being a “little unfortunate” in his economic illustrations, failing utterly at times to start the delicate mechanism of his cosmic brain. His favorite policy is one of “passive resistance,” especially as concerns signing petitions and perpetrating practical jokes. Indeed, so taken up is he with his own unworthiness that, like Day, he invariably forgets to return borrowed property, however hard-up

the “capitalist” may be. At present, his leisure hours are fully occupied in propelling Ingram thru Deutsch, constructing power-house chimneys, and attaining a “high school” proficiency in machine design. His aversion for female society fully justifies the belief that “now and then a man exquisitely made can live alone,” and unless an angel comes down from the skies to share his joys and sorrows, we fear that after a few years of lucrative bluffing, Paul will hie him with Hoshall, his man Friday, to some desert island, there in lonely solitude to indulge in his innate laziness and pursue his chosen avocation of evolving Spenserian theories and practicing the extensive cross-pollination of reasoning mules.

RICHARD LEE SILVESTER

Horticultural

"A king's son is no better than his company."—*Gaelic Proverb*

To slide down the edge of a rainbow and then miss the proverbial pot of gold, is, to say the least, a unique experience. So great a sensation did Richard Lee Silvester create in his spectacular descent that St. Mary's woke up and took notice for the first time since the Settlement of Jamestown, and even to-day, the date



of his miraculous appearance is a fiercely debated question among those quiescent aborigines. Dick was, however, soon transported to the delightfully barren environs of College Park, there to become at a tender age the Czarevitch of the M. A. C. With this institution he graciously affiliated himself in the early nineties, and is now unquestionably its oldest inhabitant. He has failed to inherit the parental propensity for mathematics and "fine" writing, but the parental "front of Jove himself, with eyes like Mars to threaten and command" is plainly evident. Richard is a social favorite of no mean standing and has always shown an expressed preference for "white" company despite frequent encounters with cooks, chamber - maids and other "shady" menials. Truly, the

merry adventures of "Dick" and the Chambermaid, will live in our memories long after his discovery of the chemical formula for electric currents and the nature of "air bubble" spores are forgotten. As a gentleman farmer in fair St. Mary's, we feel assured that "Dick" will make good, whether, Wood-pecker-like, hunting for snipes, carrying out his startling theories regarding the heating of cold storage plants, or, as formerly, assiduously cultivating Burr(oughs) and Berries.

WILLIAM ANDERSON SHIPMAN SOMERVILLE

Mechanical Engineering

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—H'olton

"'Tis an excellent fit! An exceedingly quick fit! Fits like paper on the wall!" And yet "Fallacious Bill" adduces arguments to the effect that the days of miracles are past! I am inclined to think that once more, he will

be swamped in huge waves of demonstrated facts. For, lo! is it not a miracle to make the nether garments of the petite George fit the giant frame of "Tubby?" And is it not miraculous that in "Stubby's" hands the cast-off coat of "Teeny" should cling to the little body of "Chu Chu" as if tailor-made? Truly, such transformations as these cannot be set aside by a wave of the hand!

We call him "Stubby," not that "Stubby" is "short," but because "Stubby" is short. His most striking characteristic is his nose, not that he uses this highly respected organ as a weapon of defense, nor yet of offense, but "striking" in the sense of prominence. And probably his most "retiring" one is his hair. Like our disappearing forests, its frontier has been pushed back farther and farther each year until now only a few veterans, sole survivors

of the ravages of time stand like sentinels on the anterior portion of his cranium.

Out of curiosity, I once calculated the economic loss resulting had we taken time by the forelock and always pronounced "Stubby's" full name when we addressed him. The result was astonishing. Taking three and one-half cents as the "real" value of a cadet's hour, I find that during the past four years, by the use of this handle, we have saved just nine dollars and thirty-seven cents, or enough, we believe, to enable Grover Day to buy a suit of clothes and incorporate himself.



HARRY WILCOX STINSON

Mechanical Engineering

"Of all men else I have avoided thee."—*Shakespeare*

It was a strenuous night in 1904. The wind howled and produced the most terrific noises among the forest trees of College Grove. All nature was revolutionized as if by a magic hand, and even the canines of nearby Berwyn seemed



to manifest by their noisy barks that something unusual was going on as H. W. Stinson entered the portals of M. A. C. Mr. Stinson immediately initiated himself as a "rat," and he was conferred a permanent membership by that association. He is now "king of the rats," and is obeyed and respected accordingly by all of them.

Stinson's favorite pastime is to quarrel with Grover, his roommate. They are both excellent debaters and their favorite point of issue is, "Which of the two wears the shorter pants." Why "Stink" came to select Grover for his roommate nobody knows, but it is perhaps due to the fact that they naturally profess the same feelings and ambitions.

Stinson selected the Mechanical Engineering course, and upon well founded reasons has he done so. As a smoker he has no match and no matches, and we are now expecting him to design a factory which will produce more tobacco in one day than Caesar can bum in a week. He is, strictly speaking, a military man, and his air and manner of walking about the barracks suggests to us the great Napoleon. We congratulate the young officer and sincerely hope that his highest ambition of becoming captain of Company C will soon be culminated.

CHARLES WESLEY SYLVESTER

Mechanical Engineering

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers."—*Shakespeare*

"Oh look who's here!" Charlie Sylvester, ex-manager of the Barnes-Eggleston Co., Eastern Shoreman by birth, tailor's model by profession, and amateur matinee idol, well known for his loud socks and handsome figure. Do the ladies love him? "Yes, man!" From the cradle up they adore, they worship

him, and when he marries (some time next June) he will have pots full of money a house full of clothes, and a looking-glass in every room. Charlie must have taken lessons in deportment from Chauncey Depew himself, for when it comes to responding to public favors, he has, "Gentlemen, I thank you, etc.," down to a fine point. He surely has the making of an after-dinner speaker, altho at present he is busy collecting leap-year proposals, attending chapel on Sundays, and giving "Barney" photographic stimulants for chronic heart disease. How Charlie came to be filled with such a great love for M. A. C. and his illustrious namesake as to think of coming back next year to finish his thesis under "Catfish" we do not know, unless, as usual, there is "a woman in the case." We all know he is a bright boy; for if he doesn't make a ten in Economics or Deutsch every day or so,



the book must be wrong or he can't find the right place. Now, just to proceed, ask Charlie if he is going to join the Philippine Constabulary, and you will get a prompt, "H—I, no, do you think I am going to be a target for 'Dagoes' forever?" Just the same, if present prospects hold out and breach of promise suit doesn't break in we expect to see Charlie, one of these days, on his private yacht, touring the Orient in polka-dot hat and low-cut shoes, with Broughton as chef and Shamberger chief engineer.

WALTER HENRY THOMAS

Horticultural

"They that touch pitch will be defiled."—*Shakespeare*

The life history of this "wooly-headed aphis," previous to coming to M. A. C. from the land which "God has blest" (Charles Co.), is hid in fabulous obscurity. "Tommy," for such our friend is called, at once applied himself to diligent study, and tho afflicted with "chromatic pseudodopsis," became foremost in such issues

as "raising" strawberries, getting chickens and making ice cream. Indeed, if the truth were known, much of his "midnight oil" was burned in sacrifice to his gastronomic predilections in "60," New Building.

But the depredations noted above put no check upon his power of learning. He seemed to associate those two incongruities—studying and raiding—into a most harmonious union. With brilliant prospects before him and with the goal almost in sight, Tommy's aspirations suddenly suffered a severe shock. "It" was a condition in Deutsch. Now, "Tommy" was a good student, an "admirable" theme writer, but a poor Deutschman; finally, by dint of great perseverance, he managed to pull thru, and the rest is now "plain sailing."



"Tommy," or, as he is familiarly called, "Bryan," has shown during his Senior year great business capabilities. These arose, we believe, from "snatching nickels" the past summer. He still snatches nickels, but not quite so rapidly as before. He also has a way of twisting his answers like the old oracle at Delphi, so that the "Prof," in trying to "get at" what "Bryan" is "driving at," simply gives him the cue to the whole thing. One word in parting—now that he has his college training, "What will he do with it?"

NATHANIEL LUFF WARREN, JR.

Civil Engineering

“He that hath a head of wax should not walk in the sun.”—*Proverb*

“Tell you, fellows!” when Senatorless Delaware fused together the superfluous energy of both her upper counties (the third being submerged at the time) to produce an evolutionary imitation of the native species (*Aboriginus swampiensus*) she was making old Darwin and the “survival of the fittest” feel ghostly.

When this variegated specimen had spent sixteen foggy winters in his native land he was sent across the waters of Maryland to our noted institution. There he began his arduous search for the desired eclat and finish, so that when his college career is over he will be found to possess numerous acquired characters. So numerous, in fact, that, were a poet to sing the resume of his life, allowing the sweet refrain to float across the sunny lands of France, the stern military Lamarck would rise in his cold grave and give forth a peal of laughter that would send back the echo from the Alps and Pyrenees.

There was, indeed, excitement when, in the fall of '04, there appeared an elongated “rat,” with window frames strung across his nose. Great was the rise of this one, for he soon became Dr. Tollie's right-hand man, but lost his thankless position in an attempt to usurp



the Doctor's chair while his Majesty was without; and still greater was the wonderment when he made his appearance upon the track. So great, indeed, that in one meet in which “Nervy” entered for the mile, he was, miraculous as it seems, the greatest thing there. Even after all the spectators had left he was still running that mile. When it is too cold to run Warren spends his time in studying vocal music under “Paderewski” Firor, and we are beginning to realize that our classmate is certain to become famous in a combination of grand opera and fast sprinting.

CARROLL AMBROSE WARTHEN

Civil Engineering

"He was in logic a great critic, profoundly skilled in analytic."—*Butler*

The wise Solomon in all his glory was not endowed as is this long-winded prodigy from the sand hills of Montgomery. "Buck" strongly resembles the "Old Man of the Sea," strangling you with bad jokes and hum-drum adventures.



His handsome features possess that "ice-cream" effect common to all pedants, and to listen to his pretentious claims one would suppose him to be an architect and builder equal to the late Stanford White. Road construction is another of his strong points, and we expect him to have charge of the drag roads in Charles County, which are being forever agitated by our "pie merchant." "Buck" has highly honored our class by filling the vacancy made by the sudden disappearance of Johnnie, and we think this a fine conjunction of the time, the place and the man.

He is a member of the Taliferroian order, a cold-blooded Republican, and a great exponent of forensic oratory, which latter usually begins with that insinuating abortion of a smile and a confidential, "Now, Doctor." According to his own professions, "Buck" is a great admirer of the fair sex, but from the rumors floating to us, we must, indeed, doubt whether his little virgin heart has ever been touched by the pangs of love. In his early youth he was a great hero, and we extend our sympathies to those who have suffered by his youthful pranks. We also wish to tell them as a balm to their wounded sensibilities that he himself has met defeat at the hand of the grim specter Calculus.

ROGER AUSTIN WILSON

Civil Engineering

"That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis, 'tis true."—*Shakespeare.*

"I may be crazy, but I am no fool," rolls a rich baritone voice, and Roger, dear, for the fifth time this week, boards the last car out for college. The other two nights he spent skating with "Uncle Barney" from taps to reveille. "The water was fine," so Roger says. Roger is somewhat "cracked," but he sure can



sing since he joined the "Light Brigade" (Senior class), and before the "lunatics" assembled expressed his desire to "raise a little 'Jack and Jill' to fetch a pail of water." "Go back to the farm and get married," said Roger, "that's the proper spirit! Cab's not afraid of us." And we all went, or rather would have "went" had not the Zone intervened.

But his sad condition is not altogether Roger's fault. Hyattsville had a hand in it. Roger used to be much "Bent-on" the "Ville," but accidents will happen. The "elite" gave him a bid and he lost his partner. They kindly gave him another. She was little, cute and sweet; dimensions, two by four—just Roger's style—

and dance—ye gods!—how she could dance! The first round took off the polish, the second trimmed off the edges, and at the beginning of the third, with three-quarters more to go, Roger yielded up the ghost. Some say that he hobbled out the door; some that he flew out the window, but, be it as it may, Brother found him and the "lemonized" Paderewski down by the car track two hours later singing in sad refrain, "Thank God, I'm free, no wedding bells for me." But "College" calls the conductor, and the Flower of the "Addishes" vanishes in the darkness, while there comes floating to us, in blood and thunder tones, "I'm from Texas and you can't steer me."

College Ode

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.!

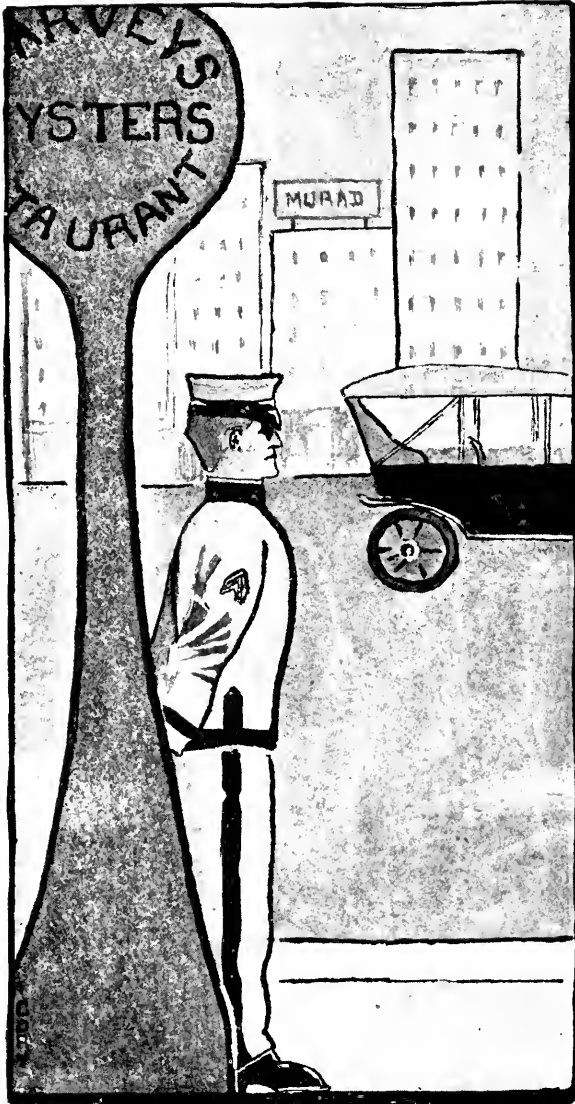
Thy sons have e'er been true to thee,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
And greater yet their love shall be,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!
When records of our deeds they see,
If we obey their every plea
And keep unstained thy history,
M. A. C.! My M. A. C.!

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 decry,
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.!

G. S., '05
L. F. Z., '06



JUNIORS

Junior Class

C. F. MAYER	President
T. D. JARRELL	Vice-President
J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY	Secretary-Treasurer
L. E. GILBERT	Historian

Class Motto

"Labor omnia vincit."

Class Colors

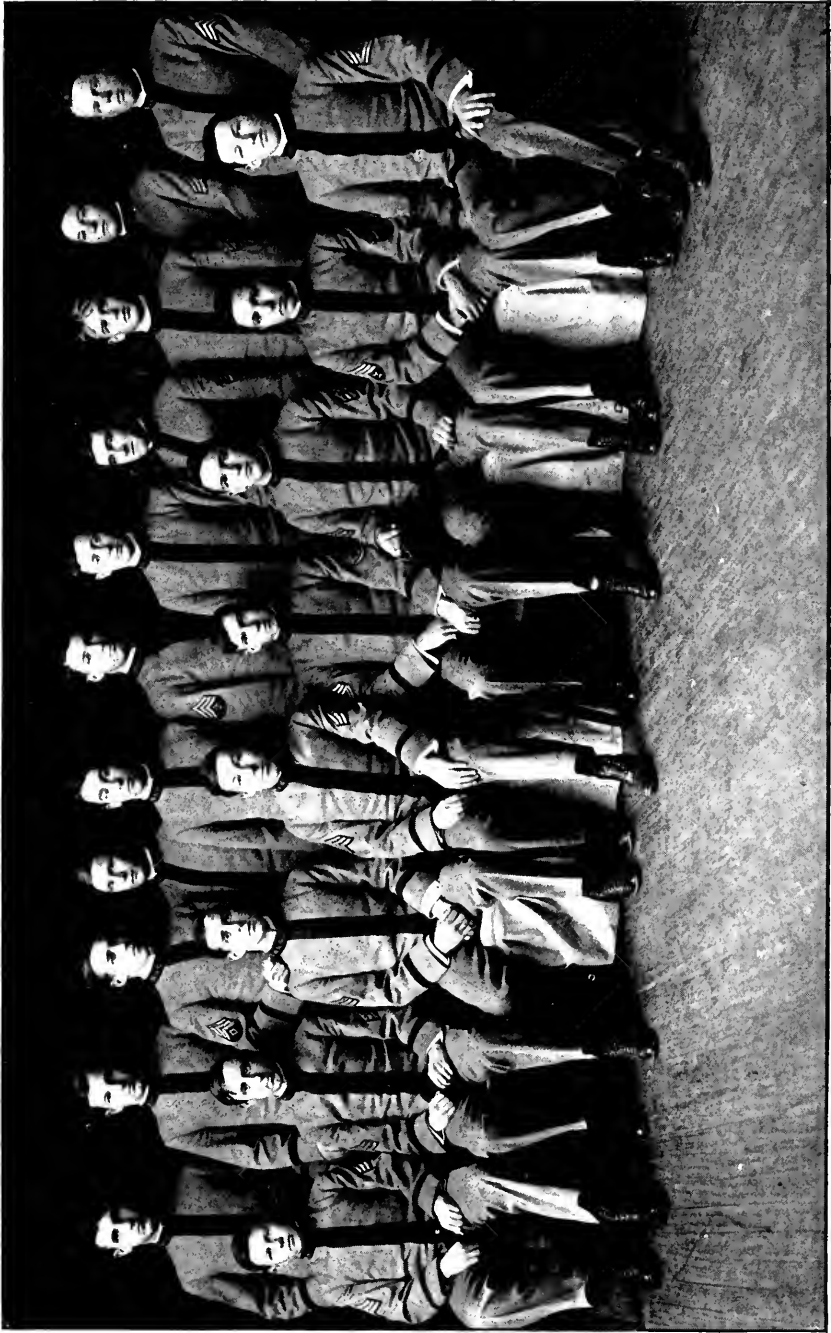
Yale Blue and White.

Class Yell

Rickety! Rockety! Ric, Roc, Rah!
 Chee-hing, Chee-hing, Chee-ha-ha-ha!
 Tigah! Tigah! Sis, boom, bah!
 Rickety! Richety! Ric, Roc, Rine,
 Junior, Junior, 1909!

Class Roll

J. A. ALLISON	Washington, D. C.
W. BOYLE	Washington, D. C.
P. E. BURROUGHS	Croome, Md.
H. M. COSTER	Solomons Island, Md.
E. N. CORY	Takoma, Md.
F. H. DRYDEN	Pocomoke City, Md.
R. E. DUPUY	Pacasmayo, Peru, S. A.
L. E. GILBERT	Laurel, Md.
J. S. GORSUCH	Towson, Md.
J. P. GRIFFIN	Highland, Md.
L. J. HATHAWAY	Easton, Md.
J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY	Rosaryville, Md.
J. E. HASLUP	Savage, Md.
J. O. JARRELL	Greenshore, Md.
T. D. JARRELL	Greenshore, Md.
M. KOENIG	Baltimore, Md.
R. F. MACÉNANY	Clear Spring, Md.
C. W. R. MASLIN	Port Chester, N. Y.
C. F. MAYER	Frostburg, Md.
B. D. SPALDING	Churchville, Md.
A. C. TURNER	Sollers, Md.
C. E. TAUSZKY	Baltimore, Md.



JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Class of 1909

'Twas September of 1905, three years ago, when we wended our way upward through the labyrinth of winding drives to the old gray barracks on the hilltop, and realized for the first time that we were college men. I say we realized it, or, rather, thought we did; but those hale and hearty lads who were waiting to greet us were evidently of a different mind, tho why, I cannot say; and after dubbing us each in turn as "rat," proceeded to lend an air of enchantment to the scene by "putting us wise" to a few rules that were "for our good alone." Unfortunately for you, gentle reader, time has effaced the memory of all, save such as were worthy of a fanning accompaniment. Well, we lived through it—the jig, the cold shower, the broom scrub, etc., and ere long felt entirely at home. The college spirit now thrilled us, and the football squad was not complete without our quota of men. The holidays came and went with marvelous rapidity, it seemed, and when the baseball and track seasons opened, lo! there were we also. Soon Easter was upon us, and then the end of our "rat" year loomed up most pleasantly in the future, and ere long we were speeding safely homeward.

The next year found us Sophs, and right acceptable Sophs we made, too. We found also that nearly a score of new men were come to swell our roll. Oh! how we made the "rats" and infants of '10 stand 'round. To them we laid down the law and laid on the paddle; unless, perchance, they deserved it not. And, likewise, in the matter of cold showers, midnight raids, class rushes and other equally important functions, we became active, and not passive as we had been heretofore. The pigskin once more called forth the prowess of the school, and we were there, as usual, with quality and quantity. Many a game was won and many a touch-down made by the sturdy manhood of those of 1909. Even the famous Hallow'een was not without our patronage, and here, too, were we generous.

Soon Christmas came, first with "exams" and then with "turkey and cranberry sauce" for the "rats," and good wishes on every side. Home for a fortnight or so, and then back once more to resume the reins of government. From now on until athletics again claimed our time and attention we continued to brighten life by numerous pantry raids, guard tours, Sunday visits to "Cab," "Commy," and "Johnny Green." The Rossbourg Club also profited by our gen-

erosity, and not infrequently the ballroom responded to the touch of the "artistically inclined" of '09; and once, 'tis said, the chemical lab and the water tank felt that same inspired hand. But hold! the track and diamond now called us out, and those of us who did not play rooted with a vim and vigor that did its part in lifting the banners of victory above our heads. Soon, however, the prospects of the two weeks' camp at Jamestown filled us with thrills of anticipation, and for weeks we led our squads as squads had never been led before.

Those days at the exposition were days long to be remembered, diversified as they were by daily drills, excursions and what not. But the best of it all was the trip down with our shipmates. Hail to thee, thou fairest of creatures! Yet, like thy numerous sisters, thou didst fall an easy prey to the hearts of 1909. Ere long home greeted us again, not, however, until we had enlivened the June ball by our presence.

Ah, the third of September finds us back within the gray walls of our future alma mater, serene and dignified, no longer underclassmen, but Juniors, quantity sufficient and quality superfine. Again we were reinforced, and again did our duty upon the gridiron. Ere a month had slipped away, however, we, with the rest of the cadet battalion, found a hearty welcome during Old Home-coming Week in the Monumental City, a credit to the State whose flag fluttered over our heads. Nothing of note followed until the trodden paths of our predecessors were turned aside from and we our Junior banquet did celebrate. Heavens, that spread! How we lived in anticipation thereof, and now, 'tis a thing of the past, we revel in its memory, for stand it must a monument to the class of 1909.

Historian, '07



Junior Statistics

ASSUMED NAME	REAL NAME	WHERE FROM	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PRESENT OCCUPATION	REASON FOR COMING TO M. A. C.
ALLISON	"Johnny"	Phila.	Great Gosh!	Writing to her	To make M. A. C. a Military Institution.
BOYLE	"Jimmie"	Yankee Land	Look here, fellows	Taking trolley rides	
BURROUGHS	"Percy"	World's End	Sey, Ram	Going to Georgetown	
CHICATE	"Shoat," "Pig"	Balto. Co.	He! He!	Trailing "Tollie"	
CORY	"Bugs"	Texas	Ah! Cassie	Catching Bugs	
COSTER	"Cassio"	Calvert Co. God bless you!	Ain't 'em cool	Being a ladies' man	
DRYDEN	"Nux"	Eastern Sho'	Eh! Kid	Trying to do Commie	
DUPUY	"Dupes"	Dago Land	Wat ish dat?	God-father to "ze Dagoes"	
GILBERT	"Lee"	Laurel (?)	H—I you say	Arguing with Doc. T.	
GOLDEN	"Chess"	Mountains	Not so you can notice it	Scare Crow	
GORSUCH	"Doc"	No where	Honest to G—d	Snubbing Seniors	
GRIFFEN	"Stiff"	The 'Burg	Oh! Yes	Killing time	
HASLUP	"Reddy"	The Cit	I don't care	Going to church	

To make M. A. C. a Military Institution.

HATHAWAY	Too good to have one	Same as "Nux"	Never speaks	Studying
HOLLOWAY	"Holly"	Same as "Percy"	Cough up	Bumming sweaters
JARRELL, L.	"Queeny"	Sandbur Co.	Darn it, I know	Holding his own
JARRELL, T.	"Bear"	Same as "Queeny"	No doubt about that, whatsoever	Writing to W. M. C.
KOENIG	"Toenails"	Glass Works	Thay, fellers	Dodging Tarantulas
MACENANY	"Mac"	St. Lizzie's	Cuspitorious	Studying
MASLIN	"Bill"	Salt Marshes	Cut it out!	Breaking hearts
MAYER	"Kid"	Duck Pond	Quack! Quack!	Shooting decoys
SIGLER	"Sig"	Same as Jarrell	I tell you now	Bluffing A. H.
SPALDING	"Ram"	The Militia	Peradventure	Sleeping in classroom
TAUSZKY	"Tausk"	Ireland	Where is my snipe?	Kidding Mudd
TURNER	"Claudie"	Old Alexandria	Stop, Kid	C. F.

Junior Ode

My M. A. C. of thee I sing,
My Alma Mater true;
No matter where I ever roam,
I'll always dream of you;
Those good old days,
Old college days,
Bring back fond memories:
"I love you still
And always will,
My dear old M. A. C."

Life passes quickly as a dream,
With all its joy and care,
But as I look back to the past
I see a vision fair.
Those gray old walls rise once again,
Old days rush back to me;
"My heart must thrill,
For naught can still,
My love for M. A. C."

But in the years to come we'll meet,
And laugh at Father Time,
For naught can ever separate
The Class of Naughty Nine.
So here's a toast to college days
And all dear memories:
"In blood red wine,
Of soul divine,
We'll drink to M. A. C."

SOPH
CLASS OF 1910^{CA.}

H. C. EVANS President
 J. P. GRASON Vice-President
 M. ROBERTS Secretary
 H. S. COBEY Historian

Motto

Palnam Qui Meruit Ferat.

Colors

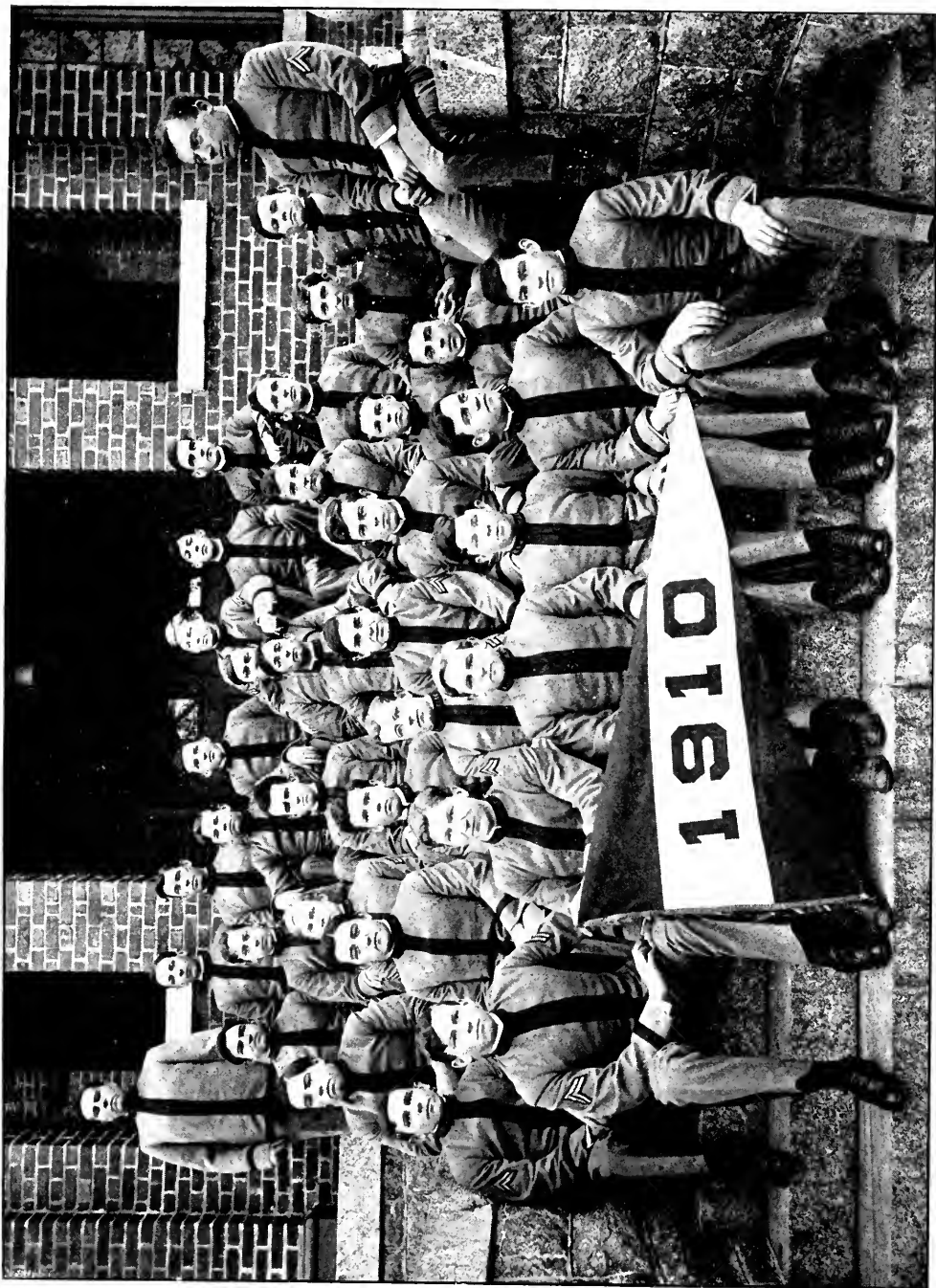
Green and White.

Class Yell

Rexa! Raxi! Rip, rap, ram!
 On the top we always stand.
 Suda! Carlo! Vo, van, vim!
 Sophomore! Sophomore! 1910!

Roll

C. ADAMS Takoma Park, D. C.
 H. H. ALLEN Towson, Md.
 C. R. ANDREWS Hurlock, Md.
 P. R. BARROWS Berwyn, Md.
 J. W. BAUER Havre de Grace, Md.
 R. B. BERRY Laurel, Md.
 E. H. BOUNDS Mardella Springs, Md.
 A. C. BREEDEN Sollers, Md.
 R. H. CARPENTER Washington, D. C.
 C. CARAZO Costa Rica.
 J. C. CRAPSTER Taneytown, Md.
 H. S. COBEY Grayton, Md.
 W. P. COLE Towson, Md.
 J. L. DONALDSON Berwyn, Md.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

J. W. DUCKETT	Davidsonville, Md.
H. D. DOAK	Darby, Pa.
C. R. DRACH	New Windsor, Md.
H. C. EVANS	Lonaconing, Md.
W. J. FRERE	Tomkinsville, Md.
V. GORSUCH	Mt. Carmal, Md.
J. P. GRASON	Towson, Md.
S. D. GRAY	Nanjemay, Md.
C. E. HAMILTON	La Plata, Md.
T. S. HARDING	Laurel, Md.
C. A. HICKS	Cambridge, Md.
R. HOEN	Richmond, Va.
J. H. HOGE	Baltimore, Md.
J. O. KEFAUVER	Middleton, Md.
H. B. LANGDON	Charlestown, W. Va.
D. C. MALCOLM	Washington, D. C.
S. MARTINEZ	Honduras.
F. J. MAXWELL	Comus, Md.
W. C. D. MUNSON	South Britain, Conn.
W. E. OSBOURNE	Baltimore, Md.
E. H. PRICE	Washington, D. C.
M. ROBERTS	Washington, D. C.
L. M. ROE	Wye Mills, Md.
S. SAN ROMAN	Peru, S. A.
W. S. SAUNDERS	Luray, Va.
T. R. STANTON	Grantsville, Md.
S. S. STABLER	Brighton, Md.
L. STEFFENS	Baltimore, Md.
C. W. STRICKLAND	Snow Hill, Md.
B. R. TIMANUS	Laurel, Md.
L. G. TRUE	Washington, D. C.
M. E. TYDINGS	Havre de Grace, Md.
B. R. VALUE	Pocomoke City, Md.
H. M. WALTERS	Pocomoke City, Md.
F. R. WARD	Baltimore, Md.
C. F. WENNER	Brunswick, Md.
H. J. WHITE	College Park, Md.
J. R. WHITE	Poolesville, Md.
W. W. WHITING	Hyattsville, Md.
M. H. WOOLFORD	Cambridge, Md.

History of the Class of 1910

In one of the smallest rooms of the M. A. C. barracks, on a scorching hot September night, in the year 1906, the Freshmen were holding their first class meeting. The important business of electing class officers was hardly half completed when the Sophs were heard coming down the hall! Most of us knew what that meant, and the "rats" who did not soon found out. We piled all the furniture of the room against the door, and to this added our combined weight. The Sophs rushed the door many times, but as our strength was greater than theirs, the attempt to break up our meeting was unsuccessful, and we finished our organization without further interruption. This was the beginning of the history of the class of 1910.

We soon became acquainted with the "old boys" and with each other, and fell into the regular routine of college work. In the classroom we made an excellent record, and on the football field many of our men became very successful players, several, indeed, making themselves indispensable members of the first team. Without the aid of the Freshman members our team would hardly have won the intercollegiate championship banner in 1906.

The monotony of every-day college life was broken in upon on Halloween night by half the M. A. C. battalion, the Freshman class included, spending the night in the Hyattsville lock-up. We had disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the worthy citizens of that lawabiding village, and they retaliated in the person of their most gentlemanly constable, who graciously invited us to rest our weary heads upon the soft spots of a cold brick floor, and breathe the refreshing fumes of gasoline for the remainder of the night. By the continuous flourishing and occasional discharging of several revolvers he and his posse persuaded us to accept his invitation. After many long and gloomy hours day began to break, and things on the outside assumed a more cheerful aspect. The county judge came upon the scene about sunrise, held a trial, and fined us \$3.75 each for disturbing the public peace. But we were willing to pay any price to be relieved from that place of departed spirits—for our jubilant spirits of the night before had surely departed.

After this expedition, needless to say, we appreciated more fully the pleasures attendant on every-day college life.

Easter brought us a short but welcome holiday, before the final struggle for high scholastic standing, for perfect execution of the military tactics that had been taught us during the fall and winter, and for success on the athletic field.

The final examinations showed that a large majority of our class were fully prepared to become Sophomores. Some who were not bravely labored at their books through the summer months and made up their conditions. After examinations came a week of camp life at Jamestown, which we enjoyed to the fullest, and, returning, only commencement week separated us from home. That week is the happiest of all the school year; everyone is in a pleasant state of mind and is in harmony with everyone else.

* * * * *

It is the latter part of September, 1907. The angel of silence, who had reigned in the stately halls of M. A. C. barracks for three short months, has flown; and the spirit of human action again prevails. We are back again, and for the first few days confusion reigns. By degrees we get settled. Each of us learns who of our last year's friends are back and who have not returned. We find that only a few members of our class have dropped out, their vacancies being filled by new students, who have proven a most valuable addition.

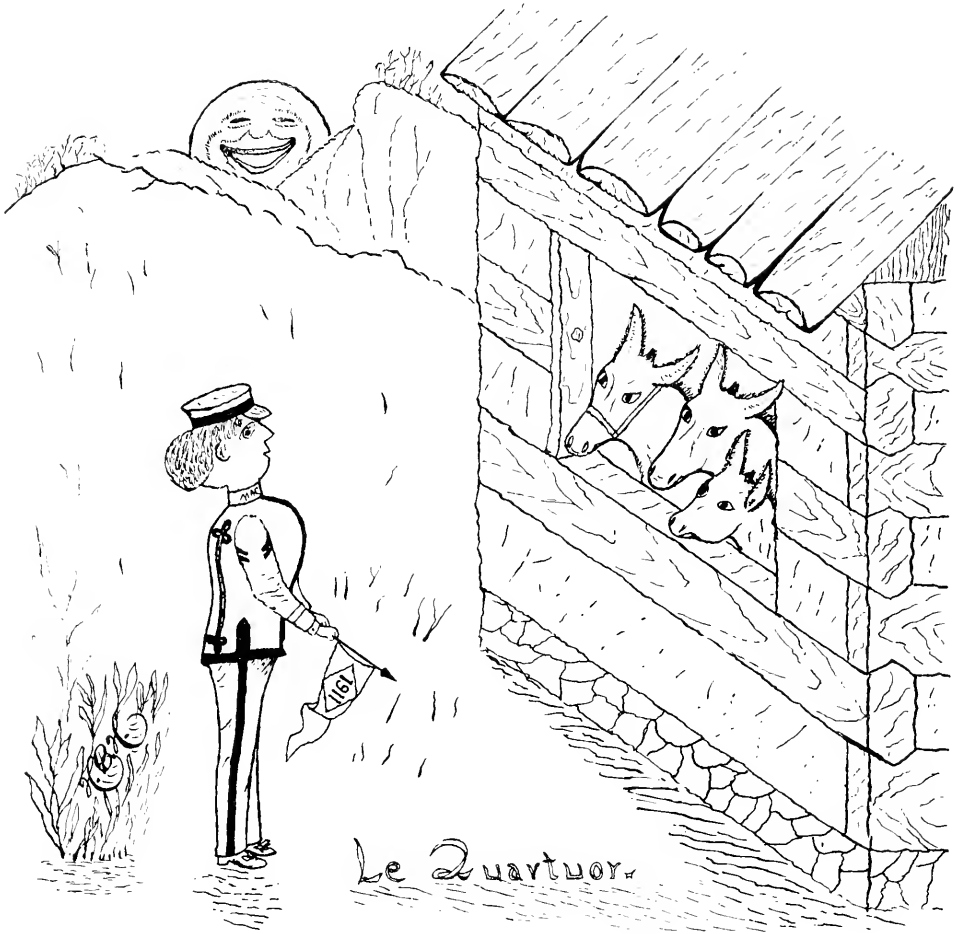
The history of the educational and athletic achievements of our Sophomore year is but an elaborate repetition of Freshman history, tho unique among the football games of last season was the Freshman-Sophomore game. Interest ran high on both sides, and it was a close game, and tho the Freshmen had great advantages over us, we won the day.

About the last of October a restless, mischievous spirit seemed to pervade the student body, especially the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Our faculty, not deeming it wise for the M. A. C. battalion to pay its annual Halloween respects to the town of Hyattsville, induced us to hold a bonfire oyster roast on the campus. Several members of the faculty were present, and evidently enjoyed themselves thoroughly. After the roast there was a grand class rush between the Sops and Freshman. There was some sturdy slugging on both sides, and both claimed the victory.

The steady march of 1910 for the year 1907-8 is nearing its end. May the Junior historian take up this record where I have left off, may he tell of still more wonderful achievement, to the honor of class of 1910.

Historian, '10.

Freshman Class



DIXON GAREY	President
STANLEY HOEN	Vice-President
JOSEPH W. DALEY	Secretary
D. WILSON GLASS	Historian

Colors

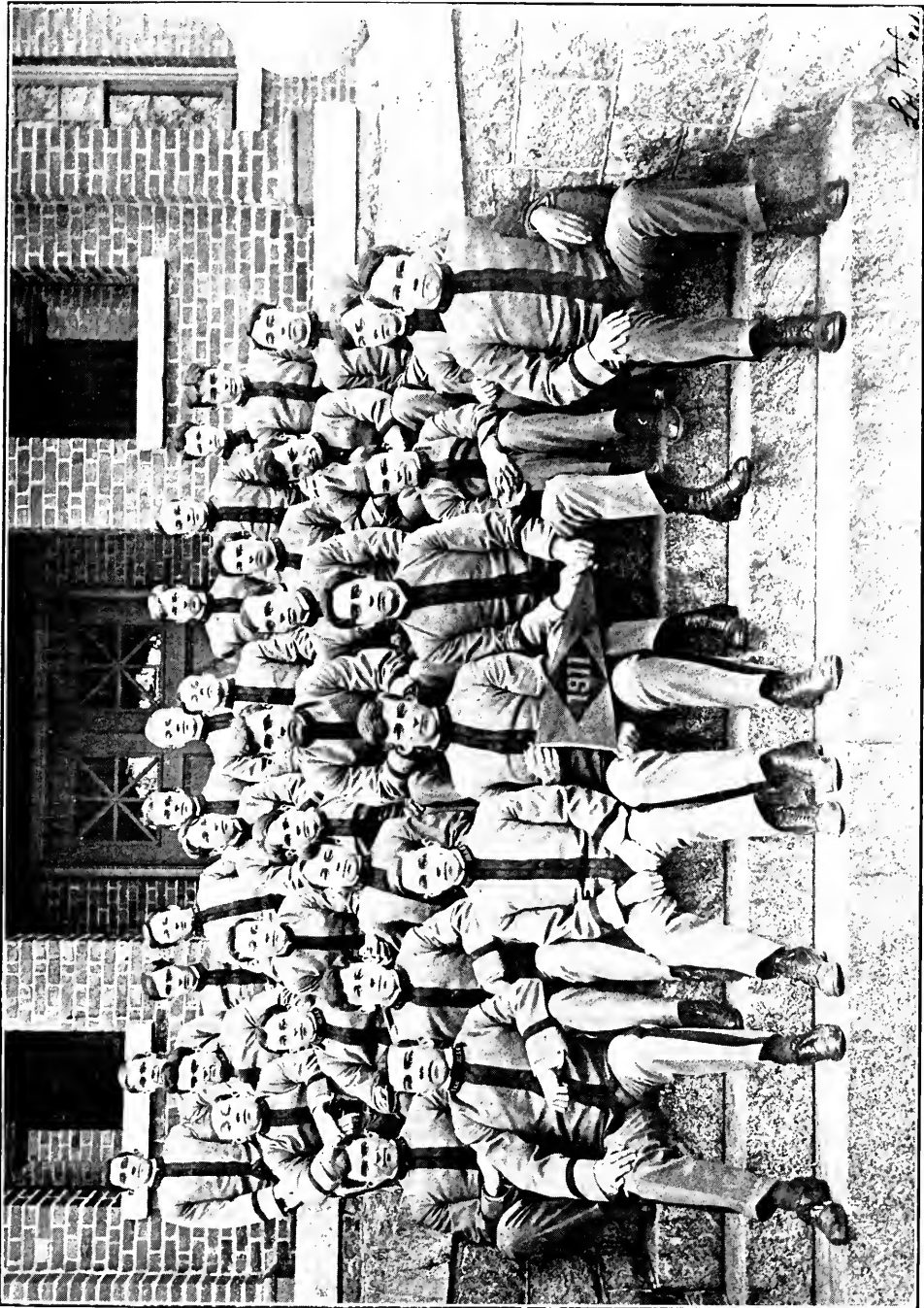
Blue and Yellow.

Motto

Semper Primus.

Class Yell

Hobble, Gobble, Bing, Bang, Bung!
Hoia, Hoia, Double One!



L. H. C.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Class Roll

W. M. AIKENHEAD	Easton, Md.
L. J. AMAN	Hyattsville, Md.
J. B. BENSON	Buffalo, N. Y.
E. BOSS	Laurel, Md.
H. J. BRADSHAW	Deal's Island, Md.
T. R. BROOKS	Washington, D. C.
J. M. BURNS	Morgantown, W. Va.
J. E. BYERS	Laurel, Md.
C. B. CHURCH	Washington, D. C.
N. L. Clark	Laurel, Md.
J. N. DALEY	Baltimore, Md.
T. DAVIDSON	Davidsonville, Md.
H. R. DEVILBISS	New Windsor, Md.
A. B. DUCKETT	Bladensburg, Md.
J. F. E. FIELDS	Hancock, Md.
D. GAREY	Denton, Md.
D. W. GLASS	Baltimore, Md.
S. HOEN	Richmond, Va.
J. M. JOVA	Sagueta Grande, Cuba
N. G. JUMP	Chestertown, Md.
J. N. KINGHORN	Baltimore, Md.
W. KINKAID	Middletown, Pa.
G. A. LANKFORD	Salisbury, Md.
P. R. LITTLE	Funkstown, Md.
C. B. LUNN	Baltimore, Md.
H. F. MANGUM	Baltimore, Md.
E. A. MUDD	Cheltenham, Md.
E. NEWCOMER	Benevola, Md.
E. NYDEGGER	Tampa, Fla.
N. J. PADGETT	Baltimore, Md.
W. E. SEVERE	Riverdale, Md.
N. L. SHIPLEY	Berwyn, Md.
L. MC. SILVESTER	Portsmouth, Va.
A. SONNENBURG	Bladensburg, Md.
L. H. STALEY	Washington, D. C.
R. D. THOMAS	Pomonkey, Md.
H. THOMPSON	Riverdale, Md.
B. TIMANUS	Laurel, Md.
R. L. TOLSON	Colesville, Md.
I. L. TOWERS	Chevy Chase, Md.
V. K. TRIMBLE	Mount Savage, Md.
C. E. TWADDELL	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. WALTERS	Pocomoke City, Md.
F. M. WHITE	Dickerson, Md.
W. H. WHITE	College Park, Md.

Class History of 1911

In the fall of nineteen hundred and seven, we came to the Maryland Agricultural College, eager to attain the coveted knowledge that it offers. We were about fifty in number who entered the class to begin their life's work in many different branches of science. From the seashore to the highland, from the cities and the farms our class has drawn its men, each one moved with a desire to make success for himself and this institution.

Arriving at the little station of College Park, our first thoughts were of the buildings mounted on the high hill to the west, partly hidden in their shelter of forest trees. It was to this place, with our grips in hand, that we hurried. Coming up the cinder walk we crossed the Baltimore and Washington Turnpike, which was the old post road in the colonial times and over which George Washington is supposed to have ridden.

Entering the college grounds we observed to our right the Experiment Station, and approaching nearer we beheld "Old Glory" flying on the air, giving to the place a decidedly military appearance.

The first week wore quickly away, and with it the fears and experiences which caused a few uneasy nights. It was now that the Class, having become more settled, took the first steps toward organization. A class meeting was called and the officers elected. The meeting was carried on without interference and adjourned in peace. In the hall outside we gave our yell, which aroused the spirit of the Sophomores in the opposite room. They came out of the room like bees from a hive, but their buzz was found to be worse than their sting, as the Freshman were able to hold their own in the rush that followed.

Hallowe'en associates itself with many daring deeds and often many unpleasant memories. The celebrations here have usually consisted of a visit to one of the neighboring villages, where the fellows have often made it very unpleasant for the peace of the community. This year a precedent has been established to do away with this sort of foolishness, and the celebration was carried on in a more conservative manner.

An oyster roast awaited the school at nine p. m., each Class marching up to its own particular fire. The Freshmen went forth with the firm resolution to be crucified rather than be derided by the Sophs, and after enjoying the oysters

which were slightly flavored with tar, the rest of the night was spent in a general "rough-house" waged between us and the Sophomores. The fight grew very warm at times, always ending in a single-handed combat. This kept up until eleven o'clock, when the bugle was sounded for call to quarters. The Freshmen then retired from the field carrying victory with them.

This year the Freshmen played the "Sophs" in football. Hitherto it has been the custom to have the under-class game between the Sophomores and the Juniors. The Freshmen were so promising in athletics, having two men on the first team and many more on the second, that they sent a challenge to the Sophomores. One Saturday morning early in December the game came off. At eleven o'clock both teams met on the gridiron to battle for life. The halves were thirty-five minutes in length. The referee's whistle blew, and the Freshmen were down on the ball like lightning. By good, hard hitting of the line we made the required distance in each three downs. This did not have to be kept up long, because after three minutes our first goal was made. The second came in twenty minutes more, after which our luck changed, and our opponents made two touch-downs and goals.

The second half was played very well by both sides, each fighting as hard as its strength would permit. Up to this time the score was ten to eleven in favor of the Freshmen, but the second half ended with a very decided change in favor of the Sophomores, and, they having added two more touch-downs, won by a score of twenty to eleven.

The December "exams" were drawing very close, so the efforts of the Class were now directed that way. By a little burning of the midnight oil most of us were successful in passing them.

And now, my classmates, let us keep the spark of knowledge aglow, so that when we pass for the last time as students from the doors of M. A. C. we will hold in reverent memory the difficulties thru which we kept our flame enkindled. May each and every one be able to say as did that other great student of old, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," and having found our position in the world without, fill it worthily so that our "lights may shine."

Historian, '11.

“Prep.” Ode

When I was a “Prep” at old M. A. C.
I obediently poured the old boys’ tea.
Water, too, I poured, and also the milk,
And walked guard a week if any was spilt.

At A. M. inspection I swept out each room,
And felt an inch board if I had not a broom.
Sometimes I would say I had a sore head;
“No matter,” they said, “You make up that bed.”

Then sometimes upon a low table I’d stand
And sing till my voice rang out like a band.
To the audience then I was requested to bow,
While the touch of a paddle made me say “Ow!”

And when on the hall they all fell in line,
As I passed down the hall they would all beat time
On my trousers of gray, right under the belt,
Which is sore to this day from the raps it has felt.

M. E. T., '10.



Prep.

Class Motto
Laissez-faire.

Class Colors
Pea Green and Beefsteak Red.

Class Yell
Take me home to mother,
For home's the place to be.

G. P. KLINGLER President
R. C. CALHOUN Vice-President
A. C. STANTON Secretary-Treasurer
O. M. KELLY Sergeant-at-Arms

Class Roll

E. BOECKNER	Baltimore, Md.	H. H. ONIELL	Hyattsville, Md.
G. C. BRASURE	Selbysville, Del.	G. POSEY	Riverside, Md.
R. C. CALHOUN	McKeesport, Pa.	I. H. ROTH	McKeesport, Pa.
P. CASTRO	Cabo Rogo, P. R.	W. SCHEVE	Baltimore, Md.
S. C. DENNIS	Ocean City, Md.	G. C. SEIBOLD	Baltimore, Md.
B. H. EVANS	Lonaconing, Md.	M. SERRANO	Cacuta, Columbia
C. W. JOHNSON	Sherman, Tex.	E. SHEMA	Baltimore, Md.
O. M. KELLY	Baltimore, Md.	R. R. SMITH	Wakefield, Md.
G. P. KLINGLER	New Haven, Conn.	H. F. SONNENBURG	Bladensburg, Md.
N. E. LONG	California, Md.	G. McC. SPANGLER	Washington, D. C.
T. A. LYON	Riverdale, Md.	A. C. STANTON	Grantsville, Md.
J. C. MORRIS	Riverdale, Md.	H. L. TWIGG	Twiggstown, Md.
W. NYDEGGER	Tampa, Fla.	R. D. WILBURN	Baltimore, Md.
S. OLIVER	Soller, Spain	H. WILLIS	Hyattsville, Md.



PREP. CLASS

Preps and Others

PROF. R.: Who was the first president?

SCHWE: George Washington!

PROF. R.: Right! and the next?

SCHWE (excitedly): Elizabeth, Queen of America!

* * *

PROF. S.: What is the "Mittags-linie," Mr. Warren?

NERVY NAT.: Where the sun rises and sets at the same time, Professor.

* * *

PROF. R.: What did they do to Queen Boadicea in Rome, Mr. Geary?

GEARY: They scourged her, sir.

PROF. R.: What do you understand by scourging, Mr. Geary?

GEARY: I think it means they "sand-papered" her, Professor.

* * *

PROF. B.: What are children in excess, Mr. Warren?

NERVY (after deep thought): Twins.

* * *

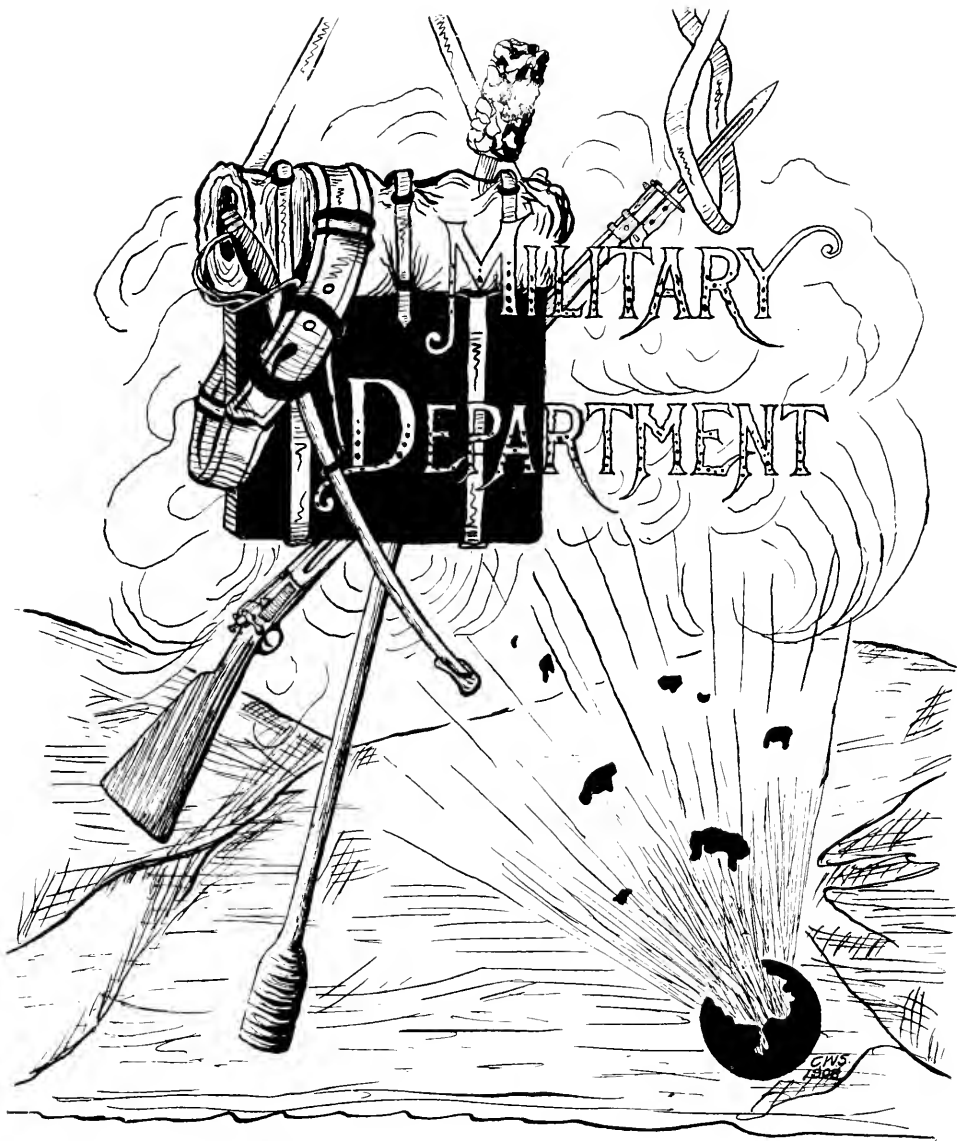
WISE JUNIOR: Who is the Speaker of the House, Professor?

PROF. B.: "Uncle Joe," Mr. Gorsuch.

WISE JUNIOR: Oh, and I always thought he was called "Uncle Sam" in the comic papers!

* * *

A sample of a "truthful" explanation, submitted by Cadet Church for report of "whistling during study hours": "I was not singing out loud, but only humming. I was not aware that it could be heard outside of my room. I happened to be thru my studies and was looking out of my window. It was such beautiful night, it made me homesick, and that was the reason I was reported for whistling." So simple, so logical, so touching! Of course, *it came off!*



Military Department

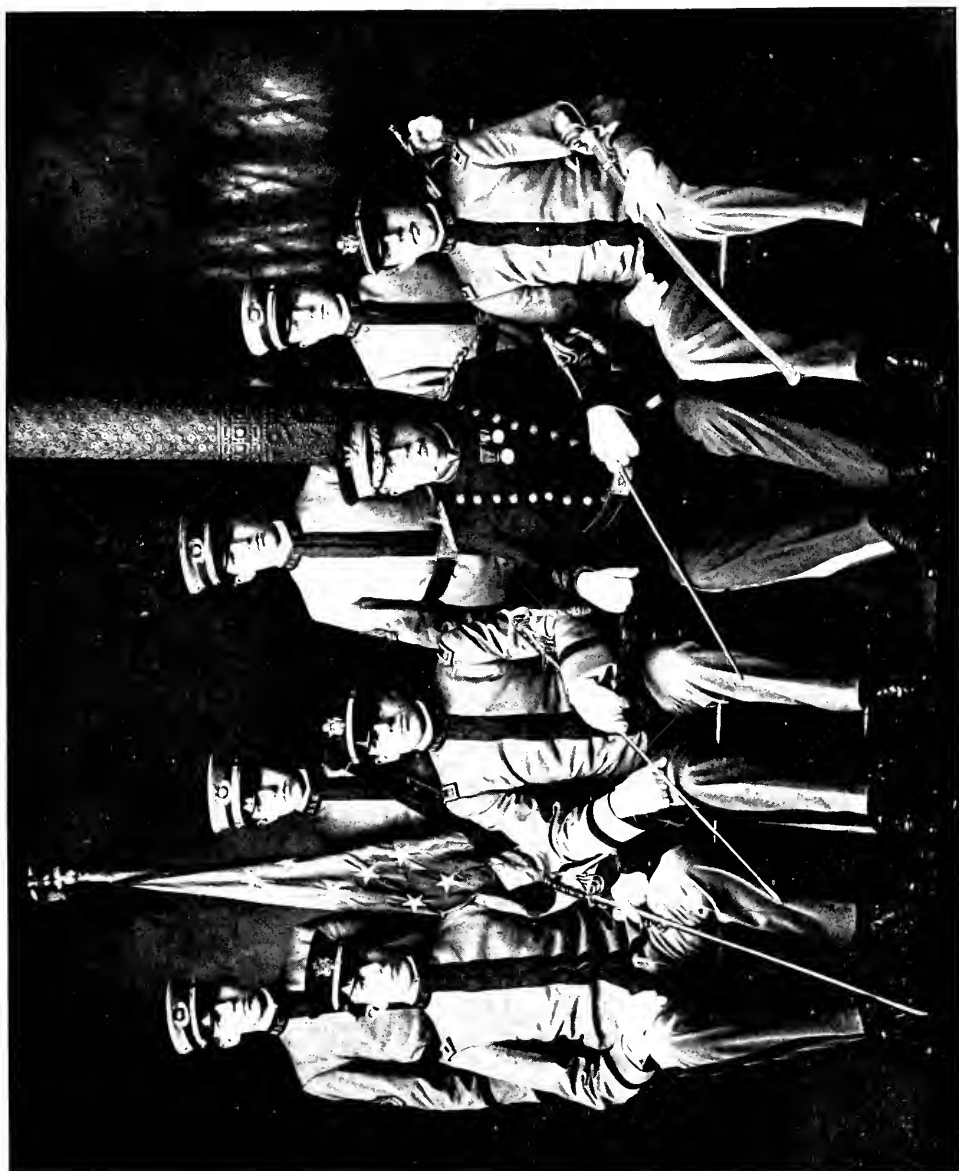
MAJOR EDWARD LLOYD, U. S. A. Commandant

Commissioned Staff

B. R. COOPER Cadet Major
R. L. SILVESTER, JR. First Lieutenant and Adjutant
R. BRIGHAM Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster

Non-Commissioned Staff

C. F. MAYER Sergeant-Major
R. E. DUPUY Color Sergeant
L. O. JARRELL Quartermaster Sergeant
J. L. DONALDSON Chief Bugler and Corporal



STAFF

Roll of Company "A"

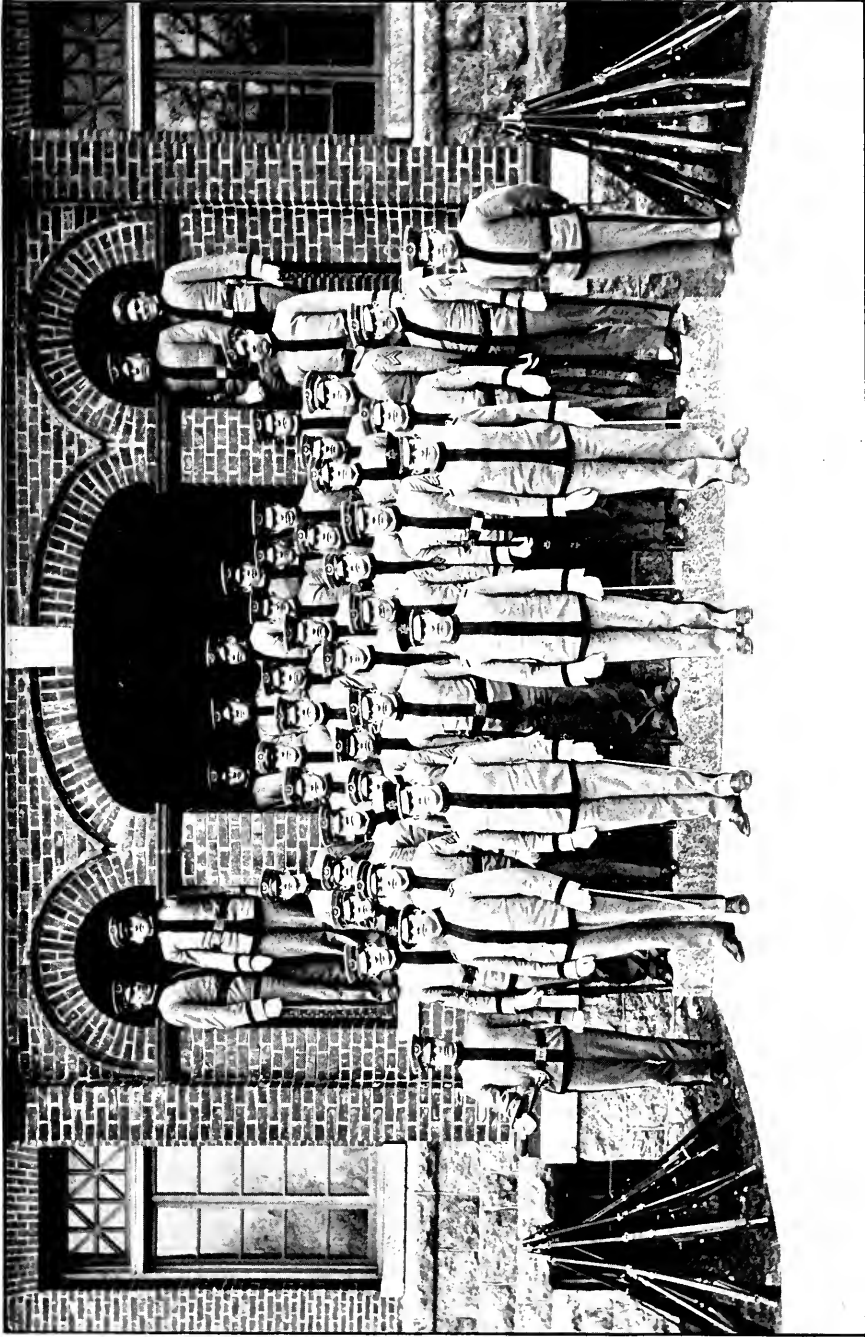
Captain	URAH W. LONG
First Lieutenant	W. C. REEDER
Second Lieutenant	J. W. FIROR
Third Lieutenant	H. C. BYRD
Third Lieutenant	H. W. STINSON
First Sergeant	A. C. TURNER
Second Sergeant	J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY
Third Sergeant	J. S. GORSUCH
Fourth Sergeant	W. R. MASLIN
Fifth Sergeant	H. M. COSTER
First Corporal	F. J. MAXWELL
Second Corporal	M. E. TYDINGS
Third Corporal	J. P. GRASON
Fourth Corporal	H. M. WALTERS

Musicians

CHURCH	AMAN	SONNENBURG
--------	------	------------

Privates

ADAMS	GORSUCH, V.	ROE
AIKENHEAD	HOEN, R.	SAUNDERS
ALLEN	HOEN, S.	SCHEWE
BOZA, A.	JUMP	SIEBOLD
BRASURE	LUNN	SMITH
CORY	MUNSON	SONNENBURG
COLE	MANGUN	STALEY
CLARK	MACKALL	TAUSZKY
DALEY	MALCOLM	THOMAS
DAVIDSON	MUDD	TRIMBLE
DUCKETT	OLIVARES	VALUE
GAREY	POSEY	WENNER
GOLDEN		



COMPANY "A"

Roll of Company "B"

Captain	J. P. SHAMBERGER
First Lieutenant	W. A. S. SOMERVILLE
Second Lieutenant	N. L. WARREN
Third Lieutenant	G. G. BECKER
Third Lieutenant	N. E. BRICE
Third Lieutenant	E. M. PARADIS
First Sergeant	P. E. BURROUGHS
Third Sergeant	T. D. JARRELL
Fourth Sergeant	L. J. HATHAWAY
Fifth Sergeant	B. D. SPALDING
Fifth Sergeant	G. E. HAMILTON
First Corporal	H. S. COBEY
Second Corporal	H. C. EVANS
Third Corporal	L. G. TRUE

Musicians

BARROWS

SPANGLER

TANGIUS

Privates

BAUER

GRAY

SHIPLEY

BENSON

HARDING

SMITH

BERRY

JOHNSON

STIFFLER

BOECKNER

KEYFAUVER

SILVESTER, L. M.

BOSS

KELLEY

STRICKLAND

BRADSHAW

KINGHORNE

THOMPSON

BROOKS

MORRIS

TIMANUS, B.

BURNS

O'NEILL

TIMANUS, W.

BYERS

QUIMBY

TOWERS

CALHOUN

REDMOND

TWADELL

DAVIS

ROBINSON

WALTER, R.

EVANS, B. H.

ROTH

WARD

FIELDS

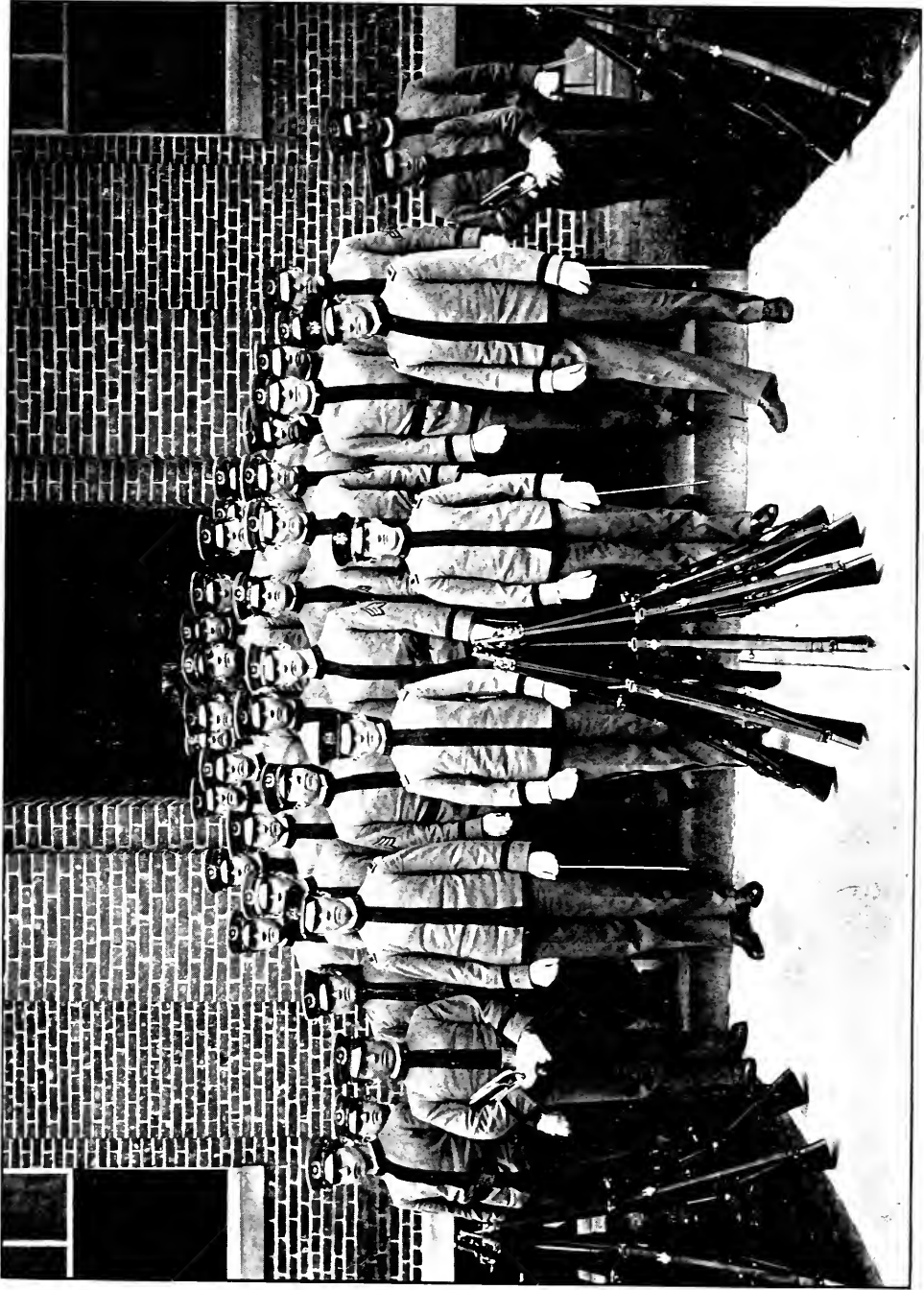
SAÁVEDRA

WILBURN

GLASS

SERRANO

WHITE, W.



COMPANY B

Roll of Company "C"

Captain	CHAS. W. SYLVESTER
First Lieutenant	H. B. HOSHALL
Second Lieutenant	S. M. LOWREY
Third Lieutenant	E. H. PLUMACHER
Third Lieutenant	M. C. PLUMACHER
Third Lieutenant	R. A. WILSON
First Sergeant	J. F. ALLISON
Second Sergeant	F. H. DRYDEN
Third Sergeant	M. E. CHOATE
Fourth Sergeant	C. W. SIGLER
Fifth Sergeant	J. E. HASLUP
First Corporal	W. J. FRERE
Second Corporal	T. R. STANTON
Third Corporal	E. H. PRICE
Fourth Corporal	J. H. HOGE
Fifth Corporal	E. H. BOUNDS

Musicians

CRAPSTER

SONNENBURG

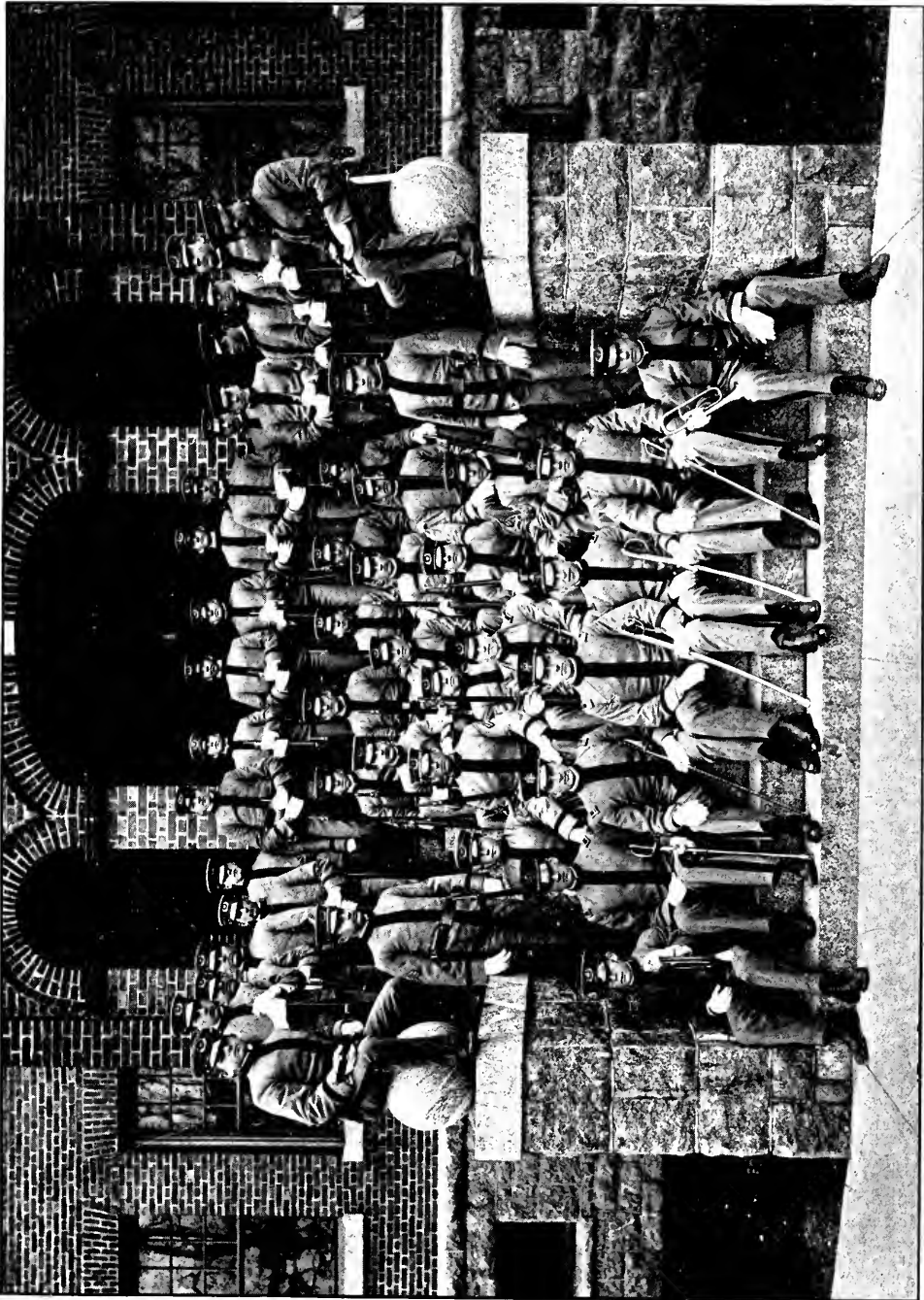
CASTRO

Privates

ANDREWS
 BELL
 BOZA, O.
 BOYLE
 CARPINTER
 CARAZO
 DUCKETT
 HICKS
 JOVA
 KLINGER
 KOENIG
 LANGDON
 LANKFORD

LITTLE
 LONG, N.
 LYON
 MARMOL
 MARTINEZ
 MORLEY
 NEWCOMER
 NYDEGGER, E.
 NYDEGGER, W.
 OISEN
 OLIVER
 OSBOURN
 PADGETT

ROBERTS
 SEVERE
 SHIPLEY
 STEFFENS
 TWIGG
 THOMPSON
 WHITE, H.
 WHITE, M.
 WHITE, R.
 WHITING
 WILLIS
 WOOLFORD



COMPANY "C"

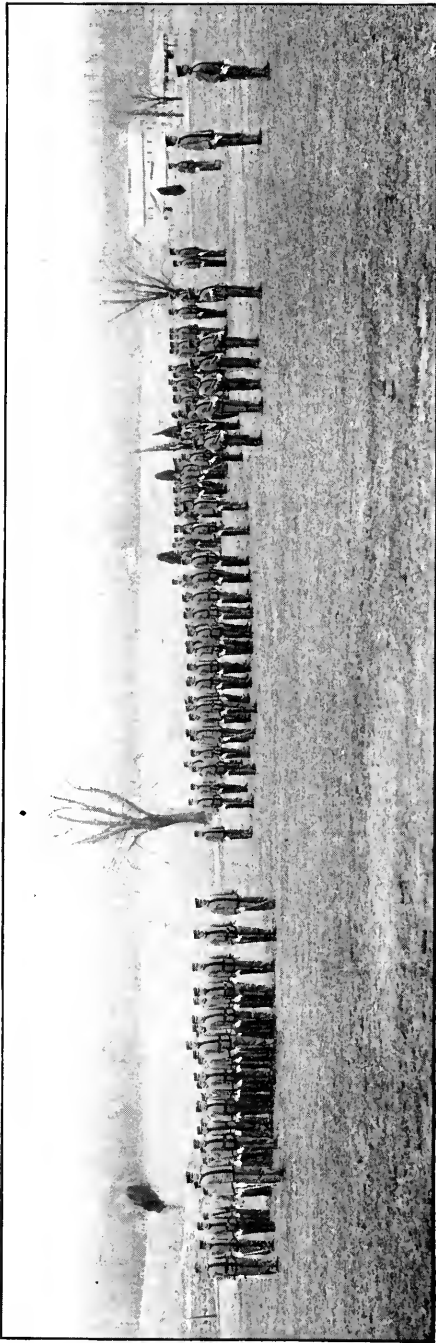
The Baltimore Parade

A most beautiful and appropriate custom has been of recent years adopted by the several States; the celebration of "Home Coming Week," as we have learned to call it. Nor has Maryland, always alive to the best interests of her citizens and zealous of her good name, been backward in inaugurating this event in her own case, and as a consequence the week of October the fourteenth was set apart for this celebration.

Daily parades of the various organizations thruout the State were a prominent feature of the home-coming period, and it was on the evening of the fifteenth that we of the Maryland Agricultural College were invited to participate. We were assigned to the third brigade, of which division our illustrious commandant, Major Lloyd, was in command. As it was still early in the scholastic year, we found it out of question to drill the new recruits into the proper condition of discipline to fit them for the parade. Consequently, we were represented by two picked companies of old men instead, and owing to a temporary injury received in a recent football game, Major B. R. Cooper was unable to take command, the responsibility of the expedition devolving upon Captain U. W. Long, who conducted the battalion thruout the parade with marked ability.

For days previous to the eagerly anticipated event we busied ourselves in blacking shoes, washing gloves, shining buckles, cleaning rifles, pressing uniforms and doing other things too numerous to mention. Bright and clear dawned the morning of the fateful day, and after an early lunch served in the old time a la Greene style, we marched off to the railroad station, where we boarded the noon express that Dr. Silvester had providently stopped for us.

A little after half-past one we pulled into Mt. Royal station, and after forming the battalion, Captain Long marched us two squares to Lanvale Street, where we awaited the formation of our division. Meanwhile, the gay steed on which our honored commandant was to mount appeared on the scene. To fitly describe the coloring of that immortal creature would require a thorough knowledge of all the colors in the spectrum, for I verily believe they were all represented. Well, the Major proceeded to mount his "circus" horse as he was pleased to call it, with the grace and ease of a natural-born horseman; and was soon surrounded



BATTALION

by an admiring junto of embryo newspaper reporters, in age from six to sixteen. Not even an Egyptian mummy or an ancient Greek god come to life could have created such a sensation as did our beloved "Commie" on his circus horse!

At length St. Johns and their melodious band came upon the scene, and we formed into a column of companies ready to march. Oh, that march! Up hill and down dale, over smooth pavements and over rough cobblestones, we kept up that measured tread to the finish. Thru what streets or by what route we went I cannot tell, but my burning feet felt every bit of that good eight miles before we reached the end. Sometimes we would halt for forty seconds more or less. The longest stop, I believe, was when the "circus" horse became rampant. It threw our respected Major among the worshipping populace from whence he promptly rose untarnished and unharmed to resume his seat in the saddle. Our entire march was the scene of one long enthusiastic ovation from faculty, alumni, friends and sweethearts; and we can still hear Prof. Richardson's hearty "What's the matter with the Maryland Agricultural College?" as we passed him and his party on the strenuous march.

Finally, we found ourselves advancing away from the heart of the city, and our spirits began to rise. The end of the parade was close at hand. And sure enough, we were soon on our way to our rendezvous at Mt. Royal station. On our arrival, we promptly stacked arms and set out to invest a nearby cafe. Needless to say, true to the traditions of M. A. C., we never left the place until the provisions gave out, and even then found ourselves still hungry. Rounding up the tired, tho jubilant boys was a difficult proposition. The larger majority of us, however, boarded the special express for home. Our return trip was enlivened by a light lunch which the good Doctor had thoughtfully provided for us, and during its consumption we were highly entertained by certain ambitious ones among us who gave the day students, more familiarly known as the day dodgers, a most informal reception, Cadets Stiffler, True and Twadell presiding. When the fragments of the disintegrated day dodgers were gathered up, several caps were missing, and one bright (?) individual ventured the remark that it was rather severe on Severe!

"College," yells the conductor, and we prepare joyfully for the disembarkation, marching up to the empty barracks, where a very light lunch like our early dinner is served a la Greene. So ended the famous Baltimore parade, and very quietly we sought our quarters that night, praying that in the future Home Coming Week would come oftener and not so much at one time.

Extra, '08.

Jamestown

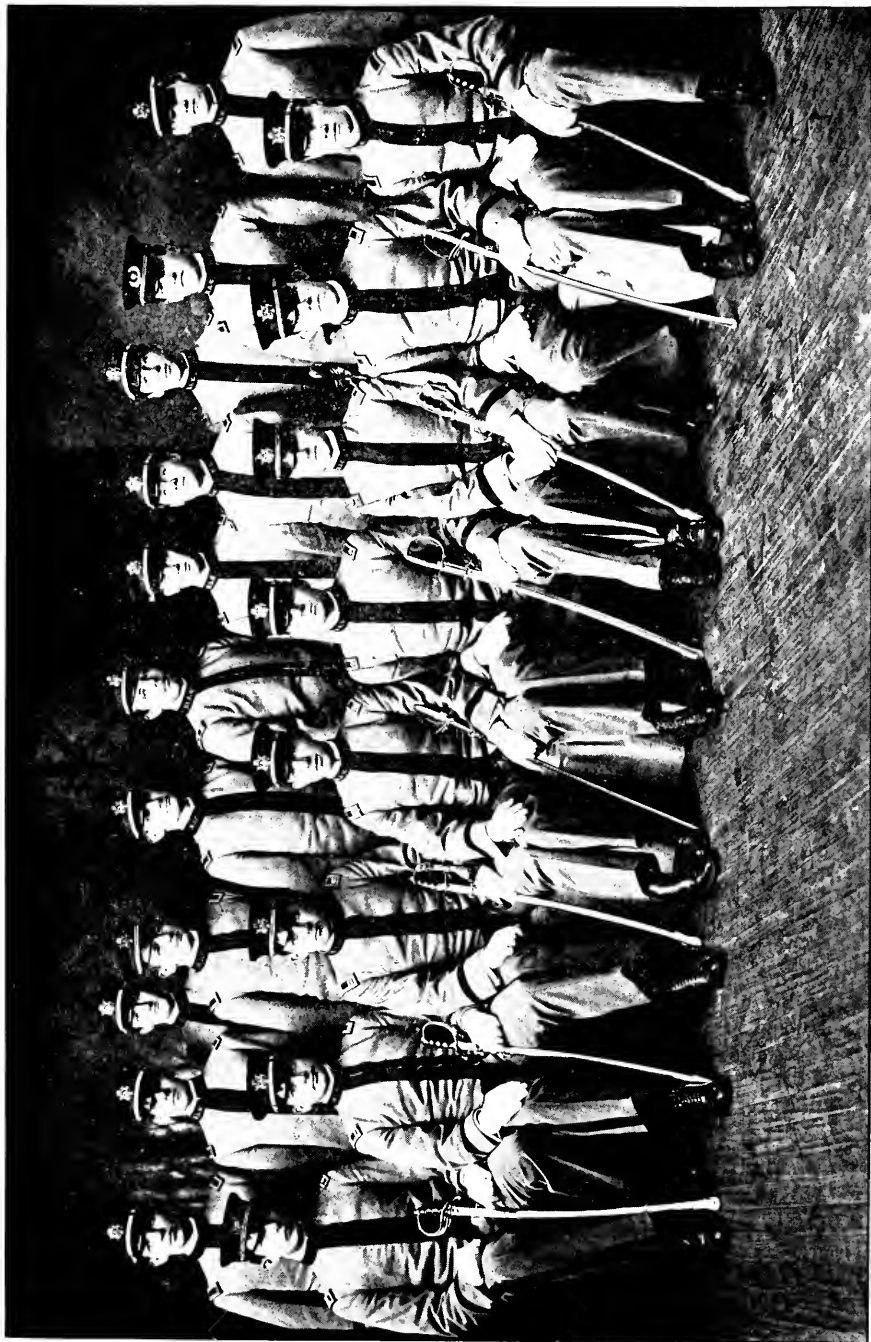
Jamestown! The very name is pregnant with sultry weather, with chilly nights, bad tempers and muddy shoes; for we certainly did have rain a plenty. Indeed, if the truth be told, we had every degree of raininess that is within the power of the weather man to inflict on poor, suffering humanity. First we had the gentle mist, then the strenuous mist or infant rain—not enough water falling to keep you indoors, yet enough to make life miserably wet without an umbrella—then came the drizzling rain, next followed the romantic pit-pat, pit-pat, pitter-patter, pit-pat rain, then came the “gentle, refreshing spring shower” concerning which poets love so much to sing, then fell the regular downpour rain, and, finally, as a fitting climax to this spectacular array of “weathers,” the veritable bottom dropped out of the heavens, the clouds, turning inside out, wrung themselves dry very much as you would a towel, and then—commenced all over again. Yet, in spite of this formidable onslaught of the elements, we managed to squeeze several good-sized tumblerfulls of “joy” out of this same old Jamestown.

It was on the morning of June the sixth, in the year of our Lord one thousand nineteen hundred and seven, that, with light hearts and a still lighter breakfast within us, we assembled in front of the barracks, preparatory to our departure. And I may as well state right here that already, following closely behind old Sol, a huge Cumulus cloud was forcing its way towards the zenith. After the bugle call, the roll call and the muster call had been thrice repeated; after each man had been counted at least a half a dozen times in order to make sure that he was actually where he was and not fast asleep in bed; after we had been compelled to show our tickets for the third time; after our receipts from Dr. Owens to the amount of three dollars and sixty-seven cents had been submitted for inspection to no less than seven personages; after each one had kicked his suit case a few hard wacks to make certain of its corporeality—after all these preliminaries word came from headquarters to depart. Into the blue-bodied wagons we piled our suit cases (likewise Zodiac’s trunk) and hurried them off to the station. Then the Major formed column to the north, put it in march, and changed direction at the same time to the east, and before we were able to collect our scattered wits we were off for Jamestown.

On any ordinary occasion we would seriously object to riding three in a seat on a Berwyn trolley, but this morning we were in a particularly good humor, and underwent this "hardship" with never a murmur. However, as, the excitement over, we sped toward the city, the minds of those who were sitting upon their imaginations found leisure to meditate upon the contented looks of those who had received their full quota of seat, and by almost imperceptible degrees they receded into the grumbling vernacular of M. A. C. Hitherto we had been so elated, and yet so fearful lest some untold event should mar our journey, that we lived, as it were, above the clouds. Now, however, as if by magic, a multitude of pipes came into existence, the "planta nicotina" circulated freely from hand to hand, and we were soon completely absorbed in each other's conversation and the passing scenery.

A considerable delay was experienced in effecting a transfer in Washington. Drawn up in line on Ninth street, with our right resting on G, we watched car after car, filled to overflowing, pass us by. And while thus bemoaning our extremely hard luck we were startled by a familiar voice, and looking around recognized, to our unbounded joy, an old and trusted friend. It was none other than the pieman, our welcome bi-weekly visitant at M. A. C., and without whose presence life there would be an "inferno," indeed. For a short while there was a lively exchange of battered five-cent pieces on the one hand and of appetizing custards on the other, and we had scarcely completed devouring our pies when word was passed along the line that our "special" was coming at last. And sure enough it was. We soon reached the wharves, and after a lot of red tape with the officials stationed there squeezed thru a narrow passageway, shuffled up the gang-plank, and wended our way aft. No sooner had the last man touched the deck of the boat than the gang-plank was drawn in, the ropes cast off, the anchor weighed, and we were steaming down the peaceful Potomac.

Life on board was rather interesting. Of course, the first thing we did was to acquaint ourselves with our surroundings. We investigated every nook and cranny from the prow to the escutcheon, and from the bilge to the hurricane deck. Finding time hanging heavy on our hands, we next began to cultivate the acquaintance of our fellow-passengers. And what characters that small river craft contained! I remember one of the boys taking statistics, and he announced that there were five nationalities, seventeen religions and three political parties represented on board. One individual in particular I remember. She was a short, plump, gray-haired, little lady, as full of fun as she was of years. In the saloon she entertained us at the piano. And how she did play! Her short, fat fingers went bobbing up and down like jumping jacks. She played in such a businesslike way, and how she did strike those keys! At the end of each selec-



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

tion the poor, little lady would be almost exhausted and would puff and blow in quite a pitiable manner, but the hard-hearted wretches would "encore" and she would address herself again to the task.

Soon after we left Alexandria, however, there occurred a very exciting episode. A gentleman from that staid old town walked hurriedly up to the commandant and accosted him, saying, "Baggagemaster, where is my trunk?" "You d—n fool!" replied the irate "Commie," "You ——" But words, even those energetic words which make up by far the greater part of an army officer's vocabulary, afforded little relief to "Commie's" pent-up indignation. Mutely clenching his fists, he scowled upon the offending Alexandrian, who by this time realizing that he had blundered (just how he could not for the life of him imagine), and observing "Commie's" belligerent preparations, which were becoming too significant to be overlooked, and evidently concluding that "descretion is the better part of valor," beat a hasty retreat. Several hours later he was detected hiding behind an empty-barrel on the lower deck, and when he reached his destination the mate had to literally drag him forth from his place of concealment, so great was his fear of our wrathful "Commie."

It was quite dark when we touched our final landing place. Clutching a suit case in one hand, a gun in the other, and with our tickets gripped firmly between our teeth, we filed off. Our baggage was tossed aboard two express wagons that were awaiting our arrival, a guard was placed with each vehicle and then they were sent rattling off over the cobblestones in the direction of camp. Unfortunately for us, the cobblestones did not last long, and at Piney Beach we struck mud, plain, simple mud, fully a half foot deep, and we floundered at least a mile thru this Virginia quagmire ere we reached the camping grounds.

Our own camp consisted of three rows of conical-walled tents, each one being placed over a raised wooden platform and containing six so-called cots. On our arrival we found our baggage dumped in a nondescript pile in the middle of one of our streets, and to sort it out in the dark was a most simple matter, as you may readily suppose. Then back to our tents we went. Of course, no one had brought a candle along, and so the first thing we did on entering our novel habitation was to bump our heads against the ridgepole. However, we were soon supplied with the much-needed light, our fleetest runner running down to the commissary department in less time than it takes to tell of it. Then, quickly making up our cots, we turned in for the night. I say "we turned in," but not to sleep. The placing of those cots in there as sleeping places for human beings was a grim farce, a most practical joke. They were too short; they were too narrow. They were lopsided, and three times each night one would roll onto the floor, whereupon, humiliated by the jeers of his comrades and frozen by the

cold outside air, the unfortunate victim must perforce pick himself up and climb back into the detestable "cot," its spindly legs wabbling like those of a newborn calf. Naturally, from their very construction, those cots lent themselves readily to the playing of practical jokes, so one night we placed the legs of one cot parallel fore and aft and leaning slightly out of the perpendicular. That night, when its occupant came loitering home at a late hour, the sentinal silently woke us up to enjoy the fun. Right gently the unsuspecting noctivagant laid him down to pleasant slumbers, when just as he was settling himself into a final posture of repose the balance was overcome, bed shot forward and down, its hapless occupant was hurled over the footboard as from a catapult, and lunging into the skirt, his impetus came very close, indeed, to precipitating the tent upon us.

On rising the next morning we became conscious of an appalling "want of due care" on our part that we were to rue bitterly. "The further South one goes the warmer it becomes," so our old geographies used to read and so we always confidently believed until, acting upon this misguiding information, we had brought very few bedclothes with us, and as a natural consequence each one "A sadder and a wiser man awoke the morrow morn." Nor was this our only mistake. In the whole battalion, as we found to our dismay, there were but five towels and three toothbrushes fit for active service, and, alas, nothing wherewith to multiply them. Our supply of combs, too, was limited to four of the most disreputable, toothless, haglike veterans that I have ever seen, and as for soap, why when you are in Jamestown you must do as Jamestonians do, follow the illustrious example of economic Italy.

The first day was spent in getting our bearings. We scouted the Warpath, surveyed Lee's Parade and located the exit gate. That night we really began to "see things!" With the exception of the guard on duty our entire force made a desperate assault on the Warpath, and many were the sights and shows, some good, some bad and some indifferent, that we took in that night for much less than our allowed half fare.

"Curse those Indians!" was the exclamation oftenest on our lips. All day long and half the night "101 Ranch" created terrific din. They were wont to commence at eight in the morning, and not once during our brief stay did they conclude their final performance before twelve at night. Hourly an assorted medley of cowboy oaths, punctuated by revolver shots, curdling warwhoops and incessant distracting bedlam raised by the squaws, floated into camp, the whole being softened by the peculiarly touching music that a New York band was extracting from a bass drum and half a dozen brass horns. Altho, when at night we were wooing fickle slumber, we railed at the noisy ranch and cursed it heartily,



BATTALION AT JAMESTOWN

yet in the daytime our curiosity concerning its interior was very great, for it must be remembered that the whole outfit was completely encircled by a thirty-two-foot board fence. The time was soon coming when we should at one and the same time satisfy our growing curiosity and avenge ourselves upon the offending aborigines.

On the third day our outpost reported unusual activity in the camp on the north. All day long the streets were being cleaned and things set to rights within the encampment. What might it portend? About dusk the mystery was solved. Hearing the guard call out, "ARMED PARTY," we threw back our tent flaps and beheld the arrival into our "dismal swamp" of two additional battalions, the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and the Pennsylvania Military Academy. That very night we joined forces with our brother cohorts and swooped down upon the dusky braves. After some slight parleying with the manager it was agreed that we should enter in on half fare, either paying fifty cents for a ticket "for one" or a dollar "for two." But both tickets were identical in character, so, of course, what should we do but pay fifty cents "for a ticket for one" and "two" would enter to behold the sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle presented by the "101 Ranch!"

In the army the "guy-rope mania" is a very prevalent disease among the new recruits, and we, too, had a slight attack of it at Jamestown. Everytime we ventured forth without the tent we would stumble over a guy rope. If we attempted to take a short cut to the street below the guy rope was there before us, and we were invariably compelled to call upon the guard to assist us in extricating ourselves from the consequent entanglement; and if we came home late at night, "walking in a military manner and observing everything within sight and hearing," we were sure to come to grief over a guy rope!

Jamestown, its joys, its sorrows and its "101 Ranch" have passed away, but it still lies fresh in our memory. Shall we ever forget the big military tent in which we messed three times a day? "North Carolina coffee, boss?" And that was "coffee," indeed, and those ice-cream desserts, ah! but the rogues do remember them! Speaking of provender, however, reminds us of the elaborate bill of fare that one morning in chapel our worthy president announced as our "future menu in Jamestown!" And very fascinating reading it made, too, better than any fairy tale or even a dime novel to our starved appetites. Even then we licked our chops in pleasant anticipation of the delicate morsels we should feast upon. For breakfast we were to have the choice, actually the choice, of ham, eggs or broiled steak, served with fried potatoes, celery a la mode, or horse-radish, and for beverages an unlimited amount of water. Dinner, he said, would be served promptly at twelve, the first course consisting of either turtle a la shell

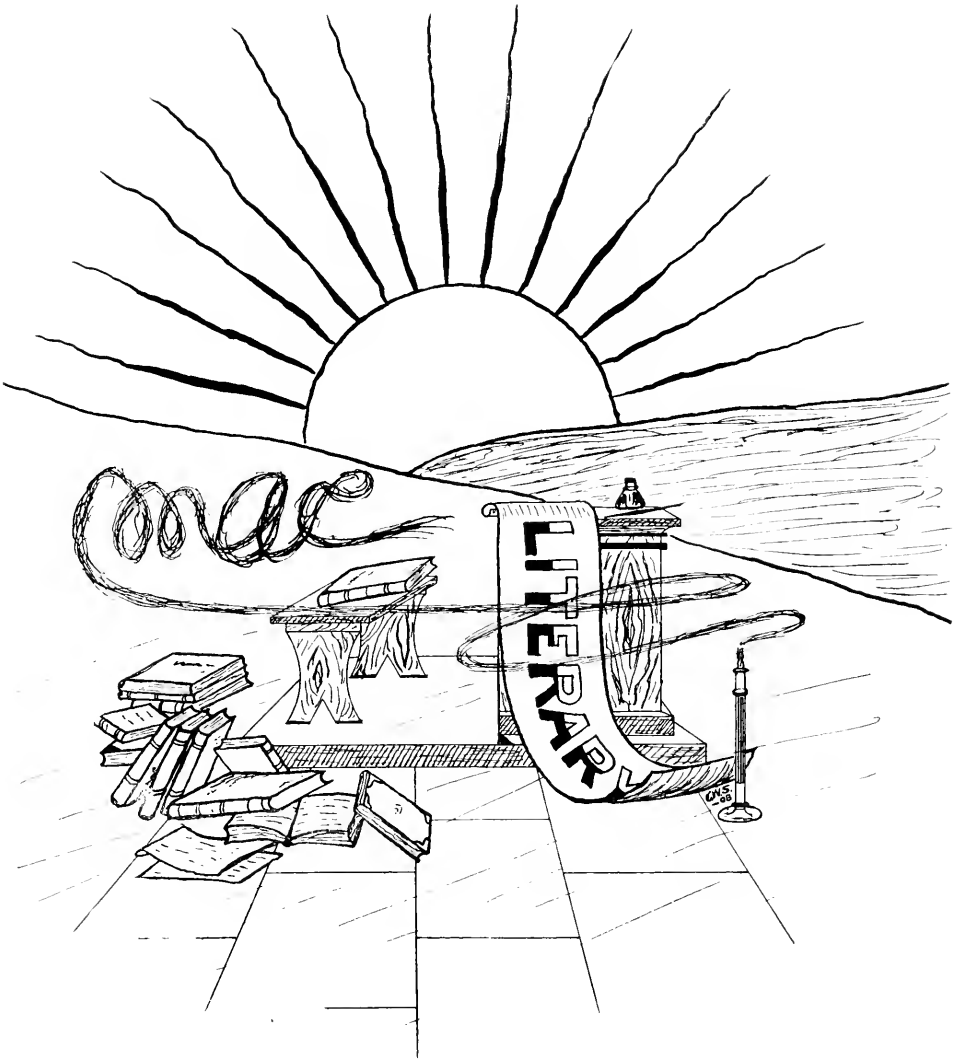
or canvasback duck stewed in its own brown gravy. Oh! Delicious Gravy! What visions you conjure up! My pen fairly itches to write a dissertation upon you! The second course would be made up, so it read, of one company of cabbage, of two squadrons of cabbage, of five battalions of cabbage, and seven—in fact, cabbage was scheduled as the “dominant” feature of the course. These two detachments of our dinner were to be worked down and their conflicting flavors absorbed by a drink of that cooling beverage—water. At supper our infant appetites were to be coaxed with tender cuts of roast beef—which, by the by, never materialized—then, enticed by a savory dish of boiled turnips, we would finally top off our repast once more with—water. Assuredly, truth had an abiding place in the heart of the man who wrote, “Anticipation is better than realization!”

But to return to Jamestown and its flashlight memories. Can it be possible that we shall ever forget Piney Beach, where they sent you to hell and brought your back again all for thirty cents? And the Swiss Alps! What magnificent scenery! Quite quenched was our thirst for natural beauty in the lordly grandeur of those majestic Alps. Intoxicated by the wonderful sights we had seen we would stagger forth under the pale moonlight, and it was even currently reported that one night our worthy steward was found under their intoxicating influence, surreptitiously making love to a lamppost. Nor must we fail of mentioning the melancholy, never-dying music which proceeded from the interior of that boxed-up organ, and which, by all that was holy, we swore to destroy!

The evening of our departure was one of great excitement and flurry, as we were scheduled to leave very early the next morning. By the time we were in column, our impedimenta packed and ready for departure, our neighbor battalions were going to breakfast, and as they passed us we gave them three rousing farewell cheers, which were as lustily returned. At last the order to “hike” was issued, and “hike” we did, back thru the “Slough of Despond,” past Piney Beach, onto the waiting steamer, and then once more up the broad Potomac, homeward bound.

So the expedition ended, and our brief ten-day sojourn in Jamestown, with its excitement, its wonders, and its marvelous sights, now but a fading recollection, will, nevertheless, always remain a pleasant and unique memory, despite its little imperfections, its petty inconveniences and its perpetual rain!

Engineer, '08.



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J. S. GORSUCH.

Whence Come Our Men

“Rank is but the guinea’s stamp; the man’s the gold.” These immortal words are as true to-day as when the Scottish plowman plied his pen and gave to us the ideal of a genuine man. Burns found his heroes among the peasants of rugged Scotland, and in our own America, altho heroes can be found in every class, from the pauper to the multi-millionaire, from the humble law student to the deep-thinking statesman, there exists a tradition that to become great one must be born in a little red farmhouse, covered with creeping ivy, edged with scarlet ramblers and surrounded with majestic oaks or spreading maples.

Embodied in this particular incident is a great universal law; the law that from the country, from the mountains and valleys, from the hills and the plains come our men. Men who from boyhood up battle with problems that must be solved by each individual alone. This environment which surrounds the country boy develops in him to a great extent those characteristics that are essential to the man of power and responsibility.

From boyhood to manhood is but a short step, but, nevertheless, we often forget the trials and difficulties that we experience as boys, and when our old playmates become successful merchants, thoughtful statesmen or wise executives we allow the starry past to be lost in the dazzling sun of the present. To show, however, that this is not always true, I cite an incident that recalled this tradition to me in a forcible and unexplained manner. Once, when I was traveling across the American continent, I had occasion to spend a few hours in a capital city of a Middle-Western State, and as I walked from the hotel to the station I observed that the streets were unusually crowded with jubilant people. They did not wear the aspect of every-day business, but rather that of holiday celebration. A newsboy was unintelligibly yelling a long string of tangled sentences, from which I was only with great mental effort able to distinguish the word “extra,” tho nothing more. I purchased a paper and hurried to the station, where I caught the express as it was pulling out towards the West. When I obtained a comfortable seat I glanced over the paper, and then found why the city, now receding into the eastern horizon, was so full of rural people. On the front page of the “extra” these words were written over a photograph: “Our new governor, a man of sterling character, a conscientious and untiring fighter of

corrupt politics, a dreaded enemy of unscrupulous grafters." As I scrutinized the photograph the face seemed familiar, but I thought that perhaps this was due to an inherent desire on my part to be acquainted with the prominent great. Yet, after a careful study, I was positive that I had seen that face somewhere before. Then I made a rapid survey of the columns until I found the governor's name. John J. Clabaugh, that was the name, and that sensation redintegrated the acute sensations of my youth.

So, as the train flew across the level plains towards the land of the setting sun, my mind wandered back to the scenes of boyhood. Back to the country of red hills and quaint limekilns, and surmounting the hills, the blue-tinted mountains. I was again a boy of ten years, going to the little old schoolhouse, which had long since outlived its years of architectural beauty. I lived again those days which were, indeed, carefree, and now I know too well that the "aftermath of September was not the sweet clover of June."

I am back on the stony farm, whose steep hills and fertile meadows had been torn from the virgin forests years before, and it is early winter. The weather is crisp and frosty. Now and then we have a snow flurry which tells of wintery days, long nights and bright hearth fires, around which we will crack nuts and listen to tales of old folklore. An incident occurred during this fall that produced in me an inextinguishable admiration for John Clabaugh. By recalling this experience the day upon which it happened became vivid in my mind. The evening before my father had said that on the morrow he would go to the mountains for a load of wood. This meant that the corn was harvested, that the golden grain was stored away in long slat cribs, and the fodder, neatly stacked around the barnyard ready for winter use. This was the time of year that the farmers used for laying in a supply of wood to ward off the chilly hand of winter.

It is needless to say that I frankly hated school, while a trip to the mountain, even though it meant a long walk of about two miles and a very rough ride back, held for me a certain inexplicable fascination. Perhaps it was "the call of the wild" which rings in every ear to more or less extent—the call of the solitude of untouched trees which canopied our ancestors or predecessors when they roamed there untutored to the life of domestication. But my thoughts were not upon the question of ancestry, I was trying to convince my mother that I needed more open life. School was killing me by inches, and I even began to believe that I was going to die from a terrible pain in the back, an aching head, a jumping tooth or some other indescribable ache or pain. These were old arguments to a mother who had two older sons, and I was no farther from school than before. I was somewhat set back by this failure, but in bed that night I formulated a plan that was sure to work. I slept the healthy sleep of youth, tumbling

out of bed at the first call the next morning, for I knew that my father would be off early, and I had determined to accompany him.

Breakfast is soon over, and the horses are watered at the trough and we hitch them to the seasoned "Studebaker." First comes Dexter, the saddle-horse, a steady, irresistible animal of the draft type. With stately step he walks to his place like the trained Arab. Next comes the "off-wheeler," a colt filled with that animating fire that characterizes youth. After being with difficulty hitched, he paws the ground, anxious to be off. The remaining horses, old veterans of the trace, are soon in position. My heart beats rapidly, and as my father swings into the saddle, and the hired man takes his place on the lazy-board, it seems trying to betray my thoughts. But the wagon starts, and I quickly climb upon the projection of the coupling pole. As the wagon slowly winds across the fields to the mountain's foot my excitement subsides, for no one has noticed me, and I begin to feel not only safe, but quite proud of my escape as well. Have I not a right to this feeling as I widen the gap between me and that detestable seat of public education, that boy-hated institution. As I blow my breath against the cold, snap atmosphere, boy fashion, I imagine I am indulging in smoking the vile weed, and thoughtlessly watch the lazy sun slowly rise over the rim of eastern farms. Now we leave the fields and glide into the dense woods; the road is typical of the mountains, and as we advance it becomes rougher and rougher. The wagon bounces and rattles as it tumbles over projecting roots and rising rocks. The clattering chains and clanging irons take full possession of the dead stillness.

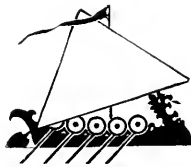
I slide off of the coupling pole and walk behind. The hired man reluctantly gives up his throne upon the lazy-board, and, with a smile that broadens into an inquiring grin, joins Rover and I. He says nothing, however, and together we follow the wagon as it serpentine its way along the sparkling run, racing down the dale. Up, up we slowly climb to the source of the pretty run, a bubbling spring that adds its little mite to form a mighty ocean. Here is our wood lot. With considerable difficulty the wagon is turned and the wood is quickly loaded. My father swings once more into the saddle, and I still remain an unquestioned truant. The hired man resumes his position on the lazy-board, there to remain this time, as a trip down the mountain with a heavy load is not without danger, and the brakes are often called into service. In spite of the certainty of a good shaking up, I climb up on top of the load, and we are off homeward bound.

For a short distance the road runs at right angles to the valley. At the end of this level stretch, we turn suddenly toward the valley, and here is the steepest and roughest hill of the entire road, leading as it does to the run below. The

wagons hauling over this road for many years in connection with the accompanying erosion have worn a deep gulleylike road in the side of the ridge, encompassed by two high banks. The wagon, screeching and groaning, slowly swings around the curve and begins the rough descent. Just as we start down the incline we see to our great astonishment a team not twenty yards distant on the way up. The four mules are coming towards us rapidly, driven by John Clabaugh. Altho only a boy of ten, I realize the danger. For us to turn out is impossible, and for a boy only a few years my senior to solve a problem that would perplex men is expecting too much. I rise to my feet on top of the wagon and await results. My father makes a desperate effort to stop our heavy wagon, but fails. The mules continue to advance, and at first I think that the youthful teamster intends to drive over us or be crushed beneath our heavy load. Then, suddenly, surely, he rises in the stirrups, whirls the heavy whip around his head, with one sharp, piercing crack, gives a quick pull towards the left, and the keen little animals see what is expected. They scramble up a depression in the steep bank; the sparks fly thick from their iron shoes; the wagon almost tilts over, but lands upright just as we slowly glide by. I turn with the deepest admiration towards my schoolmate. Admiration that equaled the devotion of a Mohammedan to his Prophet, and unconsciously, through coming years, I built my dreams around this boy as an ideal.

It took many of the world's stern battles and years of absence to draw my ideal away from that cool-headed, determined boy who was destined to face greater problems than the one he met and solved on the mountain that day!

Excelsior, '08.



Autumn

'Tis of Autumn I write,
The pale dusk before night,
When the Summer's bright ways
Slowly fade in the haze
Of sad Fall's blue gray mist.

'Tis of Autumn I tell,
When each valley and dell
Is all carpeted o'er,
From Dame Nature's good store
Of bright golden-red leaves.

Hark! the ring of the ax
Of the woodman—ne'er lax,
As its merry resound,
Seems to leap with a bound,
And echo everywhere.

See the hunters and dogs,
How they leap fences and logs,
Or go scrambling through brush,
And then on with a rush,
And are gone in the distance.

And the hound's deep bay,
From the far, far away,
We hear fainter and dulled,
Till our valley is lulled
In the soothing of Nature's repose.

Hist! see yon' sly little fox,
As he stealthily walks
To his den in the bog,
To his hole in the log,
In the wild's deep fast.

And the bunny lopes by,
And the quails rise and fly,
With a musical whir,
As the air they do stir,
And o'er meadows and marsh they go sailing.

And the nuts are a'falling,
While the squirrels are a'calling,
All continually chatt'ring,
Of this year's wonderous scattering
Of the hickory nuts, walnuts and filberts.

And the animals all,
They do linger with Fall,
And enjoy the brisk air
And gay Nature so fair
Before Winter's drear reign of bleak and cold.

And I sit and I dream
Of the valley and stream,
Of the world beyond,
All the sights so fond,
Past yon misty, dreamy, haze-hung ridges.

J. L. D., '10



The Love of Country Conquers

“Thy voice is heard thru rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.”

—*Tennyson*

David Fenton was dying, dying alone in a hostile land, dying at the end of the great war, dying as so many had died before him in the flower and glory of youth. Long since the last prisoners had been exchanged; long since the welcome transports had come and gone, bearing with them his more fortunate comrades to their faraway homes. But still he lingered on, too weak to leave, too strong to die; worn and wasted with his long, grim struggle for life. On the little isle of Sakura, set like a gem in the beautiful Inland Sea, in the quaint old godown where they had left him to die; there, with the healing sunlight streaming in upon him thru the wide open doors, he lay, gazing dreamily out over the mirrored island and the silent sea beyond. A strange enchanting scene it was, wonderful in its tranquil beauty, and as he gazed there came over his spent and weary spirit a great content. He was a child again, dreaming fair dreams of enchanted princesses, of brave youths, of fiery dragons and monstrous giants. He had found his way at last to the lost fairyland of his childhood days; that bright and wondrous land of long ago. Surely, he had seen them before, these still and sleeping islands with their lifeless, tho verdant shores, these queer thatched villages straggling down from pine-clad slopes to the water's edge, these elfin peaks, perched high above the glistening waters, in whose wooded recesses nestled many a quaint and curious shrine. Between him and the nearest fairy island, resting idly on the painted sea, lay an old and weather-stained junk, its great white sail filled with an unseen wind, and below in the glassy depths lay another, as rough and picturesque, the dark gnomes who were its crew stretched and sleeping in the glowing sun. Behind it rose the same charmed island, its magic woods and houses, reflected with the sapphire sky beneath. And beyond these islands were other islands and still others—all beautiful, all silent, all waiting, like the dreamer himself, the coming of the Fairy Prince. Then, again, he fancied they were phantom islands of the coral sea, risen with the dawn from mysterious depths. Let but the

spell be broken and they would go down to the regions from whence they came, bearing him with them to the hidden kingdoms of the deep. But withal he was content. Only a vague, uncomfortable consciousness of the hard and bloody days before they brought him hither remained to disturb his perfect rest. The peace of the place had entered his seared and troubled soul.

So the idle hours wore slowly by, and David Fenton, lying in the airy, matted room, dreamt blissfully on, his whole racked body drinking in the warmth and brightness. His little brown nurse slipped in on sandaled feet to tenderly smooth his pillow and bathe his feverish limbs. With a great sympathy, such as comes only from long continued and patient contact with intense suffering, she nursed this poor American, stricken in the first flush of manhood, doomed to drag out his waning life in her despoiled and ravaged country. With all kindness, with all mercy she attended this, her fallen foe, and none would have guessed from her smiling greeting what heart break, what hidden sorrow, what intense hatred of the cursed barbarians were hers, or how, with the stoic fortitude of her people, she had sent forth her devoted sons to die for the stricken Nippon. As she toiled cheerily on, hers was the patient fury of calm endurance. In her firm strength lay concealed another race yet greater, still more powerful, still more fearless of death, with the unconquerable blood of the knightly samurai in their veins, with the names of Ieymitsu, of Togo, of Nogi ever on their reverent lips.

But what of Fenton lying there half asleep in the glowing sun? Where were his thoughts? Again, in the full tide of health and strength, he owned the fleeting hours. Strong and warm the sun shone down over the broad, open meadow. The fresh, keen scent of new-mown hay filled the air. The long, billowy winrows teemed with humming insect life, and across the ripened fields came the incessant clatter of mowing machine and tedder. In the midst of the great field he was loading the bright, crisp hay. Ah! it was life worth living, to come down at a brisk trot behind his strong, stocky mares, to jump out from the swaying rick, and striding ahead, to open the way thru the rustling rows. The lumbering wagon crawls slowly in and out among the tangled heaps. He plunges his fork into the fragrant hay, steadies his load for a moment, then lustily swings it up to the growing pile above. Sweating from every pore, filled with the sheer joy of living and doing, he goes on from row to row, swinging up heap after heap with exuberant strength. The last forkful goes up and the straining horses, their glossy sides glistening in the sun, turn eagerly toward the steep hill road. They cross the rough wooden bridge, where the shallow branch merrily wends its shaded way along the edge of the sun-streaked meadow. They pass thru the fertile bottoms where the young corn is growing rank and tall, the loosened soil moistly crumbling about its tender roots. Beside a little clump of oaks, at the foot of the first long slope, they pause for a breathing space, and Fenton drinks deep from the cool,

clear waters of a hillside spring. Then on and up they go to where the wide, hip-roofed barn stands snugly built against the western hillside. On either hand, traversing the steep slopes, stretch deep ravines, their downward course marked by long, rambling rows of apple trees, the rough trunks hidden in the lush, rank growth. Interspersed in rich, luxuriant patches are scattered thick stands of peas and crimson clover, the latter in full bloom, a brilliant mass of color against the dull, green foliage about it. The busy humming of innumerable bees winging their way from the blossoming clover to their white colonies under the apple trees stirs the drowsy air, now heavy with flying creatures, and from time to time the shrill cicadas shriek and saw.

Suddenly, over the wooded crest to the slopes below, there steals the pleasant sound of the dinner bell. The hot, hard work of unloading stops. The sweating hands take themselves off to their whitewashed cabins in the distance, and Fenton joyfully hurries up thru the hilltop pasture to where, in the lea of the chestnut woods, Marian and his dinner await him. He sees her now, standing in the rustic porch, half hid in the wild tangle of roses that clamber about her in riotous confusion. Her slippered foot impatiently taps the sunlit floor. With a demure grace, the simple folds of her long, gingham apron fall about her slender form. A single rose blooms in her dark brown hair, and a teasing smile sparkles in her merry gray eyes. She spies him, dimples roguishly, blows him a tantalizing kiss, and ere he can reach her has turned and fled into the house. Ah! she was ever thus, the coquettish Marian of his courtship days; ever the winsome Marian of the old ballad, with "cheeks of roses, gentle and fair."

The joy of contented prosperity was in his heart as he sat down to his pleasant dinner in the sunny dining-room. Truly, he had much to be thankful for. He smiled across to where, with housewifely dignity, Marian was carving the chicken, her sweet face puckered in a serious frown. Turning her head, she catches the furtive twinkle in his eyes, flushes indignantly and, as he looks contritely up, breaks into a merry peal of laughter, in which he happily joins, for they are lovers still.

His dinner done, Fenton turned comfortably to his daily paper. Ah! with what shrinking pain he read those bold, unmistakable headlines:

"THE JAPS INVEST MANILLA;
THE PRESIDENT CALLS FOR TWO THOUSAND MORE!"

And farther down, in finer print, tho none the less distinct, was written:

"THE LAND-GRANT COLLEGES MUST FURNISH THEIR QUOTA."

So, the dreaded call had come to him, a sudden, shattering blow out of the cloudless blue. Stupefied, overpowered, he read and reread the fatal words. Then, with deliberate selfishness, he thrust them aside, and springing to his feet strode sternly down to the sultry hayfield. Doggedly, he went on with his work, but the jubilant life and zest of the morning were gone, and ever before him rose The Question with a burning force that would not down. The bitter battle of self and country was on. He lingered long about his evening work, turning homeward at last with unwilling footsteps. He sat down to his late supper in gloomy silence, and Marian, knowing well his tempestuous moods, watched him with tender concern.

In the fading evening light, sitting in the old high-backed settle, he fought alone the bitter fight. Why had this call come to him of all men? he who had so much to lose, so little to gain. Why this threatened "Yellow Peril?" this needless quarrel for empire? Why should these restless Oriental pigmies, with their varnished civilization, seek to bestride the world? And he who had so generously admired their fateful courage; who had praised their untiring industry; who had held them up as the ideal of a progressive nation, felt the bitter sting of the awakening viper in his bosom. He who had prided himself on his broad view of life, who had held the universal brotherhood of man to be a possibility, nay, a certainty in his own age, felt sweeping thru his cool blood the blind racial hatred which overmasters the best and strongest of men when wife, home and country are in jeopardy.

The call had come home to him! For the sake of old M. A. C., for the sake of the training she had given him, for the sake of those he loved, he must go. Ah! well he remembered that bright June day when, filled with ambitious hopes and ideals, he had graduated from the beloved alma mater. He had left with high honors. His instructors and classmates had expected much of him, but he had chosen rather to come quietly back to the simple life on the old, rundown farm, there to win a bounteous living from the kindly soil. He had taken in hand the worn-out land and set about patiently to regenerate its lost fertility, and abundantly had he succeeded. There had been many needless blunders and mistakes; his early progress being often difficult and slow, yet he had amply justified the wisdom of his choice to live a free, rugged, outdoor life; independent, tho respected of men, a sturdy pioneer in the new agriculture that was building up the new empire of the South, the promised land of his enlightened day. With natural curiosity, his neighbors had watched his every move, criticising his novel methods more or less severely, and now that he had "made good" on his little hill-farm, they were all praise and pride and gratulation. But yesterday, it seemed to him in his happiness, he had brought home his gentle wife to their cozy cottage after years of faithful service. And now, it was all in vain, the end had come! All his striving, all his

prosperity were ready to vanish away! Why should it be his lot, he, the man of education, of progress, of peace, to go to certain death beyond the seas? Could it be the will of God that he should deny himself his ambitious part in the great work of reconstruction, that his useful life should be the penalty of warring nations? Surely, the cup was bitter, his cross more than he could bear. He found it hard, very hard to look out over those smooth slopes, dim in the falling dusk, those verdant slopes, once rough and scarred, that he had made to bear so fruitfully. It was harder still to sit helplessly in the stern grip of patriotic conscience and know that another day would see this fruitfulness, this luxuriance, this potential plenty gone forever. Selfishness, the love of ease, of plenty, of peace die hard!

The hour of stillness was at hand; that solemn hour of benediction between the coming of night and the passing of day. Over the hill came the faint tinkle of sheep bells, mingling ever and anon with the subdued whirr of some belated fowl, taking its flight into a convenient apple tree. So the dusk continued to thicken. The fire-flies came flashing in and out among the dark tree trunks and danced to and fro over the dusky lawn. He was living in the beginning of things, a wild, perverse creature battling for self and home, the fear of the trial strong upon him. He looked within his naked soul and trembled at the flood of passion he saw pent within. He stood face to face with himself and longed to fly from his stern ideal, to cast his responsibility to the winds, to go on and on, away from everyone, from everything that he knew, that he might escape this supreme test, that he might not be weighed and found wanting. Caged, fettered, bound down within himself, he struggled to be free, when wild and weird from the sheltering woods there came the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill. Awestricken, he listened, and in its sobbing cry he heard the unutterable longing of a lost and mournful spirit, doomed forever to wander in desolate exile from the scenes it loved. In wild, tumultuous beats it poured forth its bitter bereavement, its inconsolable anguish, its unending sorrow. In responding ecstasy he struggled to his feet. From his troubled soul, thrilled with protesting sympathy, an answering cry went forth. Its sorrow, its anguish, its bereavement were his. But into the mournful melody there flowed a quieting undercurrent of passive resignation to fate, of patient acquiescence to its eternal doom, lulling, subduing his turbulent spirit; soothing his black despair and, as abruptly as it broke out, the ghostly creature ceased. In the path before him stood the Spirit of Country, a stately being, her veiled form draped in supple folds, her arms extended to him in impassioned entreaty. The scales fell from his eyes, and he looked beyond her imploring figure to where, across a continent, his countrymen were fighting for the integrity of their race; where, beyond the broad Pacific, they were suffering, falling, dying for him and those he loved. Out of his heart there leaped a cry;

the flesh and spirit were rent in twain, the Love of Country had conquered. Victor at last over self, over ambition, over selfish love, he had committed himself, he had answered the call.

He felt a light touch on his arm. It was Marian drawing him out of the rain that had begun to fall in large, splattering drops. With anxious questioning, she lifted her sweet, sensitive face to his. He caught her to him, kissed her passionately and tenderly, led her within. With never a cry or murmur she received the bitter news; the arrow had struck too deep for tears or speech. For a few moments she clung to him desperately; then, brave little woman that she was, went silently back to her homely work. Later, amid the drip, drip of the falling rain, the sweet strains of her violin stole in thru the open door, and into its touching melody she breathed her own heroic soul—comforting, strengthening him, carrying still deeper into his heart his abiding love for her, his Pearl of Great Price. She was very quiet, very affectionate all that last sad week, keeping for him a cheerful spirit. But once in the night he woke to hear her sobbing, and he knew full well that his was not the only heart-break, yet she had smiled quite bravely at their parting. In the buoyant days of youth we are ever prone to hope against hope, to see a turning to every lane, no matter how long or tortuous it may be.

So Fenton dreamed on by the beautiful Inland Sea, and into his wandering mind there came another scene. He was no longer in America, no longer in the bounteous Southland, but in the sultry, purgatorial Philippines. The rain was falling, not with the brief violence of the thunderstorm, but in the steady, soaking flood of the tropics. About him rose the gigantic trees of the evergreen forest, their tall, straight trunks lost in the luxuriant wilderness of twining vines. Under their damp, oppressive shade, the rich, dark undergrowth steamed in the simmering heat. In front and rear of where he staggered along stretched long lines of haggard men, weak from hunger and loss of sleep. It was the vanguard of the Twenty-third Maryland marching to the relief of Zamboangu, where the Japs were making a most determined stand. Two sleepless nights they had spent out in this fearful weather, marching, with scarce a stop for sixty miles, thru the deep mire of the Mindanao roads. Their food was spoilt and moulding; their khakis drenched and soaked in the beating rains. Wearily, they had slipped and stumbled thru long stretches of paddy fields, submerged in the falling floods. And now thru rank patches of maize, growing with tropical fury in the steaming soil; thru the cognates, wild, burnt over wastes, black and hideous in the misty atmosphere, they had become within the dark shade of the dreaded forest.

Four hours since they had made their last halt at the border station of Ayola. A pack of snarling curs rushed out to meet them, and in front of their low, thatched huts the bareheaded natives stood stolidly watching as the long, weary column

plodded by. They came to a halt in the boiling heat of the tropical noon, which, to them, fair-skinned men of the North, was nothing short of purgatory, an excruciating purgatory of continuous flood and rain that neither cooled them nor yet slaked their feverish thirst. Far too faint and exhausted to crawl under even the shelter of the miserable huts, they threw themselves down on the rain-soaked ground, some collapsing in the very slough thru which they had been wading. There they had lain in the insufferable heat, aching in every muscle, soaked to the very bone, far too discouraged to eat or drink, their brief snatches of sleep fitful and troubled. A lonely officer of the constabulary, who had ridden out to meet them, shook his head discouragingly over their pitiable condition, and invited them up to his whitewashed station under the leafy palms, where, cheerfully, he served out his slender stock of cigars and tobacco to the grateful officers.

At the rousing bugle call the poor bedraggled fellows staggered to their feet, fell into their places in line, and at the sharp command reeled dizzily forward. Many had neither eaten nor slept; some shook in the shivering clutch of the fever ague; others keeping in place only thru sheer fear of being left behind, a prey to the bloodthirsty Moros, who prowled in their footsteps. Despite the enlivening force of their grewsome fears, from time to time some poor exhausted fellow would pitch forward in his tracks, to be pushed hastily aside by his terrified comrades and left to a lingering death in the lonely forest. Early in the afternoon one poor devil had gone insane, and they had heard his mocking laugh from the fearsome fastnesses for many a weary mile until the deadly miasma or some hovering head hunter struck him down. It was no time for humanitarian scruples; it was either move on or die. So they slipped and tottered thru the oozy slime, every man lost to the world, lost to his fellows, lost to everything save the crazing fear of death in the lonely forest. Each man's eyes were glued on his front-rank man, keeping step for step with him, wavering as he wavered, stumbling as he stumbled, falling as he fell. Save for a muttered curse, the low moaning of the delirious, and the eerie taunting cries of the ghostly mina birds, nothing broke the interminable slush, slush of the marching regiment and its tense, strained intentness.

The head of the column turns into a dark defile. The first of the vanguard is lost in its dripping shades, when sharp in their deadened ears rings the startling crack of a rifle. A shout of warning follows, the long line wavers and halts. The crazed shouts of the ambushed and panic-stricken, the fierce yells of the hidden enemy, the agonized cries of the wounded, all mingle together in the deadly pop, pop of the fusilade. The command to deploy passes down the vanguard, and, instinctively, Captain Fenton turns to his startled, stupefied company, repeating the stern, "*As skirmishers, march.*" Confusedly they scatter to right and left, unslinging their rifles as they go, crowding each other into the thick, dense growth

of the forest on either hand. Around the bend come the first of the stricken fugitives, flying with the uncontrolled madness of the terrified. The first company wavers and breaks; the second stands firm for a moment, then, turning with the torrent, joins the mad flight. Toward Fenton, where he stands with the rear company of the support, surge the clamorous fugitives; his own men begin to melt away from behind him, and it needs but his word of retreat to complete the disgraceful flight. A sudden terror lays hold of him, paralyzing, confounding him. He is swayed with the irresistible power of a wild, bestial instinct, urging him to fly, to save himself in the furious stampede. Under its baneful spell his vaunted self-possession, the cultivated courage of civilization withers away. He has become the primitive man, the fear of sudden death strong upon him, urging him to fly anywhere, to risk anything that he may escape with his own precious life. The supreme moment of decision is come; the artificial training of centuries awaits the crucial test. He wavers, he falters, when lo! he sees her before him, she who led him hither, the guiding Spirit of Country. Before him she sweeps in warlike guise, no longer supplicating, no longer entreating, but clothed in awful majesty; her arms raised in furious defiance, leading, beckoning, commanding him onward. The fury of onset fills his heart. Thru his inspired frame courses the fiery courage of fearless patriotism. With a savage cry he springs forward, his gleaming sword circling the charge. On and on he follows the avenging spirit. He hears the wild cheering of the inspired men behind him as company after company dashes headlong into the charging line. Up he comes to where the few survivors of the color company are making desperate battle. On he charges, sweeping them with him; on up the short, slippery slope to where the wily Japs have wheeled a field gun into position. Into their line he cuts his way, and, for the time being, with the turning of the tide of battle, the overconfident enemy falls back discomfited. A lull in the bloody carnage follows, a moment of triumph fatal to the worn-out Americans, borne up by the fierce, thrilling excitement of the assault. The first flush of victory is passed. Their last furious spurt has exhausted their weakened strength, undermined as it is by lack of food and loss of sleep.

With redoubled fury the Japs return to the slaughter. From every side, from front and rear, from the impregnable forest itself, nay, from under the very feet of the astonished vanguard, they swarm up against the crumbling column. In a twinkling the long, narrow battle ground is broken up into tensely struggling groups. Around the gatling gun the fight is fiercely raging. Again and again his desperate men hurl back the enemy into the bloody, trampled slough. Again and again, fearless, undaunted, the yellow devils close in upon them, their fierce banzais raised in fiendish exultation. Fenton is fighting with the desperate fury of the hunted. Thinner and thinner grows the circle of protecting bayonets, higher and higher rise the heaps of dead around him. The demons hem him in

on every side, their swart faces grinning hideously into his, when, hark! a distant bugle sounds. The relief is coming! The main body is saved! His brave stand has not been in vain! For a brief moment, an eternity of agony, blinded with blood, riddled and pierced with bayonet and bullet, he stands alone. Alone he keeps them off and then they break thru his guard and he knows no more.

* * * * *

With a great shudder, gasping, choking for breath, Fenton falls back, convulsed and trembling. The death sweat gathers on his white brow in beaded drops. Pityingly, his faithful nurse hovers over him. The end is plainly near. A few brief moments he lies quite spent and still, then leaning, eagerly embraces the empty air, his thin, pale face lighted with ecstatic joy. He has seen her once more, the victorious Spirit of Country. Beautiful, adorable, angelic she stands beside him in the faint moonlight, now falling in soft splendor over the fairy sea. Humbly worshiping, he looks upon her. She is no longer an ethereal creature, extending her arms to him in wild, impassioned entreaty; no longer the inspired Valkyrie of battle leading him on to heroic death, but a comforting, protecting angel of peace, in whose serene presence he lies at rest. With a queenly grace she bends tenderly over her prostrate knight. Triumphant, he sees her face at last. It is the face of Marian; Marian glorified in his sacrifice, transfigured by his love, the woman perfected, in whose shining eyes is revealed the grateful thanksgiving of a thousand sweethearts, wives and mothers. Proudly she yields her fair form to his fervid embrace. Their lips meet in a long, loving kiss, the kiss of perfect peace, and with a deep sigh of content he falls asleep. So even in the Shadow of Death is Paradise; so even the Love of Country conquers.

Q. M., '08.



The Student's Love

The old church-yard in the little town of Goslar did not interest me much, however. The more, because of a wondrous curly little head that I had seen peep smilingly out over a high window garden on entering the town. After dinner, I sought out the bewitching window, but except for a glass of white bluebells standing on the sill, there was nothing there. Eagerly, I clambered up, took possession of the pretty little flowerets, coolly fastened them in my cap, and, although a little disconcerted at the wide-open mouths, petrified noses, and goggle eyes with which the good people of the street, especially the old women, regarded my pardonable theft, I walked on. When an hour later, I once more passed by the house, the fair charmer was standing again in the window. Spying the nodding bluebells in my cap, she blushed furiously and drew back in maidenly confusion. Nevertheless, I had succeeded in seeing her beautiful countenance much closer; it was a delicious incarnation of the gentle zephyr of the summer's evening mingled with straying moonbeams, the liquid notes of the nightingale, and the sweet scent of roses. Later, as darkness came on, I saw her trip out before the door. I came,—I approached still nearer,—and, as she drew lingeringly back within the dusky entrance, I caught her by the hand and murmured caressingly, "I am a lover of the beautiful, of fragrant flowers, of sweet kisses; and that which I cannot win freely, I steal;" and stealthily I kissed her. But when she would have fled, I whispered to her appeasingly. . . . On the morrow I went forth never to return, and I felt once more the sweet, stolen pressure of those dear lips and little hands—and laughingly I hastened on and away from the scene of my adventure. I laugh, indeed, when I recollect that I have just unconsciously uttered the magic words with which, in their lace-bearded loveliness, our Red and Bluecoats are wont to conquer the heart of women, saying like myself, "On the morrow, I go forth never to return."

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The Lloronas of Peru

In the old colonial days of Peru there once existed in the ancient city of Lima a strange association of women; women as old as time and ugly as sin; their grim and hideous faces, wrinkled and furrowed like dried-up raisins, and whose chief and only occupation it was to weep and cry at funerals. These women Nature had provided with lachrymal glands of extraordinary size and capacity, and the overflow in times of lamentation was as copious as the downpouring floods of a fierce thunderstorm. The Lloronas—for such these professional mourners were called—were supposed to practice the black art as well, an assumption well founded in their grewsome, witchlike aspect.

Whenever a person of means or prominence came to settle his account with the world his near friends and relatives would zealously search out the most famous mourner, who, with her attendant band, straightway repaired to the residence of the deceased and, at four dollars a day for herself and two dollars apiece for her attendants, would make the air hideous with their frenzied cries. A few dimes in excess of the regular price would always insure a first-class funeral, for, not only would the "cry women" weep copiously and profusely praise the good deeds and merits of the dead, but they would even faint, fall to the ground, tear their hair, bite and kick each other, and jump high in the air in their ecstasy of lamentation, scratching and bruising the friends and relatives who were present.

Like all others who depend on flattery for a living, these Lloronas were neither accurate nor truthful in their extravagant eulogies over the dead, and amid sobs and bitter streams of tears they would exclaim:

"Boohoo! So good and generous!" (and the poor fellow had been as greedy as Midas and as wicked as Cain). "Boohoo! So brave and daring!" (and more likely than not the unfortunate man had died from his superstitious fears of ghosts and spooks). "Boohoo! So very honest and such a good Christian!" (and the dead rascal was sure to have been a notorious thief and a graceless heathen).

The interment completed, the Lloronas returned directly to the home of the deceased, there to remain in a continued state of lamentation as long as the period of mourning lasted, which was usually a month or more, drawing, of course, all the while their two dollars and odd dimes per day.

Our story begins with the death of a wealthy citizen of Lima, whose friends and relatives at once went out to secure for the benefit of the deceased the services of one of the most celebrated Lloronas in all the city. However, in their haste they left her the wrong address, and the chief mourner, with the unusually large number of associates suitable to the occasion, immediately sought out the house where the departed dead was supposed to be peacefully taking his last, long sleep on earth.

It was early in the morning, and His Lordship the Marquis of Bobadella, Count of Buena Vista, Prince of Esquilache and master over I do not know how many more estates, was still in bed enjoying a quiet sleep after the carouse of the night before, when the door flew violently open, the mourners rushed into the room, surrounded him on every side, and at once proceeded to give vent to their professional weeping and crying. The Marquis was filled with strange sensations; something wrong was evidently going on about him. His dreams were no longer peaceful, but disagreeable and disturbing. He fancied and heard all sorts of queer things. The roof appeared to have blown off, and in great floods an awful rain was pouring down upon him, while the devil himself, broken loose from his den in the world below, was raising a terrible uproar and din within the very palace. At last, however, the cry of the Lloronas became so loud and their streams of tears so dense and voluminous that the Marquis, verily expecting to meet the "Evil One" himself, awoke, and, with a shudder, sat up in bed. With terror he perceived the stern and hideous faces of the mourners about him, and thinking himself in a bad way; in fact, en route to the nether regions, if not already there, he sprang up and, throwing his bedclothes aside, broke through the circle of grim hags about him, making off as fast as his shaking legs could carry him.

Seeing, as they supposed, the dead come to life, the Lloronas, now in their turn affrighted, rushed madly out of the house, crying still louder and more profusely than ever. Their distress, however, was now quite real, and their tears were no longer the stony tears of crocodiles. So they ran pell mell thru the quiet streets of Lima, at the very heels of His Lordship the Marquis of Bobadella, Count of Buena Vista, Prince of Esquilache, etc., who, lightly clad in a primitive and by no means decorous costume, was flying with all haste from his comfortable abode, still firmly believing that the Master of Hell and his pack of fiends was in pursuit of him. Thus the mad chase continued; the bewildered and affrighted Marquis fleeing from the howling Lloronas, and they, fearful of they knew not what, racing behind him. Everyone in Lima, attracted by the unusual noise and the strange sight presented by the noisy procession, came speeding out of his house and immediately started in a dead run after the naked Marquis and his attendant furies. So, altho it was early in the day, an immense crowd had gathered in the rear of the strange party within a few moments. Men, women and children

dropped their work or play, some even arousing themselves out of bed to join in the exciting pursuit. Thus they came into one of the principal streets of Lima, a great concourse of curious and foolish people, preceded by a pack of grim and exceedingly ugly old women, who were strenuously engaged in racing with a negligibly clad man, sprinting just out of their reach.

So great, indeed, had the noise, the confusion and the disorder become that His Excellency the Viceroy, also awakened from pleasant dreams, started up, thinking that nothing less than a revolutionary army had entered the city. He at once aroused his corpulent generals and gave orders for calling out the royal troops. These generals, like the good Viceroy himself, had to be awakened from their comfortable sleep, minutely dressed, and their moustachios carefully curled, before they could enter the august presence, and had a rebel army really been there they would have assuredly made short work of capturing the noble Viceroy, his brave generals and their much-prized curling irons. But, as I said, the Viceroy aroused his trusty lieutenants and straightway ordered them to make full preparation to repel this sudden invasion of the rebel armies. So they placed a number of huge and very deadly-looking cannon at the heads of the principal streets and made ready for immediate action; meanwhile the courageous Viceroy, giving his black moustache an extra fierce twirl, mounted his spirited steed at the head of several squadrons of cavalry and set off at full gallop in pursuit of the supposed revolutionists.

At the sound of the armed body of men bearing down upon them a great consternation seized the excited mob, and without delay they dispersed, everyone taking good care to keep out of sight of the King's brave soldiers and striving to make his own escape certain. Consequently, by the time that the puffing Viceroy and his party reached the head of the column, the "revolutionary army" had quite disappeared, and even the Lloronas, recovering their scattered senses, melted away into the by-streets as if by magic. And thus it came to pass that his astonished Excellency found on the scene of expected battle but one lone quaking man, his face as white as a sheet, his eyes bulging with terror, his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and his perspiring body clothed in a garb very similar to that worn by Adam and Eve before they left Paradise. And you may imagine his surprise when he recognized in the terrified individual no less a personage than his boon companion and trusted friend, His Lordship the Right Honorable Marquis of Bobadella and Prince of Esquilache.

The poor Marquis was very bewildered and could not explain anything that had happened. In a vague way he remembered that while dreaming of the devil and an awful thunderstorm a whole legion of screeching spirits and venomous witches had awakened and pursued him, and he had no doubts but that they intended to rob him of his immortal soul and bear him to the very depths of the

infernal regions, there to roast him in eternal nakedness. The Viceroy was quite put out at the tame end of his adventure. He had anticipated a warm fight, and really the morning air was so destructive to the proper curling of his moustache! However, for the sake of decency, he lent the now shivering Marquis his coat, and in a very bad temper returned to his palace, determined to go to the root of this unusual disorder and the rough treatment of his noble friend, the Prince of Esquilache.

Sometime afterward His Excellency learned that none other than the most illustrious association of mourning women was responsible for the great disorder which had aroused him from his pleasant morning sleep, and called out the royal troops, beside nearly scaring to death his dear friend, the Marquis. In fact, the latter contracted a bad cold from his adventure, which had put an end to their potations for some time to come. So, justly angered, the Viceroy decreed that from that time forth, upon the pain of immediate death, professional mourning be no longer practiced in Peru. And so, from that day to this, the Lloronas have been seen no more, and thus this most ancient and honorable art was lost to Peru. So, now, when one dies in that beautiful land he no longer has the satisfaction of knowing that someone, at least, even if only hired for the occasion, will cry and shed tears at his funeral.

Translated from the Peruvian by *C. Solari*, '08.





Athletic Association

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Football

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Baseball

Manager—T. B. MACKALL Captain—J. P. GRASON

Track

Manager and Captain—U. W. LONG

Tennis

Manager—B. R. COOPER
Captain—J. O. CRAPSTER

Football: A Defense

Perhaps there is no college in the country that has made the stride in her athletics that M. A. C. has taken in the last five or six years, and in no branch of sport has she been as successful as in football. Prior to 1904 M. A. C. depended chiefly on her baseball teams to win renown for her on the athletic field, but since that time football has leaped to the front with astonishing rapidity, and at the present time is looked upon and fostered as our chief athletic sport.

During the past few years our football team has made a record of which the alumni, faculty and those which are connected with the institution may well be proud, for it has met upon the gridiron and defeated the best college teams in this part of the country.

And I believe to the success of our football team in recent years may be attributed in a large measure the widespread advertisement which the college has been lately receiving. That the alumni and those who are working for the good of the college have at least come to realize that our football team is not a farce, but rather a very desirable asset, is shown by the admirable support which they have given us at different times both on and off the field.

There seems lately, however, to have been a crusade against football, and magazine articles, written by men who probably never played a game in their lives, have aroused in many people a bitter aversion to the sport. This aversion has caused many parents to forbid their sons playing football at all, thus keeping off of the college team men who otherwise would be excellent players and do good work in helping to bring victory to their college.

I do not deny that there is an element of danger in the game, but I *do* say that the danger and so-called brutality of it has been in many cases, if not always, exaggerated. In all my experience with football I do not remember to have seen a man meet with a serious accident, or even an accident that threw him out of the game for the rest of the season. If we consult the so-called casualty lists, which are often printed in the newspapers, we find that almost everyone of the seriously injured belonged to some public school or athletic club team which had never been taught even the rudiments of the game.

The danger of receiving a serious injury, such as the class just referred to receive, is so small as not to be considered by the man playing on a college team, because he is taught how to meet the plays and attacks of his opponents with the least possible chance of injury to himself. I believe that the thorough training that a man receives by a competent coach almost entirely eliminates any chance of his receiving a permanent injury.

Another reason why some students have not been permitted to play football is that the time given to practice is too valuable to be spent thus; that the time that is spent upon the field could be put to a better advantage if the student were so minded. How many students do you suppose put in this time in preparing their lessons for the following day? Not one out of a hundred. Almost everyone realizes the fact that to be successful in any line of life a man must be physically strong. Then, is it not much better for the boy to put in his spare time upon the football field, thus developing in himself the perfect physical man, than it is for him to while away his time by indulging in a game of cards or some other such pastime that is neither conducive to his moral nor physical welfare? Ah! if many parents could only realize that their sons were wasting their time in this manner, for such I know to have been the case in several instances, they would never hesitate to give them their consent to indulge in the game. As to taking the needed time away from that which is necessary to prepare lessons for the following day, I will say that in all of the three years that I have been a member of the 'varsity team there has never been a single instance when I have not had ample time to prepare any task which may have been set for me. And if one will but consult the individual records of all the members of the classes they will find that those students who have been members of football teams have always done very creditable work, and, furthermore, many who have made enviable records for themselves in their different departments. Of course, a boy enters college primarily to prepare himself for his life's work, but he can never hope to attain much success unless he possesses a strong healthy body; for, after all, we are only animals, and need bodily exercise as one of the essentials of good health, and nowhere will this requirement be fulfilled better than on the football field.

I believe that nowhere is there a greater opportunity afforded for the development of one's character than on the gridiron. There is no finer discipline in the world than that which is received on the football field. The lessons which are learned there are many and varied. Patience, persistency, quickness of perception are taught all together, and in absorbing these lessons one learns to appreciate his own ability and to have confidence in himself. In other words, he feels himself to be a man in the true sense of the word. An English writer once said while speaking of the Duke of Wellington that the Battle of Waterloo had been won years before on the football field of Eton.

Football is not what it seems to the uninitiated spectator—twenty-two men scrambling for the possession of a leather ball—but it represents what we see in the every-day life around us—competition with one's fellow-man, and the keen striving for the mastery of each over the other. In looking back over our past lives we often find instances upon which we love to dwell, and which appeal particularly to us; and many are the successful business men who look back with pride upon the days when they played on their college football team.

No matter what profession I may follow, or to what part of the world I may be carried by force of circumstances, I shall always look back upon the three years when I occupied a place on the 'varsity team as the happiest period of my life. Associations and friendships were then formed which will never be forgotten, since I was brought into closer touch with my companions than I otherwise would, and thus came to learn their true characters.

In conclusion, I will say that I have endeavored to set forth the advantages and disadvantages of football, not as they have seen from the side-lines, but as I have really experienced them. This article is written in defense of football because I do not believe that a manly sport should be condemned because in some instances it has been abused. College football teams do not turn out men who are a reincarnation of the gladiators of old Rome, whose only glory was in the spilling of human blood, but they produce, rather, men whose triumphs arise from skill and the mastering of an art. On college football teams will be found men who are noble and true; men who have lofty ideals and are willing to stand strongly by them; men who realize that in a strong and free community like ours the coward and weakling have no place; men who realize that a combination of bodily vigor and moral quality go a long way toward enabling them to fight life's battles more successfully, and I think that parents would find college life more tasteful, more pleasant and more productive of good results to their sons if, when entering upon their college career, instead of admonishing them not to play football, they would follow the example of our worthy President, and tell them, "Don't flinch, don't fail, but hit the line hard."

H. C. Byrd, '08.

Football Schedule for the Season of 1907

DATE	OPPONENTS	PLAYED AT	SCORE	
			M. A. C.	OPP.
Sept. 28—	Tech. High School, Wash., D. C.	College Park	13	0
Oct. 5—	Richmond College	Richmond, Va.	5	11
Oct. 9—	U. S. Naval Academy	Annapolis, Md.	0	12
Oct. 12—	Mt. St. Mary's	Emmitsburg, Md.	6	12
Oct. 19—	Balto. Poly. Inst. vs. Sec. Team	College Park, Md.	5	4
Oct. 26—	Geo. Washington University	Washington, D. C.	11	0
Nov. 2—	Catholic University	Cancelled
Nov. 9—	Washington College	Chestertown, Md.	10	5
Nov. 16—	St. John's College	College Park, Md.	0	16
Nov. 23—	Gallaudet College	Kendall Green, D. C.	0	5
Nov. 28—	Western Maryland College	Cancelled

C. W. SYLVESTER Manager
 L. O. JARRELL Assistant Manager
 C. G. CHURCH Coach

Line-up of Team

WILSON, BENSON Right End
 HICKS Right Tackle
 LUNN Right Guard
 RUFFNER Center
 HOEN Left Guard
 EVANS Left Tackle
 TAUSZKY, CORY Left End
 BYRD (Captain) Quarterback
 DOAK Right Halfback
 MACKALL Fullback
 COOPER Left Halfback

Substitutes

STIFFLER, FIELDS, ADAMS, RUMIG.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football '07

Are we all dead yet! Are we all dead yet?
No, by golly, there're eleven left yet!
Come, and get your quinine.

“Football! Football! That’s the game for me!” This and other phrases of a similar character are all one hears for two weeks after college opens. The spirit of football puts everything else aside. One wave of its magic hand, and presto!—the unanimous support of the student body is at its feet. Then the crispness of the fall air, with its tingling touch of cold, is enough in itself to induce one to don his football togs and set his blood to flowing faster thru sluggish veins.

The ever memorable season of '07 can hardly be looked upon as successful, yet none of its reverses are attributable to lack of energy or strength on the part of the team or student body. Let us call it rather simple, plain “hard luck.” We had ample material, bone and sinew, but Fate was against us, and, therefore, it was mostly “us” who swallowed the “quinine.”

On October 9th we took the train for Annapolis, there to play, as had been our time-honored custom, the mighty “Middies.” We were most sanguine in the hope that this year we would lower our opponents’ score and break our former record, and, indeed, why should we not have? However, we changed nothing materially except, perhaps, the expression on the faces of our opponents, for time and again it seemed inevitable but that our proverbial goose egg would actually materialize into a possible 5 or 6. But, pshaw, the inevitable happens sometimes and sometimes it doesn’t; it *didn’t* that day!

Almost immediately following the Navy game came another no less important, viz., the George Washington University game. Ah! but that was a game, indeed! How I would like to picture it as vividly as it was played! On the one side, weight and brute strength; on the other, swiftness and training, indomitable pluck and nerve! What a sarcastic “Oh!” greeted us as we entered the field; what a mournful and respectful “Oh!” when we left it! Yes, sir! We whipped that crowd just eleven to zip. Hard luck, Nielsen!

But let us continue. On Nov. 9th we find ourselves in Chestertown—once of bitter memory, but now looked back upon as one of the pleasantest experiences of the past season. In Chestertown? Yes. Pray, what for? Well, I don't know, do you? And it was in just this spirit that we played that Washington College game. I really believe that some of our boys thought they had right much of a "cinch," but let anyone say what he may to the contrary, that game was a hard, close struggle all the way thru. When we came off the field we were victors by a score of only eleven to five. Surely, nothing to be so hilarious about, after all!

The season had now become far advanced, and at length the eventful day had come when we were to play the most important game of the season—against St. John's. The day dawned bright and clear, the sun shone benignly down upon us, and all Nature seemed on the eve of celebrating a great victory. Wearily, the long hours of anticipation dragged by. Everyone was bustling to and fro as a prelude to the opening of hostilities. I say hostilities because St. John's is fully as antagonistic toward us as we are toward them. We are like oil and water—simply won't mix.

After a short, preliminary practice the teams were lined up under the eyes of the greatest M. A. C. and St. John's crowd ever seen on our old campus. The referee's whistle sounded and the game of '07 was on. Five tense minutes passed and neither team had accomplished anything, and then—I fear to tell of it—our opponents brought that wonderful forward pass into play, and following it up with a fake, scored a goal from the field, and they were on top. The next ten minutes, however, was strenuously contested. Twice were we within striking distance of our goal, and twice we lost. Again the forward pass was worked successfully, and again, with a few timely fakes, scored another goal for our opponents. So, with a little further scrimmaging, the first half ended.

During the second our boys showed their superior strength to better advantage, Byrd making a run of nearly 90 yards with the pigskin only to lose once more on the one-yard line. Then, again, we steadily swept them off their feet, but only to lose a sure goal on a mere fumble. By this time our opponents had added another and their last goal to their score of 16 to 0, and the pennant was theirs.

In closing, we, of the football team of '07, have no excuses to make; we ask no quarter, but sincerely hope that succeeding teams will profit by our unfortunate experience and bear in mind the saying, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

'Varsity, '08

Sophomore vs. Freshman

Our Juniors, having become imbued with an effeminate taste for Bacchanalian festivities and ceremonial smokers, and bearing in mind as well a vivid recollection of their downfall of the year before, decided to forswear all manly sports, and fearing another even more humiliating defeat at the hands of the lordly Sophomores, declined to play the annual interclass game. Consequently, the Sophs, deprived of their lawful prey, just felt as though they had to "lick" somebody, even if it were the "dignified" Seniors, and decided at length that upon the long-suffering "Freshies" the blow must fall. The score, of course, would be at least a hundred to "zip"—in favor of the Sophs—but on the day of the contest, after sixty minutes of hard playing on a muddy, slippery field, the closely-contested game ended only 20 to 10 in favor of the heavy Sophomore team—such a plucky and nervy defense did the fast little "Freshies" put up. Under the unfavorable conditions in which the game was played, both teams did remarkably well, and plenty of excellent material for next year's 'varsity was brought under the limelight. In straight football, however, the Freshmen clearly outplayed their opponents, altho the Sophs got away on one or two long and lucky runs that undoubtedly won the day for them. To quote the *Washington Star*, "The Freshmen put up a strong, snappy and plucky game against overwhelming odds," but, after all, the Sophomores won, and we await next year's contest with eager anticipation. Go get 'em, Freshmen! Go get 'em, Sophomores!

LINE-UP

<i>Freshman</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Sophomores</i>
GARY	l. e.	CRAPSTER
HOEN, S.	l. t.	HOEN, R.
GLASS	l. g.	OSEORNE
FIELDS	c.	WARD
WHITE, M.	r. g.	STABLER
LUNN	r. t.	EVANS, H.
BENSON	r. e.	ANDREWS
BURNS	q. b.	GRASON
AIKENHEAD	l. h. b.	BAUER
SILVESTER, L.	f. b.	HICKS
SMITH	r. h. b.	DOAK

Referee: "CURLY" BYRD

Umpire: "RAT" MACKALL

Timekeepers: PARADIS and PRICE

Time: Two thirty minute halves

Prospects for 1908

The prospects for a winning football team in the fall of 1908 are very bright and indicate that we will develop an eleven equal to any that has ever represented the college in former years. There is plenty of good material here, and efforts are being made to secure a coach who will aid us in accomplishing those glorious victories that will be branded upon our memories for years to come. The student body at this college is very enthusiastic over football, and they manifest their spirit and interest by supporting the team by every means possible, especially by the presence of a large squad on the field every evening during the season. And through the increased spirit and love and sport we confidently believe that past records will be, by far, excelled by the team of 1908. With regret we announce that our team will be seriously weakened by the graduation of Byrd, quarter back; Mackall, full back; Cooper, left half back; and Ruffner, center; all of whom have been "star" players for M. A. C. during the past three years. But we are thoroughly convinced that Capt. Evans will be able to develop a new back field and as excellent a team from the good raw material as even our most ardent admirers can anticipate.

L. O. J., '09

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR THE SEASON OF 1908

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opposing Team</i>	<i>Place To Be Played</i>
Sept. 26	Technical High School, Washington	College Park, Md.
Oct. 3	Richmond College	Richmond, Va.
Oct. 10	Johns Hopkins University	Baltimore, Md.
Oct. 14	U. S. Naval Academy	Annapolis, Md.
Oct. 31	Fredericksburg College	College Park, Md.
Nov. 7	Catholic University of America	College Park, Md.
Nov. 14	St. John's College	Baltimore, Md.
Nov. 21	Washington College	College Park, Md.
Nov. 26	Delaware College	College Park, Md.

Champions '07

M. A. C., M. A. C.
It's as plain as plain can be
We've got ——— up a tree
M. A. C., M. A. C.
Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Beat 'em!
M. A. C.

Seldom in her athletic history has M. A. C. turned out a more successful team than that which so ably represented her on the diamond in the spring of '07. At the first call for candidates only four of the previous year's first team reported on the field for practice, together with a very limited amount of new material. Prospects for a good team seemed, indeed, poor; we had lost our star battery by graduation, and thus M. A. C. was, at the beginning of a new season, with her initial points in a very weak condition. However, thru the encouraging influence of able coaching, the rough edges were soon worn off and the team began to show really surprising strength. In the earlier contests of the season M. A. C. appeared deplorably weak in one or two positions, but these being remedied by substitution, she proved to be in a stronger and much more satisfactory state than even her most optimistic supporters could have possibly hoped for.

During the entire season not a game was lost to a Maryland college team, and the championship of the Intercollegiate Athletic League, composed of St. John's, Washington, Western Maryland, and Maryland Agricultural Colleges, was easily ours. Of these St. John's, the first to be played, was handily won by a score of 7 to 2; Western Maryland by 6 to 1, and as for Washington College, their team was shut out without a hit. Thru the whole series the team played together with remarkable consistency, and it was owing to this devoted "team" work more than to any other one thing that the champions of '07 owed their remarkable success. All due credit must be given to the individual players as well. Realizing our greatest need to be that of a competent catcher, Captain Grason, altho himself inexperienced, undertook to hold down the position, and from the day on which he went behind the bat the team has never lacked a strong and efficient battery. Byrd, in the pitcher's box, developed unusual ability in his line, pitching all three of the league games and losing only three out of the fourteen games in which he officiated. On the initial bag Evans had no superior in the State; and Reeder, holding down second, was without question as able a player

for that position as M. A. C. ever had. In protecting their half of the diamond, at short and third respectively, Walters and Timanus did excellent work, while the outfield, consisting of Mayer, Martin and Darby, showed up in remarkably good style. Jarrell, as substitute pitcher, pitched several games successfully, and, had his arm not given out, in all probability would have been seen in the box much oftener.

The prospects for a winning team this year are unusually bright. Only three or four games have as yet been played, but in these, especially that with the Navy, in which we held the "Middies" down to the score of 3 to 2, the team has shown excellent form. Almost all the players on last year's championship team are with us again, and the line-up also, with the exception of Hicks in right field and Jarrell in center, is practically the same; Byrd being once more on the slab, with Captain Grason receiving. Reeder, Evans, Walters and Timanus are covering ground in the infield in grand style, while Mayer, together with Hicks and Jarrell, the new men, are doing good work in the outfield. And now, altho the Intercollegiate League has been dissolved, and, owing to a disagreement, the Western Maryland game will not be played this season, we are looking eagerly forward to another decisive victory over our strong, old-time rival—St. John's!

H. C. B., '08

'Varsity, '07 & '08

BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1907

Fredericksburg College, 9;	M. A. C., 3	Fredericksburg, Va.
Johns Hopkins University, 7;	M. A. C., 6	Baltimore, Md.
Western High School, 1;	M. A. C., 0	College Park, Md.
Mt. St. Mary's College, 3;	M. A. C., 4	Emmitsburg, Md.
Technical High School, 5;	M. A. C., 8	College Park, Md.
Washington and Lee University, 13;	M. A. C., 1	Lexington, Va.
Virginia Military Institute, 12;	M. A. C., 0	Lexington, Va.
Catholic University of America, 2;	M. A. C., 3	College Park, Md.
Fredericksburg College, 2;	M. A. C., 7	College Park, Md.
Delaware College, 2;	M. A. C., 7	College Park, Md.
St. John's College, 2;	M. A. C., 7	College Park, Md.
Delaware College, 7;	M. A. C., 1	Newark, Del.
Franklin and Marshall, 5;	M. A. C., 8	College Park, Md.
Catholic University of America, 1;	M. A. C., 7	College Park, Md.
Western Maryland College, 1;	M. A. C., 6	Westminster, Md.
Washington College, 0;	M. A. C., 3	Chestertown, Md.

Baseball Schedule for 1908

<i>Date</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Where played</i>
March 21	Georgetown University	Georgetown, D. C.
" 28	Georgetown University	Georgetown, D. C.
April 1	Naval Academy	Annapolis, Md.
" 3	Randolph-Macon College	Ashland Va.
" 4	Fredericksburg College	Fredericksburg, Va.
" 8	Catholic University	College Park
" 11	Delaware College	College Park
" 20	Richmond College	Richmond, Va.
" 25	Mt. St. Joseph's College	Baltimore, Md.
May 1	Fredericksburg College	College Park
" 2	Delaware College	Newark, Del.
" 6	Catholic University	College Park
" 9	St. John's College	Annapolis, Md.
" 13	Revenue Cutter Service	College Park
" 16	Eastern College	College Park
" 20	Technical High School	College Park
" 23	Gallaudet College	Kendall Green, D. C.
" 27	Gallaudet College	College Park
" 30	Washington College	College Park
June 9	Alumni	College Park

BASEBALL LINE-UP

THOS. B. MACKALL	Manager
A. C. TURNER	Asst. Manager
W. E. WARREN	Coach
GRASON and PARADIS	Catchers
BYRD and SILVESTER, R.	Pitchers
EVANS	1st Base
REEDER	2d Base
WHITE, J. R.	3rd Base
WALTERS, H. M.	Short Stop
TIMANUS	Left Field
JARRELL, T. D.	Center Field
HICKS	Right Field
MAYER and HOEN, S.	Substitutes



BASEBALL TEAM

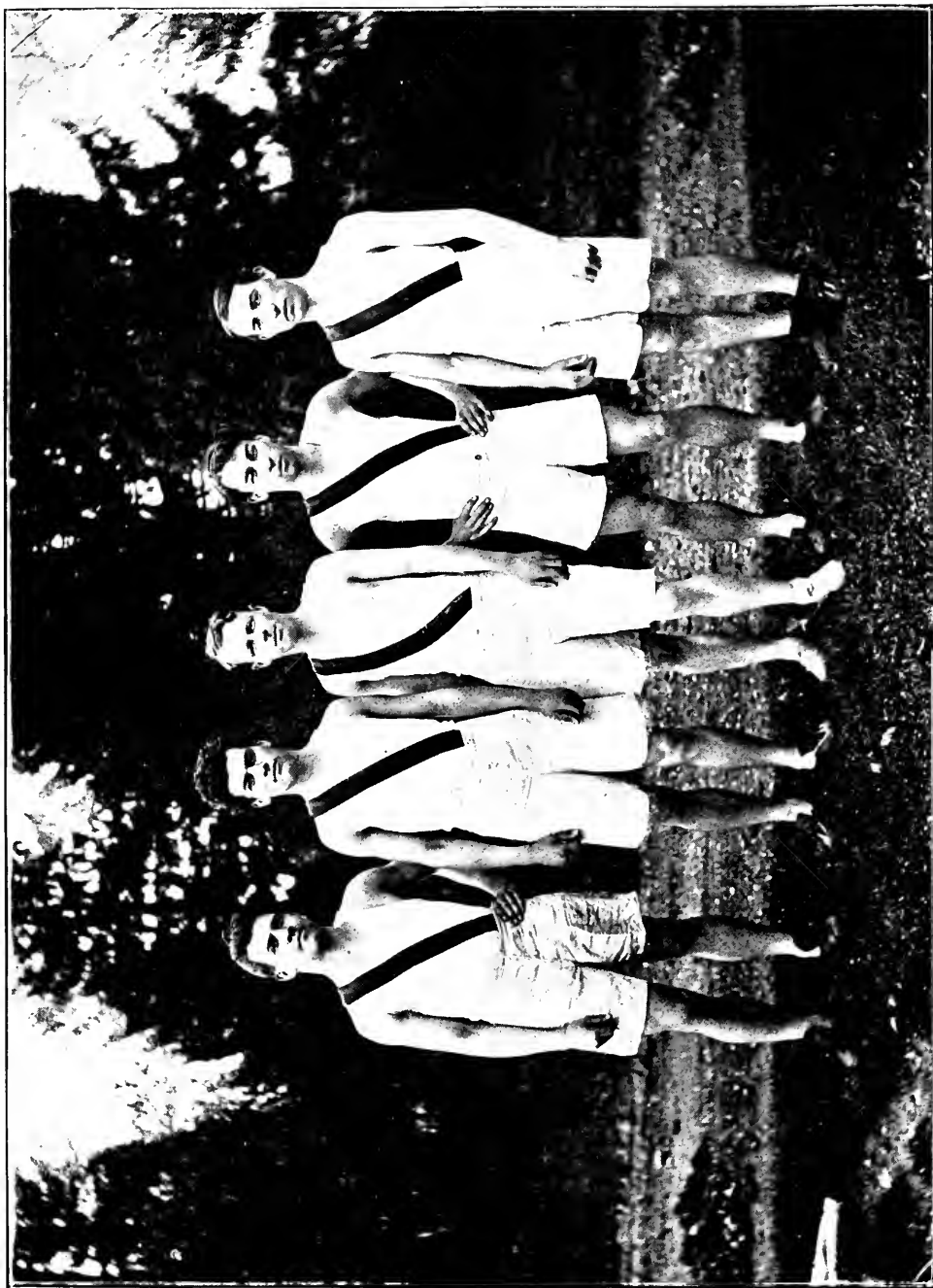
Track Notes

For the first time in the history of M. A. C. indoor track work has engaged the attention of the team. With only a short corridor in the old barracks as an excuse for a track, no trainer and a very limited equipment, the men deserve much credit for sticking to a self-imposed task that meant the hardest kind of work, with little or no reward save the satisfaction of knowing that they were pioneers in an excellent cause.

This season has been a success in the broadest sense, and altho the team has never won first place in any event, they have put up several of the most exciting races seen in Washington this year.

In the first games of the year, the George Washington University Meet, the team was matched against Richmond College and the University of Maryland. At the crack of the gun Cory led the bunch off and held first place until the beginning of the last lap, where the Richmond man jumped ahead and finished about two yards in the lead. Adams took up the running, but could not win. The lead of three yards was too much for Capt. Long to make up and Byrd was touched off for the last relay about five yards behind. He ran a splendid race and at one time gained rapidly, but the Richmond man had a reserve sprint and led the way home by a couple of yards. The time of this race was the fastest run that night. Maryland University was hopelessly beaten. Byrd ran in the novice fifty-yard dash, winning his preliminaries handily, but got only third place in the finals, owing to the fact that he was set back two yards for twice making false starts.

In the Federal games, several weeks later, we were matched against the fast Baltimore City College team and Brown Preparatory School, the latter touted as winners by the management. This time the order of running was as follows: Byrd, Adams, Cory and Long. Baltimore won the toss with M. A. C. on the outside. This race was a mile relay, each man running three laps. For the first two laps City College led, with the other two close. On the back stretch of his lap Byrd made a magnificent sprint and touched Adams off a good ten yards in the lead. This proved close towards the finish and resulted in Baltimore gaining a lead of several yards. Cory took up the remaining and finished even. The last relay was very close up to the beginning of the home stretch, when Baltimore drew away, winning by a narrow margin. The "touted winners" came in later.



TRACK TEAM

The last indoor meet of the season was the big Georgetown University Carnival. In this the first team was entered against Catholic University, who backed out at the last minute, Baltimore City College being substituted. The second team was entered against the McCulloch Juniors and the Western High School Reserves. Both teams kicked against the size of our men, and when the race was run off our men were shut out of the race without further explanation. Upon making a protest, Capt. Long found that he could obtain no redress. The first team ran the closest and most exciting race of the evening. Long started the race, and notwithstanding that he stumbled and lost the pole at the very outset, finished ahead of his man. Adams next ran a fine race, finishing well in front. Cory, who took up the running, lost the distance gained by Adams, touching off Byrd even with City College's last man. These two raced evenly for two laps, and then each man, using his utmost strength, put up a fight to the tape that brought the audience to its feet standing with enthusiasm. The Baltimore man showed the most strength, however, and won out by two feet.

The team expects to go to the Pennsylvania Carnival on April twenty-fifth, where they will get a chance to show their heels to their old rivals, St. John's and Delaware.

The crying need of this institution is a gymnasium. The room under the library cannot possibly be called anything but a makeshift, and a poor one at that. There is no reason why, in this age, when athletics are considered by eminent educationalists as much of a necessity as book-knowledge, M. A. C. should not have a well-equipped gymnasium, and every student and every alumnus should pull together with this end in view.

E. N. C., '09



Stars of "1908"

Since her entrance into the Maryland Agricultural College the class of 1908 has been foremost in her contributions to the athletic strength of the institution, and it is with no little feeling of pride that we submit the following records of her "stars":

"CURLY" BYRD

At the close of his first year of college life "Curly" Byrd had made a most enviable reputation as an all-around "star," making end on the football 'varsity of '05, which team immortalized itself by winning the championship of Maryland for the first time in thirteen years. In this position, and later as quarter back during the past two seasons, "Curly" has steadily improved, and is now, undoubtedly, the snappiest and fastest player on our team; his clever work on end runs having won many a touch-down for M. A. C. So great was his popularity among his fellow-players that, unanimously, they elected him for captain during his Senior year, and it was largely due to his strenuous efforts that we were enabled to put up the good showing that we did.

"Curly" is likewise a veteran of the "sphere," and it was undoubtedly in a large measure due to his superb pitching and team work that the baseball team of '07 was without question accorded the championship of Maryland. Indeed, we doubt whether his equal is to be found in the State, certainly not among the colleges of the Athletic League, and long will the memory of "Curly" and his black-ash "Maria" remain with M. A. C.

Not satisfied with laurels in football and baseball alone, "Curly" has given up considerable time to track work, and of the relay team of 1908 he was one of the strongest members. With "Curly" starring as a pitcher once more, we predict a most successful season in baseball this spring, and are confident that many years will elapse ere those who follow the amateur athletic sports of Maryland will see the like again of "Curly" Byrd, quarter back and pitcher for the M. A. C.

"BARNEY" COOPER

No one has any recollection of how or when "Barney" Cooper came to M. A. C., but there is a tradition that he was found among some football parapher-

naliam sometime way back yonder in 1885. Be that as it may, "Barney" is pre-eminently the "football man" of 1908 and M. A. C. Even as early as his Sophomore year he was elected captain of the 'varsity, and led us on to most signal victories during the banner years of '05 and '06. As a half back, his defensive work and methods of tackling has been most remarkably successful, and when the cry came, "Hold 'em, Maryland, hold 'em!" Cooper was invariably there, holding his own. During the past three years he has been our most dependable and persistent ground-gainer as well. His modesty alone prevented his re-election as captain for his last year, when he turned the leadership over to Byrd. Nevertheless, he continued to be a dominating figure in football, and his withdrawal from M. A. C. will be undoubtedly the severest loss that the team will suffer during the coming season of 1908.

"URY" LONG

As Cooper is, in all probability, the strongest football "star," "Ury" Long holds all records as a trackman, captaining his team for the past two seasons and showing up in remarkable shape ever since his first year. He holds the record for the half mile and the fifty yard dash, the latter being run in 5 2-5 seconds. We also consider "Ury" largely responsible for the recent strenuous effort to inaugurate indoor track-work as an athletic feature of M. A. C., and, hampered as he has been by lack of financial aid and proper training facilities, his persistent efforts in that direction have been most commendable.

"RAT" MACKALL

Another football man from the very heart is "Rat" Mackall, full back on the 'varsity for the past two seasons. Altho not a heavy man for his position, "Rat" made up for it by his swift, hard playing and shrewd tackles, making "stars" fly in every direction when in his fierce line plunges he tore up his opponent's line, helping, not a little, as well by his cheerful spirit and bold face against heavy odds. "Rat's" goal kicking was a strong feature of last season's games, as he rarely missed even the most difficult goals. We have been told that "Rat's" face had much to do with his keeping his position on the team, but we are assured from the victorious combats that he has lived thru that Calvert muscle and Mackall wit have done their share in placing him among the stars of 1908.

"BUCK" REEDER

Quoting from the *Washington Post* of last season, we observe that "Reeder at second was the star player of the team," and he undoubtedly was and is the

most remarkable second baseman that M. A. C. has produced in many a year. He came here in 1905, already a veteran of the diamond, and has held down his responsible position with scarcely an error during his whole career. Indeed, his fast fielding and fast, sure throwing have more than once pulled us out of a bad hole and saved the day for M. A. C.

“BOB” RUFFNER

“Bob” Ruffner as 'varsity center is unquestionably pre-eminent among the “stars,” not only of M. A. C., but all Maryland as well, and he has yet to meet among his opponents his equal in that position. During the past discouraging season especially, “Bob’s” cheerful presence, both in practice and in the real scrimmage, did much to keep alive the courage of our men when hope burned low; for when she loses him M. A. C. loses not only her best center, but a man as well who knew how to take both defeat and victory sensibly; a man who sought always to keep his comrades in that optimistic frame of mind which counts as much for victory as sheer brain and muscle.

“DICK” SILVESTER

“Dick” has only recently shown up as a first-class player, winning his initial distinction as pitcher for M. A. C. in the Catholic University game of the past season, when he held them down to the score of 7 to 1. “Dick” is a player of great promise and we have every right to expect that as substitute pitcher he will render invaluable aid to the team and “Curly,” especially in “nailing” the pennant for the coming season.

“ROGER” WILSON

Wilson came to us in the fall of 1905 with an excellent athletic record, and has played ever since as end on the 'varsity, showing especial excellence in getting down under punts and rushing the backs on tackle bucks. We must also mention that he has been our only representative on the basket-ball team, and a valuable factor in this much-neglected sport at M. A. C.

“KUNST MACHT GUNST”

Songs and Yells

Yell for the team, the team, the team,
M. A. C., dear M. A. C.
Let horns resound and banners stream,
M. A. C., dear M. A. C.
———, we'll win from you,
That is what we're going to do,
Do it well and quickly, too,
M. A. C., dear M. A. C.

The team, the team, they've scored again,
Victory, sweet victory;
'Tis all the same in sun or rain,
Victory, sweet victory.
Our banners ever float on high,
From —— we hear a sigh,
Then with us the people cry;
M. A. C., dear M. A. C.

Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland."

———, what makes you play so badly,
Why don't you try to score?
———, your team is rattled sadly,
And we are out for gore.
Don't blame us if we ever flout you,
You know we couldn't play without you,
———, your team is rattled, rattled, rattled.

Tune, "Tessie."

We are, we are, we are, we are the M. A. C.
We are, we are, we are, we are the M. A. C.
And when we get to heaven, we'll give the good old yell;
And those who're not so fortunate will give it down in ——
Cheer up, boys, there ain't no h—!

Are we all dead yet? Are ye all dead yet?
No, by golly, there's eleven left yet!
Come, and get your quinine!

M. A. C., M. A. C.,
It's plain as plain can be,
We've got _____ up a tree.
M. A. C., M. A. C.,
Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Beat 'em!
M. A. C.

Tune, "Tammany."

Halla ba loo! Hoorah! Hoorah!
Halla ba loo! Hoorah! Hoorah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
M. A. C. A. A.

Chee hing! Chee hing!
Chee-Ha-Ha-Ha.
Maryland Agricultural College;
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Holy gee!
Who are we?
_____ team of the M. A. C.

Skin-a-ma-rink,
Skin-a-ma-rink,
La-da-da! How-da dah! Flehmey!
Flippity flop, we're on top!
Sis! Boom! Bah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rab! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sis-s-s! Boom!
Heigho!
M-A-R-Y-L-A-N-D!

(With increasing cadence.)

M-M-M-M!
A-A-A-A!
R-R-R-R!
Y-Y-Y-Y!
L-L-L-L!
A-A-A-A!
N-N-N-N!
D-D-D-D!
M-A-R-Y-I-A-N-D!

Chee hing! Chee hing!
Chee-Ha-Ha-Ha.
Maryland Agricultural College
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Chick-a-chick-a-boom!
Chick-a-chick-a-boom!
Chick-a-chick-a-chick-a-chick-a-
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Maryland Agricultural College,
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Holy, gee!
Who are we?
— ball team of the M. A. C.!



Young Men's Christian Association

Officers for 1907-08

President	R. BRIGHAM
Vice-President	W. C. REEDER
Secretary	J. P. L. SHAMBERGER
Treasurer	N. L. WARREN

Chairman Bible Study Committee

R. BRIGHAM

* * *

Officers for 1908-09

President	WM. M. AIKENHEAD
Vice-President	M. KOENIG
Secretary	F. J. MAXWELL
Treasurer	D. W. GLASS

Chairman Bible Study Committee

H. S. COBEY

Our Y. M. C. A.

The association here is a distinct organization, and since its founding, in 1900, has made steady progress in influence and numbers. During its existence there has been considerable interest taken in its meetings and other work in its behalf, tho there has been no assistance to activities outside of its own direct sphere of influence.

The activities for this year were opened by a reception on September 27th, to which the whole school was invited. The members of the faculty attended with their wives, and the new men were given an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with them. The occasion was a pronounced success and the association fully intended to have two more such events. Owing, however, to the lack of necessary finances, they did not materialize.

Another great event during the early part of the year was the International Y. M. C. A. Convention in Washington, and M. A. C. students and delegates who attended had an excellent opportunity for hearing such prominent speakers as Wm. Jennings Bryan, Robt. E. Speer and the Hon. J. A. MacDonald of Toronto. Mr. MacDonald's speech was most inspiring, in that he applied the slogan of the Highlanders, "SHOULDERS TOGETHER," to association work. No matter if there be but one of us, let him stand face to face with his foe, "Shoulders Together!" And from his wonderful words, as well as those of Bryan and Speer, we of the convention caught an inspiration, and coming back set our faces forward and onward, resolved to stand "Shoulders Together."

Unfortunately, however, after the beginning of the second term, the bible classes were allowed to lag. It then required considerable effort to recover the lost interest aroused by the convention. Then, in the latter part of March, the Tri-State Convention was held at Frederick, whither the new president and vice-president were sent as delegates. Many well-known workers were present, and their reports, together with the interest in general manifested by the delegates, were very encouraging. Our representatives returned with many new ideas, which they hope to put into practice for the rest of the year, and with a warm place as well in their hearts for the good people of Frederick, who are justly noted for their unstinted hospitality. The main thought of the convention centered about

the sentiment that, no matter what the membership of the association might be, no matter what the order of services, if the leaders are not thoroly filled with the spirit of Christ then their work is doomed to failure. A new move was made at this time also which it is believed will prove of great value, the new officers being given charge of the work while the retiring cabinet will act in the capacity of an advisory organization. Consequently, the spring term will be largely given up to preparation for next year's work.

It is undoubtedly true that the association work is not given as much thought and attention by our college students as it should have. Its importance is either not recognized or the men labor under the false impression that being a work of God He will take care of it. In acting upon such suppositions they fail of securing any appreciable benefit; for, altho the athletics are almost indispensable to college life, and have gained for the college many honors, they have permanently injured many of the participants and have taken a large amount of time from classes with comparatively small benefit in the end to each person concerned.

Then the dancing club and the literary societies, tho they tend to broaden a man socially, fail to give anything more than a polish on his worldly surface.

But the Y. M. C. A., working for the spiritual good of the man, affects all the activities of life, since in becoming a Christian the college man makes it his motto to do with all his might and all his soul whatever his hands or his brain find to accomplish. At his studies he works to the best of his ability; when on the athletic field he is doing his level best; and in whatever position among the various societies he may be placed, he is engaged in making a sincere and earnest effort to attain the highest that is in him.

During the past year many men have come here who have impressed these truths upon us, and what can a strong man not do when he puts on the whole armor of God, his face set forward, and standing "Shoulders Together" for Christ?

Wm. M. Aikenhead,

President for 1908-09

Officers of the Rossbourg Club

CHAS. W. SYLVESTER

President

T. B. MACKALL

Vice-President

U. W. LONG

Secretary

W. A. S. SOMERVILLE

Treasurer

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES

Invitation and Program

S. M. LOWREY

Reception

B. R. COOPER

Refreshment

W. C. REEDER

Floor

L. B. BROUGHTON

ROSS- BURG CLUB



1908



EB
86

The Spirit of the Dance

“She comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She’d seem a wonder from the skies.”
—*Osgood*.

If all the riches of India, if all the beauty of the ancient Greeks, if all the crowns of the kingdoms of the world were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of this “Spirit of the Dance,” I would spurn them all. For when “she comes,” with bared neck and pearly arms, with tresses of soft, fleecy silks, with her little feet so neatly clad and silvery shod, there sparkle from those “large, eloquent eyes,” riches unequalled by the dusky Indies. When she glides across the polished floor, as the music swells in melodious refrain, her every gesture, her every motion make us forget the once stately beauties of the idealistic Hellenes. And when in some secluded corner, where dimly steal soft rays of light, we sit beside her in blissful communion and listen to the rise and fall of her low, sweet voice we forget the wrestling world, its engrossing ambitions, its selfish possessions, its endless strife; forgotten, too, are its crowns of gold, its wreaths of myrtle, its palms of victory; forgotten all in this “Being Inexpressible,” this “Wonder from the Skies,” the Spirit of the Dance!

Endymion, '08

Our Dances

Groups of men who have never felt the influence of virtuous women and innocent pleasures are mostly of the lowest type. Indeed, too much credit cannot be given to the weaker sex in the advancement of our standards of life. And especially at M. A. C., where the student body as an entity is almost entirely dependent upon college dances for their association with the "fair," this influence cannot be overestimated. Of course, there are among us a few unfortunates who seem able to exist—at least by their own profession—without the slightest social communication with any other than a few of their classmates and, occasionally, the wise seers, their instructors. These strangely-constituted individuals will tell you that such things as college dances have no place in life; that they impede the rapid "absorption" of knowledge, and we hear them mutter, "ballroom butterflies," "unnatural nature," "cute nothings," "Chases and F St.," and then they subside and recommence absorbing. But are character building and moral upliftment more than mere solemn science? Will not the social intercourse experienced at college enable the men going out from such institutions to take their place in the world better fitted for conditions as they really exist? The didactic, bookish and unsociable man is an anomaly in the enlightened twentieth century; he is not wanted anywhere!

But to return to M. A. C. and its dances. Occurring as they do at irregular intervals thruout the year, they are an attractive and pleasurable diversion to all who attend them. Of these the May ball of 1907 was the first dance ever given under the auspices of the notable class of '08 and, following as it did a great athletic victory, we were "in" to make it a success. For weeks before the eventful evening the Junior class meeting was a regular part of each day's program, and surely that farsighted body of youthful entertainers forgot nothing in the prolonged discussions that ensued.

At last the ball is at hand! The hall is in a state of inviting receptiveness, even to the extent of having erected upon the all-suffering stage, amid the graceful green of palm and conifer, a fragrant bower woven of the white, delicate sprays of the dogwood and—must we confess it—"chicken wire!" For of such things, after all, are dreams and "cute things" made. About half after seven the "girls

of '08" begin to arrive and they continue "arriving," completely filling up the ballroom and overflowing into the "Hall of Fame" without. Yes, even into and amid the sacred upholstery of the trustees' room. Then to the melting music we set our feet in exhilarant motion and are off in the merry whirl. On and on, around and around we glide, all forgetful of aught but the passing pleasure, lost in the bewitching glances of those who are rightly called the "best gifts to man." Truly, in them lies a greater power, a more potent force than crusty Science has discovered in electricity; "for electricity merely moves machinery, bridges illimitable space and cures sciatica, but the power in woman's eyes makes this merry old world go round. It overturns empires, mocks monarchs, bedevils diplomacy, and otherwise snarls things up thru sheer lightness of heart." For the man who can resist the mute appeal of soft and loving eyes, whether they be blue, or black, or brown, and the caressing touch of round, soft arms, and the delicious quivering of rosebud lips, is not a man at all; he is a—but I forget—I am thinking of a cozy corner and a moonlight dance where the "moon" failed to show, and then we did not see the eyes—it was the rest. Alas! all too soon the last notes of "Home, Sweet Home" flee on the oscillating ether and with it our few brief hours of pleasure.

Another dance, perhaps nearer the hearts of many, altho not considered by the members of '08 as equalling their initial "hop," was the leap year "Ball of Hearts," given to the Juniors and Seniors by the President and his admirable wife. Of course, none other than a woman—a true daughter of Maryland—could have so intuitively appreciated the needs of cadets who are nearing the threshold of life. Hearts were surely "Trumps" that "dream of a night." For hearts of tinsel hung gracefully about us on every side, and hearts of softer texture, long hidden, came to light ready for the asking if only it were the right person and in the right way, for assuredly it was the "right time" and our boys are always "willin'." So the dance and the dancers went on as "merry as a wedding bell," and when the time came for the "parting kiss and the long-drawn sigh," many were the hearts borne away by our fair visitors while a few—of pasteboard—remained. And so, when those interested in the affairs of M. A. C., and desirous of making it an institution that will send into the world *men* inspired by high standards of character and conduct, seek the means to these ends they must not forget the tremendous influence that has been and will continue to be exerted by the far-famed M. A. C. dances and the M. A. C. girl.

Excelsior, '08

A Mosaic of Stolen Gems

The Hellenic Aristotle, with his interminable philosophy, has given us the everlasting as well as oft-repeated saying, "Man is a social being," which well expresses the law upon which we base the national relationship of mankind. From long before the time of this deep-thinking Greek down thru all ages to the present day, and, if we may prophesy, on until the millennium dawns, the science of society has claimed and will continue to claim the attention of the thoughtful and educated.

Sociology is so deep an abyss that its bottom has never been sounded; so broad a domain that its borders have never been reached, and so old a science that its beginning lies hidden in the misty realms of prehistoric epochs. It would seem to a casual observer that such an ancient subject, which has always had an army of faithful followers, would be without a neglected or forgotten topic, but to one perusing the numerous writings from Aristotle to Wilson or Bryce there would be revealed a startling fact. That fact would be that the majority of these staunch philosophers neglected often, crowded into minor space frequently, or mostly forgot entirely the best, and that best was Woman. They ate the bitter and left the sweet; they pondered long and wearily over the cold, cruel, worldly problems, while above, waiting, longing and praying, was the shining angel light of

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

To climb into the category occupied by our many social philosophers would, indeed, be a worthy task, but I feel that what I know about society has not been gleaned from poring over old volumes covered with accumulated dust, or by studying the economics, the civics, and the religions of all peoples; but that knowledge which I have has been obtained in a manner as the poet sang:

“From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the night Pomethean fire;
They are the books, the art, the academes
That show, contain, and vanquish all the world.”

And that woman is a Maryland Girl; she is more to us than the lost Lenore was to the awe-inspiring Poe; more than Beatrice, the Lake of Light, was to the romantic, southern-blooded Dante; more than Margaret, the “Crown Jewel,” was to the cold-hearted Goethe; and more than the beautiful Madonna was to the ancient worshipping hermit.

Whether she be a Saxon blonde, with deep, blue eyes, whose glances return love for love, whose silken tresses rest upon her shoulders like a wealth of golden fleece, each thread of which looks like a ray of the morning sunbeams, or whether she be a Latin brunette, with deep, black eyes, whose jetty lashes rest like silken fringe upon the pearly texture of her cheeks, looking like raven wings spread out upon new fallen snow, we love her dearly, and daringly loving her call her our Maryland Girl.

Great did the Greeks think their goddesses. The beautiful Helen of mythological fame, whose eyes sparkled with the internal fire that never dies, caused men to die in battling for her hand. She conquered Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest and, as it is still, grandest epic, which has come down thru all time. But let our Helen turn her soul-inspiring eyes upon us and our hearts throb and our blood thrills as if stirred with a draught of Heaven's sparkling wine. Let the Maryland Helen but turn to another suitor and our hearts become splintered as if struck by Jove's thunderbolt which hurled the unfortunate Phaeton from Phoebus' chariot.

Orpheus played upon his lyre to such perfection that he not only charmed his fellow-creatures, but wild beasts were softened by his lay and the very trees and rocks were sensible to the charm. So great was his skill that when he struck his tensile chords before the gates of Hades the chariots of the gods stood still. Tantalus forgot the infernal torment of his insatiable thirst; the vultures ceased to tear the constantly reproduced vitals of Tityus; the palace gates swung upon their golden hinges, and Pluto, melted into sympathy with the bereft soul that sobbed out the story of its lonely sorrow on the harp strings, gave him back the fair Eurydice.

Since the fragments of Orpheus' body were borne away by the river Hebrus, down which they floated, murmuring sad music, and to which the shores responded a plaintive symphony, the world has never heard music its equal until the song of the Maryland girl struck for its keynote the heavenly harps of gold. Then Vulcan came to the door of his smoky forge to listen; then Apollo threw away his lyre as useless and knelt before the goddess of perfect music, and Jupiter bade the Cupid send his quivering arrow into the breast of her choice.

If there be anyone who fails to respond to the call of the Maryland girls, we ask for him this fate, that the Gods of the Greeks, of the Egyptians, of the Northmen, of all lands and of all climes will condemn him to wander on and on in eternal lonesomeness. So one and all listen to one whose doctrine has been derived from woman's eyes: "Win her and wear her if you can. She is the most delightful of God's creatures; Heaven's best gift; man's joy and pride in prosperity; man's support and comfort in affliction."

Excelsior, '68



June Ball Organization

Business Manager W. A. S. SOMMERVILLE
Asst. Business Manager N. L. WARREN, JR.
Secretary U. W. LONG
Treasurer G. C. DAY

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

Invitation and Program

S. M. LOWREY

Reception

B. R. COOPER

Floor

C. W. SYLVESTER

Refreshments

C. A. WARTHEN

The Orchard Inspectors

“Hey Bill, whar you all from?”

“Garett Co.”

“Garrett Co?”

“Yep.”

“Do youse people have any scale up thar?”

“Not as I knows of!”

Enter “Sy.”

“Well, gentlemen, glad to see you. How are you? What’s your name? Mr. Scroggles? Yes. And yours, Mr. Jones? Yes. And yours, Mr. what you may call-’em? Yes. Well, gentlemen, make yourselves comfortable, but excuse me, I am very, very busy.”

Exit “Sy.”

We hear queer things and queer people sometimes. The above is a sample of the edifying conversation overheard between some orchard inspectors on their arrival at college as well as their formal reception by “Sy.” It has become an annual custom with “Sy” to bring this plague upon us, and as sure as the months roll by he goes around the State, picks up an old individual here and there, and tells him to come to college, to prepare himself for certain laborious duties which he, as inspector, is “destined” to perform. About the first of February the influx begins. Twenty-five to thirty of our rural friends, all jabbering in a mixture of broken English, German and “heathen Chinee,” seat themselves in the Bug Laboratory and await the instruction of the mighty “Sy” and his “allies.”

The “Grasshoppers” soon become accustomed to the place. They grow bold. They become slightly more energetic, and finally one of them caps the climax by writing such an empirical effusion as is given below :

A tried and trusty tree man
To a nearby College came,
Weary and worn, and peevish
He was once a man of fame.

His eyes were deeply sunken,
His face was ghastly pale,
And all the while he muttered
"I've got the San Jose scale."

"What can I do?" he said to "Sy"
In a piped and wheezy tone,
"I want a caustic treatment
To the very skin and bone."

Says "Sy," "Soda with lime sulphur
Has yet for me to fail!"
"Then give to me the treatment,
I've got the San Jose scale."

"I've ruined many, many trees
From Tennessee to Maine;
On New York's rocky hillsides
And Jersey's sandy plain."

"Wherever I have travelled,
By boat, by foot or rail,
I'm shunned as tho a leper;
I've got the San Jose scale."

"I've used the whale-oil treatment,
And the emulsion without lime;
Crude oil with caustic potash
I've tried from time to time."

"But the pernicious little pest
Has seen them each one fail;
So now I want the limit,
I've got the San Jose scale."

—*Enzyme*, '08

Enter RECKLESS RANDOLPH

RANDOLPH—Truly, my sense of responsibility doth not urge me to bear with this Bluebeard, my professor. The fiend is at my elbow and tempts me, saying, "Randolph, Reckless Randolph, sweet Reckless, sweet Randolph, or rather sweet Reckless Randolph, use your legs, take a start, skip, vamoose!" "But," cautions my sense of responsibility, "take heed, conscientious Randolph, or, as aforesaid, conscientious Reckless Randolph, do not skip; scorn skipping with thy heels." Well, the most outrageous fiend bids me pack. "Haul," says the fiend; "Heraus," says the fiend; "For Cab's sake, scare up a brave heart," says the fiend, "and skip." Well, my sense of responsibility, hanging by the tail of my shirt, admonishes me severely, saying, "My sweet friend Randolph, being an honest student," or rather an "honor" student, for truly my honesty doth smack somewhat of dishonor to the Bluebeard, my professor; well, my sense of responsibility saith, "Randolph, skip not." "Skip," says the fiend. "Skip not," urgeth my sense of responsibility. "Responsibility," say I, "thou counselest well." "Fiend," say I, "thou counselest well." To be guided by my sense of responsibility, I should verily stay with the Bluebeard, my professor, who (Cab bless the mark) is a kind of devil, indeed; and to skip away from this Bluebeard, I shall be guided by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the Devil himself. Truly, this Bluebeard, my professor, is the very Devil incarnation, and my sense of responsibility is but a hard kind of sense, that should urge me to stay with the Bluebeard, my professor. The fiend urgeth upon me the more friendly counsel—"I will skip, fiend, my heels are at your commandment, I will skip."

(Exit RANDOLPH *to the Mountains.)*

(We venture no apologies to Wm. Shakespeare; we only hope we shall never meet him in the other world. ED.)

Ode to Organic

In my Junior year at college,
When I labored hard and late,
There was added to my burdens
Something said to be just great.

Maybe you would like to find out
What I had to comprehend.
It is called Organic Chemistry
Something warm right to the end.

I remember quite distinctly
What we all were told to do.
Everything had CARBON in it
Or at least the "Prof" said so.

Then we bought a little note-book.
"One at first," he said, "will do."
But ye gods and little fishes!
When you buy get forty-two!

Only short names were remembered,
Such as trichloraldehyde,
Aniline with all his amides
Pulling faithfully at his side.

Then there was a boy named Fettig
(From across the sea, I know)
Borrowed Old Man Wurtz' Reaction,
To make BENZENE down below!

Hope it likes it way down yonder
Making Rings with great Side Chains.
While at M. A. C., I wonder
What they'll do with my remains!

Wearied of these benzene ringlets,
Will I never more be free?
Oh! Professor of MORGANIC
Give me more than "Twenty Three!"

—*Extra*, '08.



The Mushroom, The Rat and The Broomstick

The old Broomstick stood leaning against the wall on the back porch. She was quite worn out with long use. Her straws were soiled and stubbed. She felt quite tired of the world. Her whole humdrum life had been spent in sweeping—sweeping from morning to night, and she was very, very tired of it all. Once she was good enough for a place in the kitchen, and in those days she used to be quite a Beauty. All day long the Tea Kettle and the Sad Irons would make love to her. But now she was used to clean off dirty shoes, and she was nothing but an old Broomstick—ugly, worn out, dirty and neglected. Poor old Broomstick! Her life was, indeed, a sad one.

Year after year she stood there on the porch staring at the dusty cellar window across the way, and before she became so old and ragged she used to dream and wonder what could be hidden there. One day there was a great bustle and stir. All the old rubbish was taken out and carted away, and the dusty window was opened and cleaned. Men built long shelves and filled them with dirt. They were trying to grow mushrooms, but, of course, a poor, ignorant Broomstick would hardly know that. So she watched the mushroom bed thru the window and wondered what would become of it. Day after day she patiently waited. "Surely," she thought, "something will come of it." And imagine, if you can, her surprise and joy when one morning she saw a little bald-head sticking up thru the black earth, and as she watched the mushroom grow, she became quite sentimental. He was so round and fresh and young; so unlike anything else she had ever seen before. Quite pleasantly for a cross old Broomstick, she smiled across to him, and he, poor conceited thing, stared stupidly back, for he did not know any better. But one day he nodded and smiled to her and she was very happy. Silly old Broomstick! she had fallen in love. So many happy days passed by. The Broomstick was growing young again. Her scars had faded away; her straws became much brighter and lost their dust and smoke. "Why," said the Maid, "the old Broomstick is well enough after all." But the Maid did not know that the poor thing was in love. How could she?

Every morning the silly Broomstick smiled down on the Mushroom's bald head. Every morning he would nod back at her and they were very, very happy together. It was all so strange and wonderful to the Mushroom—this new

world. Everything, even the ugly Pavement seemed quite charming, quite beautiful, and the old Broomstick herself he thought the most beautiful and charming of all. On moonlight nights, when good people were asleep, he would jump out of his bed and cross the pavement to where the foolish Broomstick was waiting for him. Side by side they would walk together up and down the hard pavement, quite lost in each other, and with her straws she would tickle his bald head very lovingly. Surely, if the Broomstick had not been there, he would have been very lonely, for no more mushrooms came up in the bed beside him.

But there lived in the same cellar with the lonely Mushroom an envious old Rat who did not believe in love and hated lovers, and he determined to nip the foolish affair in the bud. "Silly creatures," said he, "fallen in love. Faugh! I'll show them!" Very closely he watched the foolish pair. One day a letter came to the Mushroom. "Dear Mr. Mushroom," it read, "please call for me at twelve. Don't fail me." Ah! thought the hateful Rat, "I have them now!" The night was very dark, but the faithful Mushroom started out bravely to where the sentimental Broomstick was waiting for him. But, alas, he never got there, and all night long the poor anxious Broomstick sat up watching for him.

In the morning she looked toward the window and there on the pavement lay the faithful Mushroom. The wicked Rat had bitten him in two and, poor fellow, he was quite dead. This sad sight broke the Broomstick's poor wooden heart, and had you been there you could even have heard it crack. She became all at once very old again and felt sadder and more weary of life than ever. Poor disappointed creature!

The Maid came out presently and she was very cross. She had lost her lover, too. "You hateful thing," she cried, and threw the poor cracked Broomstick out on the pavement; and there they lay together—the poor, old, sentimental Broomstick and her faithful Mushroom. Poor, poor, deluded Pair!

The Shadow, '08

The Woman in the Case

A FARCE

Scene—Hotel Hamilton, Hagerstown

Time—Night of Oct. 16th

SCENE 1.

ROOM 68.

MIDNIGHT.

Enter two Cow Punchers who have been "doing" the town.

(The door is locked; both knock.)

IN CHORUS: Open up, Bob, open up in there! It's us!

SHRILL FEMALE VOICE (*from within*): Who's at that door?

(A quaking silence follows.)

FEMALE VOICE (*still louder*): Oh, Ma! Who's at that door?

(No answer)

FEMALE VOICE (*screaming*): OH, MA! WHO'S AT THA——

FIRST COW PUNCHER: My Lord! Reddy, there's a woman in there!

SECOND COW PUNCHER: Let's go.

(Exit Cow Punchers with hair on end.)

(Subdued chuckles and hysterics within.)

SCENE 2.

THE SAME.

TWO HOURS LATER

Enter A Porter.

(Knocks on the door.)

SHRILL FEMALE VOICE (*This time on the verge of hysteria*): OH, MA! OH, MA! THAT MAN I ——

PORTER: Oh, Gawd!—WOW!

(Exit running.)

(*An interval of fifteen minutes*)

Enter Cow Punchers, attended by Hotel Proprietor, THREE CLERKS, and A CHAMBERMAID; to be met by a benign and innocent Shadow in pajamas, some fifteen feet tall.

SHADOW: Why, here's Reddy and Turner at last, fellows! Where have you been! Did you see AMY?

IN CHORUS: STUNG!

(Exit attendants shamefacedly)

BOB (*from within*): Oh, come on you fellows! Quit your foolin'. Get to bed! Go to sleep! I'm so dogone tired!

(Door closes; more chuckling; more hysterics, squealing, and sounds of a general roughhouse within.)

(Who really was at the door? Was it AMY? Ask Bob, he knows!)

The Shadow, '08

The Merry Adventures of Rat

In our Merry College in times not far away when good King Cab ruled the Park and the Walks thereof, there dwelt within the flimsy walls of our ancient Institution a famous outlaw whose name was Rat. He was a comely youth, of raven locks and goodly build, in whose black eyes lurked that merry devil which fair lassies fain must love. Now, being a lad of many parts and strong of tongue, he sought service with the high sheriff and pleased him much. There came, however, in the tenth year of Johnnie, Master Steward to the King, a fulsome wight, who, by the grace of Cab, would be high sheriff to our Merry College. The same men called the Sheriff Ferdinand, who was given to much bumness of ye wrist and ankle. This Ferdinand, being one day in pursuit of certain outlaws who created much disorder, came suddenly upon stout Rat within the flimsy walls, and did berate him most unkindly. Then did stout Rat turn upon him and curse him in his turn; so, therefore, fled he deep within the flimsy walls—outlaw to the good King Cab.

Thus he lay hidden in our Merry College for many months, and in that time gathered a goodly band of merry lads about him, of whom he was chief. These, like himself, were right mad blades driven forth by ye Sheriff Ferdinand, and far and wide were they known thru all the broad Park, even to Riverdale Town, where many fair lassies dwell. Chiefest among these lusty lads was Rat's right-hand man, merry Jack Nimblefoot, a rare youth and fair, and beside him were Friar Tuck, of goodly fame, and Little Claude, of Rat's own country, and Harry Hotspur, to save whose neck the jolly band came nigh unto leaving our Merry College forever, and many others more who, for some cause or other, were become outlaws to the good King Cab. Right boisterously, within ye flimsy walls lived stout Rat and his lusty lads, sleeping much, studying little, and feasting nightly upon ye sweet caramels and chicken. Thus blithely lived this jolly band within our Merry College.

RAT RAIDETH YE PANTRY

Now, with the coming of spring, the cravings of the Inner Man fell strong upon the merry band, and they held council upon ye Buzzard's Roost to raid the Pantry of ye Master Steward Johnnie. Right joyfully did they make ready, and at the

hour of midnight, according to ye tryst, they gathered together at the foot of ye Ancient Terrace, clothed in ye shirts and sweaters, and each man bearing in his arms a lusty pillow of ye wild goose feathers with which to batter down ye Pantry door. By the dim flare of gas light did they gather and set forth behind ye Merry Rat to the dark basement in which the Pantry lay. Then, all together they rushed upon ye door, broke in the strong lock and walked unchallenged in. Long and heartily did they feast upon ye royal bread and strap, ye tender hams and cheese, even until they did surfeit and lack ease; and so goodly was the spread that they did quite forget the nearness of the Master Steward.

But this Johnnie was a weak and craven soul, and fearing always the raids of ye merry men, slept lightly. He awoke, and hearing strange voices in ye Pantry did tremble for his goodly stores. Therefore, in his night rail set he forth to seek out the constables who dwelt about our Merry College. These worthy wights being aroused did hide themselves right circumspectly about ye Pantry door that they might waylay ye jolly raiders. Among these was one, Little Nux, a most doughty wight, small in stature yet mighty in valor, who, being a brave and sturdy yeoman, sought to enter ye Pantry by force. "Open up," commanded he sternly, "Open up!" Thereupon was all about him most quiet, and ye jolly raiders did quake with fear. But taking courage, stout Rat did mock and jeer ye little Nux most roundly, who, being much like a little pot that soon boileth over, did wax right wroth and accosted ye merry lads most angrily.

"By ye Grace of King Cab and ye Lord Commie, Open Up!" shouteth he, "Open Up, say I!" Then answered ye jolly lads right blithely: "Nay, Lord Boohoo, forbid, indeed! Slide under, ye Little Nux! Ye Little Pot, slide under!"

Then did Little Nux become right hot, and, being a man of ready mind, did bring a chair to ye Pantry door that he might enter by ye transom. Thus mounted, he thrust his head where within ye merry lads were hidden, but could not enter for those behind ye door. On a sudden there came to him a Bright Idea, and he cried, "Water! water!," at which stout Rat, grown still more bold, did mock him the more.

"Water! water! indeed!" cried he, "Make it wet, ye Little Pot!"

And verily he did make it wet; for with ye lust of revenge in his heart did Nux take ye pail of water from ye Constable Jesse and did douse ye jolly defenders wholly. Then did these lusty lads in their turn wax wroth and Merry Jack Nimblefoot, whirling ye broomstick in his hands until it whistled thru the air, did swat ye Little Nux most shrewdly upon the head so that he fell to ye floor, stunned by ye mighty blow.

Now did the merry men rush forth upon the constables and ye Little Nux, seeing first ye nimble Jack, did scramble to his feet and straight pursue him. Up ye shaking stairs; up ye President's Hall; up across ye Bridge did speed in haste ye nimble Jack and he that pursued. So fast fled they that one meddling fellow seeking to stop Jack halted ye Little Nux instead, and did cause him much vexation. But just now did merry Jack stumble sadly upon ye stairs which lead from ye Bridge and Little Nux gained much upon him. Thus up and down they went; up ye stairs and down ye stairs, until brave Jack was fairly winded, while still close behind hung ye Little Nux. So turning a corner of ye flimsy walls, Jack fled swift within the nearest room, and thither, too, followed Nux. High and low sought ye Little Nux, within ye room and without, but still no Jack was there to find. Still more diligently he searched, and at last under ye bed, twisted in ye heap, found he the merry Jack and did haul him straight before the good King Cab.

Meanwhile, stout Rat and his Merry Men fled afar without ye flimsy walls even thru all ye Park and did hide themselves most speedily within ye cellars and ye haystacks that abound therein. And upon ye break of day returned they to ye Buzzards' Roost, resolved no more to raid ye Pantry; and as for stout Jack Nimblefoot, he lay for many days close prisoner within ye shady College Grove.

RAT MEETETH YE FAIR MAID

Now, some months after the taking of stout Jack certain friends of Rat bespake his pardon, and he came once more into high favor with ye good King Cab and his Lord Commie. So late in this same year, according to his wont, he set forth upon ye road to Baltimore Town, where men now held a merry fair. And after some days spent in feasting upon ye sights and victuals which the good town provideth, he turned him homeward toward ye Park. And going thither, he did fall in with most goodly company, even a fair Lassie, as sweet as any in all the broad countryside. He did wink at her until she blushed, and she seeming nothing loath, he rode beside her, made love to her, and raised much merry gain. So far went he, indeed, that he stood boldly up among the goodly band that traveled with them and cried aloud, "Now, by the love which I bear the good King Cab, I fain would wed this Maid! Who is there that will join us twain?" "Verily, that will I!" answereth one preacher unknown to ye astonished Rat; yet he being ever of ready wit, reassureth ye trembling Maid and answereth in his turn right sadly, "Now, in good sooth, I fain would be married, most reverend sir; but, by mine vow, it may be only by One Bald-Headed, and such a preacher, alas, thou art not!" Then sat ye preacher down amid the laughter of ye merry company. Ye

Maid did giggle and did make more wondrous eyes at ye nervy Rat, and thus fared they joyfully on toward ye Park. There bold Rat did leave ye fair Maid, and she being much taken by his good looks, sorrowed greatly at parting, for men of such winning and ready manners found she not oft within ye Riverdale Town.

RAT LAYETH LOW YE CHICKENS

And being once more in the service of the good King Cab, Rat longed for the old life of joy and freedom and of roving within the flimsy walls. So one blithe afternoon he set forth, with stout Jack Nimblefoot at his side, and in great content they rambled along, dreaming of ye merry days gone by. And they came upon a stone pile from which as of yore they filled their hands and pockets. "Perchance," saith bold Rat, "we shall see aught!" And sure enough there came to their ears a most welcome sound, ye cackle of a Hen, and straight across their path stalked ye forbidden game, ye fat Chickens of ye good King Cab. Most longingly did Rat look upon ye plump pullet, when, biff! she lay kicking in ye dust. Joyfully, stout Jack joined in ye merry sport, and presently two more of ye fattest lay with the first. Then would Rat have hidden them under his coat and gone on his way, but suddenly he saw ye fearsome Derby of a constable, and he whom men call Chicken from this very adventure came upon them with wrath in his eye. Then did Rat and stout Jack Nimblefoot drop ye fowls and flee once more outlaws to the good King Cab. Thus came these unlucky twain for the last time into sad disgrace, and a price was set upon their heads for whomsoever should bring them before the Council of the Three over which the gracious Cab presideth.

RAT COMETH TO HIS TRIAL

So, having fallen into deep disfavor, stout Rat wandered forth about ye Merry College, seeking whatever of trouble might lie in wait for him. By evil chance he did observe the Fire Machine which hangeth hard by ye Ancient Terrace, and the Old Boy prompting him, he fell once more into temptation and did take ye Fire Machine down from its fastenings. Then did he disport himself about ye Hall, squirting ye strong Juice upon ye walls and floor and even upon those who dwelt thereabouts. But hearing ye great commotion, my Lord Boohoo hasteneth up from ye President's Hall that he might stop the devilty of ye boisterous Rat. But thinking him a common Wayfarer, stout Rat did cry, "Make way! make way!" and squirteth ye strong Juice upon my worshipful Lord Boohoo, whereat his lordship, much incensed, laid strong hold on Rat and bore him down into the Council of the Three. Right sorrowfully went bold Rat before ye good King Cab, and fain would he have spoken for himself, but ye august Three as one commanded

strict silence from ye captive reprobate. And great was the confusion of tongues that followed; so great, indeed, that they did continually hinder each other in ye administration of justice and did contradict each the other most profusely until stout Rat was exceeding wearied. But one and all they swore that he should dwell with them no longer and bade him farewell most heartily. So did Rat pack him down ye Pike and so was he shipped from out ye flimsy walls forever. And thus all things have an end, but not such a just and woeful end as befell stout Rat and his lusty lads at the hands of the Three within our Merry College.

Ye Queer Mug, '08



What They Know

Those Children of Peter

PROF. N.: Mr. Thomas, what is a teleudospore?

THOMAS: Professor, isn't it a "raised" spore?

PROF. N.: Raised how? On a bottle? (Puts down an "absolute" zero for Thomas.)

PROF. N.: Qper, what is meant by the Mutation of Species?

COOPER: It is when a plant "jumps," Professor.

PROF. N.: And do plants jump out of the ground, Qper? If so, then *how, far, when, and where?*

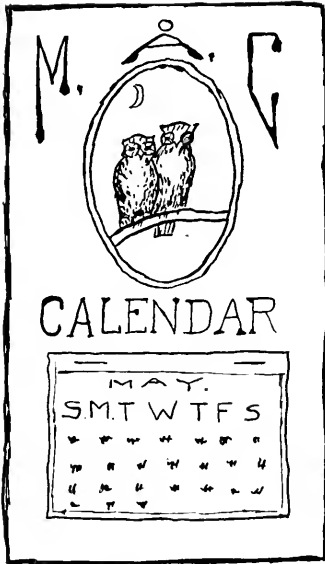
PROF. N.: How high do raspberries grow with you, Firor?

FIROR: Oh, about thirty feet in the mountains, Professor.

THOMAS (interrupting eagerly): In "Charles" we use the old canes for railroad ties!

NOVIKIAN (in chorus): Give him the pup! give him the pup!

One of the "Children," overhearing a heated discussion of Cowper's poems: "Oh, yes! Barney is always making mistakes like that!"



A Line A Day.

Committee on Diary

F. E. RUMIG

G. G. BECKER

E. M. PARADIS

APRIL, 1907

12. Arbor Day. We are treated to a "practical" address from the Dept. Plant trees beside the tennis court. Three cheers for Mein Herr Novik! Great day for the Corn Crackers! They play the "Squeedunks" from 4 P. M. until sundown. Score 3 to 2 in favor of the C. C. "Hickey" Bowland's catching the feature of the game.

13. The Corn Crackers are seen touring Washington afoot under "Rube's" protecting wing. They scale the dizzy heights of the Monument, wander thru all the museums, and at 4 P. M. "Rube" is seen stretching out toward the Capitol with Corn Crackers scattered along the Avenue for two miles. At lunch Corn Cracker Gray "helps himself" from Ford and Graham's sandwich counter.

15. Oratorical Contest, won by Lippincott with "Americanism."

16. Election of Reveille Officers. "Somebody" buys a new hat. "Indigo Blue" gives the "scientific" Juniors a bad dose of "Organic" with forked and pentagonal effect.

17. Thomas makes a "ten" auf Deutsch!

18. Firor prepares to enter the Alumni Debate. Prof. Bomberger asks, "Are you in earnest, Mr. Firor?" and Bill (the scholar lost in the lover once more) answers, dreamily, "Oh, yes, Darling."

19. M. A. C., 7; Fredericksburg, 2. Jones, he pitches. Williar fails to make any announcements. The Corn Crackers depart.
20. Hyattsville "boys" give a dance. M. A. C. "butts in"—"butts out" again. Cold feet! Old Man Sturgis has bad dreams. The Klu Klux are abroad.
21. Cockey seriously ill. Walking, as usual, more attractive than chapel.
22. Bug Brigade organized. "Johnnie" acts as waiter *vice* Thomas under the influence of "schlechte rauche." Amendment submitted to the League Constitution; our "advisory member" voices his opinion and we follow *sine die*—Mahoney's latest—"wheresoe'er he leadeth."
23. Hicks "due to measles." White belts for Jamestown. Roelkey considers the matter. Shamberger officially loses his shoes.
P. S. He wants them badly. Finder will *please* return.
24. "Katy did," but "Slippery" didn't make a "ten" in Bugology. Juniors begin to shed their chevrons. Result: seventeen exponents of "laissez faire" are "stung." Stifler and Spalding clean house; Johnnie, in consequence, takes out an insurance policy. "Bluebeard" fails to send Day to the board in Calculus. Who flunks next?
25. "Commie" fails to show up for two days. Someone dropped a bomb on him yesterday! Brice sends out a "bid" to the May Ball, requesting the "fair one" to answer promptly as there are "others." "Lemon," in due course.
26. "Slippery" leaves for Westminster. Finds "grub" much like home. Is defeated, but ah! that evening "parlor," and those W. M. C. divinities quite take the sting away. Will he forget them? Never!
27. The "Rubes" trim the gentlemen from Delaware, 7 to 2. Really, how could we be so rude!
28. Miss D. the center of all eyes. "Dick" is starring to-day. Crapster actually forgets to go to sleep this evening.
29. Still raining. Vocke hasn't taken that snake down yet.
30. Company A musters a whole squad for battalion drill and, of course, gets the line.

MAY

1. "Squirrel" abdicates for the "good of the service." Letter from "Ferdy Z." "Still very busy! will write more fully later." "Cab" is a little previous; announces the St. John's game for 2:30 P. M. "Not 1:30, gentlemen, not 1:30 but 2:30. Bear it in mind! Bear it in mind!"
2. Agricultural lecture; "Propagation of Eggs by Cuttings." All courses will attend. Capt. Mudd announces that in the future the battalion will form "outside" on the hall "inside."

3. Victory! St. John's goes "up the tree" with a score of 7 to 2. Their engaging Johnson roots "it up" for us. May Ball. A howling success! "Ape's" partner touches the floor only once during the whole dance. Refreshments give out and floor is crowded. "Rube" makes his "debut."

4. Track Meet. "Aggies blanked!" Choate gets tired and joins the spectators. Poor "Piggie!"

6. "Boo hoo" resurrects his time-worn masterpiece—"Class Day Rehearsal." "Hawk" Jamison now leading the Sophs in Chemistry. Charles County will out!

7. Williar about to-day taking orders for "Jamestown" belts. Has one of Bessie's as a sample. "Indigo Blue" to stick to the Junior "Organics" with a written "quiz" to-morrow. "General Reactions," as advertised, said to be "perfectly harmless."

8. Vocke ends his course auf Deutsch; Mudd and Bowland continue "team work" auf the same indefinitely. "Organic" Test as scheduled to-day; score as follows: "Scientists," 15; "Farmers," 18; "Chemists," 23! The Bug Snatchers discuss the Degeneration of the Bed Bug; Firor (as usual) finds its life history "quite interesting."

9. Great celebration by Juniors! Only five themes are in on time. "Old Fossils" inflicts no Agricultural Lecture and the boys are nearly wild with joy. "Dick" makes the remarkable discovery that chinch bugs in the adult stage winter over in "derbys" (debris).

10. Trustees Day. School "keeps" in the morning. Battalion drill in the evening; much enjoyed by the Zodiacs, who eat dinner during the whole performance. Blanks issued at drill reappear as bombs about 7 P. M. As a result guards go on and Williar inaugurates the "Open Door."

11. Franklin Marshall vs. M. A. C. So very, very exciting! Frantz inquires whether Dr. Buckley will preach the "Bacteriological" Sermon. Shamberger has a regulation hair-cut. Wonder if he really thinks "Commie" is a phrenologist?

12. Sunday. Bug Brigade out in full force. Pantry robbed. "Nux" breaks all sprinting records. "Curly" finds himself on the President's Hall at 6 P. M., looking for breakfast.

13. Cockey is removed to the Captain's residence. Guards on again. This place is surely "Going Up."

14. "Dick" expresses an earnest desire to have a good "epigram" on his tombstone some day. "The good always die young." Roelkey makes "Old Fossils" a business proposition—to "set him up" in the manufacture of rennet

from babies' stomachs. "Indigo Blue" requests the Juniors not to "overexert themselves to be too brief." Oh, no indeed, Professor!

15. Catholic University fails to get on to "Little Cab's" curves. If Dr. Tollie were only here now! Hoshall indorses a June Ball receipt of \$1.50 to pay for his REVEILLE. "Bombie" observes that the Juniors have in the past been on intimate terms with "justices of the peace." \$3.75! Understand?

16. Who told Brice that he always put "a tail" to everything he said or did? Nobody! Long tries to "personify" fats in "Organic." ZIP!

17. Inspector here. Day and Thomas make their appearance together for the first time in the Diary. Are pursued by an irate father. Cause unknown!

18. Frantz poses as "Carnegie the Second"; takes his seventeenth condition "exam" in Bush Fruits—and four more books are added to the Horticultural Library. Washington Readers' Club pays us a visit and B. H. Warner trims "Cab" off as "The Man with the Hoe." Wouldn't we like to see the latter at work on Tollie's ditch!

20. Another tradition shattered! Roelkey informs "Old Fossils" that he came to M. A. C. not to learn how to work, but how to make money without working. And we thought the Zodiacs were the only ones who knew that M. A. C. was a get "rich quick" scheme!

21. Junior Class Meeting. Election of lictors. "Nervy" wants to vote for two "presidents" also. One is quite enough, the Juniors think, and "Stubby" is elected. Cooper (at drill) commands, "Right oblique by twos." Result—dire confusion in Company A.

22. Dr. Toll tells the "Ape" that there is no danger of his getting onto his (Dr. Toll's) curves. Jamison still leading the Sophs in Chemistry.

23. Sensational baseball! Faculty, 3; Varsity, 31. The "Profs" are slaughtered! "Indigo Blue," however, catches a good game. Probably due to the enthusiastic rooting of the "Organic" Juniors. Star players—Gahan and "Nux." The latter makes a thrilling catch while "Haustellate" Weldon is studying the "life history" of third base.

24. Faculty sore in mind and body. "Indigo Blue" evidently took an "acid fixing bath" last night, for "lemons" are plenty in "Organic" this morning. Dance at the Ville to-night. More cold feet! Brigham still anxious to go on O. D.; Brice same.

25. The pennant is ours. Frantz reported for disorder during study hours. Decides to lick Brigham at once. Much "forensic" persuasion required to quiet him.

26. "Hog" Hatton discovers that the first gun of the Revolution was fired at Yorktown. And this is a Senior!

28. Frantz posts a "written defamation" on Ruffner's door. Result—Frantz acquires one broken head, two broken chairs, and recants before the Alley assembled. And thus Virginia's honor is vindicated!

29. Frantz "balances up" his accounts; only \$113 out of the way. Pretty good for Washington County! Jamestown promotions are read out. The "Ape" gets a *big, fat lemon!*

30. The boys leave for Jamestown. Thomas after giving "Cab" the lie direct also leaves. Verily, a Man of Spirit! Day takes charge of the "deserters," who spend their "leisure hours" raiding strawberry patches, calling on "Park Society," and sleeping. Oh, what bliss!

RAIN! RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!

JUNE

5. The boys return, but not Thomas. Everybody sleepy.

7. Senior-Junior German. "Willie" Firor has his quartette out and is caught trying to hold three pairs of hands at once.

8. "Slippery" acquits himself as befits a Senior; stays in bed until chapel and consequently, three O. D's answer the Zodiac's strenuous ring. Frantz takes his last exam. in Bush Fruits and is officially flunked.

9. Frantz's "bacteriological" sermon comes off rather lamely. The Question of the Hour! What will the promotions be?

10. Class Day Exercises. The Old and the New smoke the "Pipe of Peace." Address by Prof. Bomberger—"The Spirit of Modern Philosophy." Class of '97 holds a reunion!

11. Rain again! Co. "C" wins the '97 Sword for Linnell. Alumni debate Medal goes to Lippencott.

12. Commencement Day. Promotions! "Ape" beats "Parachute" out after all. And "Commie" asks if he is satisfied! June Ball. A Dream of Delight.

13. The Morning After! The Festive Juniors spend the "cool hours" before dawn in "The Richmond" (Lunchroom).

TABLEAUX

Scene: Before the Treasury.

Time: Sunrise.

Capt. "Dick," "Paderewski" Firor and the new "Queer Mug" singing in cracked and tuneful chorus: "WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE."

OBLIVION

16. Back at M. A. C. once more. Reeder stows away the new "rat" Michael, and the "Shadow" returns in time to go on O. D., distribute Y. M. C. A. circulars and peddle electric bulbs.

17. Day and "Ike" Smith formally open the new scholasitic year by sitting up until 1:45 A. M. over a game of pitch. Wilson "treats" to cigars. Emrich the Rat tells "Ape" to keep his bad piece of meat!

18. Seniors begin to float in. Y. M. C. A. does a rushing business.

19. The "Zone" appears on the scene looking for the Q. M. Emrich takes charge of the battalion at mess. The "dignified" Seniors commit the first of their "irresponsible" acts; raid a watermelon patch.

20. "Mother" Michael again taken for a "rat." This time by Price. Church registers as a "Methodical Pespertian."

21. A "rat" asks for the "real" Captain Silvester. If Charlie only knew!

22. Opening meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

23. The "additional" begin to pour in; "Curly" distributing parasols en route and "Parachute" posing as the hero of a real tragedy. The "Cabbite" rat "responds" to calls for "Sylvester" in the athletic meeting. Sustained applause!

24. The Conspirators draw up their "ultimatum," and decide to go home and go to farming. Also, to get married at the earliest possible moment.

25. The Ultimatum delivered! "Zodiac" keeps the wires hot between him and the State House. Meanwhile "Commie" providentially intervenes, and the Conspirators, of whom Solari is "chief," hold a council of war in the O. D.'s room. They decide not to deprive the institution of their "useful" presence just yet.

26. "Mike" informs Dr. Tollie that his duty as "axeman" to the surveying party is to chop wood. "Oh, certainly!" Cesar loses the key to the transit box and in consequence the C. E. Seniors spend the following Saturday grazing the campus for the "lost treasure." Is found at last behind the clock on Georgie's mantelpiece, labeled, "A RELIC."

27. Y. M. C. A. reception. Little makes a "jarring" hit with his violin solo, "Words of Love."

28. M. A. C., 13; Tech., 0. "Stink" and the "Ape" engage in a rough-house after "taps." "Woodpecker" precipitates. All off to see "Fifty Miles from Boston." "Weren't is awful!"

30. First round between "Woodpecker" and the Seniors a draw. "We will not stand to the "attention." "Won't You?"

1. "Bombie" boards the Seniors on the good craft, "Responsibility."
2. "Mother" Michael again. This time "Rat" asks if he is a "day dodger." Gary "sandpapers" Queen Boadicea in Freshman History.
3. Prof. Bomberger's stringent order promulgated a few days since has its effect when to-day the "undisciplined" Senior Class hands in its theme outlines to a man. The Pie Merchant gets into a serious argument with the Prof. in Economics to-day and a o rolls his way. "Well, he might as well hold on with a firmer grip and hope anew!"
4. "Bombie" is jovial in Economics and quite sentimental in Classics. What's the reason? The same old story. Boss asks "Ape" if he is a "rat." Poor old "Ape!" Will he never look like an old boy?
5. Richmond, 11; M. A. C., 6. The Athletics also lose out.
6. Four "wandering minstrels" call at M. A. C., and entertain us for the evening. God speed!
7. Battalion Drill to-day, during which "Commie" undergoes "psychical excitation." "Georgie" goes on O. D., and in taking the noon report mistakes "Willie" Green for the Capt. of Company "B."
8. "Bombie" comments adversely on "Rats'" "First Love," and discovers the hero of Hoshall's short story to be a "male" equestrienne! We wonder is "he" any relation to a "female" woodpecker? A windy drill. "Commie" kept busy chasing hats. He tells the "rats" how to execute "Right Dress." "When you count 'one,' turn your head to the right; when you count 'two,' turn your head to the right; when you count 'three,' etc. etc." Result,—"limber" necks for the "rats."
9. Navy, 12; M. A. C., 0. Tausky makes a "touchdown." Experimental Psychology is progressing rapidly. Seniors take notes largely derived from personal experience with infants. Great precocity is observed in one instance, the subject being able to walk at ten months and at one year able to lisp, "Uncle Barney."
10. Seniors see, taste and smell things in "Psy." "Wollen Sie Boo hoo" feeds the Senior German Class on "ginger cakes"; Hoshall, zip! Spillman lectures on the "Profitable Production of Rocks in New England," or "How I Raised the Mortgage at Twenty Tons per Acre." The "executing" committee convenes.
11. Trustee Day and a half holiday. All honor to Bacchus! Paradis loses both bugler and orderly.

12. 'Varsity leaves for St. Mary's. "Reserves" play Laurel High; score, 10 to 5. During the second half Laurel appears in Nature's garb. "Sam" is reported for "ungentlemanly behavior" at the table. "Woodpecker" decides to ship "Nervy." Wise old Fowl!

13. Barney badly hurt yesterday. Mr. Nuttle addresses the Y. M. C. A. on the subject of "Hidden Foes."

14. The Congregation of Zodiacs throws a bomb into our camp. "If you don't like M. A. C. grub, HIKE OR BOARD ELSEWHERE!" The new sabers arrive. Making ready for Baltimore.

15. Off for Baltimore, with Long in command. Bouquets by the dozen for M. A. C., and her "pretty" boys, especially her Quartermaster. Mmm! On the way home "Commie" treats us to cigarettes and "cusses" that "circus" horse.

16. The "Farmers" leave for Hagerstown. Of course, nothing at the Fair will compare with what "Aw Hell" "seen" and "done" in Europe.

17. Special from Hagerstown: Reeder, Golden and Sigler make a "hit" with the virgins of this metropolis, but balk at a "box seat" in a twenty-cent theatre. And somebody said they were sports! "Who's at that door?" Bob knows!

18. Moonlight dance. Benzoic Acid and Babies occupy the Senior stage to-day. Charlie "weeding out" the Dagoes in his company—"All who cannot speak English step one pace to the front."

19. The Zodiac lectures in Cecil Co. on "The Man with the Hoe."

21. Thomas fails to "appercieve" in Psychology. This is something like getting a "ginger cake" auf Deutsch. "Commie" details Wilson to drill "rats," Roger reads an extract from the Manual, gives "Stack Arms," and then "Rest."

22. "Peter" is drowned during drill. Circumstantial evidence points toward "Lev." and things look black for him in consequence. The Major has a little "visitor" at drill to-day. "Goo-goo, Uncle Barney!" "Stink" is married!

23. Coster explains the nature of centripetal force to "Hee Haw" Jarrell, using a baseball as an example. "One side," he says, "goes around faster than the other."

24. "Rat" is advance agent for the "Supper" in the Park. "Johnnie" goes on a strike. "Boo hoo" borrows ten cents from Old Man Calvert. Tydings has a "prethought." Wilburn spells "anewmonia."

25. Dr. Laws lectures on "Holland and The Rhine." Big mass-meeting. Coach Church can't for the life of him "see" when the lights go out. "Peter Pan" is in town—"Just the cutest boy you ever saw!"

26. M. A. C., 11; George Washington, o. Are we all dead yet? No, by golly, there's "11" left yet! "Nervy Nat" leads the triumphal procession within the White House grounds. "We're going to tell Teddy about it!" But Teddy is not "at home" and a "billy" sends them out at the double quick. "Cassio" arranges to meet his lady friend "inside" the Belasco after the game.

28. "Aw Hell" lectures the "Farmers" on "Cabbage, Carnage, and Cows," as he "seen" them on the Island of Jersey. Everybody out trying for the team.

29. "Gene" wakes to find himself an "Additional Third." The Novikians take an exam. in Landscape Gardening, in which most of the "hanging gardens" look like zips. Unusual harmony in the Chemical Lab.; Paradis wipes his hands on the "Doctor's" shirt only twice.

30. Halloween approaches. "Caboshua" departs into a far country and the good "Spenconius" reigns in his stead. The latter calls together the congregation of the Cabushites and promises them wherewithal to fill the "inner man." "It will be provided," saith he, "boo-hoo, it will, it will!"

31. A new institution—The Oyster Roast. All out at 9:30 P. M. sharp. Barney appears in scarlet tuxedo, straw hat and green umbrella. If "Peter" could only see the "Cadet Mijore" now! Oysters, crackers, and vinegar in abundance! The Sophs rush the Freshies for nearly two hours. The Freshman Tolsonius—"a youth ruddy and fair of countenance"—is rent limb from limb by the Sophs, and they would have given his carcass up to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air had not his brethren come to his rescue and driven the brave Sophites to their holes. The feature of the evening—Slugging and Jawing Match; Ward vs. Fields. "Fats" wins out! Everybody in conclusion—"Hurrah for Prof. Spence, 'Charles S.,' 'Johnnie,' and the whole D—N EASTERN SHORE!"

NOVEMBER

1. Nineteen casualties from last night's affair—"The most orderly Halloween on record." What will the "Ville" do for pavements this year? Classes drag to-day, but the faculty are wise enough not to notice it. "Caboshua" returns. All quiet at M. A. C.

3. Current Topics for October—Broughton's House and Barney's Psychological Baby. Firor experiences the "Riverdale Turndown" and undergoes acute "lemonization," holding up the wall during the whole dance.

4. Urah adopts a white-headed "brother," Barney witnesses the passing of a little visitor by his window, and even "Peter" is caught making eyes from the basement of Science Hall, presumably at—Cab.

6. Crothers elected. Great rejoicing by Thomas and Day. "Wollen Sie" holds forth on the "Fall of Jericho"; and, "with the breaking of pitchers and the snuffing of candles, the walls fell down." We are not "in a position to criticise," but a course in Bible Study is recommended.

7. The Senior "Farmers" learn from no less an authority than "Indigo Blue" that "Agricultural Chemistry" is a "loose conglomeration of disconnected facts," and in consequence they sadly take up the endless "chain" in "Organic" again. Mass-meeting. "Rat" proposes to find the bottom of Chester River with a rope around, if we do not win. "If you love me," says Chas. S., "win!"

9. M. A. C., 10; Washington College, 5. Stinson has his "moustache" shaved off. "Socrates" Trimble, while turning mushroom beds in Science Hall, suddenly recovers his "appetite for study."

11. A Red-Letter Day with Bombie! "Psychologically speaking, when a snake hatches out, he acts like a snake; when a puppy "hatches out"—why, he acts like a puppy." We are also advised "to spread ourselves out," but not too "thin." Brigham takes the lesson to heart, but, alas, we fear, too late!

12. Six Seniors actually have their themes ready to present this morning. Bombie says nothing about procrastination and everyone present breathes a sigh of relief. Paradis discovers that Shem, Ham and Japhet were sons of Peter the Great.

13. Reeder roots up "Lemon the Third," under "Aw Hell," and the Shadow is heard muttering, "Seven, Come Eleven," as he pursues his delightful search into bovine genealogy. Who was the "woodpecker" in Dupuy's room this evening? "Wirt" knows.

14. "Nervy" observes that Man is greater than Woman. Prof. in Economics answers (presumably from personal experience) "Sometimes, not always."

15. Great Mass-meeting. "Boo hoo" advises us to bet on the "dapple gray" horse. ANTICIPATION!

15. REALIZATION!!! A great day for—St. John's. We lose, notwithstanding the fact that Bombie and the Alumni were on the spot. How did "IT" happen! The Pie Merchant does a rushing business, nevertheless. "It's an ill wind that blows no good!" Dance to-night is very different from the May Ball of last spring. But turn and turn about is only fair play.

17. Y. M. C. A. meeting is one of prayer and fasting.

18. The disciples of Novik mourn the death of Underwood, author of "Mildews and Mushrooms." Prof. Norton even cracks a joke to console them.

21. Belated Senior themes begin to drift in. Shamberger is a "little unfortunate" in Economics to-day. Brice sleeps until the fourth period; he is evidently reverting to the wild state.

22. "Maj." Stinson requests certain of his brother officers to retire while he holds a private inquest over Golden.

23. Gallaudet, 5; M. A. C., o. Barney's shoulder is dislocated. "Shammie" and "Sister" are lost in the International Y. M. C. A. Convention in Washington. They are sometimes seen stealing down the cinder path at 5 A. M., and when they return at night nobody knows.

26. "Shammie" and the Shadow call at the White House by "special appointment." "De-e-lichted!" of course!

28. BIG DINNER! Thanksgiving Dance comes off. "Sam" supplies the "Turkey." Thomas discovers that "Economy is the Road to Wealth." and Day decides to come back next year and take the second year Agr. Course.

29. "Georgie" rings up the fire alarm instead of the bell boy and causes a panic in the New Willard. Frere walked out from town last night. Stinson and Day become satellites to Mars (one of Warthen's jokes).

DECEMBER

1. Cooper visits Riverdale as usual this evening. "Bill" Firor entertains a suburban family at Hyattsville for two hours on the pianola.

2. The Novikians leave for Baltimore.

3. "Socrates" Trimble sprains his stomach. Too much Thanksgiving.

4. A problem in psychology—"What would "Bob" Ruffner do if he were suddenly transported to a rural district in China?" Take a car to Georgetown, of course. Scene in the Eutaw House ("Dick" modestly refuses entrance to the "chambermaid") "'Deed, I didn't ring for you, ma'am!" (this last from under the bed).

5. The "additional" are on the rampage. They discover that the Juniors want a military school. Sticks—Byrd, 90; Paradis, 96; Wilson, 102; "Curly" buys the pies.

6. Lecture on Thos. Bernado. "We can all we can." Joke! joke!

7. Sophs play the Freshmen—20 to 11. Seniors challenge the winners. "Rat" and "Sus" take a stroll and fall in with some stray chickens.

8. The "Ape" threatens to demolish the "Cadet Mijore." Clickens taint the hall. O. C. Trimble makes midnight inspection, but loses.

9. The top-hall gang pay "Peter" a visit; "Polly" Roberts acting as a reception committee. "Disappear, disappear!" cries Peter. Firor in written test—"Gooseberries habitually pick themselves green." "ZEEP."

10. The "Heifer" goes too far afield in Economics; consequently "flunks." Towers salutes Madam Fitzhugh. The additional continue the rigorous administration of military discipline; Plumacher, E., 106.

11. Seniors receive communications from Riverdale Park Company, in care of the "Bald-headed Preacher," the Bugle Corps and other questionable agents. "Mike" is quite sure that domesticated animals are beneficial to mankind, but hard-hearted Bombie says, "show me." Another old one—Roth is sent to Prof. Gwinner for a left-hand monkey-wrench. Of course, the "Ape" sent him.

12. "Indigo Blue" fails to precipitate at College to-day; no organic chemistry. Another great calamity follows. The Agricultural Lecture fails to come off; really, this place is on the decline. Stinson, O. D. The carnage continues; casualties very heavy among the "military" of the Junior class.

13. Farewell to Organic. The Novikians receive official notice of Exams. per M. L. S. Christmas dance. The Shadow taken suddenly sick; condition serious. "Aw Hell" gives his lecture on European Agriculture before the Science Club; three members present. "Dick" gives his famous definition of blank verse, "Anything that does not rhyme."

14. Delinquency sheet is doubled for to-day. O. D. "Shadow" very busy.

16. "Mary" writes "Buzz," that "It is so lonesome in the 'Ville." Church reported for blowing bugle improperly. Christmas Hegira begins and the diary is forgotten.

JANUARY, 1908

6. Leap year. Returning of the clans. Alas! "Johnny" with bag and baggage has departed. What will the REVELLE do without him! Smith, W. C., also fails to appear. How we miss his quiet ways! "Socrates" Trimble entertains us with his Christmas adventures. Has had a touch of the grip; too much turkey; and a chase after a rabbit thru a forest of telegraph poles, finally beating his way to M. A. C. on a two-cent fare to Harper's Ferry. The Shadow wakes at 3 A. M. to find his bed in a bucking state; a strenuous battle follows. Result, breakage fee, \$10.

7. "Commie" issues general orders galore and puts an embargo act on "social intercourse." Too bad about the "deplorable and mortifying" condition of those rooms. Barney turns in at 12:30 P. M., singing "Under the Old Cherry Tree." "Mother" Michael makes her debut as O. C.

8. Schewe tells Prof. R. that Washington was born in 1492. "Commie" commences tactics by opening fire on Stinson's flank while he is at "Rest"; classifies Dupuy as a French-Spaniard. Practical Chemistry for Sophs; choice exhibition of Christmas bargains (suspenders). We hear that Frantz is married!

9. Crothers inaugurated. "Rat" issues orders for saluting the Major's picture rack. Brice becomes witty and asks "What den 'Ury' is in." An intensely interesting Agricultural Lecture. Rumig, Thomas, Day and the Chambermaid play "pitch" under the light of the stereopticon.

10. In Economics "Nervy" suggests investing in "machines after the necessities of life are supplied." "A wife is rather an expensive machine, Mr. Warren," says Bombie. The Zodiac makes a late inspection; confiscates several decks of cards and holds a euchre party at the "Administrative Mansion" the following night.

11. New laundry system installed. Everybody invests his last nickel in a laundry list. Juniors depart to Washington for REVELLE photo and return in their usual salubrious condition. Cab wants to know who was chopping ice on the night of the Tenth. We refer you to the "pitch gang" of the Ninth. IF HE ONLY KNEW!

12. Real music in chapel to-day. A fire discovered in Reddy Munson's hair. Day and "Stink" resort to the "extinguisher." Fire put out; hair bleached. "Glycerine" for dessert to-day (according to Dennis). Dennis also dreams aloud, "Love me and the world is yours." (We, too, have known puppy love.—*Ed.*)

13. Thomas receives an "absolute" zero in Senior Botany. Cooper is startled to learn that he is expected "to resign his position unless he can keep his halls clean." "Commie" recommends the Philippines to the class in "Tactics." A rare chance to see this world and—"the 'next,'" adds Paradis the Irrepressible. Stinson, Brice and Cooper are highly recommended for the "service." Shorthorns arrive and are promptly "stalled." Seniors elect officers for June Ball Organization; Day, Treasurer. The latter immediately engages box seats in the Gayety for the whole crowd.

14. "Commie" determines to rid the country of the Q. M., and very kindly recommends the Constabulary for him. "Wollen Sie" attempts to interfere with fire drill on "A" hall, but has to suddenly make way for "Rat."

15. Stanton at guard mount, orders, "Right Step, Right Address." "Commie" very much occupied looking for a "major" among the Juniors. "Ape" gets a postal with two mules and a looking-glass upon it; he completes the trio. "Commie"

renews his urgent invitation to join the congenial gathering in the "other" world via the Philippines. "Rat" takes his "medicine graceful" and decides to cut out "fire drills" in the future.

16. Fire Drill! The Zodiac narrowly escapes drowning; "Commie" gives orders to hang the hose by the neck until dry. "Rat" and the Shadow present "Curly" with a cosy corner. Compliments of the "Ape." Dr. Tollie entertains the Juniors with their weekly curtain lecture; after the rest are gone MacEnany has a glimpse behind the scenes. "Mr." Paradis attempts to assist "Dr." Broughton in instructing the Shorthorns. His "room" is requested.

17. Dr. Law delivers his farewell lecture on the "Yellowstone." We are all sincerely sorry to see him go. Great Junior Banquet at Harvey's! The "Kid" succumbs under the onerous duties of toastmaster; the "Cat" chases the moon from the car track up, and the "Bear," taking him for a rabbit, pounces on him and lays him low.

18. "Ram" comments on the good "manure" of the night before. Juniors come straggling in all day long. Lord, what sports we are! "Buck" Reeder and "Hubbie" go to see the "Red Mill"; the Juniors being reduced to the Gayety for the time being. The Big Chief pays an unexpected visit and the Crown Prince straightway takes French leave.

20. After long years of faithful service, Dr. Eversfield dies. "Robbie" receives the "Lemon Direct," in Georgetown. Pray, what would you do if "someone" told you to "go right home?" Go, wouldn't you?

21. "Fossils" loses his temper—"It's no use beating the Devil around a bush, Mr. Sigler," says he, "give him a little show." "Commie" tells another fairy story—"There will be no captains next year." Of course, we all know that! "Dick" reads out the "prohibition" list. "Tubby" Lunn tries for orderly and is "burnt." Do better next time "Tubby."

22. "Ram" Spalding submits a truthful explanation. The O. D. gets a new chair. Dr. Buckley has a little stranger come to his house. "Rat" is assigned to Company "A." Bombs begin to fly and beds are heard walking out of third-story windows. Juniors are reduced to gambling for a living; this sporting life is—well, you know what! Ingram pays the Shadow fifty cents to learn his Forestry lesson for him. "Stiff" rejoins our happy household once more.

23. "Boo hoo" becomes quite humorous in French. Seniors turn in their theme subjects; Day does not commit himself and Ingram's is found capable of being read "either way." Bombs continue at frequent intervals.

24. "Johnnie's" ghost appears on the Roost playing a "spook" music box. "Hamlet" sleeps uneasily. The Big Three meet to-day to decide the case of Paradis vs. Gilbert.

25. "Roger" goes skating and strikes bottom. Cooper breaks "Nux" Dryden's sixth rib. "Stubby" is taken home with typhoid. Great time in the lab.; "Lev" has an explosion. Thomas and Firor on getting bald invest a "borrowed" quarter in a bottle of DANDARINE.

26. Sunrise gun on the Alley; followed by an improvisatore on the "dead level," entitled "Turkey in the Straw." The "Ape" takes a fall and a slide; no "Poseys" for him. The "Glory Choir" is out here in full force. Juniors are much in evidence, especially "Bill" Maslin and his "married" friend. Sam Long reports the Crown Prince as gone "a bud-hunting."

27. Cab announces entries for a four o'clock meet in his private office; first entry, Sophomore Civil Engineers; second entry, first heat, Shamberger, Solari, and Plumacher Bros; second heat, Lowrey and others. "Wollen Sie" tries to remember how the week days begin in Senior German. With small letters, of course! Cab spiels on "Dynamos" this morning; to be followed with a "light" inspection by "Woodpecker" and "Myron C." "Prof." Dole rings up the O. D.; wants the Sun brought over to his "office" at once. Little gets only thirteen postals to-day.

28. "Farmers" attend the American Breeders' Association Convention in town and listen to several learned dissertations on the "Mendellian Theory" as regards the "activating influence of gametic variations on chromic zygotes." "Herbertious Gametes," more commonly known at "Aw Hell," falls asleep twice during the entertainment. More skating on the Lakes; more "Mock Heroies," this time participated in by Messrs. Bauer, Whyte and Nyddegger, the "Crown Prince" being "Principal Spectator."

29. The Crown Prince informs "Comunie" how to take "postis." Big "Pug" Byron is here and "Georgie" remarks, "My, but Eddie has grown!"

30. Paradis decides to quit robbing the barber and has his head "shingled." Bombie fails to meet the Seniors in Composition. "Pete" Dailey's "calico" pup leaves the Alley "by Order of Major Lloyd, U. S. A." Dr. Tollie has another of his famous "heart-to-heart" talks with the Juniors; MacEnany, in particular, getting very close to the "heart."

31. The "scientific" Seniors cool their heels for two periods under the "tempering" influence of the "woodlot" forest. An avalanche of Representatives and other "Zodiacs" descends upon us, but no half holiday.

2. Barney "roots" Roger out of bed at 11:55 P. M. to go skating on the Lakes.

3. "Zone" and "Zodiac" hit the "list" together. Those "lunatic" Seniors hold a class meeting. They decide in regard to class photos that if they can't all "break" together at "Buck's," that they will all go "broke" separately.

4. Seniors "Present Sabers" in Tactics. The Zone is moved to tears; the "400" couldn't have done better. Seniors for the most part invite Miss Nobody out to the President's Dance; Cause—"dough" and "duds" are running low in the Seniorial wardrobes. What would they do if they had to come back next year, especially Day and Thomas?

5. The Shadow locks up a "pitch" party in the Pie Merchant's "place of business." "Commie" observes that Firor is a handsome man, but, really, Hoshall is so much the handsomer! Oh, those Pretty Eyes! The Mystery of the Hour—Who broke the O. D's chair? "Sam" says, "I did it with my little hatchet." "twenty-five demerits, you Reprobate! I'll fix you!"

6. The Freshmen prepare their annual "classical" translation of "Mother Hubbard." "Socrates" Trimble decides that it is not in his line; he believes himself to be nothing less than "straight Sax." Dr. Tollie "snowballs" the Juniors; later "burns" the "kid glove joint," Byrd and Plumacher, E.

7. "Stink" tampers with the electric lights and is "burnt" accordingly. Exciting debate in the "New Mercer." "Did the Romans agitate and what became of them?" Ask Brigham!

8. REVELLE AT 7:30 A REALITY! EVERYBODY DOWN TO BREAKFAST ON TIME! Seniors leave for Bell's. The Zone and his Spouse are seen going to matinee at Chase's. Acting-president Turner and O. D. Mayer hold down the Zodiacs' chair and the Old Building respectively.

10. The Zone is busy getting us into shape for the "War with Japan."

11. His Highness The Crown Prince writes an appealing message to the "fair maiden of his love and dreams." The "Grasshoppers" mob the Shadow; they wish him to deliver a "San Jose" lecture on the spot. Roughhouse on the "Roost." "Let 'er wip," says "Yump."

12. The Zone tells how a tough bunch of "cowboys" once tried to "intimidate" him. But even with a revolver muzzle in his mouth there was nothing doing. Did he read it in the "Tip Top Weekly" or among the "Adventures of Nick Carter?" In this connection, we wonder how he felt when the "lunatic" Seniors handed in their "Ultimatum!" Was he scared before or after? "Nothing like love but loving," Bombie tells the Seniors. "In Newark," adds the "Ape."

13. Cooper very anxious to see Temp. Jarrell. "She's a cousin of mine!" Day and Thomas repair to the 'Ville, there to engage in a pugilistic contest, but "Snorter" fails to appear. Foiled again. Seniors submit theme subjects; "The Fallacious Theory of Fatalism," Firor; "The Squash Bug," Long; "Analysis of Gas," Paradis; "Peppers," the "Doctor;" "Labor and Capital," Solari; "Greenhouse Diseases," the Crown Prince; "Banking," Cooper and Wilson; "Roads," Plumacher, M.; "What Will he Do with It," Thomas. Day and Plumacher, E., as usual, "have not yet definitely settled" on a subject.

14. Junior-Senior Dance. Hearts are Trumps! Barney gets his Valentine. "Aw Hell" refers Brigham to the "Diet." "Oh, you, 'herbertious' creature."

15. The Zone poses in full regalia with the staff at Bell's. The "dance," and nothing but the dance, the topic of the day.

17. Thomas has his photo taken at Buck's. He carefully pads himself and later parades F street, dropping sections of the *Star* and *Post* along the way. Lieut. Firor informs Company "A" that he "rooms in 67 N. B." Such gross "intimidation!" "Dick" discovers a new way to pronounce "etiquette."

18. The Zodiac forgets to offer prayer in chapel this morning. He must have been thinking about that "appropriation." Day in Economics knows absolutely nothing about "revenue." Who would have thought it! Firor's name, along with those of Cab and Dr. Tollie, appears in public places.

19. Johnson getting ready for Alexandria, asks the Major for blanket straps. "Commie" decides to give everybody h—I and twenty-five demerits.

20. "We are going to Alexandria!" "Boo hoo" in a prophetic mood—"Half a century from now a hairy-headed man will be a museum freak!" Here is the place for "Dandarine." Where are Firor and Thomas? Barney is amazed at "Georgie's" "dumness" regarding "poplars" as shade trees. Roughhouse on the Alley; the Cat is caught at last. "Woodpecker" meets the funeral procession on the "Bridge"; identity of "victim" unknown.

21. On to Alexandria! "Ten cents, please!" "Millions for breakage fees, but not one cent for tribute!" The Zodiac traps Thomas at last. "Won't you go to chapel?" Someone seeing Hoshall at a "select" 'Ville gathering—"Oh, who is that Dago? He has such 'pretty' eyes!"

22. Windy. We do not go to Alexandria. The Crown Prince "a bud hunting" once more; this time down Towson way. Alumni Banquet!

23. Zodiac on the rampage. The Crown Prince badly burnt.

25. "Dick" gives us another of his famous definitions; this time on "protection." The Zone spiels on deserters.

26. "Queenie" Jarrell asks Prof. Novik for another "tambourine" (tangerine).
27. Ingram announces the authorship of a new bulletin; taken from personal observations on the effect of "digestion" on weed seeds. "Beastly" will not meet the Seniors for two weeks. "Boo hoo" quite reminiscent; no less than three jokes in Senior French to-day.
28. Another Rossbourg Dance, the last before Lent. Firor again undergoes acute lemonization. There are others, also! "Harry" forgets how to stop the car.
29. Coster sings, "The Girl Who Threw Me Down," without intermission for four laboratory periods. Who asked "Kid" whether "it" wore pants.

MARCH

1. "Pink Eye" makes its appearance at M. A. C. in the person of "Squeedunks." Firor holds forth on Pathological Plant Diseases found in Botanical Botany.
2. M. E. Seniors prepare to "skip" the Catfish. Enter "Commie"; "Skip! skip out of here!" says he.
3. Peace on the Alley; "Squeedunks" away on furlough. "Eugene" and Tausky also go to bed quietly for once. Bombie quits marking Barney on his themes. Spelling—Grade 95.
4. Frequently heard in Baltimore these days—"My name is Warren (Uu-a-r-r-e-n), I represent the REVELLE Association of the Maryland Agricultural College, etc., etc.—"
5. Dr. Tollie forgets to give MacEnany his weekly lecture. "Commie" explains for the sixth time about his "sliced" liver.
6. Cory reported for "gross disrespect to "Woodpecker" and using his name in vain." What a sacrilegious dog he is!
7. The Spencerian Chariot is seen making its way toward the 'Ville with "Hippo, the Ape," in charge.
8. Holloway stays at home; Turner is away with the only collar button in the "house." Thomas does not play "pitch" for a whole day. "Indigo Blue" leaves; Broughton decides to call upon Dr. Mac. for assistance in instruction. Hard-working Lev.! The Editor is caught laughing at one of his own jokes.

9. Prof. Norton sees Cooper and Mackall taking the exam, in "Landscape Gardening" and, hating to be an exception, invites them down to the "mushroom" seance. In this case the "late" bird caught the worm!

10. Hathaway smiles; Solari speaks. Cooper very fearful of an "epidemic" of pink-eye. The Editor's "poem" is turned down; he is naturally very blue! Who stole Tollie's prize chickens last night? The "Scarecrow" knows.

11. THE PIE MERCHANT DISAPPEARS. The "Doctor" tells Day how much he knows. "Three of a Pair" hoof it twenty miles for a Maryland dinner. Three cheers for "HER."

12. "Beastley" meets with the Seniors from 3:00 to 6:00 P. M. "The Doctor" hangs out his sign:

PARADIS AND I. WE KNOW IT ALL

13. Pie Day. Where can Thomas be? "The Night Raiders" are out. "Orange ice" results. Oh, that blissful sweetness!

14. A day of great rejoicing. Day passes in "Strength" and Reeder in "Organic." Safe at last! Everyone away in town. Tolson entering a bake-shop asks for "shoestrings, please!" From Montgomery? Of course, he is!

15. Still no Thomas. "Yump" invites the "Yew" in to see the "show." Dr. Toll, according to precedent, prophesies that all the Juniors will surely flunk. We believe we have heard something of this sort before.

16. "Charlie" draws "23" in Business Law. The Crown Prince takes up his bed and walks home. No Business Law for him. No, sir! "Buster" Benson leaves. What "Hoodoo" roosts in Company "B?"

17. Sam Long reports His Highness the Crown Prince worse. Hoshall, Stinson and Sylvester are seen adjusting a transit by lifting one leg and lowering the other. Another case of "know it all." The Pie Merchant returns. Informs the Zodiac that he has had a touch of pneumonia and Day is more than ready to swear to it. To tell the truth, his face is "awfully gathered." The Sophs spend the evening "stepping off" the campus under "Myron C."

18. Senator Whyte dies. Day decides to "publicly snub" the Zodiac. The Pie Merchant finds a "valuable" pearl; he decides to sell out. We hear of nothing to-day but that automobile ride with the "yellow rich."

19. Fields is reported only ten times to-day. Pretty good, "Fats." Keep it up, old boy! "Billy" Walters asks Mr. Calvert for some "evaporated"

butter. Day sits up on the front steps until 11:35 P. M. waiting for his photos from Bucks.

21. Georgetown, 2; M. A. C., 0. And they did walk over us. Burns' melodious voice is not heard on "B" Company hall for six straight hours.

22. A day to be remembered! The Zodiac fails to hold chapel!

23. Maryland Day preliminaries. Won by Tydings. Johnson is found using the transit as a telescope. Bombie tells the Seniors to investigate before investing.

24. The Zodiac announces that chapel call will be sounded at "quarter of half past ten." Silver nitrate treatment is used for pink-eye. "Now will you hit the list any more?" Alley chorus—"Never, no never." A whole day passes without "Tubby" singing, "Row, brothers, row."

25. Maryland Day. "Teddy R." and B. H. Warner, guests of honor. Friend "Joe" spiels!

26. Burns' voice in splendid condition to-day. Did not once stop singing from 7 A. M. until 7:30 P. M. We have a "deleterious" lecture on Roads. MacEnany tries to create a sensation by asking whether he should use a canvas fender on his "auto" during the coming season.

27. Ingram announces the completion of his thesis. He is sure of a medal and two diplomas now. Reeder makes "butter" from skim milk; he will be awarded a medal also—by his friend, the Director.

28. Georgetown, 5; M. A. C., 0. We are not so fortunate. Calhoun observes that sea gulls generally follow the front end of a ship. "The 'Ape' has not 'sang' us a song for a long time," says "Nervy."

30. Juniors hold one of their all-night class meetings. Some warm skirmishing. REVELLE officers for '09 elected; Grant Fitz Randolph MacEnany, Editor-in-chief; "Nux" Dryden, Office Boy!

31. Thomas' face is "horribly drawn" again.

APRIL

1. April Fool for the Navy. Navy, 3; M. A. C., 2. Cab entertains us with a "solo" in chapel. Day and Warthen join the select company of "Gentlemen and Scholars." They and Mr. Griffen also receive notice to attend chapel in the future! One of the evils of Current Topics; "Dr." Broughton spends the

whole day in demonstrating that "Ape" is perfectly correct on the subject of "light." MacEnany receives his usual share of "fatherly advice" from Dr. Tollie.

P. S. In conclusion, we beg that those who have "suffered" in the diary and elsewhere thru their inadvertent words and acts will recall and take to heart "Brer Rabbit's" kindly observation that "flaxseed poultice am mighty good for soah places." And so, hopeful that "we may not have written too many things which we ought not to have written and left unwritten many things which we ought to have written," we bid you "Farewell."

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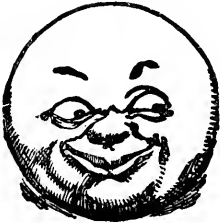
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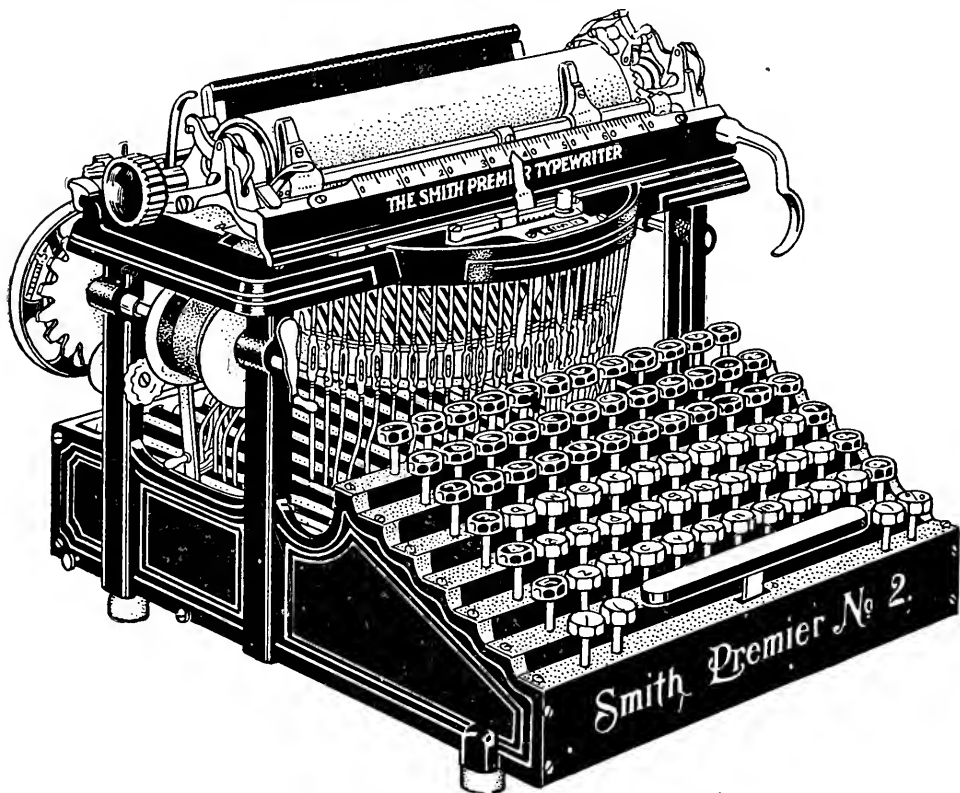
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