Rat Tat

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

1902

"Here fancy far outdoes the deed"

Dedication

To Dr. Thomas Fell, the scholar, the president, our friend, to whom St. John's owes so much of gratitude for his zeal in her behalf, this volume is respectfully dedicated by the Class of Nineteen Three.

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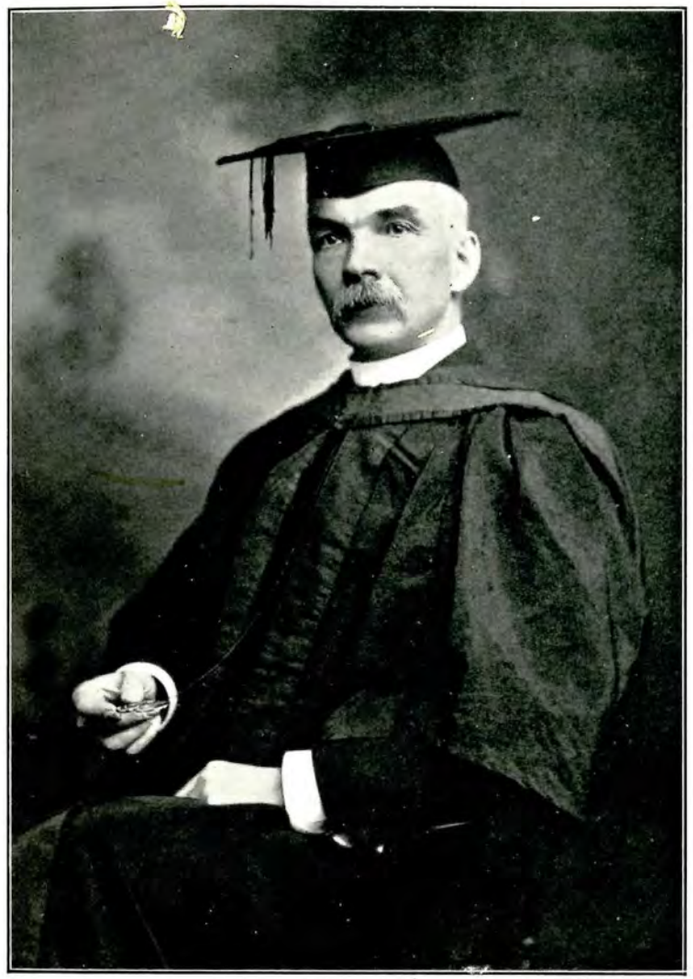


Dr. Thomas Fell, Ph. D., L.L.D.

Introduction

ACCORDING to the custom established here in 1897, the class of 1903 has, in this, its Junior year, undertaken the stupendous task of publishing a Rat Tat.

As a result of our labor, we offer this book to our kind patrons and to the liberal public as the "*first fruits of them that slept*" (when they should have been writing). You might say this is a "Rough House" book, raised by a nursery-full of infants. So we are, as far as publishing a college annual goes. When you pass judgment upon the results of our inexperience and infantile struggles, please bear in mind that we go at your rating—infants. Of course, if you think this is the production of men we heartily agree with you. A book is a book. Made mostly of paper and form upon which are hung whatever things it suits the fancy of those to whom the hanging and decorating is entrusted.

This book is meant to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The joy will be to those whose task it has been to help to dress this form. Don't imagine their joy will come from the fact of their having to work. Oh, no! It will be the relax after a most painful struggle. A relax the joy of which will be proportional to the amount of labor expended by each willing worker.

The beauty of it will be in the faces of those whose pictures are within its covers. We let them speak for themselves.

There are many persons who don't know a good thing when they see it. We do not claim any especial merit for our Rat Tat, but sincerely hope that none of these individuals will happen upon it; for should anyone ever fail to appreciate the 1903*ness* with which we have tried to clothe it, we would remind them that

> "A perfect judge will read each piece of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ."

A short time ago at a baby meeting a vote was taken as to which was the best and prettiest baby. Only mothers who had babies at the meeting were allowed to vote. There were twenty-five babies present. Twenty-five mothers were there.

John Lee Blecker,
. . . . Editor . . . .
A. W. Woodcock, Jr.
. . . Associate . . .

Rat Tat
Of
St. John's College

Annapolis
Maryland
May, 1902

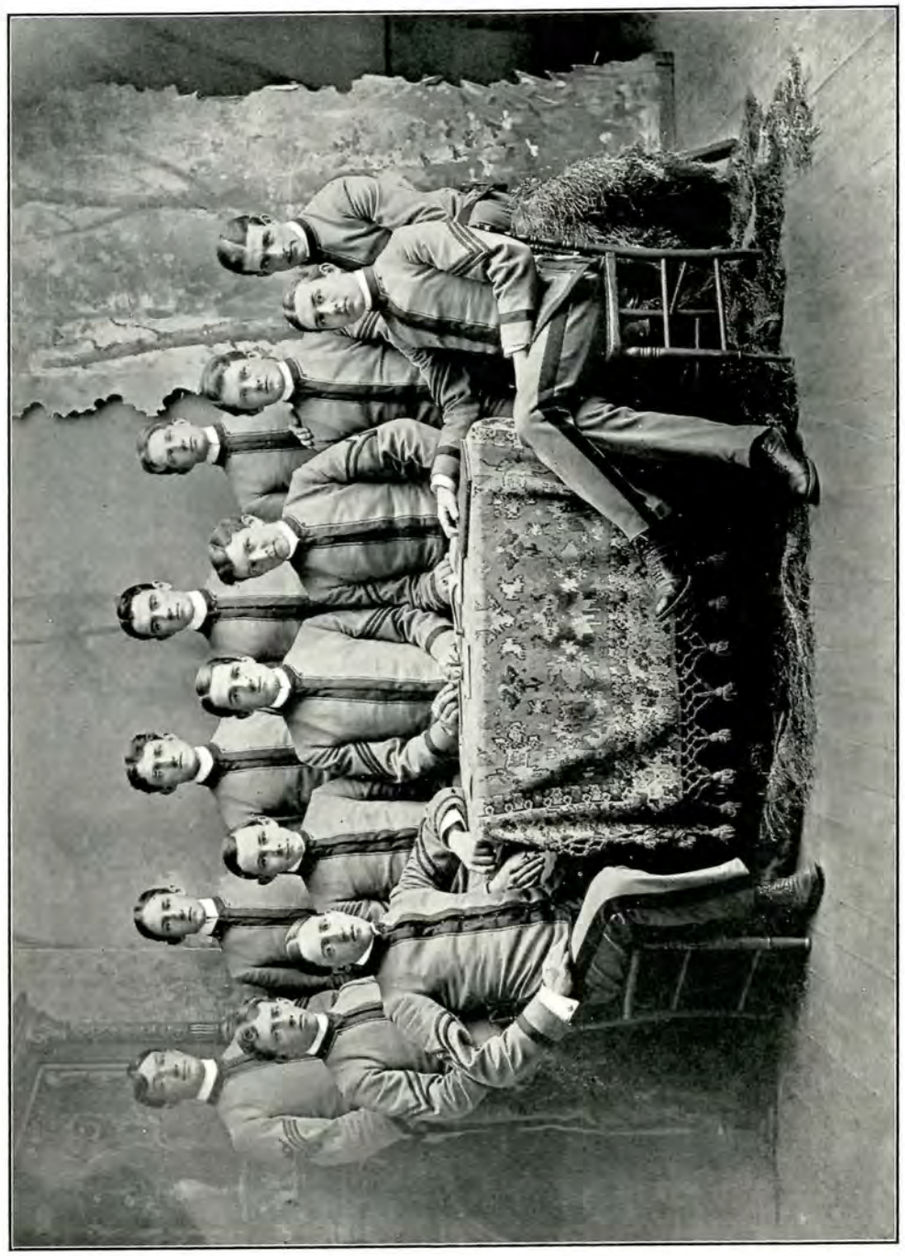
Volume V. Class of 1903
. . Published Annually by the Junior Class . .

Twenty-five votes were cast. Each baby received one vote. We send our Annual to the meeting of College Annuals. When the vote is taken we will cast our ballot for our own. What else can you expect! We call to mind the hours of midnight toil, the denials we have made, and the pain and anxiety it has cost us. We compare our work with that of others which we see at the meeting. We recognize and admit their beauties; realize most painfully the defects of our own; but when the ballot is counted it will be no surprise to us to hear that, like our own, each has received one vote.

We wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance we have received from Professors Jas. W. Cain and F. J. Von Schwerdtner, Miss Lucy Claude, and Messrs. Chas. H. MacNab, Leslie N. Woods and J. F. Linthicum. Thanking them and our other friends, who have helped and encouraged us during the past year, we are,

Very cordially,

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE.



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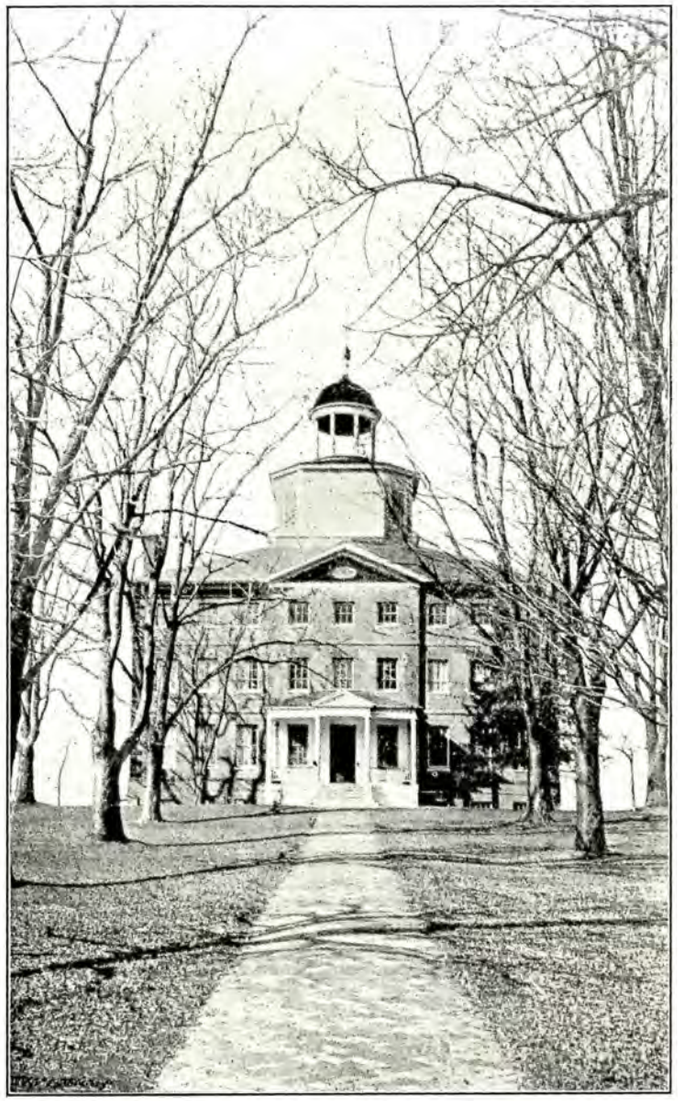


McDowell Hall

McDowell Hall

THE first attempt to establish a college in Maryland was made by the General Assembly, convened in the city of St. Mary's, in the year 1671.

In 1694, the then governor, Sir Francis Nicholson, again revived the question and offered to give money for the maintenance of a college. No action was taken at this time, but in 1696 an act was passed which resulted in the establishment of King William's School. This act recites that the school was established for "the propagation of the Gospel and education of youth in good letters and manners."

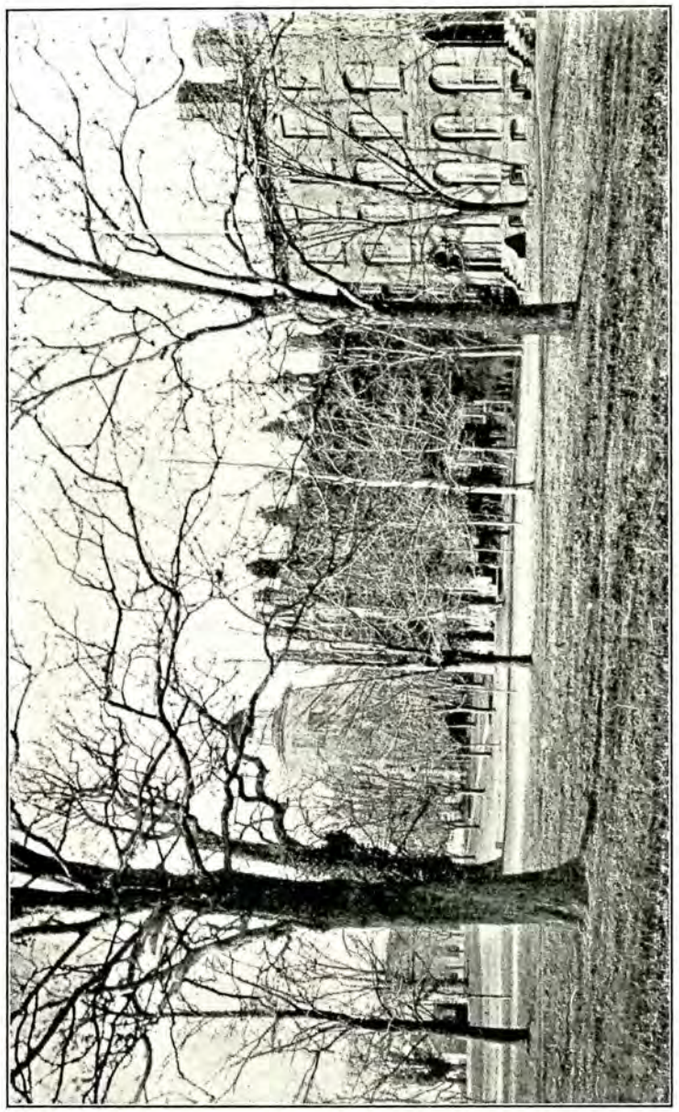
King William's School was thus established. Governor Nicholson gave to the school a lot in the town of Annapolis, with the house thereon, and the Legislature appropriated money to it, but the schoolhouse was not finished until 1701. It was of brick, and stood on the south side of the State House.

In 1730 proposals for founding a college at Annapolis were made, but no legislative effect was given them. The project was again revived in 1763. A committee of the General Assembly recommended that "the building in the city of Annapolis which was intended for the Governor of the province be completely finished and used for the college proposed to be established," the money for the work to come out of the public treasury.

This building referred to by the committee of the General Assembly is now McDowell Hall. In 1784 the charter of St. John's College was granted. By act, in 1785, the property and funds and students of King William's School were conveyed to St. John's College.

On November 11, 1789, the College was formally opened, and the dedication was performed with much solemnity, all the public bodies being in attendance and forming a long procession from the State House to McDowell Hall.

McDowell Hall is situated at about the center of our college buildings, facing College avenue and looking directly down Prince George street. In the center, on the first floor, is the chapel. This chapel extends to the entire height of the building, and Roman-like, doors open into it from the surrounding rooms. The Faculty room and the President's office are on its right, and the reading room directly above the President's office. The Philokalian Society has its room in the western corner on the third floor, and the Philomathean has its room in the eastern corner of the same floor. The other rooms of the building are used as recitation rooms.



Pinkney Hall

Pinkney Hall

WILLIAM PINKNEY, so the story goes, was a great orator, lawyer and statesman. He is one of the men whose names occupy the Maryland Hall of Fame at Charleston Exhibition. He is an Alumnus of St. John's College.

The hall to the left of McDowell Hall facing College Avenue is named after this ilustrious man. It is called Pinkney Hall. Volumes can be written about this great man and great hall. No doubt, you are quite well acquainted with the history of both from seeing so often the stereotyped phrases concerning them. We will not weary you with a painful repetition. There is great probability that what you are about to read will not be as polished as some pleasant things that you have read concerning this famous hall, but bear in mind that this is our first attempt at writing history, and that we have not been able to obtain any previous formula that is satisafctory to us by which we may compound the facts.

Pinkney Hall is a four-storied building. It was erected in 1855. Since its erection many anecdotes have been told about it and the persons who have lived in it. We are going to try to tell you a few things about the individuals who are now passing the time within its walls. Formerly it had been the custom for the Freshmen to room on the fourth floor, the Sophomores on the third. The Seniors always took their pick of the rooms on first and second and left the others for the Juniors.

Now it is entirely different. There are Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and a few Freshmen on the fourth floor. The third floor is mostly occupied by Freshmen, but a few Upper Classmen have the best rooms on it. The second floor is strictly a place of abode for Seniors and Juniors, while the first floor has a few from each class.

To one who knows all that goes on within, the windows seem to nod and beck as if trying to remind him of some plot or trick that he and others have planned or are planning. Sometimes they even take such an appearance that he unconsciously associates with them the names of the students who live in the rooms of which they are a part.

A better way to become acquainted with the inmates of the hall is not by relating what the windows seem to say, but by taking a little tour from floor to floor and back again. You will not see all on your first trip and there will be many things that you don't want to see.

On turning to the left you stand at the end of the hall on the first floor. Of the many things which deserve our notice is the first room on the left. In it, live an

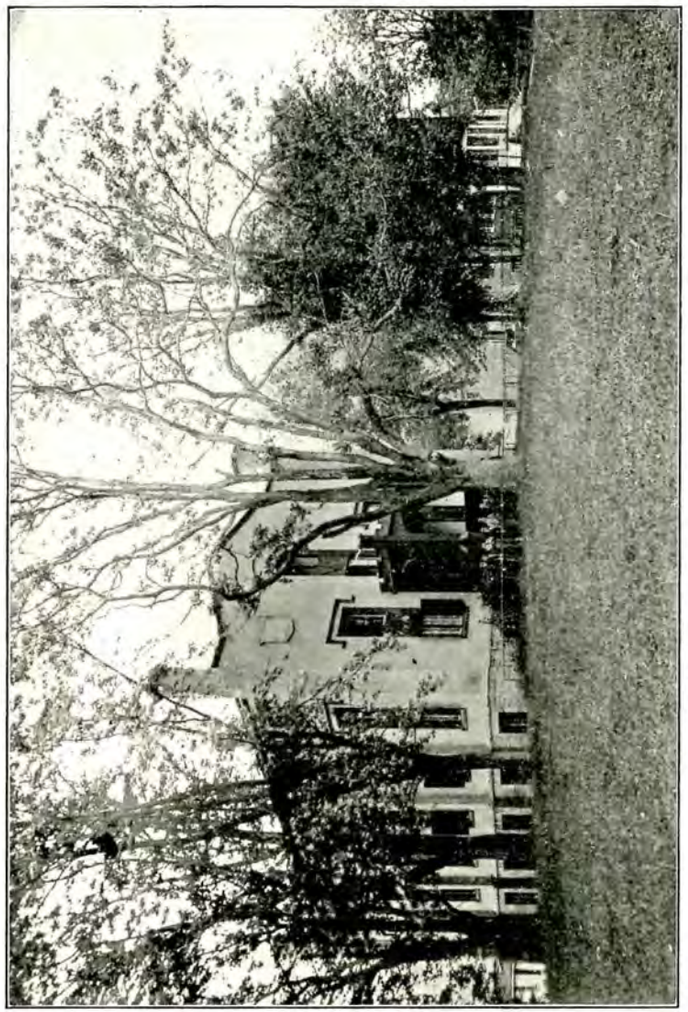
old maid and a very learned man (we believe he is a man, for he sports a mustache of no mean size). Of this room and its inhabitants we will speak later in another part of this book. Fritz and Si, the two wonders, with Mr. Rough House Jim opposite them, keep up the reputation of the first floor. A future bishop has his abode at the north end, but does not seem to have much influence over them by his weekly meetings.

The second floor has some very quiet-loving Seniors. General Grant doesn't seem to be aware of this fact, or he has a very short memory. The old Y. M. C. A. room is on this floor and the Y. M. C. A. president lives in it.

On the third floor are most of our Freshmen. Frog lives at one end of it. He seems to exercise a fatherly care over many of these infants, and with the aid of Pokey averts many a case of colic by helping himself, and thus preventing the Freshmen from eating more than is safe for ones so young and tender.

On the fourth floor there is a continual noise, especially an hour before supper, when you want to take a nap. In the early part of this session the faculty purchased instruments and fitted up a band. A good percentage of fourth floormen joined the band. You may think you can imagine the rest, but you can't; it is simply beyond imagination. One bass, one trombone, two clarinets and one bugle, four mandolins, two banjos, two guitars and many voices more or less melodious. If you think you can imagine what a noise all these will make, you are sorely mistaken. It is necessary for you to be very sleepy and to be trying to take a little nap about five o'clock some afternoon to realize most fully what it means.

We have taken notice of only a few of the most prominent traits. Note will be taken of others further on.



Humphrey Hall

Humphrey Hall

WHILE enumerating our halls, we must not leave out Humphrey Preparatory Incubator and Cuban colony. This stately-looking edifice was built in 1835, the College finding it necessary to have some place to store the many high-minded youths who had come to St. John's to bore, gouge, flunk and to do many other noble things. For some years college students had the choice of rooms in either Humphrey or Pinkney Hall, but now it is reserved especially for the Preps.—lucky for the Preps. Here they study, fight, break pitchers, and once in a while raise rough-house in general. Not being permitted to leave their rooms after dark, the latter is a very uncommon occurrence. The hall is in charge of Miss Bob White, a very kind and charitable old maid, who says she will never marry. She lives on the top floor, and being of a kindly disposition, never takes a switch to any of the boys under her charge, who at times annoy her greatly.

Until the erection of Woodward Hall, Humphrey contained the library and armory, but upon the erection of the new building they were moved into more spacious and inviting quarters. The rooms they formerly occupied upon the first floor are now occupied by Professor Pusey. It is a great delight to him to sit and listen to the falling plaster when the Preps. have a clog dance and informal reception on the floor above.

But the old hall has more functions to perform than those already stated. In the basement are two dining halls, one for the college students and one for the Preps. There is also a kitchen. Here beef and dishwater-soup are served six days in the week and hash on the seventh. When some student thinks he has not had enough exercise during the day, he proceeds to take more by throwing bread at the Freshmen. As the exercise is very dangerous, serious wounds often being inflicted, it is very seldom indulged in.

The board is about sixteen dollars a month, but if you consume enough for ten you could never get your money's worth.

Well, I guess we had better stop, as this is about enough to say of such a well-known building, and one so prominent in the minds of some of our readers who, perhaps, have put it on the bum many times and who have been in many a rough house there.

Woodward Hall

Henry William Woodward Hall

THIS is the newest building on the campus, it being completed in 1900. Compared to the other venerable buildings, it is the smallest infant. In order that the structure might be in harmony with the others, it was built in the classic colonial style. It is constructed of brick, with marble trimmings. In the front and rear rise beautiful and majestic Corinthian columns. Passing under their graceful capitals, one finds himself in the reading room. Here the colonial style is more marked. The woodwork is all of dark walnut. At one end is a large open fireplace, with an imposing mantle. The windows are deep set, and under each is a cozy seat. The panes are of the small style so much used in the past.

But it is of the contents that we wish to speak rather than the container. On the stacks are some of the most valuable reference books in existence respecting the early history of our colony. These, with a great many others, which were brought from England and presented to the College, form a most interesting and valuable collection. The majority of these ancient volumes are bound in pigskin, and, strange as it may seem, they are still in good condition. But these old treasures are by no means all that claim our attention. The library is well equipped with the newest and best works of reference and the best literature of the whole world. All the leading periodicals are taken, and afterwards preserved and bound. These, with the aid of Poole's index, form a most valuable and useful possession.

On this floor is also the biological laboratory, which is separated from the library by a hall. This laboratory is well equipped with microscopes and the other instruments necessary for scientific research. Separate lockers and desks are provided for each student, so that he can work without interruption. Frequent excursions are made into the neighboring country to collect and study the various species that abound. The woodwork of this room is oak.

Ascending the graceful stairway in the rear of the hall one reaches the chemical and physical laboratories and lecture room. The laboratories are to the right. Here in a large and well-lighted room the student has the privilege of unraveling the mysteries of nature by the surest and best way—experiments. Hoods are arranged in the walls. Under these are conducted the experiments which produce disagreeable odors, and in this way the main laboratory is kept healthy and well ventilated. The interior woodwork is oak here also. This, with

the white walls, makes a harmonious and at the same time durable decoration. The room is filled with the most improved individual desks and lockers. Each desk is fully supplied with gas jets and water faucets in addition to the requisite chemicals and apparatus. The walls are lined with glass-door cupboards, in which are stored the laboratory supplies and the more delicate apparatus. The St. John's laboratory is the repository of the standard weights and measures of Maryland. These are a most interesting and almost priceless possession.

Passing through a small ante-room one enters the lecture and recitation room. In this room is stored a most valuable collection of scientific apparatus of all kinds. The writer will not go into a description of them, for, well, he has neither space to fill nor knowledge with which to fill it. The main body of the room is occupied by seats for the students. At one end is a long counter fitted with gas and water, upon which illustrative experiments are conducted before the various classes. Behind this are the necessary blackboards.

We have now taken you briefly through the "baby" of our venerable buildings. Any building to a stranger seems cold and lifeless; but for one who has toiled and conquered there it acquires a personality. Therefore, we cannot even hope to introduce you to terms of intimacy with this hall, and our only expectation was to give you a brief outline of it.

Our Old Chapel

Our Old Chapel

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL is unique in its construction, antique in its appearance, and famous in its history. Few halls now standing have the distinction of being the scene of such a brilliant event as was the banquet held in this old chapel in honor of Marquis LaFayette.

Few also have heard the grand tones of polished eloquence which fell from the lips of the immortal Washington. But these are only a few of the cherished memories of our chapel. For two centuries the maiden speeches of many of Maryland's most famous orators have been delivered within its sacred walls. Every class since 1871 has left as a token of remembrance a class shield bearing the class mottoes and the names of the graduates. The mottoes which we think as fine a collection as can be found, are as follows:

'71—Ἡ ευρησόμεν ημειςη ποιη σομεν όδον.

'72—Gerzabo et Vincam.

'73—Quod homo fecit, homo ficiat.

'74—Esse quam videre.

'75—Επι σοφιαν οιμος ορθιος.

'76—Per augusta ad augusta.

'77—Fit via mea vi.

'78—Quo difficilius eo praeclarius.

'79—Possunt quia posse videntur.

'80—Nulla dies sine linea.

'81—Nulla vestigia retrorsum.

'82—Palman qui meruit ferat.

'83—Palma non sine pulvere.

'84—Wie die Arbeit, so der Lohn.

'85—Age quod agis.

'86—Nil sine magno labore.

'87—Excelsior.

'88—Faber quisque suae fortunae.

'89—Respice finem.

'90—Nihil quod tangamus non ornemus.

'91—Ex umbra in solem.

'92—Principia non homines.

'93—Qui non proficit deficit.

'94—Finis opus coronat.

'95—Carpe diem.

'96—Perseverando.

'97—To thine own self be true.

'98—Numquam restrorsum.

'99—In omnia paratus.

1900—One for all and all for one.

1901—Faire mon devoir.

But it is eminently proper that a review of St. John's history should be read before its sons and others in celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of its natal collegiate day, or, more correctly speaking perhaps, its baptismal day, albeit such history is so well known by its alumni present. My only regret is, therefore, that someone more competent to do the full measure of justice to the subject should not have been selected for the historic work of the day.

Bolingbroke says in his letters on the Study and Uses of History—attributing the remarks to Dionysius of Halicarnassus—that "history is philosophy teaching by examples." If this be so, then, indeed, Brother Alumni, the history of our Alma Mater, from her earliest past, is part and parcel of a grand philosophy teaching all the virtues that go to make the patriot, the statesman, and the man, and we may not too warmly nor too jealously cherish the deeds and memories of her distinguished sons, as well as the times "quorum magna pars fuerunt." It is needless to remind this audience that the names of many of St. John's sons are enrolled not alone in the annals of the State, but in those of the nation as well. They have given their Alma Mater a historic place in the temple of fame as enduring as the temple itself. As an alumnus bearing the reverend name of Pinkney so felicitously said on commencement day in 1855, when coupling the name of Key with the College—"She has given the 'Star-Spangled Banner' to the nation, and made other offerings of which it is not necessary for me to speak." A college necrology has also, fortunately, been preserved which perpetuates, in the archives of the Alumni, the memory of the virtues of deceased brethren. This necrology, first suggested and its preparation personally begun by a former principal, Dr. Humphreys, has been extended and continued—you need not be reminded how faithfully—by the facile pen of Mr. John G. Proud, of the Class of '34, whose name, alas! now adorns that roll of the dead upon which his labors of love and painstaking research had stamped the seal of truth. May the Alumni ever cherish the memory of this brother, who by tongue and pen, both in forcible prose and graceful verse, has expressed so much devotion to St. John's and her sons.

It passed successfully through the perturbations of the Revolutionary War, and educated for the State and nation sons distinguished in the early history of the country. Among its pupils William Pinkney, whose fame, too broad to be appropriated by any one State, is an heritage unto the nation.

In 1793, at its first commencement, St. John's conferred the degree of B. A. upon three graduates, Charles Alexander, John Addison Carr and William Long, but the Alumni credited to this class number in all sixteen, of which number one became Governor of the State, one a Judge of the Court of Appeals, two Associate Judges of a judicial district, one the clerk of the Executive Council, one a Register of Wills, and one a Visitor and Governor of the College. The Historical Society of Anne Arundel County is authority for the following, to say the least, remarkable summary of the earlier work of St. John's:

"From its first commencement, held in 1793, to that of 1806, a brief period of thirteen years, we find among the names of its graduates those of no less than four Governors of Maryland, one Governor of Liberia, seven members of the Executive Council, three United States Senators, five members of the United States House of Representatives, four Judges of the Court of Appeals (General Court), eight Judges of other courts, one Attorney-General of the United States, one United States District Attorney, one Auditor of the United States Treasury, six State Senators and fifteen members of the House of Delegates, besides foreign consuls, officers of the Navy and Army, physicians and surgeons, distinguished lawyers (includng a Chancellor of South Carolina), college professors and others."

Among this array of learning and worth it will not be invidious to mention the name of one of the Class of 1802, David Hoffman, LL. D., author, historian and jurist, a citizen of Maryland, eminent in his own and a neighboring State, as well as broad, and upon whom degrees were conferred by the Universities at Oxford and Göttingen. Dr. Hoffman was both a patron and a Visitor and Governor of St. John's.

Of the pupils of St. John's in its early days, the "Maryland Collegian" of March, 1878, states: We find from an examination of the old matriculating register that between the years 1789 and 1805 it shows "not only representatives of every county of Maryland and the city of Baltimore, but also from the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana. We find there representatives from no less than nine counties of the State of Virginia, and the followng well-known Virginia names: Washington, Custis, Dulany, Alexander, Thompson, Clark, Herbert, Comax, Taylor, Benson, Gibbon, Lore, Blackburn, Burwell, Mercer, and others." The same authority finds the names of two students from England, one from France, three from the West Indies, one from Portugal, and, "omitting as many quite as distinguished," the following Maryland names of Jennings, Dulany, Carroll, Stone, Pinkney, Lloyd, Chase, Ogle, Harrison, Thomas, Murray, Ridgley, Key, Dorsey, Snowden, Harwood, Sewart, Lee and Howard. The Custis above named among the Virginians refers to George Washington Parke Custis, the step-son and ward of Washington, who, it is said, took a great interest in St. John's, which he manifested by sending there his own ward as a pupil. The genial old gentleman, Mr. Custis, was at one time a member of the Class of 1799, and survived long enough to be personally known to several of my brother Alumni present.

Memorable among the distinguished names of graduates during the period above named, stands the names of Francis Scott Key, B. A., and John Shaw, B. A., M. D. It is said that Mr. Higginbottom took great pride in exhibiting before visitors the accomplishments of these students and others, who with them formed the graduating class of 1796.

From the next year, 1811, to 1830, inclusive, among the graduates and Alumni of St. John's appear names of men distinguished in the State and nation; and of these, in the order of class years, the names of Reverdy Johnson, United States Senator, Attorney-General of the United States and Minister to England; Thomas Stockett Alexander, LL. D.; John Johnson, Chancellor of the State; Hon. Alexander Randall, M. A., member of Congress and Attorney-General of Maryland; John Henry Alexander, LL. D.; Right Rev. William Pinkney, LL. D., Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Maryland and the District of Columbia; the Hon. William H. Tuck, M. A., Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryand, and Surgeon Vivian Pinkney, LL. D., medical director, United States Navy. The versatile genius of John Henry Alexander, distinguished in the church, in letters, science and the muses, who was graduated in 1827, when less than fifteen years of age, has illumined both Europe and America. The mere mention of these names shows that St. John's can boast of more jewels than did Cornelia. The Gracchi were but a single pair, but their Alma Mater, in the persons of the two brothers Johnson, the brothers Alexander and the brothers Pinkney, has given the State a diadem of brilliants as a crown forever. The name of another alumnus must be added to this period and linked with that of one of the Class of 1799. I allude to Judges Nicholas Brewer and Thomas Beale Dorsey, citizens respectively of Annapolis and of the county.

Judges Dorsey and Brewer were so long associated on the bench, their faces, for years, were so familiar to the citizens of this judicial circuit, that their names are indissolubly associated together by its bar and citizens. These gentlemen belong among the brightest

of the array of jurists of the country. They adorned the bench of their own State, compeers of Marshall, Taney, B. R. Curtis and Storey. Judge Dorsey died in 1855, and Judge Brewer, like him, was gathered to the sleep of the valiant and just in 1864. The triumvirate of Maryland's judiciary among the older alumni of St. John's would be incomplete without here adding the name of that learned, wise and good man, Judge Alexander Contee Magruder, an alumnus of 1794, a member of the Executiev Council, State Senator and Judge, and official reporter of the Court of Appeals.

Since the closing of the hiatus in the work of the College, 1866, the sons which St. John's has given to the world have well fulfilled their missions. The Church, the Law and Medicine, and various other departments of human effort and industry have been enriched by their presence and energies. The survivors are yet young enough to reach the summit of their several vocations or ambitions. One of the Class of '72 already adorns the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, Henry David Harlan, and another of the Class of '73 is an eloquent divine, who, as the orator of the day by request of the Alumni, will address you, and upon whose time I fear I have already too long intruded. Another son, Commander Dennis Mullan, of th Navy, bearing at the time St. John's honorary degree M. A., was on duty with his brother heroes in the recent Samoan hurricane, and, of her dead, Lieut. James Lockwood, of the Army, died after extending the "boundary of know land twenty-eight miles nearer the pole," reaching "the most northerly point on land that ever has been attained by man."

Dr. Winfield Scott Schley, B. A., M. A., M. D., '93

Dr. Winfield Scott Schley, Jr., son of the Maryland hero of the battle off Santiago, was born at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., on August 1, 1873. The early part of his life was a transitory one, having made Boston, Washington, and then Philadelphia his home. At each of these cities he attended public and private schools, and in Philadelphia he attended a military boarding school. In October, 1889, he entered St. John's College, where his illustrious father was destined to have attended, but was prevented by his insatiable desire for a career in the navy. While at college Dr. Schley was actively connected with all the athletic, social and literary functions of the school, and in his senior year was president of the Philokalian Society. He graduated in June, 1893, with the degree of B. A. In October, 1893, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, (Columbia University, Medical Dept.), from which place he graduated in June, 1896. Nearly a year later he entered St. Luke's Hospital, where he served two and a half years on the house staff, until July, 1899. Then, following up his profession as a physician, he became connected with Sloane Hospital, being on the staff. But in November, 1899, he

entered the practice of medicine, at which he prospered for one year. In January, 1900, he was appointed assistant surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital, outdoor department. Rising higher and higher in his noble calling, he was, in October, 1900, appointed assistant attending surgeon of Trinity Hospital, New York City.

The Rt. Rev. Cleland K. Nelson, B. A., D. D., '72

Bishop Nelson, the great-grandson of General Thomas Nelson, ex-Governor of Virginia, was born near Cobham, Albemarle County, Virginia, May 23, 1852. Having graduated at St. John's College in 1872, he received theological instruction partly from his uncle, the Rev. C. K. Nelson, D. D., and partly from the Berkeley Divinity School, at Middletown, Conn. He was ordained to the deaconate in 1875, by Bishop Pinkney, of Maryland, and to the priesthood in 1876 by Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania. From this time until 1891 he was rector in several of the churches in Pennsylvania. On November 12, 1891, he was elected Bishop of Georgia, and on February 27, 1892, he was consecrated in St. Luke's Cathedral, Atlanta. Bishop Nelson's entry upon the episcopate has been marked by great spiritual blessings upon the diocese of Georgia.

William Ritchie, B. A., '73.

William Ritchie, born at Frederick, Maryland. His late home place is almost next door to that of old Barbara Fritchie, and near by resided Admiral Winfield Scott Schley. Mr. Ritchie's father, Dr. Albert Ritchie, was executor of Mr. Fritchie's estate. Mr. Ritchie graduated from St. John's in the class of 1873; studied law in the office of his elder brother, the late Hon. John Ritchie, Judge of the Court of Appeals. Later on he removed to Chicago, succeeding the Hon. John S. Wirt, now of Elkton, Maryland, as a member of the law firm of Judd & Whitehouse, of Chicago. On the death of the senior member of the firm, Mr. Ritchie succeeded to that position, his firm being now Ritchie, Esher & Knobel. Mr. Ritchie took a very prominent part at the bar in Chicago,

having tried a number of important cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. During the agitation of the present few years at Chicago over the subject of municipal taxation and the granting of street railway franchises, Mr. Ritchie took a very active part and was a prominent member of the Anti-Yerkes forces, which in the State Legislature defeated Mr. Yerkes' corrupt measures. A high compliment was paid to Mr. Ritchie's standing as an authority upon these questions by the Legislature, which after hearing a discussion by him before its special committee, requested his attendance later before a joint session of the House and Senate, which was called for the sole purpose of hearing Mr. Ritchie discuss these various issues again. At a subsequent session of the Legislature, when similar measures were brought before that body by the corporate interests. the committee summoned Mr. Ritchie again by special invitation to hear his criticisms of the pending measures. In deference to his judgment upon that occasion, the Legislature rejected the propositions of the interested parties and the interests of the public were thereby safeguarded. In consequence of his course in these matters Mr. Ritchie was urged to enter political life, and was, in fact, nominated for the Legislature at the succeeding session as a candidate on the reform ticket, but his disinclination for political life and pressure of his private business prompted him to decline the honor. Mr. Ritchie when at St. John's was a member of the Philokalian Society, and his interest in his Alma Mater is as lively now as the day he received his diploma.

De Witt C. Lyles, B. S., '98.

Graduated from St. John's in 1898 with a first-grade distinction, with the degree of B. S. Immediately after his graduation he enlisted in the Fifth Regiment of Maryland Volunteers, where he saw six monhs of Spanish-American war service. From that time until the present day he has been in the United States Army.

In October, 1898, he became associated with the staff of the "Baltimore News," and later resigned to accept a position as assistant engineer on the construction of the Chesapeake Beach Railroad. In the fall of 1899 he was a candidate for the Maryland Legislature from Anne Arundel county, and was sent as a delegate to the county and State conventions of that year.

He accepted a commission as a second lieutenant in the Thirty-fourth United States Volunteers in August, 1899. He arrived in the Philippine Islands in

October of that year, where he is now stationed. His ability was soon recognized, and he was appointed engineer officer of the regiment. aide-de-camp to the brigadier commander, chief engineer of the staff of General Funston, in succession. He was also in command of the United States gunboat "Napindan," armored vessel for river navigation. Then he was the depot commissary ordnance officer, in charge of Vicker's-Maxim rapid-fire gun in the mountain engagements.

He accompanied General Lawton's northern expedition as engineer officer, doing reconnoissance. He has been recommended for promotion on four occasions, and was commended in orders for excellent conduct in action. He was appointed superintendent of public work of the Province of Nuevaecija, Luzon, upon the inauguration of civil government, but he declined in order to accept a commission in the United States Regular Army. He was in 1901 appointed second lieutenant, Twelfth United States Infantry. Later he was appointed quartermaster and commissary of the first battalion of that regiment, which battalion went to Samar to quell the recent insurrection there. During his service in these far-away islands he has had a variety of work, constructing roads and bridges. He accompanied General Funston on nearly all his expeditions and in many engagements. He is a close personal friend of General Funston. Upon his recommendation Mr. Lyles was appointed to the regular army. Mr. Lyles is now in his twenty-fourth year. He was a Philomathean while at St. John's.

Honorable Walter Wilkes Preston, B. A., M. A., LL. B., ex. '81

The Hon. Walter Wilkes Preston was born in Harford County, Maryland, January 14, 1863, and has throughout his life been a resident of that county. Mr. Preston received his early education in the county schools, and at a very early age graduated from the Bel-Air Academy. After leaving the Academy Mr. Preston matriculated at St. John's College, where he passed through the junior class. Leaving St. John's at the end of the junior year, Mr. Preston entered the senior class at Princeton, where he graduated, receiving the A. B. degree in 1881. Mr. Preston received from the Law Department of the University of Maryland, in 1883, the degree LL. B., and in the following year the degree of A. M. from Princeton. In 1883 Mr. Preston began to practice law in Bel-Air, and by diligent application to his business soon acquired an extensive and lucrative practice. Mr. Preston has been twice elected to the House of Delegates, in 1887 and 1889.

While there he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. In 1891 Mr. Preston was elected State's Attorney for Harford county, and re-elected in 1895 In 1893 Mr. Preston was married to Mrs. M. Elizabeth Hall. Mr. Preston is past master of Mt. Ararat Lodge, Masons, at Bel-Air, and is one of the most prominent members of the Harford county bar.

Edwin H. Brown, Jr., B. A., '90

Mr. Edwin H. Brown, Jr., was born in May, 1877. He spent his boyhood days in Centreville, Maryland, and entered St. John's College at the age of eighteen years. He graduated, having taken the entire course in three years. The degree of B. A. was conferred upon him at the day of graduation, June, 1898. For the space of one year he studied law with his father, Judge Edwin H. Brown. Then he entered the University of Maryland, where he studied law for one year more. He was afterward admitted before the Court of Appeals in the fall of 1900. Since that time he has been actively engaged in the practice of law at his home at Centerville. While at St. John's Mr. Brown was a member of the Philokalian Literary Society.

J. Royal Rosebury, B. A., '96

Royal Rosebury was born on his father's farm, in Kent County, on July 2, 1876. Mr. Rosebury attended the public schools of Kent County and King William County, Virginia, until 1890, when he entered the Stillpont Academy, where he graduated. He entered St. John's in September, 1892, where he was graduated in 1896, having been captain of Company A, president of the Philokalian Society and the orator at its June cleebration. After graduating, Mr. Rosebury traveled for a New York firm for a year and then took an agency with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

In June, 1898, Mr. Rosebury resigned his position to enlist in the Fifth Maryland Volunteers. After the war Mr. Rosebury again accepted an agency of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and in August, 1899, was promoted to assistant superintendent of the Woodbury Branch, Baltimore.

Mr. Rosebury married Miss Burton, of Laurel, on February 15, 1900.

The Editors of the Rat Tat, and the Class of 1903, beg to offer their congratulations to the Endowment Committee, and to express their great pleasure in the result thus far obtained, and their interest and hope for the future.

To those not conversant with the work of this Committee, they would explain that within the past year an amount sufficient to extinguish the mortgage debt, so long resting upon the College, has been collected, and also the beginning of a permanent Endowment Fund with which to provide for the maintenance of the College. The Alumni have shown their love for their Alma Mater, both in working for the object and in the subscriptions they have made. It is hoped that by this season of another year we may be able to record at least an equal sum as has already been given—a further step toward the one hundred thousand with which it is hoped to develop the present good work of the College.

Alumni Addresses

Adams, Francis B., ex. '73	Camden Station, Baltimore, Md.
Adams, J. Fred, '90	Rehobeth, Md.
Almony, Franklin J., ex. '79	Rockville, Md.
Anderson, Bruner R., '84	Woodwardville, Md.
Anderson, B. W., '00	Annapolis, Md.
Ashe, Samuel T., '73	Wilmington, N. C.
Barnes, M. H., '80	Baltimore, Md.
Barroll, Hope, '79	Chestertown, Md.
Bear, Louis, '00	Annapolis, Md.
Bennett, G. E., '95	Mardella, Md.
Berkeley, W. N., '96	Staunton, Va.
Biays, James P., Jr., '93	Fidelity and Deposit Co., Baltimore, Md.
Blades, L. S., '89	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Blanchard, Peter P., '98	100 East 17th, New York City.
Blunt, W. W., '88	London, England
Bohanan, F. J., '99	General Theological Seminary, New York.
Boehm, Louis C., '97	Snow Hill, Md.
Bond, Thomas T., ex. '96	733 North Broadway, Baltimore, Md.
Bowie, W., ex. '92	Annapolis, Md.
Brewer, C., '52	Annapolis, Md.
Brewer, Dr. Charles, '85	136 West 66th St., Washinton, D. C.
Brewer, Thomas L., '89	War Dept., Washington, D. C.
Brewer, J. C., ex. '90	Farmers' National Bank, Annapolis, Md.
Brady, W. L., '99	Annapolis, Md.
Briscoe, John P., ex. '74	Prince Frederick, Md.
Briscoe, Philip, ex. '76	Washington, D. C.
Briscoe, John P., Jr., '01	Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Brown, E. H., '98	Centreville, Md.

Carl, C. Edward, '87	Hagerstown, Md.
Carlisle, Calderon, '71	Washington, D. C.
Case, William A., '94	Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Cassidy, E. R., '98	Annapolis, Md.
Caulk, J. R., '01	Easton, Md.
Cecil, O. S., '98	Millersville, Md.
Chambers, B. DuVall, ex. '95	Adamstown, Md.
Chase, J. V., ex. '89	Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.
Childs, W. Zachary, '95	Annapolis, Md.
Christian, J. L., '94	Custom Inspector, Baltimore, Md.
Cheston, A. R., '96	1835 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Chew, John L., '85	Annapolis, Md.
Cissell, B. V., '90	Annapolis, Md.
Claggett, L. B. K.	14 East Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Clark, Louis T., '92	Ellicott City, Md.
Clark, William M., '98	Marriottsville, Md.
Clarke, E. J., '81	Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
Claude, Dennis, ex. '72	Annapolis, Md.
Claude, Washington C., ex. '74	Annapolis, Md.
Clunas, Randall, ex. '76	Naison, Scotland
Coblentz, O. B., '01	Middletown, Md.
Collins, Rev. Vaughan S., '81	Dover, Del.
Collison, Joseph C., ex. '80	South River, Md.
Collison, T. A., '99	Allegheny, Pa.
Conrad, B. F., '00	Huyett, Md.
Cooper, H. L., '94	Denton, Md.
Coppage, W. G., '97	Centreville, Md.
Coulbourn, J. T., '84	Morison, Md.
Crabbe, Walter R., '73	Hague, Va.
Crapster, Earnest R., '94	Baltimore, Md.

Daniels, F. E., '91	Annapolis, Md.
Davis, Jefferson, ex. '83	Horsehead, Md.
Davis, Rev. W. W., '92	2306 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Dawson, J. P., '73	Elkton, Md.
Dawkins, Walter J., '80	Fidelity Building, Baltimore, Md.
De Shields, George, '94	Hotel Dewey, Washington, D. C.
De Vecmon, William, '81	Cumberland, Md.
Dern, Harvey, '94	Stattes, W. Va.
De Vries, Rev. B. F., '81	Jarrettsville, Md.
Dixon, N. Walter, '77	Corner Michigan and Orman Aves., Pueblo, Col.
Dorsey, W. A., ex. '74	Port Republic, Md.
Dorsey, John W., '58	407 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.
Douglass, Lieut. J. B., '97	Fort Sheridan, Ill.
Downs, R. D., '96	Odenton, Md.
Dryden, A. L., ex. '88	Crisfield, Md.
Dryden, Charles E., '93	Annapolis, Md.
Duvall, D. F., '91	War Dept., Washington, D. C.
Duvall, Wirt A., ex. '85	529 North Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Duvall, C. A., '06	Parole, Md.
Duvall, D. H., '98	Berkeley Academy, Martinsburg, Va.

Edwards, Charles G., '89	15 North Calhoun St., Baltimore, Md.
Edwards, P. H., '98	2013 East Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
Evans, F. W., '99	Y. M. C. A., Roanoke, Va.

Fairbank, L. J., '00	Baltimore, Md.
Farquhar, N. V., '83	Pottsville, Pa.
Fay, Lieut. W. G., '97	Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
Fechtig, J. A., Jr., '95	14 East Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Fenwick, J. F., '88	Charlotte Hall, Md.
Flory, C. I., '97	425 East Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Forbes, George, Jr., '92	Annapolis, Md.
Foozimori, Shuibzio, ex. '76	Tokio, Japan
Fontaine, E. Clarke, '01	Pocomoke, Md.
Freeman, M. B., '90	Bryantown, Md.
Frick, G. A., '80	Norfolk, Va.
Fulton, John S., '76	Health Department, Baltimore, Md.

Gale, H. A., ex. '96	1503 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Garner, Samuel, '71	Annapolis, Md.
Gassaway, L. D., '81	Annapolis, Md.
Girault, G. B., '00	Annapolis, Md.
Gibson, J. B., '92	10 German-American Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.
Gilpin, C. M., '94	163 Broadway, New York
Goldsborough, R., '98	Cambridge, Md.
Gorgas, H. B., '85	Church of the Advent, Benson Hurst, L. I.
Green, J. B., ex. '87	Kenyon Military Academy, Gambier, Ohio
Grace, C. H., '89	McDonough School, Baltimore, Md.
Green, T. K., '86	Annapolis, Md.
Green, N., '89	Annapolis, Md.
Grimes, C. E., ex. '72	Western National Bank, Baltimore, Md.
Groff, J. C., '93	Columbia University, New York

Harrington, E. C., '84	Cambridge, Md.
Hays, E. M., '90	Goshen, N. Y.
Halley, R. H., '94	Bryantown, Md.
Hagner, A. B., '81	Hagerstown, Md.
Hagner, Alex., ex. '80	Hagerstown, Md.
Harlan, H. D., '78	Baltimore, Md.
Harlan, W. H., '72	Bel Air, Md.
Harlan, W. B., ex. '81	Churchville, Md.
Harlan, H., '77	230 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Hardcastle, E. M., Jr., '86	Easton, Md.
Heyde, E. W., '90	Parkton, Md.
Hebdon, H. M., ex., '85	1511 North Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Henry, R. G., ex. '72	Cambridge, Md.
Herman, Lieut. C. C., '00	War Dept., Washington, D. C.
Herman, P. H., '00	Lehigh University, Pa.
Hitchcock, W. A., '90	Granite, Md.
Hicks, T. H., '87	Cambridge, Md.
Hiss, G. R. A., '92	2100 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.
Hilleary, E. D., '97	2009 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hill, H. C., '00	Frostburg, Md.
Howard, C., ex. '97	Consolidated Gas Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hodges, C. H., '00	Consolidated Gas Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hooper, R. H., '72	217 North Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
Hopkins, W. G., '00	Annapolis, Md.
Hopkins, W. H., '59	Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.
Hopkins, A. H., '89	Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.
Hobbs, E. S., '82	280 Broadway, New York City
Huffington, J. W., '98	Quantico, Md.
Hughes, R., '96	Annapolis, Md.

Hurst, W. O., '91	Odessa, Del.
Hyde, J. P., '57	Valley Female College, Winchester, Va.
Iglehart, E. B., '94	War Department, Washington, D. C.
Iglehart, E. W., '95	Annapolis, Md.
Iglehart, J. D., '72	1214 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Isanogle, A. M., '98	Catochtin, Md.
Jacobi, C. A., ex '85	Annapolis, Md.
Jacobi, J. F., '88	Annapolis, Md.
Jamar, J. H. R., ex. '93	Elkton, Md.
Jarboe, C. J., '96	Leonardtown, Md.
Johnston, C. A., '58	Bloomington, Ala.
Johnston, M. T., '90	Easton, Md.
Johnston, F., ex. '93	New York, N. Y.
Johnson, W. A., '84	Snow Hill, Md.
Johnston, Iredell, '72	Edenton, N. C
Jones, G. L., ex. '96	Harvard University, Mass.
Jones, Courtney, B., '95	Millwood, Va.
Joys, C. N., '95	Gambries, Md.
Jordan, J. W. S., ex. '71	Annapolis, Md.
Keech, F. J., '81	46 Varick St., New York City
Keats, F. F., 81	477 Hudson St., New York City
Keller, C. E., '93	Cumberland, Md.
Kemp, W. T., '97	Baltimore, Md.
Krug, A. H., '01	Baltimore, Md.
Latimer, C. H., ex. '81	Gov. Hosp. for Insane, Washington, D. C.
Latimer, Thomas E., '94	408 Law Building, Baltimore, Md.
Lawrence, E. T., '76	Pikesville, Md.
Lawson, W. P., '00	Crisfield, Md.
Leavitt, E. R., '81	New York City
League, J. B., '81	Woodwardville, Md.
L'Engle, E. M., '97	13 East Preston St., Baltimore, Md.
Linthicum, C. E., '79	Rutland, Md.
Linthicum, Seth H., '95	203-204 Herald Building, Baltimore, Md.
Lyles, Lieut. DeWitt C., '98	War Department, Washington, D. C.
Lyons, P. D., '99	202 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.
Martin, E. D., '76	Fidelity and Trust Co., Baltimore, Md.
MacNabb, C. H., '08	Bel Air, Md.
Mackall, Lieut. S. T., '00	War Department, Washington, D. C.
McGraw, A. K., '90	Hagerstown, Md.
Marbury, C. C., '90	Washington, D. C.
Martin, A., ex. '92	Easton, Md.
Mayo, W. L., '99	Annapolis, Md.
Maddox, G. A., '97	22 Glen Building, 12 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Maddox, S., ex. '71	462 Louisiana Ave., Washington, D. C.
Maddox, R. F., '76	Princess Anne, Md.
Magruder, D. R., '53	Annapolis, Md.
Magruder, P. H., ex. '92	Annapolis, Md.
McGuire, J. C., Jr., '75	Ellicott City, Md.
Melvin, R. P., '99	Annapolis, Md.
Mitchell, M., '77	St. Denis, Md.
Mudd, S. E., '78	La Plata, Md.
Mullan, John, '47	Washington, D. C.

Mullikin, A. E., '95	Trappe, Md.
Munroe, F. A., ex. '84	Annapolis, Md.
Munroe, J. M., '74	Annapolis, Md.
Munroe, G. W., '72	Meridian, Miss.
Murphy, J. J., ex., '92	U. S. Marine Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
Mullan, E. H., '99	Annapolis, Md.
Murray, J. D., '83	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mylander, W. C., '00	Baltimore, Md.
Neal, W. T. G., '89	Upper Marlboro', Md.
Nelson, Rt. Rev. C. K., '72	Atlanta, Ga.
Newman, John S., '90	Frederick, Md.
Nichols, D. H., '99	Annapolis, Md.
Noble, Herbert, '89	141 Broadway, New York City
Noble, James, '98	Hickman, Del.
Norris, H. C., '93	Roberts, Md.
Nydegger, J. A., '90	Navy Department, Washington, D. C.
Offutt, J. P., '97	Granite, Md.
Offutt, N. E., '92	Towson, Md.
Offutt, T. W., '91	Granite, Md.
Oliver, C. K., ex. '73	Elkton, Md.
Oliver, L. A., '95	Boston School Technology, Boston, Mass.
Oliver, M. F., '92	42 Washington Square, New York City
Padgett, B. E., '83	La Plata, Md.
Paine, G. P., ex. '93	1115 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Payne, T. P., '90	Corbett, Md.
Parks, L., '73	Bremmer St., Boston, Mass.
Parlette, E. W., ex. '93	Annapolis, Md.
Parrott, E. M., ex. '92	Woodlawn, Md.
Pearre, F. C., ex. '94	1925 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Phillips, W. S., '90	Carionsville, Md.
Pennington, Robert	1017 Market St., Wilmington, Del.
Pindell, Z. T., '71	Baltimore County, Md.
Preston, J. H., ex. '80	220 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Preston, W. W., ex. '71	Bel Air, Md.
Prettyman, F. J., '81	Lexington, Va.
Procter, B., '94	Bel Air, Md.
Purvis, J. O., '00	Annapolis, Md.
Pusey, E. D., '89	Annapolis, Md.
Quaid, G. F., '97	Annapolis, Md.
Quynn, H. H., '71	3040 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Randall, Blanchard, '74	Corn Exchange, Baltimore, Md.
Randall, B. A., '76	1806 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Randall, Dan. R., '83	Annapolis, Md.
Randall, J. Wirt, ex. '62	Annapolis, Md.
Randall, W. W., '84	Port Deposit, Md.
Ramsburg, J. H., '90	Washington, D. C.
Ray, J. G., '78	Annapolis, Md.
Reese, G. M., ex. '85	Elkton, Md.
Register, G. M., '91	Bismark, N. D.
Revell, E. J. W., '84	209 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Revell, James, '49	Annapolis, Md.
Ridgley, H. C., '93	Annapolis, Md.

Ridgley, R. H., '95 . . Corner Maryland Ave. and How St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Ridout, John, '87 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Ridout, W. G., '56 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Riley, H. R., '93 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Roberts, G. R., '01 . . . . . 222 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Ritchie, John, ex. '91 . . . . . Frederick, Md.
Ritchie, William, '73 . . . . . 504-506 Oxford Building, Chicago, Ill.
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Roseberry, J. R., '96 . . . . . 300 Roland Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Robertson, A. H., ex. '72 . . . . 324 Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.
Ross, A. M., ex. '93 . . . . . Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Sasscer, Fred., '75 . . . . . Upper Marlboro', Md.
Schaffer, W. C., '95 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Schley, W. S., Jr., '93 . . . . . 41 West 51st St., New York City
Schoff, C. H., '89 . . . . . Media, Pa.
Schoff, G. C., '86 . . . Babcock & Gibb Boiler Works, Philadelphia, Pa.
Scott, E. A., '80 . . . . . Galena, Md.
Shaffer, C. H., '96 . . . . . War Department, Washington, D. C.
Shartzer, W. J. '00 . . . . . Oakland, Md.
Shober, W. B., '85 . . . . . Lehigh University
Sherwood, W. A., ex. '95 . . . . 22 Rue Soderman, Antwerp, Belgium
Simmons, R. E., '97 . . . . . Continental National Bank, St. Louis, Mo.
Sinclair, James, '99 . . . . . Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
Sincell, E. H., '83 . . . . . Oakland, Md.
Skirvin, U. A., '97 . . . . . 912 East Preston St., Baltimore, Md.
Sloane, D. W., ex. '73 . . . . . Lonaconing, Md.
Smith, G. S., '91 . . . . . Providence Hospital, Providence, R. I.
Smith, Lieut. W. D., '97 . . . . War Department, Washington, D. C.
Southgate, Lieut. George T., ex. '93 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Steele, G. A., '84 . . . . . Elkton, Md.
Stevens, J. K., ex. '91 . . . . . Denton, Md.
Strahorn, J. S., '99 . . . . . Elkton, Md.
Stine, Joseph, ex. '95 . . . . . Catonsville, Md.
Stump, H. A., '78 . . . . . Bank of Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.

Talbot, O. H., '96 . . . . . Rockville, Md.
Terry, C. E., '98 . . . . . University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Thomas, T. T., '94 . . . . . Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.
Thomas, D. M., '46 . . Corner Lexington and Calvert Sts., Baltimore, Md.
Thompson, Rev. E. M., '95 . . . . 417 A St., S. E. Washington, D. C.
Thompson, J. G., ex. '84 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Thompson, J. W., '94 . . . . . Cambridge, Md.
Tilghman, G. M., ex. '95 . . . . . Norfolk, Va.
Tilton, J. G., '89 . . . . . Norfolk, Va.
Tippett, W. T., ex. '89 . . . . . Law Building, Baltimore, Md.
Tippett, R. B., '84 . . . . . Walbrook, Md.
Trenchard, W. E., '89 . . . . . Chestertown, Md.
Tolley, O. K., '00 . . . . . North Carolina Academy, N. C.
Truit, J. T., '90 . . . . . Pittsville, Md.
Tuck, P. H., '72 . . . . . 207 North Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
Tuck, W. G., '53 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Tull, J. L., '96 . . . . . Custom Inspector, Baltimore, Md.
Turner, H. P., '00 . . . . . Easton, Md.
Tull, G., '92 . . . . . Princess Anne, Md.

Valiant, J. F., '80 . . . . . Royal Oak, Md.

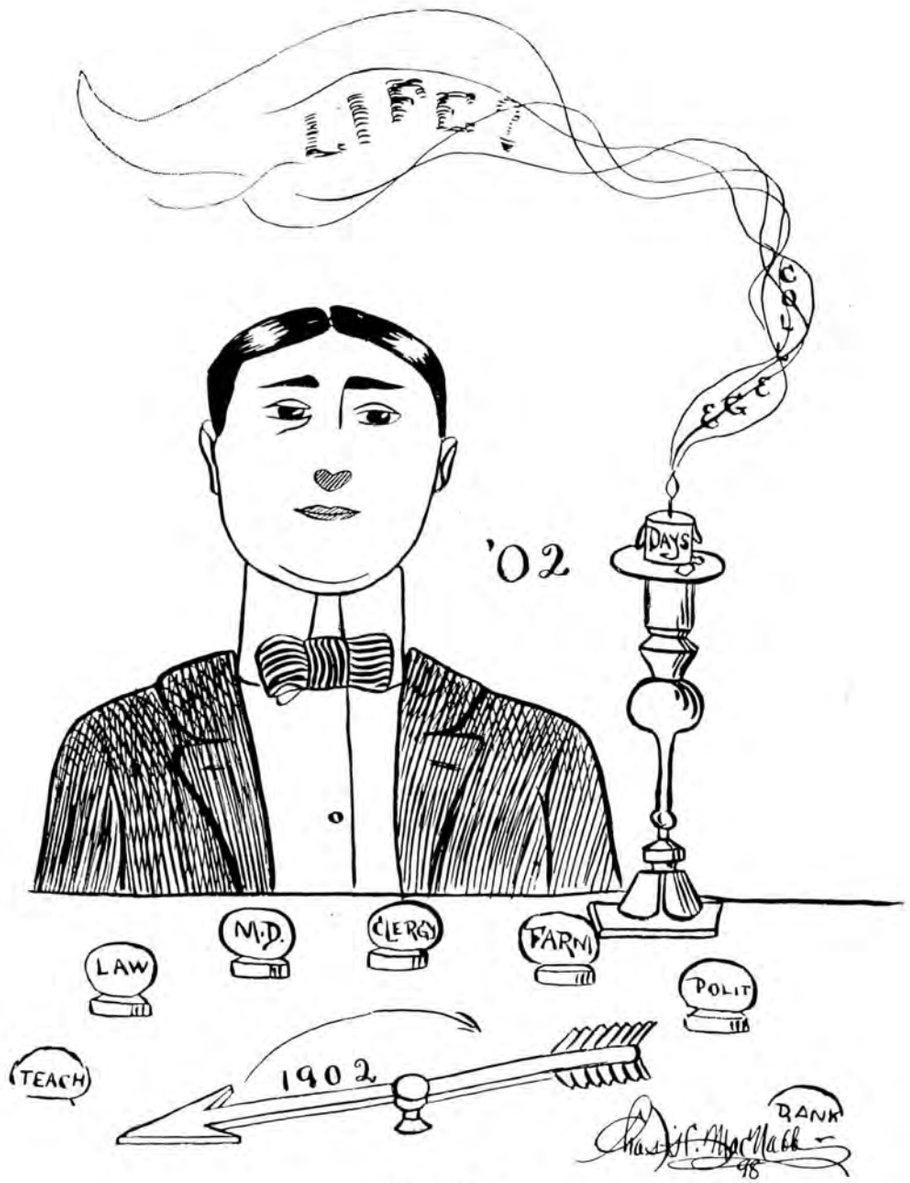
Wagaman, F. G., '96 . . . . . Hagerstown, Md.
Wagaman, S. M., '93 . . . . . Hagerstown, Md.
Waller, J. H., '93 . . . . . Salisbury, Md.
Walls, C. L., '97 . . . . . Ingleside, Md.
Wathen, E., '80 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Warfield, J. W., ex., '72 . . . . . Daily Record Building, Baltimore, Md.
Watkins, Rev. R. I., '82 . . . . . New Castle, Del.
Webster, Edwin, ex. '83 . . . . . Bel Air, Md.
Wells, J. G., '01 . . . . . Hampstead, Md.
White, F. O., ex. '73 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Whitson, K. L., '98 . . . . . War Dept., Washington, D. C.
Wier, N. C., '92 . . . . . 527 East Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
Wiley, S. P., '97 . . . . . Cumberland, Md.
Wiley, W. J., '01 . . . . . Norrissville, Md.
Wilhelm, W. H., '93 . . . . . Boys' Latin School, Baltimore, Md.
Willes, F. P., '88 . . . . . Croome, Md.
Wilkinson, A. L., '98 . . . . . 905 McCullogh St., Baltimore, Md.
Willey, A. C., '82 . . . . . Care J. H. Willey, Syracuse, N. Y.
Williams, R. H., '96 . . . . . Laurel, Md.
Williams, J. D., '80 . . . . . Salisbury, Md.
Wilmer, L. A., '71 . . . . . La Plata, Md.
Wilmer, Joseph R., '74 . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Wilson, H. B., '84 . . . . . 1106 South 10th St., Omaha, Neb.
Willard, A. D., '94 . . . . . Frederick, Md.
Wilson, C. F., ex. '90 . . . . . 55 Franklin St., New York City
Wirt, J. S., '72 . . . . . Elkton, Md.
Wisner, G. F., '01 . . . . . Towson, Md.
Wolfinger, S. M., '96 . . . . . Hagerstown, Md.
Worthington, John D., ex. '72 . . . . . Bel Air, Md.
Worthington, R. S., ex. '71 . . . . . Knoxville, Tenn.
Worthington, M. M., '01 . . . . . Bel Air, Md.
Wyatt, Rev. C. T., '86 . . . . . Pocomoke, Md.
Wyatt, W. H., '00 . . . . Wilmington Military Academy, Wilmington, Del.
Yellott, J. J., '92 . . . . . Highland, Md.
Yellott, O. I., '91 . . . . . Towson, Md.

The above are addresses of all the alumni at present known. Any corrections or information respecting these addresses will be gladly received.

We desire to sincerely thank the alumni who have so kindly responded to our letters; but, judging from the number of letters which were not answered, a majority of the alumni have entirely forgotten their Alma Mater.

How about It ?

Undergraduates



The Senior

Senior Class, 1902

Class of 1902

MOTTO—Fideli Certa Mercos.

COLORS—Blue and White.

Class Yell

Hip! Hip! Hip! Hi! Ho! Ha!
We are coming!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
Coming, Coming, Coming. Who?
St. John's! St. John's! 1902.

Officers

W. OUTERBRIDGE SPATES . . . . . *President*
ELLIOTT H. HUTCHINS . . . . . *Vice-President*
EDWARD H. TARBUTTON . . . . . *Secretary*
W. OSCAR LAMOTTE . . . . . *Treasurer*
RICHARD B. SPENCER . . . . . *Historian*

Members

Willard S. Ahalt (Ikey) . . . . . Burkittsville, Md.
Le Roy P. Baker (Hippy-de-Hop) . . . . . Preston, Md.
Augustus W. Bradford (Gus) . . . . . Bel Air, Md.
J. Howard Beard (Whiskers) . . . . . Rutland, Md.
Vernon S. Bradley (Pop) . . . . . Hurlock, Md.
Daniel W. Burrows (Mole) . . . . . Tompkinsville, Md.
T. Spencer Crane (Judge) . . . . . California, Md.
Charles S. Despard (Colonel Dessy) . . . . . Parkersburg, W. Va.
Wade H. Gordy (Wade) . . . . . Berlin, Md.
Elliott H. Hutchins (Hutch) . . . . . Barstowe, Md.
A. Aubrey Jackson (Aubrey) . . . . . Jacksonville, Md.
W. Wayne Keyes (Monk) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
W. Oscar LaMotte (Scrubby) . . . . . LaMotte, Md.
Frank J. Linthicum (Shadow) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Edward W. Petherbridge (Pether) . . . . . Charlotte Hall, Md.
Alexander Randall (Sandy) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Lou H. Seth (Lu) . . . . . Whitman, Md.
William Outerbridge Spates (Major Spots) . . . . . Poolesville, Md.
Richard B. Spencer (Dick) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Edward H. Tarbutton (Captain Frog) . . . . . Sudlersville, Md.
Samuel G. Townshend, Jr., (Sam) . . . . . Chettembank, Md.
William P. Ward (Billy) . . . . . Gamber, Md.

What the Poets Say About the Seniors

BURROUGHS.
"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden."
—*Longfellow.*

HUTCHINS.
"O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands; life hath snares!"
—*Longfellow.*

LINTHICUM.
"A shadow cloaked from head to foot."
—*Tennyson.*

CRANE.
"Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower."
—*Tennyson.*

LA MOTTE.
"His fortune's ruined and himself a slave."

SETH.
"Ah, why should life all labor be?
—*Tennyson.*

PETHERBRIDGE.
"He knew not what to say and so he swore."
—*Juvenal, Sat. iii. 33.*

SPATES.
"Would he but follow what his sex advise,
All things would prosper, and the school grow wise."
—*Pope.*

BRADLEY.
"Be sure yourself and your own reach to know
How far your genius, taste and learning go."
—*Pope.*

TARBUTTON.
"Imitation is the sincerest flattery."
—*C. C. Colton.*

RANDALL.
"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."
—*Pope.*

JACKSON.
"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."
—*Gay.*

KEYES.
"What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair."
—*Lord Lyttleton.*

TOWNSHEND.
Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."
—*James ii. 19.*

WARD.
"True it is,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop."
—*Shakespeare.*

BRADFORD.
"Oh, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination."
—*Shakespeare.*

GORDY.
"Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds."
—*Shakespeare.*

BEARD.
"Who are a little wise the best fools be."
—*Donne.*

DESPARD.
"Happiness depends as nature shows
Less on exterior things than most suppose."
—*Cowper.*

AHALT.
"Who mix'd reason with pleasure,
And wisdom with mirth."
—*Goldsmith.*

BAKER.
"And if I laugh at any mortal thing
'Tis that I may not weep."
—*Byron.*

SPENCER.
"A literary curiosity."

History of Senior Class, 1902

LOVE, labor, comedy, character, religion, recklessness, all in succession flash past our minds when we tilt back our chair, blow out the smoke, and let our memorys drift back over our college days.

The seed of our ambition began to germinate away back in the Prep. School, and the first leaf unfolded itself when the "Colonel" went on a loaf for two months under plea of preparing for the Naval Academy. Then one of our huge men told a Prof. that a hill in his county was a "right smart little mountain, Fessor," and we began to think that we had not only some character, but some "characters" in our class. First Prep. commencement saw Regulus still returning to the Romans (poor old Reg.), and the "brave men of Quebec" still "a coming on." That day we caught our first real glimpse of *femininity,* and if it was not the last no one can be blamed but the girls, for to our youthful eyes they did look particularly charming.

thing about the college should be run. The Seniors meant well, of course, but it was really wonderful what brilliant ideas those fourth-floor, all-in-a-room conversations developed. Athletics should be run differently; the Faculty could easily get a few points from our class-meeting, and as for "women" as we very knowingly spoke of them in those days, why, we had that volatile sex in a patent leather sling.

I don't remember how it all came about, but our ideas began to change a little when some of '02's men went over to the gym. one night (by invitation.) Certainly we had something new to think about after that; our horizon began to broaden, and consequently the earth began to get larger. It might be fair only to our class to say right here that some Senior wrote ouf Freshman history for the "Rat Tat" in Scriptural style, and thereby created a reputation for the class which has misled the public for four long years. However, by the herculean efforts of such men as "Hutch" and Leroy P., our average attendance at church has been kept at par with the other classes. (You see I am advertising some virtues of which the public is not aware, and so the fellows will pardon me if I get familiar with their reputations.)

Who learned to dance first is a fact no one cares to remember, so we will bury it in the deep oblivion of the "dead past," and only hope that some of our partners in those Freshman days will be equally willing to forgive and forget. Now, however, on Saturday nights you will see many unique styles of getting around the room by the men of "Nineteen-two." Many times, when all was peaceful in

Pinkney, our religious men would seem to be seized by an evil spirit, and in the wild rout that followed, an outsider would think that Beelzebub himself was the guiding influence. But no! they were only trying to dance, and success seems to have crowned their efforts, for to see "Peth" and "Linticum" in the "strains" of Auf Wiedersehen would moisten the eyes of any crocodile.

Mind you, most of these facts came to light in under class days, and it is only with bated breath that I introduce you to our final struggle to carry the sheepskin through the goal.

If I marked Senior year, "girls," I would save much ink and valuable time, and be truthful also, but out of justice and likewise a deep admiration, I must tell you of one or two who have not "monkeyed with the band-wagon." "Scrubby" Lamotte, "Colonel" Despard and Lou Seth are the immortal three, and in our degeneration they have been standing firm around the Senior banner and trying to rally the class. May we soon retract our wayward course, and instead of creeping in after 10.30, may be tucked safely in our little beds when the O. D. takes up inspection.

When we returned last September the fellows said it took several days to shake off some kind of a feeling concerning moonlight nights. I asked Lamotte about it and he said it must be sleepiness, and I wondered what a fool I was not to have thought of that before.

Ahalt joined our class about this time, and, much to our surprise, put up with "Billy" Ward and "Scrubby." This formed rather an unholy combination, which has brought "Scrubby" into much prominence these last few months.

Christmas holidays went by all too soon, and again I sought our sage Lamotte as to what manner of devil affected our classmates. We consumed much tobacco, electricity and valuable time on the subject, and at last, in an unguarded moment, my colleague said he guessed they must be in love. Thus went the year with its mixture of joys and sorrows and hopes and misgivings. And now we are thinking of June dances, and exams., and girls from "down home," and where will all our money come from. But in the midst of all these confusing thoughts there remains one that has ever been clear to our minds, one in which doubt has no resting place, and that one will be fulfilled when on the night of the Alumni banquet we will all rise and drain our cups in one "last, long, lingering drink" to the class of Nineteen-two.

RICHARD BENNETT SPENCER.

The Junior

Junior Class, 1903

Junior Class, 1903

Motto—*Γνῶθι σαυτόν*,

COLORS—ROYAL PURPLE AND LEMON.

Class Yell

Me he! Me ha! Me ha, ha, ha!
St. John's College! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Me he! Me ha! Me ha, ha, he!
St. John's! St. John's! 1903!

Officers

W. WILSON GALBREATH . . . . . *President*
LEROY T. ROHRER . . . . . *Vice-President*
NEVOUS P. REED . . . . . *Secretary*
D. CLAUDE HANDY . . . . . *Treasurer*
WALTON H. GRANT . . . . . *Historian*

Members

Drew H. Beatty (Slewfoot) . . . . . North East, Md.
John L. Blecker (Judge) . . . . . Boonsboro, Md.
James Clark (Pale Face) . . . . . Ellicott City, Md.
Fred Y. Cronk (Crank) . . . . . Winfield, Md.
Charles A. Cummins (Si) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Harry R. Dougherty (Pat) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Rily E. Elgen (Dutchy) . . . . . Mt. Airy, Md.
W. Wilson Galbreath (Grandma) . . . . . Darlington, Md.
Enoch B. Garey (Talmage) . . . . . Williston, Md.
Walton H. Grant (General) . . . . . Alpha, Md.
Thomas W. Hall (Tom) . . . . . Bel Air, Md.
D. Claude Handy (Tom) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Charles P. Hollingsworth (Cholly) . . . . . Falston, Md.
Nevous P. Reed (Nee-wy) . . . . . Rosaryville, Md.
LeRoy T. Rohrer (Rough-House Jim) . . . . . Rohrersville, Md.
Frederick W. Seward (Unser Fritz) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
S. Harrison Tilghman (Baby Bip) . . . . . Easton, Md.
Amos W. Woodcock (Sanctimony) . . . . . Salisbury, Md.
Joseph H. Wood (Pat) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.

History of Junior Class

CLASSES are said to have histories, and when a fellow reflects upon his class history so many memories of past accomplishments flood in upon his confused thoughts that he feels inclined to trust to memory for the enjoyment of his class history and its merits. He selfishly says: "I know we have a history, and a glorious history at that, a history that is fraught with happy incidents, a history that is filled with pleasing accomplishments, a history formed by the labors and the follies of some of the men whom I have found to be my dearest friends. But why should I write this history? Is it not engraved upon the heart of every man in my class? What change of life, what vicissitude of the future can ever efface the memory of my college days?" But this sentiment is a mistaken one. When a body of men gather in a college like this for the purpose of training their young lives and minds for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," they form a sort of fraternity, and during a four years' course they do many things worthy of publication for reference in the years to come.

All parts of Maryland have contributed men for the formation of the present junior class. From the rocky passes of Washington county down through the fertile and beauteous valleys of Central Maryland, on to the indescribable *et* invisible beauties of the crab districts of the Eastern Shore, have these high-minded youths assembled together in harmony under "the guardian sway of this College of the Patriots.' At our first meeting we were all most assuredly green, but as time wore on, the rough edge wore off, and at the close of the first year we began to realize how little we knew.

How well I remember this band of hayseeds smuggled from the high seas about Salisbury, Boonsboro, Rosaryville, Easton, North East, Darlington, Alpha, and other points not on the map. Some smelled of clover, some of tar, some of oyster shells, some of mountain laurel; and one smelled of cheap cologne, profusely applied. At the close of the freshman year we all "smelled of the midnight oil." But now we have become used to college, and are averse to studying at all.

Lest we stray, permit me to revert to the days when we were young in the ways of college life. As I had the honor of relating in last year's Rat Tat, we were unusually noisy. One night we carried things our own way, on the fourth floor, and before morning the upper classmen carried things *their* way—and we couldn't sit down for two weeks. I was afraid to say anything about this last year,

knowing that there was much danger of lowering our dignity as the leaders of the G. O. H. Besides, Sophomores like to keep such things a secret. We never had a classmeeting that didn't end in a fight. At that time everything we did as a body turned out to be a "fizzle." (Our class colors, for instance.) But, now we always say that this was on account of the poor example set by the class above us.

It is amusing to think over the first impressions of our classmates. I well remember little Amos Woodcock in his knee breeches when for the first time he crawled up to Tommy's desk. If ever there was a sad picture of homesickness and insignificance he impersonated it. Little did we think that in him lay the qualities of mind and character that have made him such an honor to our class. His Freshman roommate, "Bip" Tilghman, was also a child in years, a baby in size and an infant in manners. Many a night have I been compelled to put to sleep these two children with the soft, sweet strains of my trained voice. Next "Slew-foot" Beatty came, dragging his big feet up the College walk. When he had safely housed his ponderous and momentous steppers he immediately began to bone lessons, *hiding captiously* behind his matchless groundworks, so that we saw him only at the table. By the way, he was punctual at meals. I can still see how the plastered locks of hair, so inappropriately concealed from view that recognized mark of intelligence, which Si Cummins has possessed from birth—his high forehead. He was the only Freshman who spent his time, his money and his artistic taste upon the walls of his room, and then wrote long letters about it to every female he knew. He has nourished these traits of character, and in this particular he is still the "whole thing in a nutshell." Then there was the once awkward and clumsy John Blecker, who surely struck our fancy as being a very handsome youth. But time works many changes. This odd person has lived throughout his whole course upon the luxury of his imagined ambition, but through his bad taste for study he has come to misfortune in more than one exam.

Despite susbequent failures and mistakes, how pleasant it is to talk of these days of our first meeting! How fanciful and incomplete these records are! But how much more forcible than the treacherous chronicles of the memory! Doesn't it pay to write a history? Are not these boyish foibles, which in after years will have a charm for us? Then let us continue further in our dream of the past.

None of us are any longer certain as to whether "Neewy" Reed was regarded as a Brownie or a Pigmy, but time has developed that he is the "Missing Link." There was "Pat" Wood, born and raised on Market street, Annapolis, and though he had been in the Prep. school for seventeen years, he was a new acquaintance to the majority of our class. He impressed us as Annapolitans only can. And there was another little tot from this ancient city. "Tom" Handy was his name.

Tom being a very polite little man, always used to conduct his cousin, another Annapolis boy, called "Dug" Howard, up to the Halls of Learning. Dug and Tom never felt so happy as when they could bring up a large box of home-made caramels for their friends. They usually had more friends than caramels. Dug and Tom were "general traders of good sense,' and both had a pull with the fair ones of the "City of Anne." It seems to be a painful duty to interrupt these awakened memories by recording that very recently our good friend Dug has left us to prepare for the entrance examinations to the Naval Academy. We have lost a bright scholar, a fine athlete and a general good fellow. We voice the sentiment of the whole school in wishing for him a happy and useful career in Uncle Sam's Navy.

Leaflets of Freshman history again unroll themselves and the finger of merit is pointing to a name which has come to be honored amongst us—Wilson Galbreath. I remember how one day we wasted two hours and ten cents worth of firecrackers in trying to awaken him from one of his regular naps. He is always napping. And although he never has allowed the Profs. to catch him, he *did* get caught once by the police of Annapolis.

Garey, the man who has been "sweet sixteen" for ten years, was looked upon as the one Freshman who was sure of social success. Upon his handsome face were evident marks of future greatness, and a convenient age. We were all becoming well acquainted and fairly well satisfied with ourselves, when in the second term we were startled by the sudden appearance of "Patrick" Dougherty, a native of Paris, who sprung up in our midst like a meadow mushroom on a spring night. "Dots" was immediately applied to his name, but at his request we changed it to the uncommon Irish title, "Pat." He was soon followed by another specimen of Baltimore's greasers, Mr. "Fritzy" Seward, who came sliding through space on one of Heinz's pickles. This finished our Pandora Box for the first year, "Gottsiedankt."

In the course of nature and luck, in spite of mathematics, we became Sophomores. Knobs of importance fast developed upon our heads, for proud were the first few weeks of our novel position as leaders of that "Awful" Organization, known to Freshmen as the G. O. H. They say "pride goeth before a fall," and in seeming realization of this fact the Freshmen behaved themselves so well that we had to suspend hostilities indefinitely. We soon had to substitute civility for enmity; gradually this civility grew into a strong liking, and today the classes of '04 and '03 are closely joined in the ties of lasting friendship. But like all other Sophomore classes, we did not have all our Freshmen classmates with us to share our new responsibilities and experiences. We have missed them greatly. At the opening of our Sophomore year, however, several sons of Maryland resolved to

cast their lots with the class of 1903. These were two high-heeled Harford county lads, "Cholly" Hollingsworth and Tom Hall; two Carroll county aristocrats, Rily Elgen and "Miss Cranky" Cronk; one general nuisance from Rohrersville (?) by the name of "Jim" Rohrer, and still *another* escaped Howard Countain, who called himself "Paleface" Clark.

With such reinforcements we began to feel strong as well as proud. Then, ah then, it was that we started upon our course of record-breaking, brain-bursting, and heart-smashing; then it was that we began to enjoy our studies, and to long for our meals, and our drill period. Then it was that we began to dream of our Rat Tat.

We started right in for all athletics and developed men who have distinguished themselves upon the field.

There comes a swelling of pride when we relate that in the inter-class contests last May we won second place, the Juniors being first. Hall brought us a peculiar distinction by breaking the College record in the half-mile run. Garey covered himself with glory as a swift and graceful runner. Beatty and Rohrer added several points to our credit by gaining second place in two events.

Coming now to the Military Department, we would say that we had always taken a particular pride in this business, and, next to studying, it was our favorite duty. But owing to the large numbers and large ambitions of the Junior class, we could not secure many promotions in rank. However, the "Ice-Wagon" Blecker was made a corporal.

After nine weeks of heated discussion we adopted a class-pin, but it is not satisfactory to one member of the class. (One more of our class "fizzles.")

In June, when the standing of the classes was announced, nine certificates of honor and distinction were awarded to the men of 1903, showing that we were making good use of our time.

But our history must not be all sunshine, there are shadows on the brightest days. During our Sophomore year we lost several good men not before mentioned in this history. Some left college, some "fell by the wayside" and are now wading through the quagmire of lost hope. We are sorry to lose these, our fellow-strugglers.

With the glorious advent of our Junior year, we came to find that all Juniors inherit the right to three privileges: (1) An overdrawn ambition, (2) a penetrating opinion of the Seniors, and (3) a swelled head. We have made good use of the second, but were not much surprised when Miss Fortune refused us our share of the first and third privileges. For we had expected that last year's Juniors had already abused them beyond further avail. We warn future Juniors against too much ambition, and too much swelled head. However, we have a good supply

of that penetrating opinion about the Seniors, and we keep it as recompense for the complete loss of the other two advantages.

To return to our history, we are unable to say that we have contributed as many men for the football team as the Seniors. But there was the quality in our men that made up for the quantity in other classes. The giant Beatty played very fine ball at left half back. Garey has made a splendid record at right half back, and has been chosen to lead St. John's promising team to unheard-of victories next fall. For three seasons Blecker has been a faithful center, while "Dug" Howard at right end, carried men and things his way. "Jim" Rohrer was one of the best subs. "Cholly" Hollingsworth also did good work on the second team.

History is dry reading if there isn't something funny to relate occasionally, so here goes. This class elected a Rat Tat Board. This Rat Tat Board had weekly meetings—twice a month. All the valuable time of this wooden board was occupied in holding meetings. Our minute book is twice the size of our Rat Tat, and is twice as funny. We are going to have copies made to give every man in the class. They will prolong life, and save future circus expenses. Our history is brightened very much by the brilliant success with which our men have met in the social functions of the college. From a class of twenty, fifteen go to the hops, the greatest per cent. of any class here. Consequently, the memories of college days will not be confined to the life we have spent in each other's company, but will often flock to the happy hours spent in the company of some sweet Annapolis girl. We are proud of our record, and we believe that it is the benign influence of culture which St. John's exerts upon her students that has worn off the rough edges of our manners, and polished the beautiful traits of character that were covered only by a thin coat of inexperience. Our history is nearly finished, and lengthy as it is, we cannot forbear the temptation to record some personal peculiarities which, for the possessors, perhaps, cast slight shadows of their future meaning upon the screen of our imagination.

Whether sportive or natural with them, we must comment that the tedious sarcasm of the "Woodchuck," "Bip," Blecker and "Pat," which from time to time has borne us all down to pitiless nothingness, can be measured only by the barrel. As for order, in the "barracks," we feel sure that "Jim Rough-house," Rily Elgen, "Tom" Reed and Tom Hall would rather get *fired* than keep quiet. Just as with "Rustic" Beatty, "Jim" Clark and Garey, who delight in lathering the faces of unfortunate friends whom they happen to find sleeping. We hope these tonsorial traits do not bespeak for them a future career. Far better would it be for them to follow the example of "Fritzy" and his ponies, and make arrangements with the circus manager for a life job.

Indeed, we might enumerate page after page of "ways that are peculiar and tricks that are vain," but space prevents further indulgence in such trivialities.

We believe it fitting to congratulate our '03 Philomathean members upon the excellent showing that they made at the public debate held here in March, and feel that to the class is due laudatory mention of the active part they have always taken in the literary, musical, social, athletic and intellectual interests of St. John's.

Our experience as Juniors has disposed us to believe the philosopher who said that all the pleasures of life consist in either anticipation or recollection. The studies required here in the Junior year make it the "terrible present," and there is no pleasure except in the memories of the past and in the hoped-for honors of the future.

It is with many forebodings of possible ill-success that this class will assume the dignity of Seniors. But let us hope that our bud of kindly feeling towards those under us may be nurtured, and finally developed into a beautiful flower whose fragrance will be the love and justice to all who may come under our authority.

Coming to the close of this editorial-history something seems to tell us that we cannot pass without thanking the whole student body for their support in the publication of this Rat Tat, the greatest of our class undertakings. Let us all look forward to the coming glories of our lives, and go on our way rejoicing, resolving to leave to the fates the silent work of fixing our destinies, and ever remembering, ever loving our old Alma Mater. May we all "live long and prosper."

WALTON HOOD GRANT.

To the memory of the "Lumnibuses" who "have strayed like lost sheep" from the path of '03, we dedicate this space.

Lawrence W. Bagger	Baltimore, Md.
Edward H. Baughman	Baltimore, Md.
Harry B. Beck	Philadelphia, Pa.
Benj. A. Bryan	Lankford, Md.
R. Coombs	Camp Parole, Md.
T. G. Devons	Rising Sun, Md.
L. M. Jacobs	Baltimore, Md.
Ralph de Mitkiewicz	New York City, N. Y.
Gordon E. Riggin	Crisfield, Md.
J. Archer Sellman	Baltimore, Md.
Herman S. Turner	Nanticoke, Md.
Edgar C. Wrede	Annapolis, Md.
V. S. Bradley	Former Member, now a Senior

Positions in College Held by Members of the Junior Class

BEATTY.

Secretary and Treasurer of the "Rat Tat" Board ('01—'02).
Sergeant Company "A" ('01—'02).
Member of Religious Committee of the Y. M. C. A. ('01—'02).
Member of Mission Study Committee of the Y. M. C. A. ('02—'03).
Football Team ('01—'02).
Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. ('02—'03).
Membership Committee Y. M. C. A. ('00—'01).
Chairman of Reading Room Committee ('02—'03).
Class Base Ball Team ('00—'01).
Φ K Society.

BLECKER.

Corporal Company "B" ('00—'01).
Sergeant Company "B" ('01—'02).
Foot Ball Team ('00—'01—'02).
Editor-in-Chief of the "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Vice-President of Athletic Association ('01—'02).
Φ K Society.

GRANT.

Class Historian ('00—'01—'02).
Membership Committee Y. M. C. A. ('00—'01—'02—'03).
Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A. ('01—'02).
Chairman Religious Meeting Committee Y. M. C. A. ('01—'02).
Glee Club ('00—'01—'02).
Corporal Company "A" ('01—'02).
Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Association ('01—'02).
Mission Study Committee Y. M. C. A. ('01—'02).
Miscellaneous Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Φ K Society.

REED.

Class Secretary ('00—'01—'02).
Corporal Company "B" ('01—'02).
Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Assistant Miscellaneous Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
"Stag" Hop Committee ('02—'03).
Φ M Society.

CLARK.

Assistant Editor "Collegian" ('01—'02).
Corporal Company "A" ('01—'02).
Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Committee ('02—'03).
June Ball Hop Committee ('02—'03).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Φ K Society.

CUMMINS.

Class President ('00—'01).
Athletic Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Secretary Athletic Association ('01—'02).
Corporal Company "A" ('01—'02).
Baseball Team ('00—'01).
"Stag" Hop Committee ('02—'03).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Φ K Society.

WOODCOCK.

Class Secretary ('99—'00).
Assistant Editor "Collegian" ('00—'01—'02).
Membership Committee Y. M. C. A. ('00—'01—'02).
President Y. M. C. A. ('02—'03).
Leader Bible Class ('01—'02).
Secretary Y. M. C. A. ('01—'02).
Associate Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Glee Club ('00—'01—'02).
Corporal Company "B" ('01—'02).
Treasurer of the Glee Club ('01—'02).
Treasurer Athletic Association ('01—'02).
Manager Football Team ('02—'03).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Φ M Society.

GAREY.

June Ball Hop Committee ('01—'02).
Hop Committee ('00—'01—'02).
Football Team ('00—'01—'02).
Captain Football Team ('02—'03).
Vice-President Dramatic Association ('01—'02).
Relay Team ('00—'01).
Town and Campus Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Corporal Company "B" ('01—'02).
Glee Club ('99—'00—'01—'02).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Φ K Society.

DOUGHERTY.

Mandolin Club ('00—'01—'02).
Business Manager "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Assistant Manager of Baseball Team ('01—'02).
Corporal Company "A" ('01—'02).
Φ K Society.

HANDY.

Assistant Editor "Collegian" ('01—'02).
Class Treasurer ('01—'02).
Corporal Company "B" ('01—'02).
Glee Club ('01—'02).
Hop Committee ('01—'02).

HALL.

Assistant Miscellaneous Editor "Rat Tat."
Φ K Society.

SEWARD.

Corporal Company "B" ('01—'02).
Φ M Society.

TILGHMAN.

Leader Mandolin Club ('01—'02).
Secretary Mandolin and Glee Clubs ('01—'02).
Assistant Alumni Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
June Ball Hop Committee ('02—'03).
Sergeant Company "A" ('01—'02).
Member of the Reading Room Committee ('02—'03).
Chairman of Membership Committee of the Y. M. C. A. ('02—'03).
Φ K Society.

CRONK.

June Ball Hop Committee ('02—'03).
Assistant Business Manager "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Glee Club ('00—'01—'02).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Φ K Society.

ELGEN.

Sergeant in Band.
Humorous Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Bass Drummer S. J. C. Band ('02).
Φ K Society.

HOWARD.

Football Team ('00—'01—'02).
Sergeant Company "B" ('01—'02).
Class Baseball Team ('00—'01).

GALBREATH.

June Ball Hop Committee ('02—'03).
Hop Committee ('01—'02).
Alumni Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Vice-President Class ('00—'01).
President Class ('01—'02).
Assistant Manager Football Team ('01—'02).
Sergeant Company "B" ('01—'02).
Φ K Society.

ROHRER.

Baseball Team ('00—'01).
Corporal Company "A" ('01—'02).
Vice-President Class ('01—'02).
Literary Editor "Rat Tat" ('01—'02).
Substitute Football Team ('00—'01—'02).
Chairman "Rough House" Committee ('00—'01—'02).
Class Baseball Team, Captain, ('00—'01).
Φ M Society.

WOOD.

Sergeant Company "A" ('01—'02).
Φ K Society.

He Knows He Knows,—
The Sophomore.

Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class, 1904

MOTTO—Vincit Qui Se Vincit.

COLORS—Maroon and White.

Class Yell

Rickety Racks! Rickety Racks!
We are the College Crackerjacks;
We Will Back for Evermore
St. John's! St. John's! Ninteen Four!

Officers

J. WIRT WILMER . . . . . President
G. W. WILSON . . . . . Vice-President
H. H. PADGETT . . . . . Secretary
P. C. JONES . . . . . Treasurer
H. B. SCARBOROUGH . . . . . Historian

Members

V. S. Beachley (Studious) . . . . . Middletown, Md.
Mallory L. Burroughs (? ? ?) . . . . . Tompkinsville, Md.
Elliott H. Burwell (Ellie) . . . . . Harwood, Md.
T. Howard Collins (Wilkie) . . . . . Snow Hill, Md.
Burtis W. Cooper (Burtis) . . . . . Charleston, Md.
Randall C. Cronin (Senator) . . . . . Wilna, Md.
Edward O. Halbert (Mooney) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
John M. J. Hodges (? ? ? ? ?) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Paul C. Jones (Rat) . . . . . Dunkirk, Md.
Harry W. Masenheimer (Masey) . . . . . Manchester, Md.
Daniel R. Magruder (Dada) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
John F. Mudd (Ben Hoogan) . . . . . Bryantown, Md.
Harry H. Padgett (Pigeon) . . . . . Washington, Md.
John A. Murphy (Pat) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Thomas W. Peters (Tom) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Egerton S. Powell (Toney) . . . . . Cumberland, Md.
William L. Revell (Corn Husks) . . . . . Asbury, Md.
Harold B. Scarborough (Scabby) . . . . . Girdletree, Md.
Maurice T. Small (Sister) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Tunis R. Strange (Tunis) . . . . . Annapolis, Md.
Irwin B. Somerville (Somer) . . . . . Lonaconing, Md.
J. W. C. Stick (Lady-Killer) . . . . . Hampstead, Md.
Harry S. Tarbert (Country) . . . . . Glencoe, Md.
J. Wirt Wilmer (Puss) . . . . . La Plata, Md.
Bert Wilson (Big Wilson) . . . . . Blaine, W. Va.
George W. Wilson (Old Lady) . . . . . Wilson, W. Va.
Edward R. Padgett (Big Pigget) . . . . . Washington, Md.
Harry I. Jackson (Parson) . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Gordon E. Riggin (Lord) . . . . . Crisfield, Md.

History of Sophomore Class

THE 18th of September, 1900, is one of the most memorable dates in the annals of St. John's College. On that day there came here a band of youths such as had never been here before. Our historian of last year has told the history of the beginning of this noble class, and it has been given to me to continue the great work begun by my most worthy predecessor. Of course, the first thing to do was to organize ourselves into a body. A meeting was called and we elected the following class officers: John F. Mudd, president; J. Wirt Wilmer, vice-president, and P. C. Jones, secretary and treasurer. The part we took in football, and how we studied during the winter and "boned" for our exams., has already been told.

Before the close of college we had attained such a degree of superiority both in the classroom and on the athletic field that President Fell pronounced us to be the best all-round Freshmen class that had been here during his presidency. We certainly have proved this to be true. In our field meet with the upper classes we came out in the fourth place, yet in our other games, as in baseball, we came out with flying colors. In our field meet, notwithstanding that fourth place is the lowest place, we scored 25½ out of the 146 points possible, against 2 points made by the Freshman class of the year before. Cooper did good work putting the shot, and would, undoubtedly, have taken first place had it not been for his sprained wrist. All three places in pole vaulting were taken by Halbert, Mudd and Revell. Tarbert won the quarter-mile run and Halbert, Cronin, Burwell and Scarborough easily won the mile relay. The relay team that was sent to Philadelphia included two of our members—Halbert and Cronin.

The inter-class baseball games now engaged our attention, and we practiced very hard every day before the games. There was slight doubt as to the outcome of these games, but, of course, we expected to win them. The junior class ('02), called the "Banner Class," only by themselves, however, supposing themselves to be superior in every respect to all the other classes, thought, or at least said, that they would have a "cinch" with us. But, alas! Poor Juniors! Beaten by a team of measly, contemptible, insignificant Freshmen. We defeated them by the score of 14 to 2. In our other games we were equally successful. The Seniors forfeited to the Sophomores, and we defeated Sophomores by a score of 6 to 1, only one man reaching third base. We also defeated the Preps. by a score of 10 to 4. Much credit is due to our pitcher, and also to the men who backed him, for these brilliant victories. The team was made up as follows:

Mudd, catcher; Stick, pitcher; Wilmer, 1st base; Halbert, 2nd base; Cooper, 3rd base; Jones, short stop; G. Wilson, right field; Scarborough, center field, and Murphy, left field. Tarbert and Burwell wer substitutes. Powell and Burwell represented the college in the tennis meet in Baltimore with Johns Hopkins University and Western Maryland College.

The time for our June exams. was now fast approaching, and we saw the necessity of doing some hard work. Consequently we set to work, and after using much midnight electricity and impressing on our minds many of those irregular French verbs and the theories of mathematics, we passed through our exams. very successfully. Therefore, everyone will now admit that the class of 1904 should rightfully be called "The Banner Class of St. John's." At one of our class meetings it was decided to have a banquet in commemoration of our athletic victories. Accordingly, the money was appropriated out of the class treasury, and we had the banquet. Addresses were made by many members on the different things in which our class was interested. The speech by our President, Mudd, on "The Class of 1904," was very interesting to us, and when he talked of the first accomplishments and the future prospects of the class, the greatest enthusiasm manifested itself among the members of the class.

Thus ended our first year, during which we established such a reputation as very few other Freshmen classes has ever yet had.

After enjoying our long summer vacation, we returned to St. Johns, resolved to begin hard, earnest work again. In a few days after the opening of the college a class meeting was called for the election of new class officers. The following men were elected: J. Wirt Wilmer, president; G. Wilson, vice-president; H. Padgett, secretary, and P. C. Jones, treasurer. Three new men, Beachley, Collins and E. Padgett, joined our class at the opening of the session, and have proved themselves to be good men.

As athletics form one of the most interesting parts of college life, we were not long in answering to the call for football players. Halbert and Cooper, two regulars, played a fine game during the whole season. Cooper is to be praised for his great work at left tackle. Mudd, Burwell and Scarborough were substitutes.

As soon as the football season was over, we settled down to hard studying. According to the exam. marks of all the classes, our class passed the most creditably of any class in college. I do not mean to say that no one in our class "flunked," for that would hardly be true.

I cannot do justice to the class by simply stating a few facts concerning it as a whole. Therefore, I will attempt to give the characteristics of some of our worthy classmen. One of the most prominent members is Ben. Hoogan. He

is prominent on account of his height, which is about 8 ft. 6 in. (?). When he puts on his little No. 6½ straw hat you can recognize him wherever you see him, but you must not laugh, although he does look very comical. Then there is H. Padgett, who is, without a doubt, the best musician in the class. He spends the most of his time dreaming and talking of springtime and of playing his guitar and singing in the evenings on the campus. If you hear anyone in the hall say, "Won't it be fine when spring comes, so that we can sit out on the campus," "You must learn all the popular songs and we will sing them when we can sit out on the campus," and similar expressions, you may be sure that it is Padgett. If you want to learn anything about the fair sex of Annapolis go to Rat Jones. He spends the most of his time with them and knows much about them. Then another thing he is noted for is the art of pretending sickness when he has a difficult recitation. Collins has been voted upon as being the greatest eater in the class. He well deserves the honor. He is an excellent writer and an authority on eating. His most famous books are, "What to Eat," "Physical Training" and a pamphlet on "Never Be Afraid of Eating Too Much." He is better known as "Toothpick" or "Wilkie." Providence has been kind to us in giving us one of the wonders of the world. This is a "Human Jumping-Jack" by the name of Magruder. His manner of walking is likely to impress one that he has springs in his heels. We often quake with fear that sometimes those springs will raise him beyond the limits of gravitation. Then our number would be one less.

The baseball season has now opened, and we expect to be well represented on the team. Some of our men for whom there is a good opening are Wilmer, Halbert, and Stick, Collins, Mudd, and Jones. They are all good players and will make the other candidates hustle. Our class team expects to administer another bitter defeat to the Seniors. In field and track sports we will hold up our end, as we will undoubtedly have three men on the relay team—Cronin, Halbert and Tarbert.

Now, with a few words regarding our relation with the Freshmen, this history will be closed. Since hazing was abolished here several years ago, it was not the desire of our class to revive it. Yet, we all believe that when a young fellow first leaves the restraint of parental influence, he is apt to regard himself as being "the only one." Hence, in order to banish all such ideas from the brilliant (?) minds of the Freshmen we deemed it necessary to resort to something that would furnish us a little amusement, and at the same time teach them the lesson intended. I think everyone, with possibly the exception of the Freshmen, enjoyed the concerts given by them. As it is the custom, we had to elect a new vice-president for the Pinkney Hall Glee Club, and to do this we had to test the voices of the Freshmen. The singing was very much like that heard at a grand opera (?).

Mr. Bird was finally elected to the office of vice-president. As he did not feel competent to express his thanks in a speech, he was asked to give us another song, and he readily complied. There was no end to the fun in watching some of the poor fellows rooting pennies out of bowls of water. Of course the usual reading of rules and posting up of bills on which the rules were printed was soon done by us. After these few proceedings the Freshmen were allowed to rest in peace.

I sincerely hope that I have exactly portrayed the virtues of this grand old class, and that it may yet rise higher in its power and bring more glory and honor both to itself and to old St. John's.

HAROLD B. SCARBOROUGH.

Sophomore Celebrities

According to the vote of the Sophomore Class.

1. The kindest—Mudd.
2. The *Oldest*—Burroughs.
3. The most conceited—Stick.
4. The most popular—Wilmer.
5. The merriest—Powell.
6. The brightest—Scarborough.
7. The clumsiest—Cooper.
8. The *most literary*—Cooper.
9. The tallest—Collins.
10. The largest feet—Burroughs.
11. The most talkative—Cronin.
12. The stingiest—Masenheimer.
13. The *most lovable*—Revell.
14. The softest—Stick.
15. The greatest eater—Collins.
16. The greatest kicker—Small.
17. The *youngest*—B. Wilson.
18. The sleepiest—Tarbert.
19. The best ladies' man—Wilson, G.
20. The most industrious—Jones.
21. The biggest devil—Powell.
22. The *best figure*—Small.
23. The handsomest—Pagett, E.
24. The best dressed—Masenheimer.
25. The goodest man—Beachley.
26. The slyest—Murphy.

Editorial Board of the 1903 Rat Tat

GEO. W. WILSON,
Editor-in-Chief.

EDWARD RIDDLE PADGETT,
Associate Editor.

J. WIRT WILMER,
Alumni Editor.

IRWIN B. SOMERVILLE,
Assistant Alumni Editor.

BERT WILSON,
Literary Editor.

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Humorous Editor.

E. O. HALBERT,
Athletic Editor.

GORDON E. RIGGIN,
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JOHN M. J. HODGES,

J. W. C. STICK,
Assistant Miscellaneous Editors.

HARRY W. MASENHEIMER,

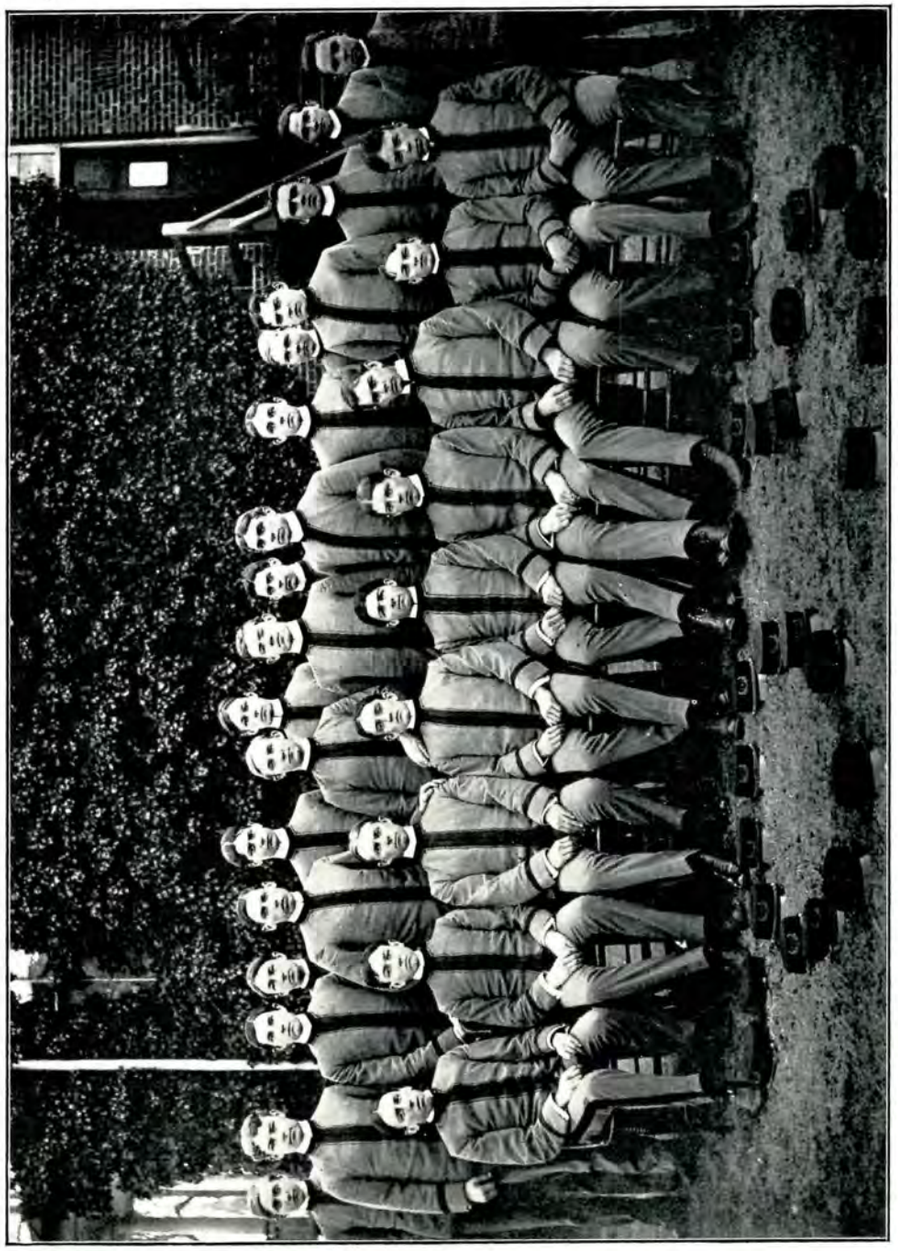
R. TUNIS STRANGE,
Business Managers.

RANDALL C. CRONIN,
Assistant Business Manager.

V. S. BEACHLEY,
Treasurer of the Board.

"Ma said "Be careful about fire!"

The Freshman



Freshman Class

Freshman Class, 1905

COLORS.

Yale blue and gold.

YELL.

Rah! ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!
Ricka, racka, booma lacka,
Sis boom ba!
St. John's,
'05, '05, '05!

Officers

MERRIT G. RASIN	*President.*
JOHN M. GREEN	*Vice-President.*
J. VINCENT JAMISON	*Secretary.*
JOSEPH R. PENNELL	*Treasurer.*
RALPH C. BOWEN	*Historian.*

Members

W. Askey (Billy)	Lonaconing, Md.
J. W. Bird (Jay bird)	West River Md.
R. C. Bowen (Parson)	Parran, Md.
W. S. Brogden (Handsome)	Halls, Md.
A. B. Cecil (Artist)	Millersville, Md.
B. L. Carter (Bull)	Annapolis, Md.
E. P. DuVal (Ned)	Annapolis, Md.
J. H. Fox (Foxie Quiller)	Perry Hall, Md.
H. R. Gore (Sir Rodger)	Upper Marlborough, Md.
J. M. Green (Darry)	Annapolis, Md.
H. P. Graham (Harry)	Annapolis, Md.
R. Hopkins (Sis)	Darlington, Md.
J. V. Jamison (Kid)	Hagerstown, Md.
F. Lilly (Shorty)	Catonsville, Md.
J. Merryman (Uncle Phil)	Timonium, Md.
M. K. Neville (Punch)	North Platt, Neb.
J. R. Pennell (Hank)	Annapolis, Md.
M. G. Rasin (Mack)	Chestertown, Md.
H. Ruland (Creeper)	Spunk, Long Island.
A. W. Smith (Smitty)	Cumberland, Md.
G. F. Smith (Dr. Soho)	Gambrill, Md.
J. A. Tarbert (Country II)	Glencoe, Md.
E. A. Vey (Friend)	Baltimore, Md.
E. Valk (? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?)	Annapolis, Md.
H. W. Willing (Pop)	Nanticoke, Md.
D. C. Walton (Bones)	Annapolis, Md.

History of the Class of 1905

I HAVE often wondered how Sir Walter Raleigh felt when he undertook to write a history of the world. I am quite sure he could not have been so burdened with the weight of his responsibility as I am. Woe to me if perchance I should fail to do justice to these august worthies; and yet how hard it is to soar so high! These brilliant stars of 1905, developing their talents, will be the men of their day. Some of us came from high schools, some from private schools and some, perhaps, from the tender hands of a governess, finally to unite here in one interest and one effort. We have not always been banded together, all striving for the same goal—our degree; but we are of various ages and diverse natures, with different equipments and separate aims, but by the powerful force of attraction, we have all been drawn to the magnetic center, St. John's College. We are twenty-six in number. Some of us were Preps. last year, but the majority of us came for the first time to old St. John's in September, 1901. Those of us who came from the Prep. school were: J. M. Green, E. P. DuVal, Joseph R. Pennell, Bernard Carter, A. B. Cecil, G. F. Smith, Merrit G. Rasin, Armine W. Smith, Edgar A. Vey, M. Keith Neville, John A. Tarbert, J. Vincent Jamison, Harry P. Graham, Duncan C. Walton, Ralph C. Bowen. Those who came in September are: Gore, Brogden, Merryman, Fox, Lilly, Ruland, Hopkins, Valk, Bird, Willing. These have all proved to be of great importance in the make-up of our great class. Some are noted for great business abilities, such as can be found in very few boys of their age; some for their great wit and humor, and quite a number are noted for qualities which, perhaps, had better not be mentioned.

On the Thursday following our arrival at Old St. John's, our attention was drawn to the following notice, adorned with skull and cross bones, and posted in conspicuous places about the hall: "All Freshmen must report in room 35 tonight at 8 o'clock sharp," by order of the "G. O. H." None of us knew what was meant by G. O. H., but from the emblem above the notice, we thought it must be some organization worthy of great respect. Eight o'clock found us in the room specified, and there for the first time we became acquainted with officers of the "G. O. H.," and for two hours or more we had the pleasure of displaying our musical talents while standing on a three-legged table. Nor was music the only kind of amusement on this great occasion, for there was dancing, and speechmaking, made more emphatic by "Sir" after each word, and a great deal of making love to one's self in

a looking glass. After this meeting everything went along quietly for several days, but the Sophs. thought that they should train us up in the way we should go, so about a week after the "Glee Club" entertainment each Freshmen was aroused from his peaceful slumber by a gentle shake, and opening his eyes, saw a large crowd of white-robed figures in the room. Before he was well awake, he was ordered to get out of bed and stand at attention with his face to the wall. Of course, he obeyed. Then the rules by which he was to be governed during the year were read to him. These rules were signed by the same honorable society that had afforded us the pleasure of the Glee Club entertainment. After the rules had been carefully read, the crowd marched slowly out, and we were permitted to resume our peaceful slumber for the remainder of the night.

But we were so sleepy when the rules were being read that it is doubtful if we would have remembered them had the Sophs. not kindly refreshed our memories by posting a copy of these rules on each Freshman's door. The Freshmen read and tried to abide by these rules, and consequently we had no more visits from the " G. O. H."

At the beginning of the second term we gained a new member, William Askey. He is a man of great ability, especially in athletics. He was in the special course during the first term, but finally decided to take some other course, and came into our class—the best one that he could have selected.

In athletics we have not had a very good chance to display our abilities, for most of our members are very light, and it was an impossibility for us to make a very great showing in football, but, nevertheless, we had two men on the first team and several regular players on the second or scrub team. When we come to baseball we hope to make a better showing. Although we may not have many men on the first team, we expect to make it quite interesting for the other classes when we meet them on the diamond to play the class games. Last year when we were Preps. we beat the Juniors, and in the game with the Sophs., when they got one run ahead of us, they refused to play any longer. In the game with the Freshmen our pitcher was struck by the ball and was greatly handicapped in his playing, but we were not beaten by a very large score. This year we have prospects for a better team, even than the one of last year.

Most of the members of our class, being very studious, applied themselves well during the first term, but when the February examinations were drawing near, there were very few who did not burn their midnight oil. But in spite of all efforts there were quite a number of us who failed. On hearing the retnrns of the examinations, many made resolutions to study harder during the second term than they had done the first, but no one knows how long these resolutions will last.

These are true accounts of some of the many events which have happened in the short career of this noble class. In time of trouble each member has proved to be true to his class, and by so doing, the class has attained its present high standard. And when we return next year, we will have gained the title of Sophomores. We hope that next year we may all return with the determination to raise the standard of Nineteen Hundred and Five still higher and achieve more honor and glory for old St. John's.

RALPH C. BOWEN.

St. John's Preparatory School

First Class

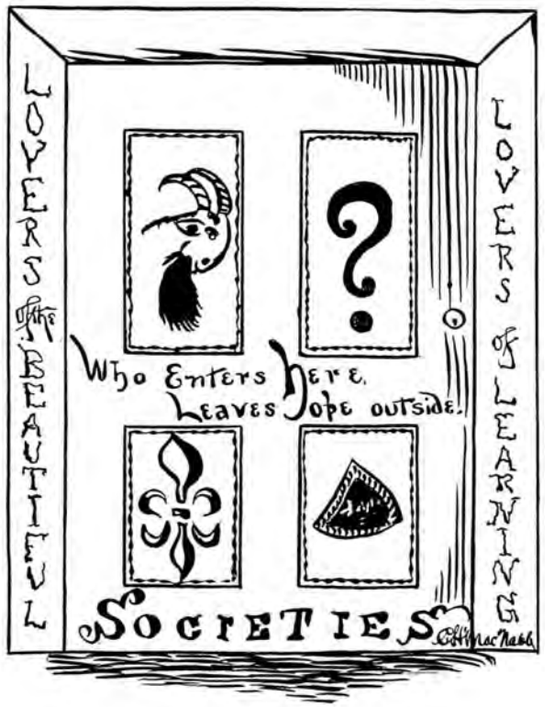
J. C. Acton.
R. W. Bailey.
R. C. Brady.
G. Bonney.
H. H. Carter.
C. E. Chance.
E. T. Clark.
J. K. Coffroth.
H. T. Collingwood.
E. B. Coolohan.
E. Combs.
Wm. DeVries.
B. L. Filkins.
W. E. Feldmeyer.
H C. Gearing.
Samuel Hohberger.
A. B. Joyce.
Paul Marion.
F. W. Markell.
P. L. Matthews.
A. H. Ruhl.
R. A. Rouse.
W. Smith.
A. L. Seeligmann.
A. D. T. Valk.
W D. Wrightson.

Second Class

S. R. Abbott.
G. H. Boyden.
H. Coulburn.
C. Cook.
M. de Ferrer.
R. de Ferrer.
G. Kerngood.
E. W. Magruder.
L. Mogart.
W. A. Rullman.
J. G. Shearer.
J. C. Suit.

Partial Course

Cristobal Desquiron.
C. J. Harrison.
A. de Moya.
H. Reitz.
A. Rodriguez.



Address

BY NINIAN PINKNEY

ON the evening of July 29th, 1873, the Hon. Ninian Pinkney, a near relative of William Pinkney, delivered, before a joint celebration of the Philokalian and Philomathean Literary Societies, an address which is so highly expressive of the feeling which all good St. John's men have, and which is so strangely appropriate at this particular time that we feel we could do the students, the alumni, and the people of Maryland no better service than to publish it in our Rat Tat.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN: Societies like those you have formed in the heart of a great College, which you ought to make immortal in the ages ahead, are very closely allied to that love of harmony which constitutes the charms of the names you bear. It is no exaggeration to say that too high an estimate cannot be formed of the value of such literary associations when they occupy their proper orbit, and are properly worked in that orbit. They stimulate inquiry, arouse the faculties, call forth an energy of effort that would otherwise never be put in action, and awaken an intense anxiety to extend the area of knowledge and secure exactitude in the investigations made.

There is stimulus in the classroom. In it there is a natural and irrepressible desire to excel. Every true young man who is fit to walk in academic groves and inhale the perfume which for centuries has lingered around those quiet retreats, feels his pulses quicken as he looks out on the goal where the first honor of his Alma Mater awaits the successful competitor, and he labors to secure it. Not to share the stimulus of the classroom, to be unmoved by the thrilling associations that cluster around it, and pass through the curriculum of study without the kindlings of enthusiasm, is to demonstrate the fact that privileges are often wasted on the worthless which others less fortunate would most gladly enjoy and zealously improve. But another sort of stimulus is needed. It is outside of the curriculum of study. It is voluntary, and on that account it is the more forceful. Literary societies supply this stimulus. Books of instruction are needful. Live teachers, who are thoroughly imbued with the subject matter that is to pass under their review, are not less needful. The aptness to receive the instruction imparted, the docility of mind and the attentive ear are not less vitally important. But beyond this (I will not say above it), there is the necessity for self-culture, which is not a provision of the schools, but a voluntary organization which has its origin in the will of the students, and is dependent for its efficient outworkng on the unprompted energy they bring to the enterprise. Two such organizations you have. There is wisdom in the two-fold embodiment of the idea, for they act upon and are reacted on by each other. They stimulate effort; they exert a happy and healthful spirit of emulation; they exert a mutual restraint, and exercise a most wholesome discipline. An

esprit du corps pervades them. They familiarize the mind to the forum and tend to develop the habit of thorough investigation and logical precision. They superinduce the spirit of caution which is wise to select its facts and careful to subject them when selected to the touchstone of history. They cultivate independence of thought, and, taking the mind out of the rut, throw it more or less on innate resources. If proper care be taken in the preparation that ought always to precede discussion, and proper time "be given for a full survey of the whole field," the result will be the highest practical, personal improvement.

I will not pause longer in the review of the pre-eminent importance of just such societies as those which you have formed; nor need I say more than this, that the names unfurled on your banners are most appropriate and most eloquently expressive of the thoughts that underlie them. Love of learning and love of the beautiful—two things that are not always joined together and yet ought never to be divorced in a world where everything is full of instruction, at once suggestive and exhaustive, and thus full of beauty—beauty that is mirrored on earth and sea and sky—beauty of form as endless as the things of which those forms are the clothing—beauty of hues, that are as diversified as the hues of the rainbow or the autumn foliage.

I think I find a topic not wholly foreign to the societies you represent in some thoughts which I would suggest touching our Alma Mater, wherein you have the blending of the useful and the beautiful as they are nowhere else so exquisitely blended. She is a star in the blazing firmament as yet scarcely known by name to multitudes of our citizens. The consciousness, that a State, which is so justly renowned in the sisterhood of States, as this great commonwealth of Maryland, is dead to the pre-eminent importance of an institution of learning of the highest grade, born of the State, and fostered and sustained by the State, may well stir within you feelings of an indignant patriotism, and prompt you to see if you cannot acquire the tuneful tongue to rebuke and impeach the moral treason of the age. You feel the wrong which this supineness has inflicted, and with access to the gushing fountains of knowledge, and under the moulding hand of the most able and competent instructors, you find yourselves but a handful, whereas these halls should be crowded to overflowing. There is an appeal to the stern logic of facts to which no State should be dead. To suffer her young men to go out from her in quest of an education she cruelly withholds from them, is the basest treason. Treasure it in your hearts; and when you go forth, as yearly some of you do, be bold to rebuke the shamelessness of the deed. As long as that noblest feature of our present form of government, the creation of the sages of '76 is preserved—the sovereignty of the State within the soverignty of the Union—stars beautifully blended in a milky way of freedom—we repeat, as long as State lines are not blotted out, and State identity is recognized, so long does it behoove the State to see to it, that her sons are trained on her own soil and in strict familiarity with her physical organism. Young men are, in more than a figure, the pillars of the State. The State is and ought to be the mother of her sons. When the William and Mary school was merged in the College of St. John's, and the State stepped forward and aided by her annuity, the efforts of private citizens who raised a fund that was truly wonderful at that early day, she gave an example of the intense interest she felt in the cause of education. As long as the faith of the State was kept, the College continued to send forth sons, of whom any State might be proud. The *College failed—not because ofany* defect in her organization or administration, but solely because she was left without the funds that were pledged to her on *the faith and honor of the State*. "The fact that she was the foster child of the State, at a time when we were rocked in the cradle of independence," consecrates the claim she has to the fos-

tering care of the State now. Antiquity throws a charm over everything. It hallows even a ruin. Nobility of birth is not less powerful to charm. This institution was born amid the thunders of the guns of '76, and the men who breathed into her the breath of life were the companions of the heroes of that golden era. It remains for their descendants to demonstrate whether the wisdom of the fathers shall be ignored by the sons.

The list of the Alumni is before us. Key, the poet, orator, lawyer, philanthropist and scholar. John Hanson Thomas, whose voice awoke echoes in the mountain region that will live as long as the Alleghenies lift their proud summits to the skies. Hughes, the model diplomatist. Herbert, the soul of honor, a man of great mental gifts and the highest culture. Robert H. Goldsborough, the truest type of the gentleman, and one of the most eloquent debaters in the ablest Legislature of the world. More recently still—Grason, the first Governor elected by the people, a man of granite mind and glowing wit. John Henry Alexander, the most learned man of the age. Thomas S. Alexander, among the foremost in the foremost rank of lawyers. Among the living I recognize one, who deserves to be mentioned for the love he has borne his Alma Mater, the strong sympathy he has shown her, and that, too, when the moss that grew upon her walls seemed to mark her for a ruin, and no footsteps echoed in her halls—the Hon. Alexander Randall. There is a moral heroism in his devotion to St. John's that touches the sublime—a tenderness in his patient labor to secure for her a future worthy of her birth, that touches the beautiful. No one of us so blends the Philomathean and the Philokalian in himself, so far as the dear old College is concerned, as the Nestor of the brotherhood. It would be a gross wrong to my own feeling, and yours, if I were to pass on without some allusion to the most distinguished of our brothers, Reverdy Johnson, who today stands at the head of the bar of the Union, and who, in the green old age, is illustrating the grandeur of intellect, and the triumphs of genius, without any perceptible loss of the vigor of younger days. You can conceive my pride and pleasure, when, in the proud capital of England, I heard Sir Henry Holland, Sir William Ferguson, the two great surgeons of Europe, declare, that, in the estimation of the first of her living statesmen, Mr. Johnson was regarded as the prince of lawyers and statesmen. Key inscribed St. John's on the national banner; and Reverdy Johnson gave to Oxford and Cambridge, a living example of what the Severn of the New World could do to shed lustre on the Severn of the Old World. These are the jewels set in the diadem of the State by St. John's. Well did the ablest of her sons, my honored uncle, say, that it was the darkest day of the Commonwealth, when this bright light our fathers kindled on the shores of the Chesapeake, was extinguished in the blindness of patirsan rage, and in gross violation of the plighted faith of the State. You perceive, young gentlemen, that the question is not whether there should be a great State College, but whether, having one, we should give her the generous support she needs.

That is a suicidal policy, which so many of our citizens pursue. Princeton, Yale, Harvard are chosen as the training spots of our sons, while our means are lavishly poured into their treasury. And yet, St. John's is the equal of either. Show me in the annals of the past a brighter list of alumni than she exhibits. Welling, the late most accomplished head of St. John's, and now at the head of an institution he so elevates by the power of his great mind, said at an alumni meeting that no college could be more admirably fitted for its work.

There is a surprising popular delusion existing on this subject. It is high time it was dispelled. St. John's is crippled by the weakness of her resources, which is the result in part of this strange want of confidence, which has, to justify it, not even the shadow of the

semblance of a reason. Our College possesses a vast advantage in its location, the power of association, and in its being born of the State. It is in the Capital of the Commonwealth, on the shores of the most beautiful of rivers, and within view of the grandest of bays. It is within reach of the great forum, where, now, as of old, there is a constant exhibition of the highest displays of legal eloquence and logic—the Appellate Court of Maryland. It touches the Naval Academy where the General Government is discharging the duty it owes to those who are to be the future guardians of our commerce, and the defenders of our national honor on the seas. It is near the Capital of the Union. It is full of historic memories. It was here that Washington returned to the shades of private life, after having carved out a nation's independence. It was here that the memorable burning of the tea in the Chesapeake took place, which ante-dated the world-renowned heroism that was displayed in the harbor of Boston. Such is the spot our fathers chose for the site of St. John's. We will not discuss the uses which the State might and ought to make of such a legacy bequeathed to her by such sires. The academies, fed from our public schools, might become in turn the feeders of the College, while the higher culture of the College might be made to flow back, from the fountain head to the remoter members.

We stand in need just now of a broader and profounder statesmanship—which, knowing the value of the diamonds that are still deep hidden in the mines, is resolved to dig them out, and polish them for future use—a statesmanship, which regards young men, when properly trained and educated, as the bulwarks of freedom. Imbue your minds, and fire your hearts with thoughts like these. Here the Philomathean and Philokalian meet and mingle. This is emphatically the cause of the people. It is their interest to have education made cheaper, and brought within easy reach of all. You must soon mingle with them, and it becomes you to prepare yourselves to be the custodians of that, which underlies their power, and can alone fit them to meet the destiny that awaits them. To make St. John's a power in this land, two things are requisite—gifts b ythe people, if only one dollar a year, and the patronage of the people—private gifts and private patronage—funds for building, and the endowment of professorships. We need the poor man's sympathy and aid, as well as the more abundant largesses of the rich. Drops make up the ocean. Dollars make up the mint. The grand idea, which our fathers inaugurated, can only be made a reality by concert of action, and individual effort. The people must endow while the State is lavish of her wealth. What have the people done? Nothing; no, absolutely nothing. Princeton, Yale, Harvard have received their thousands. St. John's, nothing. This is marvellously strange. Who doubts that a grand hall should be erected at once? What name so appropriate, to use the language of Judge Tuck, as the People's Hall. We plead for our Alma Mater, not because she is our Alma Mater, but because she is native to the soil, beautiful for situation, and worthy of the patronage of the people.

It has become very fashionable in our time to measure the value of a thing by distance. Educated abroad sounds grandly on human ears. The parchment of Princeton, Yale or Harvard is thought to possess a peculiar charm. Is this philosophically true? Does distance lend enchantment to this view? Will the glitter of a foreign college outweigh the less unostentatious attraction of home associations, provided the mental and moral training is equal. It is a marvel to me that, with all her disadvantages, St. John's has kept her place by the side of the foremost colleges of the land. But the fact is so. Home influence and home associations against foreign habits, tastes and customs. This is the question. I say to the people of Maryland, attend the commencement exercises, and see for yourselves. It requires a good deal of philosophy to witness, without indignation, the complacency with

which so many of our citizens are wont to discuss the comparative merits of the different colleges of the land. What is of home manufacture is despised as worthless. What is foreign is necessarily good. And yet our Alumni are our passport to favor, and we feel that we need no other. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point. Without patronage and a liberal outlay of means no college can flourish. If the most influential and liberal of our citizens express their preference for an education acquired from without to that which may be acquired within the State, the College must languish. These gentlemen do more than refuse us their aid. They exert a most malign influence against us. For they dishonor St. John's by withholding the confidence to which she is entitled, and by example, which is far more potent than words, they work against her. Let the State multiply her scholarships, and thus bring the highest grade of education to the poorest. Let this be done, and all is well. It is the misfortune of our race, that we are always prone to underrate individual effort. The power of the ocean is in the waves. The power of the waves is in the separate drops. It is the unceasing putting forth of small exertions that moves the world. The mountains are leveled, a spadeful at a time. Let each one fulfill his mission, and what would be left undone? A dollar a head would give us thousands. All we want is a fair, open field of competition. I flatter myself that the time is not far distant when those who now send their sons to other States will feel the awakening of State pride and give to this venerable seat of learning the high sanction of their example, and the more substantial benefit of their patronage. But the Alumni must lead the way. They must assert her claim. They must make known to others what they know by experience, viz: that St. John's is deserving of a place among the foremost colleges of the land. St. John's asks to be identified with people of the State. Your Governor is at the head of the Board of Trustees. Your Judges of the Court of Appeals, and the presiding officers of the Senate and House of Delegates are members of it.

Young gentlemen, your societies are giving demonstration that the tuneful tongue is not yet lost to Maryland; and in the subtlety of debate, with the power of word-painting to illustrate the line of the argument, and logic in beautiful combination. Learning bubbles time and again, won plaudits from an admiring audience. I would counsel you to bear in mind that your Alma Mater will need your persuasive tongue, and highest enthusiasm. Amid those other dreams of ambition, which are flitting before you in the halls you so dignify and ennoble, be this the most cherished, the sweetest, the brightest, and the best, viz: that you are to consecrate your highest powers to the cause of education, and seek to keep this one particular star in the ascendant.

I might have chosen a topic more popular, perhaps, and seemingly more appropriate if I had followed in the path that bore the giant footprints of Welling, or the orator of last year, the gifted and scholarly Hagner. But they were not as generous as Boaz to the gleaners of his ripened fields. For they plucked every flower that bloomed, and left only a barren waste behind them. My heart was full. I thought, and still think, that the theme was well chosen, the Philomathian and Philokalian in beautiful combination. Learning bubbles up at the fountain head, and the beautiful meets us in all surroundings.

Young gentlemen, the idea has gone abroad that this is only an Annapolis school, and the result is that a tide of bitter prejudice has set in against her in some sections of the State. Citizens of Annapolis, I turn to you in this juncture. You must prove to your fellow-citizens that you desire not a petty local school, but a great State College. And surely Annapolis, the Athens of the New World, ever distinguished for the love of the beautiful, will spring to the work before her, and meet her just responsibility. One of the most dis-

tinguished of our Alumni, your son, honored wherever known for his wealth of mind and heart, Judge Tuck, has pledged a thousand dollars. Another, not an Alumnus, your adopted son, whose ripely cultivated intellect has, on so many occasions, fascinated you with the combined flowers of rhetoric and logic, has pledged another thousand. Annapolitans, can it be that you will not appreciate the wisdom of the choice, that made this venerable city the seat of the College? I will not believe it. I am one of those who think that the people's work should be done by the people. Not the monied few, but the masses should lead in this great work of educational reform. Let the streams of your beneficence, formed of single drops, meet and mingle with the State's benefaction, and the College is safe. Many a diamond now concealed from human view will be brought forth and set in the country's crown to enhance her ancient glory.

The spirit of the olden times is not dead. Philomathians and Philokalians, there is power enough in you to fan it to a brighter flame. Forty odd years ago I dreamed golden dreams as I wandered through those consecrated grounds, and listened to the echoes of the past as they whispered through the branches of the grand old poplar, and one of the brightest of those dreams was the rising of St. John's from its ashes. That dream is but half fulfilled. The hour has been too long delayed, and I now turn to you, her gifted sons, to help us to make it a grand reality. The eloquence of years is concentrated in one brief hour. By the memories of the past I implore you too seize hold of, use and improve the present opportunity. Key, Thomas, Murray, Johnson are blending their tuneful tongue, with our feeble advocacy—the living and the dead. They all commend her to your care, your sympathy and pecuniary aid.

Yours is a grand destiny if you are wise to meet it. You may fix stars in the firmament of thought, and noble activity, that will burn on forever. You may add to the lustre of the past new names, to grace the scroll that shall bear no other motto than this—the College cradled in the revolution, whose destiny is onward and upward.

Young gentlemen, you are living in a great age—an age of extraordinary mental activity, full of the wealth of invention, and teeming with the fruits of knowledge, gathered on every field of thought. It is in age, however, whose very intellectuality constitutes a peril, against which it becomes you to watch. It is a glorious part. It is above the envy of the most envious. The present is before you. On its proper use and wise husbandry depends the future. It was my privilege to listen to a debate between your two societies. The subject was one of absorbing interest. It was characterized by great power on both sides. Facts, the result of close investigation, and careful research, were marshalled with great skill by each of the contestants. I felt proud of the talent I witnessed and consider the discussion one of the strongest proofs of the value of such literary societies to the College and the State.

Young gentlemen, the theme was well chosen. The question you debated stretches forward, and penetrates the vast and unexplored future. It is a question to be determined amid the accumulation of stars in the blazing constellation. The sovereignty of States within the sovereignty of the Union, with no conflict of powers and no just cause of conflict—the *Magna Charter* with the broad shield of the *Habeas Corpus,* and a pure judiciary, with nerve of will to declare the law and nerve of will to execute it, or else the total eclipse of those stars, and the fatal jar in the complex machinery of the government, which will exhibit a concentration of depotism, when the will of one man will become the law, and liberty be lost in centralization of power. The field of your debate was broad—the question you discussed was clear as possible. The echoes of your eloquence have died away on the

ear. But the question itself remains. Was it a providential prognostication or a mere accident ? It remains for you to demonstrate, that the people are capable of self-government, and to this end you must devote all your powers. The people must be educated for the crisis—they must be raised above the atmosphere of a pitiful partizanship, and have their feet set on the rock of a broad conservative statesmanship. They must breathe once again the fresh, pure air of the mountains that echoed ot the tread of freemen, and take their stand by the compatriot fathers of the Republic with the broad ægis of the Constitution over them, as they "march," to use the language of the incomparable Choate, "to the music of the Union." You will have your part to act in the solution of the fearful problems we have to solve in the national life. The question will be removed from the halls of debate where mind met mind, and wit clashed with wit to the stirring arena of actual life. Be true to duty. Be true to your country. Be true to yourselves. Above all and in all be true to the destiny that is before you. Strong men alone can meet the exigencies of the times—men of purity, of honor and of truth. Ripe culture, exact scholarship, high-toned moral principle, steadiness of will, and fixedness of purpose constitute the elements of the greatness which the country's future weal demands. Drifting from her ancient moorings, our noble ship must founder. You will soon be on the quarter deck. Keep ever before you the fact that a little more drifting will plunge us on a more fatal rock than Scylla or Charybdis. Keep by you the compass; never let go your hold on the cable; and you will ride the sea in safety. The Union flag at the masthead—the port of entry, the harbor of '76—the haven far away in the deep blue of the sea not yet explored—the crew disciplined and taught to love the flag that envelopes them, and you will be the honored instruments of preserving the past in all its glory, and making the future the faithful reflection of the past. When I reflect that I stand in the presence of the young men of the country, who are destined to transmit to coming generations this rich heritage of glory, or to witness the eclipse of the stars that have shone so brightly in the firmament of liberty and of the Union, I feel the magnitude of the crisis, and cannot express the anxiety that consumes me as I lift up a warning voice and bid them be true to duty, true to the country, true to the destiny that awaits them.

Philokalian Society

Philokalian Society

Members

Baker.
Beatty.
Bradford.
Burroughs.
Beachley.
Blecker.
Bradley.
Collins.
Cronk.
Clark.
Cronin.
Cummins.
Despard.
Dougherty.
Elgen.
Garey.
Grant.
Galbreath.
Gordy.
Hollingsworth.
Hutchins.
Hall.
Wilson.
Hopkins.
Jackson, A.
Keyes.
Linthicum.
La Motte.
Mudd,
Masenheimer.
Petherbridge.
Powell.
Padget, H.
Peters.
Randall.
Seth.
Spates.
Stick.
Small.
Spencer.
Strange.
Tilghman,
Tarbutton.
Willing.
Wilmer.
Wood.

Philomathean Society

Philomathean Society

Members

Askey.
Bird.
Brogden.
Beard.
Bowen.
Burwell.
Crane.
Fox.
Gore.
Graham.
Green.
Halbert.
Jackson.
Jamison.
Jones.
Lily.
Murphy.
Marion.
Merriman.
Neville.
Pennell.
Reed.
Ruhland.
Rasin.
Rohrer.
Somerville.
Seward.
Smith.
Townshend.
Valk.
Vey.
Wilson.
Woodcock.
Walton.

Joint Debate

Between Philomathean and Philokalian Societies.

Question

Resolved: That the United States should retain possession of the Philippines.

Presiding Officer

Dr. THOMAS FELL.

Judges

HON. S. A. WILLIAMS, J. OWENS, LIEUT. PARKER, U. S.N.

Debaters.

PHILOKALIAN.	PHILOMATHEAN.
Affirmative.	*Negative.*
V. S. Bradley.	A. W. Woodcock.
W. W. Keyes.	R. T. Roher.
Alternate.	*Alternate.*
W. O. Spates.	N. K. Neville.

Decision rendered in favor of affirmative.

Glee Club

Glee Club

IN 1886 Prof. James W. Cain arrived at St. John's College, took up a claim in the northern or breezy corner of Humphrey's Hall. Here under the supervision of a number of wise men, better known as the Sophomores, Freshmen and Preps., he lived in great happiness, but as time wore on he grew thoughtful, having become conscious of an awful waste of energy about the hall, in the way of vocal demonstration. Now, if this kinetic could be converted into potential energy and liberated in some systematic manner, the good people living about the college would have better nerves and Orpheus, perhaps, venture another smile.

Finally, in 1887, a "Glee Club" was organized, and Professor Cain, after becoming modesty, accepted the leadership.

The great number of weddings that immediately followed the open-air concert, given during the June evenings, demonstrated its complete success, and since that time the men of St. John's have not permitted this pleasing feature to be neglected.

The Mandolin and Glee Club

Officers

AUGUSTUS W. BRADFORD, '02, *President.*
S. HARRISON TILGHMAN, '03, . *Secretary.*
A. W. WOODCOCK, '03, ... *Treasurer.*
E. H. HUTCHINS, '02, ... *Business Manager.*

Glee Club

Leader— PROF. BYRON V. CISSEL.

First Tenors.

L. P. Baker, '02.
W. H. Grant, '03.
F. Y. Cronk, '03.
J. W. Bird, '05.
A. W. Smith, '05.

First Bass.

A. W. Woodcock, '03.
E. R. Padgett, '04.
H. H. Padgett, '04.
H. W. Willing, '05.
Paul Matthews, '06.

Second Tenors.

A. W. Bradford, '02.
S. Willard Ahalt, '02.
D. C. Handy, '03.
H. B. Scarborough, '04.
E. H. Ruhl, '06.
Charles Cook, '07.

Second Bass.

Prof. B. V. Cissel.
E. H. Hutchins, '02.
Alex. Randall, '02.
E. B. Garey, '03.
W. S. Brogden, '05.
Wm. De Vries, '06.

Mandolin Club

Leader—S. HARRISON TILGHMAN.

First Mandolins.

J. F. Linthicum, '02.
S. Harrison Tilghman, '03.
J. H. Wood, '03.
H. R. Dougherty, '03.
G. E. Riggin, '04.
E. S. Powell, '04.
R. W. Bailey, '06.
H. R. Gore, '05.

Guitars.

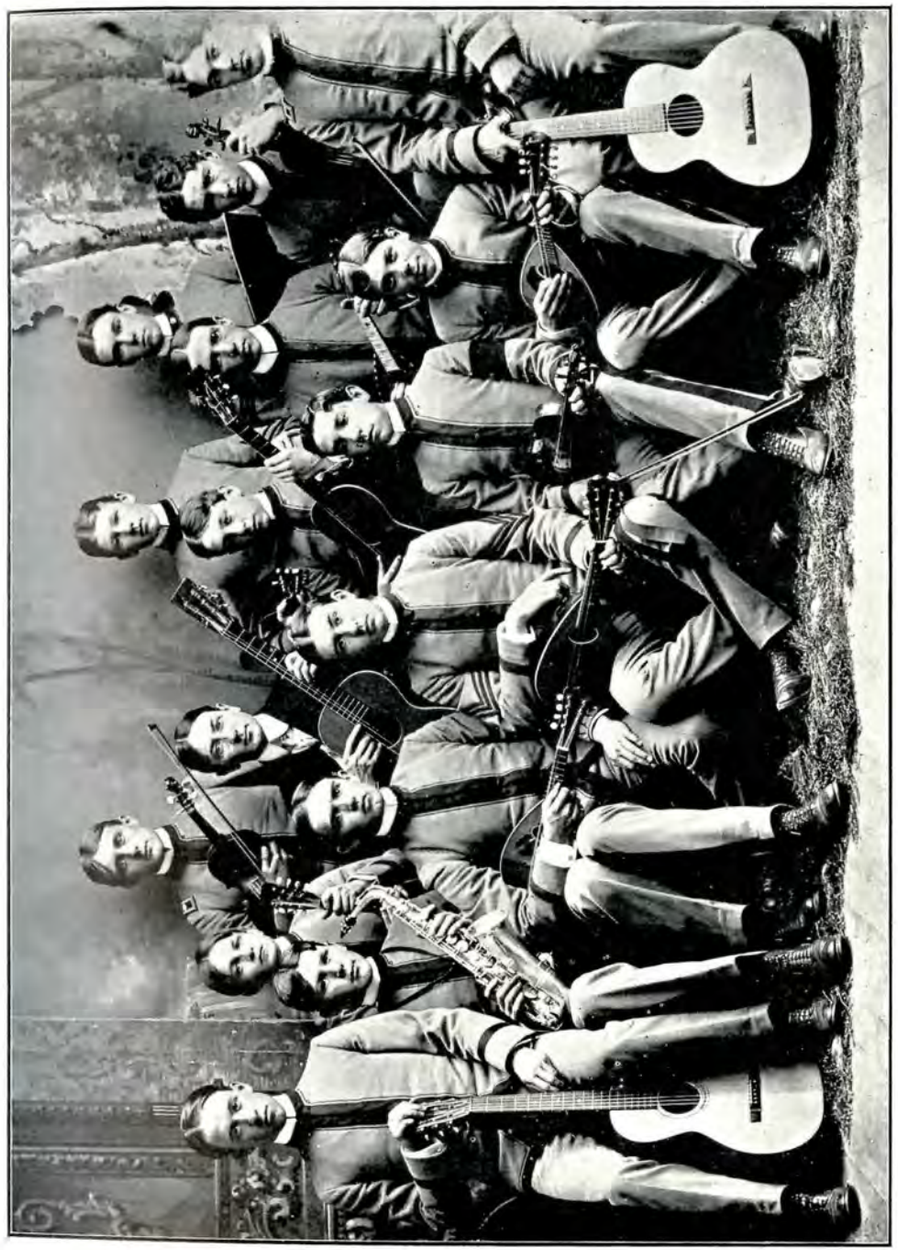
S. Willard Ahalt, '02.
H. H. Padgett, '04.
B. L. Filkins, '06.
Prof. B. V. Cissel.

Saxaphone.

W. D. Wrightson, '06.

Violins.

J. W. Stick, '04.
J. A. Murphy, '04.
R. Ferrer, '07.



Mandolin Club

Cut again!

Cotillon Club

ALEX. RANDALL, '02, Chairman. W. O. SPATES, '02, Treasurer.

Hop Committee

A. W. Bradford, '02.
R. B. Spencer, '02.
E. H. Tarbutton, '02.
W. W. Galbreath, '03.
E. B. Garey, '03.
D. C. Handy, '03.
E. H. Burwell, '04.
E. G. Powell, '04.

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Members

Ahalt.
Blecker.
Clark.
Dougherty.
Padgett, E.
Padgett, H.
Brogden.
Hollingsworth.
Hall.
La Motte.
Cronk.
Hodges.
Seth.
Smith, A. W.
Crane.
Green.
Riggin.
Tilghman.
Jamison.
Rasin.
Keyes.
Collins.
Rohrer.
Duval.
Wilmer.

Series of Formal Hops

December 6th, January 17th, February 14th, April 18th, May 23d.

Dramatic Association

Officers

A. W. BRADFORD, '02 . . . . . *President*

E. B. GAREY, '03 . . . . . *Vice-President*

W. H. GRANT, '03 . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

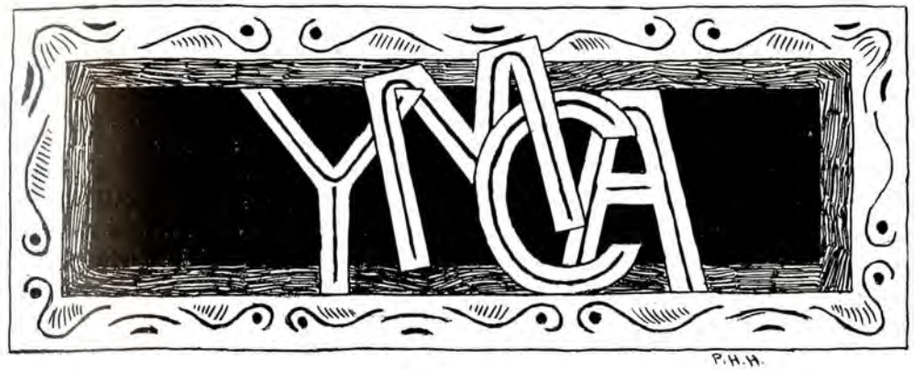
Prof. B. V. Cissel.

Harry H. Padgett, '04.

Gordon E. Riggin, '04.

Edward O. Halbert, '04.

Paul C. Jones, '04.



Officers

E. H. HUTCHINS . . . . . *President*

V. S. BRADLEY . . . . . *Vice-President*

J. H. BEARD . . . . . *Treasurer*

A. W. WOODCOCK . . . . . *Secretary*

W. H. GRANT . . . . . *Corresponding Secretary*

Active Members

Beard, J. H.
Beatty, D. H.
Beachley, V. S.
Bradley, V. S.
Bird, J. W.
Boyden.
Bowen, R.
Burroughs, M. L.
Burwell, E. H.
Clark, James.
Clark.
Crane, T. S.
Cronin, R. C.
Cummins, C. A.
Fox.
Galbreath, W. W.
Gordy, W. H.
Grant, W. H.
Jackson, A. A.
La Motte, W. O.
Masenheimer, H. M.
Padgett, E. R.
Padgett, H. H.
Pennell.
Peters, S. W.
Petherbridge, E. W.
Rouse.
Small.
Stick, J. W. C.
Tarbert, H. S.
Tarbert, J.
Tilghman, S. H.
Wilmer.
Woodcock, A. W.

Associate Members

Baker, L. P.
Blecker, J. L.
Brogden.
Cronk.
Despard, C. S.
Keyes, W. W.
Markell.
Mogart.
Mudd, J. F.
Murphy, J. A.
Reed, N. P.
Rohrer, R. T.
Scarborough.
Seth, L. H.
Sherer.
Somerville.
Spates, W. O.
Tarbutton, E. H.
Townsend.
Willing.
Wrightson.

Young Men's Christian Association

AMONG all the organizations of the student body there is not one which is more deserving of encouragement than the Y. M. C. A. All others have for their object either the promotion of the social or physical side, but the Y. M. C. A. goes deeper and works for the grandest and most divine thing in the world—the human soul. Others deal with questions involving but a brief period of time; this organization has for its scope eternity.

The Y. M. C. A. was first organized in 1886, and since that time its growth has been steady, if slow. It has had to face the opposition that anything religious meets in a college. It is a sad but nevertheless true fact that the majority of college men realize well the importance of developing their minds and bodies, and yet totally disregard the necessity of developing their souls.

It is this indifference that has been the organization's worst enemy. It is always a comparatively easy matter to meet and overcome open resistance, but indifference is something which requires more than the force of logic to overcome. The quarters of the association were formerly located in Pinkney Hall. One of the large rooms in that building is still called the Y. M. C. A. in memory of its former tenant. But of late years the necessity for more room became apparent, and so the metings began to be held in the old historic chapel. There in the hall, revered by every St. John's man, twice each week religious meetings are held. During the past year a reading room has been furnished by the efforts of the association. The daily papers are taken and placed on file for the accommodation of the student body.

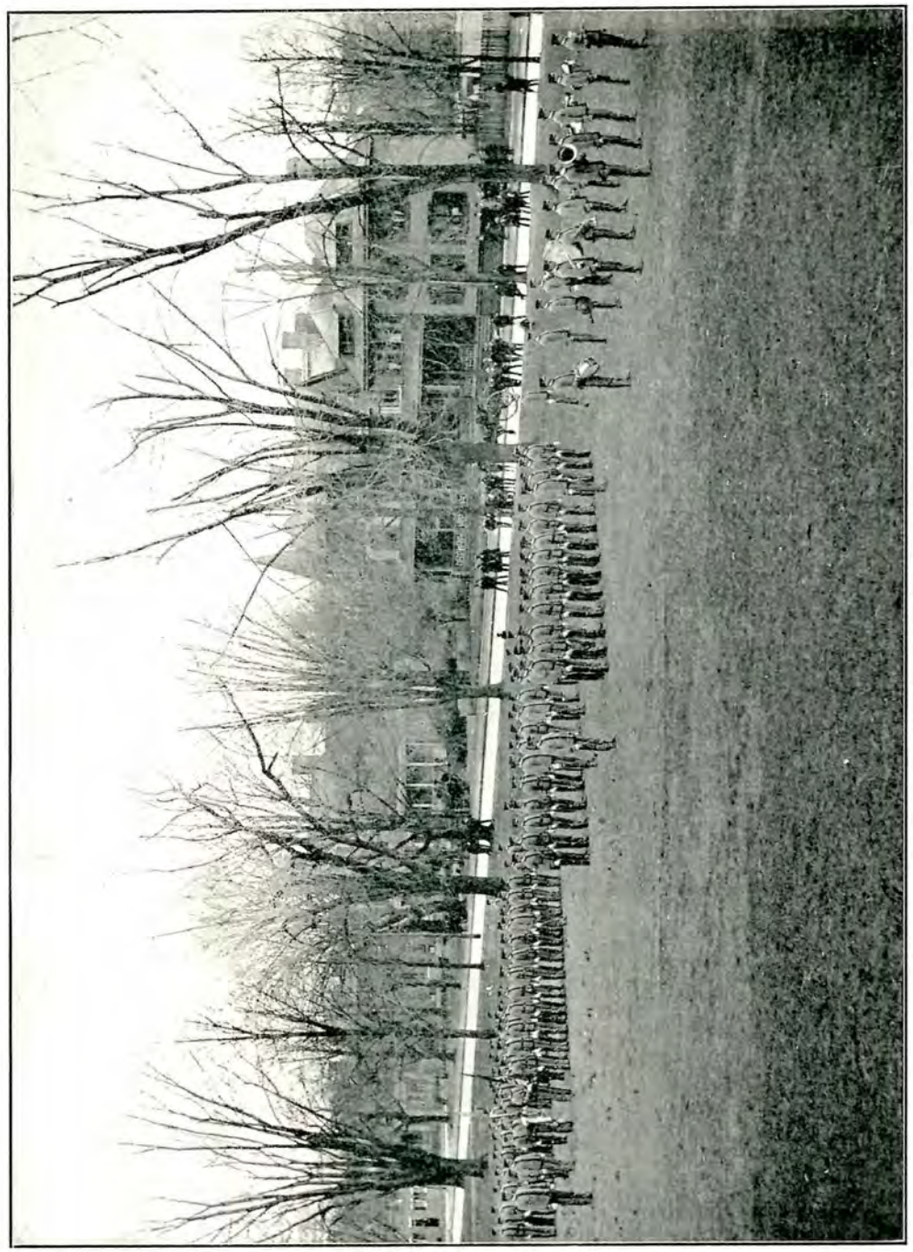
The association has long realized the necessity of keeping in touch with the work of other organizations, and in pursuance of this policy sends delegates of students to the Tri-State Convention at Northfield and to the annual Presidents' Conference. One delegate was also sent to the Toronto Students' Convention this year.

In addition to the reading room and the religious meetings, the Y. M. C. A. plays an important part in the students' life. It has long been the custom to give a reception in the first days of the College year. Speeches are made by men representing the various interests of the College, refreshments served and the new students especially made to feel at home. A hand book is also edited and published by the association. The hand book is a fund of information for the new student about the College and Town. Blank pages are left for memoranda, and

in every possible way the book is made beautiful and attractive for all. Copies are sent to all new students by mail.

Space forbids us from going into a discussion of the internal workings of the organization, of the various committees, and their object and purposes. Sufficient is it to say that to the best of their ability the officers and members labor for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in St. John's College. We will close this brief sketch concerning the noblest institution of the College life with an earnest appeal for more general and hearty support in the work which the Y. M. C. A. is attempting.

The officers elected to serve for the ensuing year are: A. W. Woodcock, Jr., president; Drew H. Beatty, vice-president; E. R. Padgett, recording secretary; T. H. Fox, corresponding secretary; V. S. Beachly, treasurer.



Battalion

Military Department

Commandant of Cadets

Major Wm. A. Thompson . . . . . Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff

Cadet Major Wm. Outerbridge Spates

Cadet-Captain Wayne W. Keyes . . . . . Adjutant.
Cadet-First Lieutenant Elliott H. Hutchins . . . . . Quartermaster.
Cadet-Sergeant V. S. Bradley . . . . . Sergeant-Major.
Cadet-Sergeant W. O. La Motte . . . . . Quartermaster-Sergeant.
Cadet-Sergeant J. H. Beard . . . . . Color-Sergeant.
Cadet-Sergeant W. P. Ward . . . . . Color-Sergeant.
Cadet-Corporal Edgerton S. Powell . . . . . Bugler.

Company A

Captain

E. H. Tarbutton.

Lieutenants

L. H. Seth. A. A. Jackson.
R. B. Spencer.

First Sergeant

T. S. Crane.

Sergeants

S. H. Tilghman.
W. H. Gordy. J. H. Wood.
D. H. Beatty.

Corporals

H. R. Dougherty. J. Clark.
R. T. Rohrer. C. A. Cummins.
W. H. Grant.

Privates

Askey.	Cooper.	Lilly.	Smith, W.
Beachley.	Cecil.	Magruder, D.	Smith, A. W.
Bonney.	Devries.	Magruder, E.	Smith, G. F.
Burwell.	Desquiron.	Marion.	Somerville.
Brady.	Filkins.	Merryman.	Suit.
Carter.	Ferrer, M.	Moya.	Tarbert, H. S.
Clark, E.	Hodges.	Neville.	Tarbert, J.
Coffroth.	Hollingsworth.	Pennell.	Thompson.
Coolahan.	Jamison.	Raisin.	Valk, E.
Collins.	Jackson, H. I.	Riggin.	Vey.
Cook.	Jones.	Rouse.	Willing.

Company B

Captain

C. S. Despard.

Lieutenants

S. G. Townshend. A. Randall. L. P. Baker.

First Sergeant

A. W. Bradford.

Sergeants

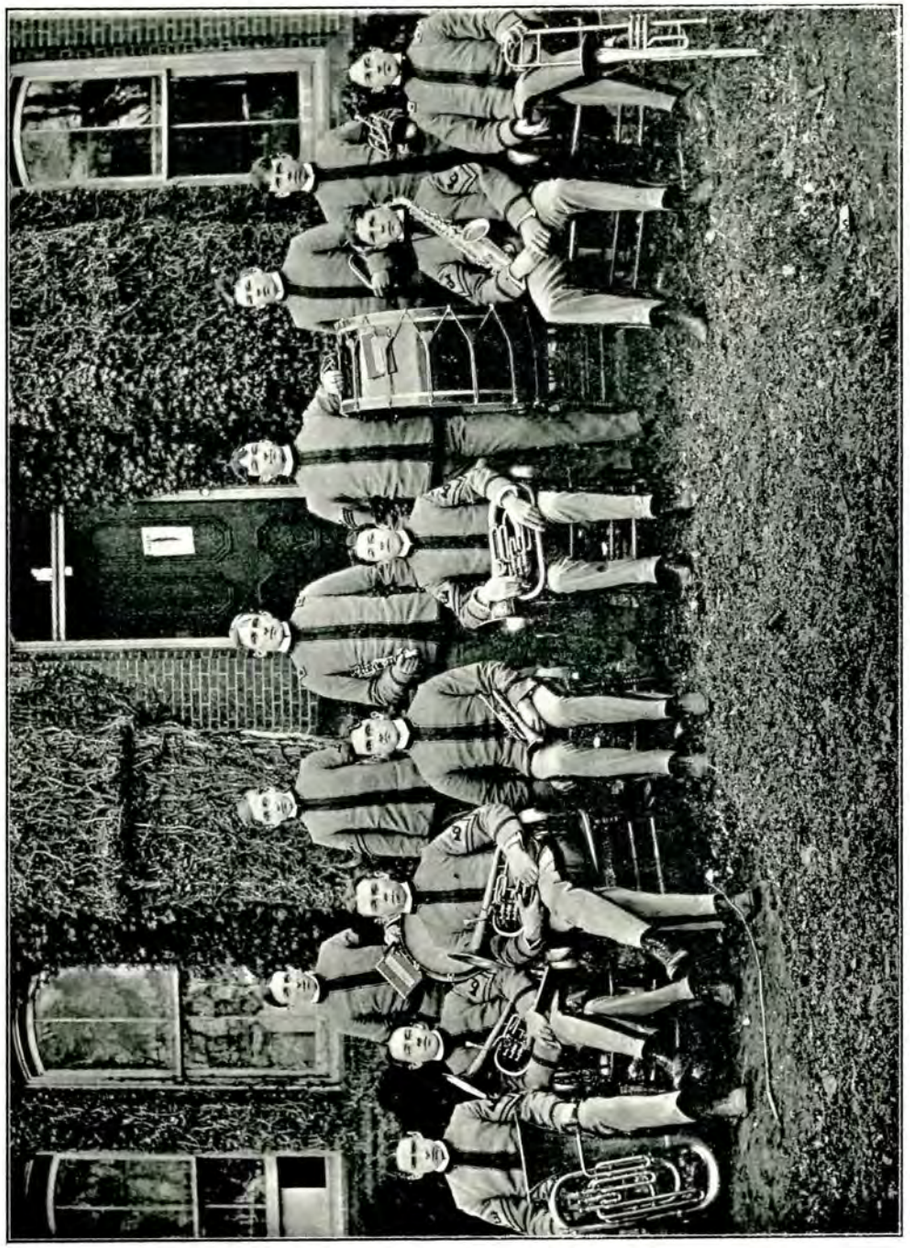
E. W. Petherbridge. W. W. Galbreath.
J. L. Blecker. J. F. Linthicum.

Corporals

D. C. Handy. E. B. Garey. N. F. Reed.
A. W. Woodcock. F. W. Seward.

Privates

Abbott.	Ditmars.	Hohberger.	Rullman.
Acton.	Duval.	Hopkins.	Ruhl.
Bailey.	Fernandez.	Jackson, H. I.	Ruland.
Bird.	Ferrer, R.	Kerngood.	Seeligman.
Boyden.	Fox.	Masenheimer.	Small.
Brogden.	Gering.	Matthews.	Shearer.
Carter.	Green.	Markell.	Strange.
Colbourn.	Gore.	Morgart.	Valk, A.
Collingwood.	Hall.	Padgett, H. H.	Wilmer.
Coombs.	Halbert.	Padgett, E. R.	Wilson, B.
Cronk.	Harrison.	Reitz.	Wilson, G. W.



The College Band

STICK. ELGEN. BURROUGHS. POWELL. FELDMEYER. AHALT.

WALTON. SCARBOROUGH.

GRAHAM. MUDD.

PETERS. WRIGHTSON.

MURPHY.

The Band

INSTRUCTOR, PROF. SIMMS (*Naval Academy Band.*)

Leader, Cadet-Second Lieut. J. W. C. Stick . . . . . *Clarinet*

Cadet-Sergeant H. B. Scarborough . . . . . *First Cornet*

Cadet-Corporal Wm. E. Fellmeyer . . . . . *Second Cornet*

CadetCorporal Wm. D. Wrightson . . . . . *Saxaphone*

Cadet-Second Lieutenant S. W. Ahalt . . . . . *Trombone*

Cadet-Corporal J. F. Mudd . . . . . *Alto*

Cadet-Corporal T. W. Peters . . . . . *Alto*

Cadet-Corporal J. A. Murphy . . . . . *Bass*

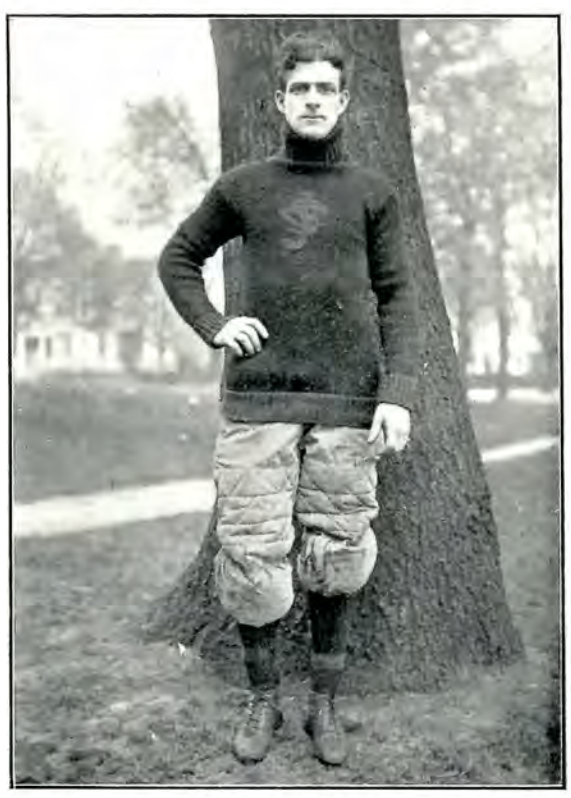
Cadet-Corporal H. P. Graham . . . . . *Snare Drum*

Cadet-Sergeant R. E. Elgen . . . . . *Bass Drum*

Cadet-Corporal D. C. Walton . . . . . *Cymbals*

Cadet Corporal M. L. Burroughs . . . . . *Baritone*

E. H. Tarbutton, Captain '02 Base Ball Team



E. Barton Garey, Captain '02 Foot Ball Team

Athletic Association

Officers for 1901--1902

EDWARD H. TARBUTTON, '02 . . . . . *President*
JOHN L. BLECKER, '03 . . . . . *Vice-President*
CHARLES A. CUMMINS, '03 . . . . . *Secretary*
AMOS W. WOODCOCK, '03 . . . . . *Treasurer*

Executive Committee

Prof. Dryden (Alumni). Prof. Jas. W. Cain (Faculty).
E. H. Tarbutton (Pres. of Association).

Foot Ball

Wayne W. Keyes, '02 . . . . . *Manager*
W. Wilson Galbreath, '03 . . . . . *Assistant Manager*
W. Outerbridge Spates, '02 . . . . . *Captain*

Base Ball

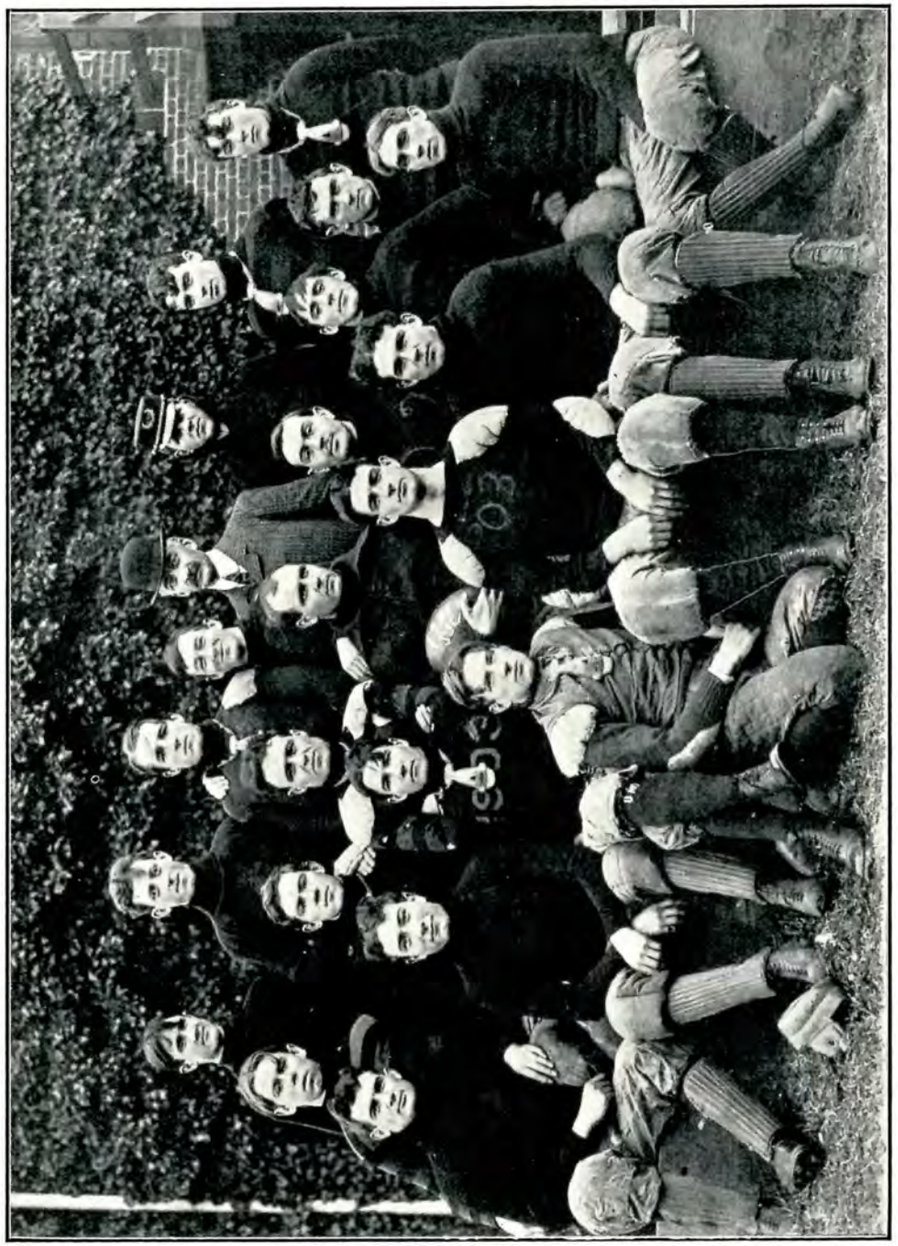
Richard B. Spencer, '02 . . . . . *Manager*
Harry R. Dougherty, '03 . . . . . *Assistant Manager*
Edward H. Tarbutton, '02 . . . . . *Captain*

Track Team

Charles S. Despard, '02 . . . . . *Manager*
Elliott H. Hutchins, '02. . . . . *Captain*

Foot Ball Team—1901–1902

Amos W. Woodcock, '03 . . . . . *Manager*
Enoch B. Garey, '03 . . . . . *Captain*



Foot Ball Team

Foot Ball Team—1901--1902

Left End	Seth, '02
Left Tackle	Cooper, '04
Left Guard	Hutchins, '02
Centre	Blecker, '03
Right Guard	Spates, '02 (Capt.)
Right Tackle	Baker, '02
Right End	Howard, '03
Quarter Back	Tarbutton, '02
Left Half Back	Beatty, '03
Right Half Back	Garey, '03
Full Back	Halbert, '04

Substitutes

Gordy, '02.
La Motte, '02.
Rohrer, '03.
Randall, '02.
Mudd, '04.
Burwell, '04.
Askey, '05.
Smith, '05.

Our Foot Ball Captains

Name.	*Position They Played.*	*Season.*
C. H. Schoff	Quarter Back	'88—'89
J. A. Nydegger	Left End	'89—'90
J. L. Chew	Quarter Back	'90—'91
J. L. Chew	Quarter Back	'91—'92
J. P. Biays	Right End	'92—'93
E. B. Iglehart	Left Half Back	'93—'94
J. A. Fechtig	Right Tackle	'94—'95
G. A. Maddox	Left Tackle	'95—'96
L. A. Walls	Right End	'96—'97
P. P. Blanchard	Right Half Back	'97—'98
H. G. Douglas	Left Half Back	'98—'99
S. T. Mackall	Full Back	'99—'00
G. F. Wisner	Right End	'00—'01
W. O. Spates	Right Guard	'01—'02
E. B .Garey	Right Half Back	'02—'03

Fall Athletics—1901

FOOTBALL has been, is, and, I hope, ever shall be the leading branch of athletics in our College. In past years football teams have been produced which have nobly defended the athletic reputation of Old St. John's, and this year's team has gallantly followed in the footsteps of such predecessors. Every man entered into the sport with that "To-do-or-to-die" spirit, and this fact in itself seemed to predict a successful season.

'Tis true, we lost the opening game to the United States Naval Academy Team, but I really do believe that it is to this defeat that we owe the success that attended us during the remainder of the season, for it banished all those preconceived notions that had arisen concerning the strength of our team. We realized that we had plenty of hard practice before us before we could produce a winning team, so our boys set to work with redoubled energy. What was the result? Look at our scores against Gallaudet and Georgetown. We only tied them, I must acknowledge, "but they were gamesters in playing with whom not to have lost is to have won a great deal."

Georgetown had defeated the University of Virginia, who were the recognized champions of the South, so in tieing the former we had a just claim to an equal share to the honors of that position.

During the entire season we lost but two games—one to the Navy and one to Swathmore. The defeat inflicted upon us by the latter team, I really attribute to the over-confidence that seems to always take possession of our men soon after winning a few victories. However, this defeat, like our first, proved to be a blessing in disguise, for we won all the remaining games except the one with Hopkins, and in that we appeared to be the victims of circumstances.

On the whole, the football season of 1901-1902 was one of the most successful in the history of our College, for, aside from our many victories, Mr. Casper Whitney has publicly declared that "we have the unique distinction of keeping our athletics clean."

Foot Ball Scores

Season 1888.

St. John's	6	Naval Academy	4
St. John's	4	Johns Hopkins	0
St. John's	20	Naval Academy	6
St. John's	10	Johns Hopkins	6
St. John's	116	Washington College	0

Season 1889.

St. John's	10	Naval Academy	20
St. John's	2	University of Virginia	14
St. John's	4	Johns Hopkins	10
St. John's	8	Gallaudet	4

Season 1890

St. John's	0	Naval Academy	45
St. John's	30	Franklin	0
St. John's	20	Johns Hopkins	0
St. John's	0	Columbia	10
St. John's	0	Columbia	20
St. John's	100	*Washington College	0
St. John's	0	University of Virginia	34
St. John's	14	Washington College	4

*25 minutes to play.

Season 1891.

St. John's	16	Delaware College	4
St. John's	16	Staunton Military Academy	0
St. John's	0	Virginia Military Institute	18
St. John's	16	Washington and Lee	4
St. John's	6	*Hopkins	0
St. John's	6	Naval Academy	28
St. John's	18	Delaware Field Club	0

*Forfeited.

Season 1892.

St. John's	58	*Maryland Agricultural College	0
St. John's	0	Virginia Military Institute	18
St. John's	4	Washington and Lee	20
St. John's	6	Johns Hopkins	10
St. John's	12	Delaware Field Club	6

*30 minutes to play.

Season 1893.

St. John's	34	Baltimore City College	0
St. John's	12	Episcopal High School	10
St. John's	6	Johns Hopkins	6
St. John's	16	Johns Hopkins	10
St. John's	6	Warren Athletic Club	4

Season 1894.

St. John's	24	Washington College	8
St. John's	26	Maryland Agricultural	6
St. John's	26	Episcopal High School	0
St. John's	42	Western Maryland	4
St. John's	6	*Johns Hopkins	0
St. John's	0	Warren Athletic Club	12

*Forfeited to St. John's.

Season 1895.

St. John's	20	Baltimore City College	0
St. John's	0	Baltimore Athletic Club	10
St. John's	22	Swarthmore	22
St. John's	22	Johns Hopkins	4
St. John's	42	Baltimore City College	0
St. John's	4	University of Maryland	0
St. John's	18	Johns Hopkins	0
St. John's	0	Warren Athletic Club	12

Season 1896.

St. John's	18	Baltimore Lawyers	4
St. John's	0	University of Maryland	2
St. John's	0	University of Virginia	48
St. John's	0	Naval Academy	50
St. John's	9	Gallaudet	8
St. John's	0	Washington and Lee	24
St. John's	0	Virginia Military Institute	14
St. John's	10	Haverford	10
St. John's	11	University of Maryland	6

Season 1897.

St. John's	16	Western Maryland College	0
St. John's	6	Maryland Agricultural	4
St. John's	0	Johns Hopkins	6
St. John's	6	Gallaudet	6
St. John's	0	Baltimore City College	0
St. John's	18	Baltimore Medical College	0
St. John's	0	University of Maryland	24
St. John's	12	Delaware College	4
St. John's	4	Swarthmore	18

Season 1898.

St. John's	21	Physicians and Surgeons	0
St. John's	0	Delaware College	0
St. John's	0	Haverford	52
St. John's	11	Western Maryland College	6
St. John's	6	*Maryland Agricultural College	0
St. John's	21	Baltimore Medical College	2
St. John's	5	Gallaudet	6
St. John's	6	Johns Hopkins	0

*Forfeited to St. John's.

Season 1899.

St. John's	17	Baltimore City College	0
St. John's	0	Naval Academy	10
St. John's	40	Physicians and Surgeons	0
St. John's	0	Georgetown	22
St. John's	0	Western Maryland	0
St. John's	62	Maryland Agricultural	0
St. John's	5	Gallaudet	18
St. John's	6	Johns Hopkins	11

Season 1900.

Oct. 6—St. John's	17	Druid Outing Club	0
13—St. John's	0	Georgetown	6
20—St. John's	6	Swarthmore	6
25—St. John's	0	Mt. St. Mary's	0
27—St. John's	0	Gettysburg	6
Nov. 3—St. John's	0	Gallaudet	6
10—St. John's	6	University of Maryland	0
17—St. John's	41	Western Maryland	5
24—St. John's	5	Johns Hopkins	0
31—St. John's	10	Pennsylvania Military College	

Season 1901.

		Naval Academy	28
Oct. 9—St. John's	2	Georgetown	0
12—St. John's	0	Washington College	0
19—St. John's	26	Swarthmore	17
26—St. John's	11	Gallaudet	6
Nov. 2—St. John's	6	Western Maryland	0
9—St. John's	6	Delaware	5
16—St. John's	33	*Johns Hopkins	5
23—St. John's	0	Pennsylvania Military College	0
28—St. John's	11		

*Forfeited to Johns Hopkins.

The Hopkins Game

SURELY no one who saw that game can fail to acknowledge that we decidedly outplayed Hopkins, even though we were compelled to forfeit just a few minutes before the referee's whistle would have ended the struggle. Encouraged by a band of rooters which considerably outnumbered those of our opponents, our men went into the game with a snap that simply carried Hopkins off her feet.

In the first half, Hopkins kicked off and downed us on our 20-yard line. Rain-soaked and mud-bedaubed, we worked the ball from here to the Hopkins 20-yard line, where we lost it on a fumble.

Fumble followed fumble in rapid succession, and the ball continued to pass first from our possession into Hopkins', and vice versa, until "Time" was called, when the ball was on Hopkins' 20-yard line and in our possession.

Amid prolonged cheering and waving of flags, St. John's ran upon the rain-soaked field again for the second half.

Randall kicked off and regained the ball on a fumble on Hopkins' 30-yard line.

We seemed, however, unable to take advantage of this excellent chance for a touchdown, for we lost the ball on downs. Hopkins, having the heavier team, now shoved us over the slippery ground, but they soon lost the ball near the center of the field on an off-side play. Again we worked the ball down the field, but it was apparent that we were weakening under the superior weight of the Hopkins men. We were soon compelled to give up the ball again and our opponents worked it to our 25-yard line. Although they lost it here on an off-play, we were forced to kick, downing Hopkins in the center of the field. Here we held them for downs, bue we were again forced to try a kick. Randall fumbled the toss and was downed. Again we tried a kick and downed Hopkins on their 30-yard line. From this point Hopkins worked the ball to our 5-yard line, but again lost it on an off-side play. Again we kicked, but this time the ball was blocked and downed on our 12-yard line, a Hopkins' man capturing the ball. We now really held them for downs, but the referee called "First down," so we had to submit to another series of rushes. The critical moment had arrived—five minutes to play and the ball on our two yard line. Hopkins' centre started to pass the ball, but the slippery ground seemed to hold

it and one of our men fell on the ball. At this point began the discussion which caused us to leave the field and "forfeit." Why we left the field I will not attempt to discuss, but will quote to you Prof. Cain's views concerning the affair, and the facts that led up to it.

"That St. John's should leave the field and refuse to finish a game in any branch of sport is an extraordinary occurrence; indeed, more than fifteen years of close relationship to her athletic teams does not enable me to recall another instance. Naturally and properly, some of the alumni have asked for a statement of the circumstances that influenced the captain of the football team when he refused to finish the Hopkins game and left the field under protest against the referee's decisions, and it is solely for the purpose of answering these rightful inquiries that this statement is made. While we are not indifferent to newspaper comments and criticism, we have in this matter pursued our long-established policy of refraining from controversies in the public press. We aim to be manly and sportsmanlike with all our opponents, and having taken a stand for what we believe to be right, we abide by all the consequences of our action. In this case, however, so unusual as it is, an explanation is due the alumni and friends of the College.

Much might be said as to the difficulty of agreeing upon officials and the conduct of certain individuals during the game, but with these matters, as with the merits of the teams, this article has nothing to do. Our refusal to finish the game rested solely on the incorrectness of the referee's rulings. The first display of incompetency occurred when we attempted to play what we call our "close formation." This play is used by some of the best teams in the country, having been first used, I believe at Princeton. We have played it for three years against every team we have faced, and never before has it been questioned. We played it repeatedly in our game against the Navy team, with the chairman of the rules committee as umpire. He saw nothing about it that is contrary to the rules. In the Hopkins game, when the signal was given to close up, the referee informed the captain of our team that we could not use that play. The rule book was produced, the umpire gave his judgment that the play was perfectly proper, Mr. Spates protested, but all in vain.

After all this, the referee announced so as to be heard on the side lines, "If you play that play I'll take the ball away from you." Now, the point to be particularly noted about this ruling is that the matter of formations, as, indeed, of the positions of the players in general, is one over which the referee has no jurisdiction whatever. The rules say that the *umpire* is the judge of the players. Moreover, in the discussion the referee claimed that the formation was in violation of Rule 18. But, under "Duties of Officials," Rule 29, II, the enforcement of Rule 18 is distinctly and specifically given as a duty and responsibility of the *umpire*. For the referee to interfere in the matter was an arbitrary assumption of authority, in plain violation of the rules. It is taking a charitable view to say that his judgment was faulty. But that, no doubt, is the view Captain Spates took, for though the play was the most effective one we had at that stage of the game, he dropped it and continued to play, rather than expose his college to the risk of unfavorable criticism. If we have any regret in connection with our action on that day, it is that we did not then and there refuse to go on. There could have been no more justifiable ground for a refusal to play.

Later in the game Hopkins had worked the ball down inside our five-yard line. In their anxiety as to the outcome, many of the sympathizers of each team had gathered around the players. In response to an inquiry as to the number of the down, the referee was heard

to announce, "Second down, a touchdown to make." The latter expression struck me at the moment as an unfortunate one to use, but a glance at the position of the linesmen showed that in two more attempts the Hopkins team had to carry the ball across the goal line or surrender it to St. John's. They took their two trials and failed to carry the ball over; in fact, failed to make any gain. None of the onlookers seemed to question the fact that four downs had been played, but when Captain Spates claimed the ball the referee informed him that it was Hopkins' ball on the third down.

Here again protest and argument were without avail, and again St. John's gave way.

Another down played, and again Hopkins failed to gain. During the progress of the play the referee blew no whistle to indicate that anything was wrong, but after the play had been made and stopped by St. John's, he approached the umpire and asked, "Are you going to declare off-side play?" The umpire said there was no off-side play. "Then," said the referee, "I call interference with the center," and he proceeded to allow half the remaining distance to the goal line and give the ball to Hopkins for a first down.

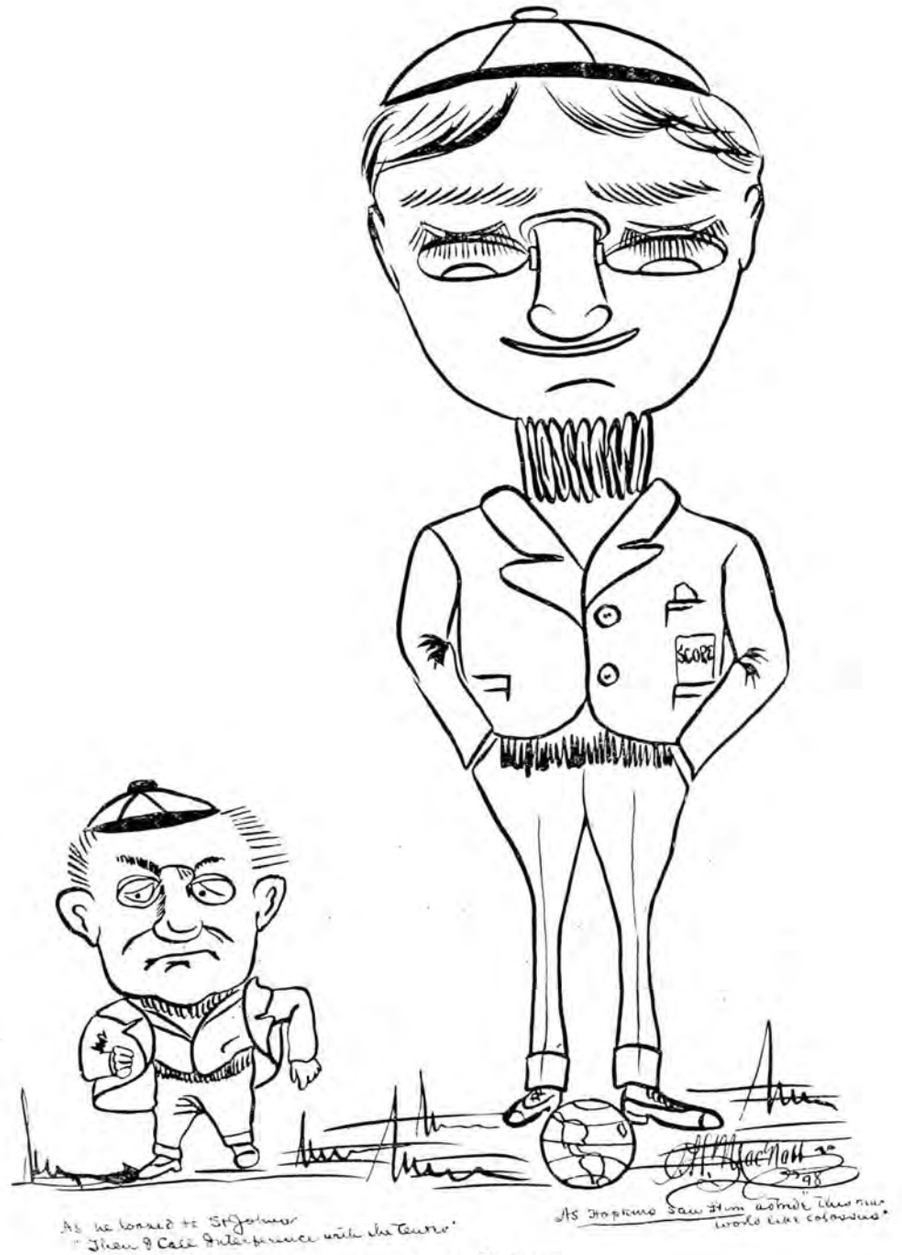
This ruling Captain Spates again protested, and asked the referee to get the judgment of the other officials. The umpire, the two linesmen and the two timekeepers were called upon for testimony, but none of them could say that he saw off-side play, interference with the center, or anything improper or irregular in the play. The referee, however, refused to change his decision, and after waiting a reasonable time for him to reconsider his action, Captain Spates called the team from the field.

There was no opportunity for honest difference of judgment as to the first error. Had there been, it would have been the duty of those concerned to submit to the judgment of the referee. But every one who saw the plays, and who could count four, knew that the referee was wrong as to the number of downs.

To decide the probable right or wrong in the conflicting contentions as to the second point in dispute—interference with the center—the position of the observers and the surrounding circumstances must be taken into consideration. Spates is a guard, and, of course, stood within half a yard of the ball. The writer stood directly behind the center, not more than seven yards off, and, therefore, had an unobstructed view of the ball and the men who could possibly interfere with the center.

The referee stood to one side, not less than twelve yards from the ball, his view being obstructed by half the players on each team. It was after 5 o'clock, or about 20 minutes after sundown, on a very rainy day.

From the position of the referee he could not see what was going on. At best his decision rested on guesswork. I say most emphatically there was no off-side play, no interference with the center. Had there been the slightest doubt about the fairness of the play, I would have advised Captain Spates to accept the judgment and continue to play. But knowing that he had yielded twice, when the referee was clearly and absolutely wrong, I could not counsel him to do otherwise than he did. Had he finished the game he would have been in the position either of a man who did not know his rights, or knowing, had not the courage to stand for them. It was one thing to let the game go by default and under protest against decisions wrong both as to fact and rule; it was quite a different matter to lose the game by letting the referee continue to give the ball to Hopkins until they could carry it over under the pretence of regularity. Captain Spates chose the former course. It should be added that his action meets with the approbation of every one connected with the college. While we have such men to lead our athletic teams, St. John's reputation for sportsmanship is entirely safe.



The Great Referee

Yells heard on the Foot Ball Field

Push 'em back! Shove 'em back! Drive 'em back! Team!

Mac, Mac, Moony Mac!
Full Back, Halbert!

Big man, strong man!
Captain Spates!

Through the line Beatty tore
Give him the ball and rush him more!

Ready! Steady! Eddie! Tarbutton!

Get at 'em, St. John's!!

Orange and Black! Orange and Black!
Those are the colors that we will back!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
St. John's! St. John's!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

S. J.! S. J.! Hip! Hip! Ray! Ray!
S. J.! S. J.! Hip! Hip! Ray! Ray!
St. John's! St. John's! St. John's!

Whoop her up! Whoop her up! Whoop her up again!
Whoop her up for St. John's!
A winning set of men!
(*Begin this yell slowly and increase each time you repeat.*)

College Songs

St. John's

(Tune—"Balm of Gilead.")

Here's to Old St. John's,
Drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to Old St. John's,
Drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to Old St. John's,
She's the jolliest place in town,
Drink her down, drink her down.
Drink her down, down, down.

(Chorus.)

Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead,
Way down on the Bingo Farm, etc.

II.

Here's to St. John's College,
Drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to St. John's College,
Drink her down, drink her down.
Here's to St. John's College,
She's the source of all our knowledge,
Drink her down, drink her down.
Drink her down, down, down.

(Tune—"Bird in a Gilded Cage.")

The gridiron is filled with a football throng,
Who'll see the games today,
And there are the teams so bold and strong,
And ready for the fray.
The umpire to the captain now loudly cries,
Are you ready for the kick?
The answer comes back from the Orange and Black,
Now the Black and the Blue feel sick.

II.

Now, they're very meek birds in a gilded cage,
And are seldom heard to sing,
For once they were happy and all the rage,
Till old St. John's clipped each wing.
'Tis sad when you think of a beaten team,
But there's one thing that's sure to come true,
The Pennant's coming back, when the Orange and Black
Meets the team of the Black and Blue.

(Tune—"Pliny.")

St. John's, come yell like hell,
And make it good and loud;
Come, boys, and join right in the crowd.
For when the game is o'er
Old Hopkins will feel so sore,
So, St. John's, greet your team.

(Tune—"Coon, Coon, Coon.")

Hopkins! Hopkins! Hopkins! We will your colors fade.
Hopkins! Hopkins! Hopkins! We'll lay you in the shade.
Hopkins! Hopkins! Hopkins! When we get through with you,
You'll wish you were from St. John's 'stead of from J. H. U.

II.

Hopkins! Hopkins! Hopkins! We'll win that pennant back.
Hopkins! Hopkins! Hopkins! We'll put you on the rack.
Hopkins! Hopkins! Hopkins! We'll make you feel so blue,
You'll wish you were from St. John's 'stead of from J. H. U.

Boola Boola

(Tune—Yale's "Boola Boola.")

Well, here we are! Well, here we are!
Just watch us rolling up a score.
We'll leave poor Hopkins behind so far,
They won't want to play us anymore.
We've hope and faith in old St. John's,
To win we cannot fail.
Well a—Boola Boo, Boola, Boola Boo,
Boola Boo Boola, 'oola Boola Boo.

(Chorus.)

Boola Boola! Boola Boola!
Boola Boola! Boola Boola!
When we rough house poor old Hopkins,
They will holler "Boola Boo!"
Rah! Rah! Rah!
St. John's! Old St. John's!
St. John's! Old St. John's!
When we rough house poor old Hopkins,
They will holler "Boola Boo!"

II.

Now, isn't it a shame. Now, isn't it a shame,
To do poor Hopkins up so bad?
We've done it before; we can do it once more,
Though they'll feel so very, very sad.
We'll roll up the score so very high
That you will hear them sigh,
Boola Boola Boo, Boola Boola Boo,
Boola Boo, Boola 'oola Boola Boo.

The Orange and Black

(Tune—"Blue and Gray.")

The Orange and Black, and the Black and Blue,
On the gridiron meet today,
Old Hopkins thinks that she has a cinch,
But it won't turn out that way;
Our heroes bold will take it past their goal,
While their hearts will fill with pain,
As they leave the fray, you'll hear them say,
We'll never play them again.

(Chorus.)

Old Hopkins' heart is filled with sadness,
They lost the game today;
Old St. John's is filled with gladness,
Their team has won the fray.
'Mid the yelling of the rooters,
The pennant again came back,
Old Hopkins never could play football
With the Orange and the Black.

Strike One

Base Ball Team—1901--1902

Catcher	Mudd, '04
Pitchers	Stick, '04. Actors, 06. Duval, 05. Rohrer, 03.
First Base	Askey, '05.
Second Base	Wilmer, '04.
Short Stop	Jones, '04. Duval, '05.
Third Base	De Vries, '06.
Left Field	Tarbert, '05.
Centre Field	Tarbutton, '02.
Right Field	Towneshend, '02. Jamison, '05.

Substitutes

Halbert. Reed.

Our Base Ball Captains.

Name.	*Position They Played.*	*Season.*
B. Proctor	Catch	'92—'93
C. B. Jones	Pitch	'93—'94
C. B. Jones	Pitch	'94—'95
E. D. Hilleary	Pitch	'95—'96
E. D. Hilleary	Pitch	'96—'97
W. L. Brady	Short Stop	'97—'98
R. P. Melvin	Third Base	'98—'99
H. C. Hill	Centre Field	'99—'00
E. C. Fontaine	Second Base	'00—'01
E. H. Tarbutton	Right Field	'01—'02

Base Ball Scores—1900--1901

St. John's	10	Baltimore City College	3
St. John's	—	Episcopal High School	—
	(No Game—Rain).		
St. John's	—	Washington College	—
	(Game Cancelled).		
St. John's	—	Naval Academy	—
	(No Game—Rain).		
St. John's	—	Rock Hill College	—
	(No Game—Rain).		
St. John's	7	Maryland Agricultural College	9
St. John's	0	Gallaudet	13
St. John's	3	Western Maryland	14
St. John's	5	Johns Hopkins	8

ASKEY. DUVAL. TARBERT.
DEVRIES. MUDD.
SPENCER, MAG'R. TARBUTTON, CAPT. REED.
JAMISON. JONES.
ACTON. WILMER.
TOWNSHEND. STICK.
ROHRER.

Spring Athletics

DESPITE all that has been said and written on this engrossing theme, the interest is inexhaustible. Perhaps a thrilling history of athletics at Old St. John might be written were one to weave together the reports of the trials and triumphs which our several teams have experienced in past years. We are now concerned, however, with only one chapter—"Athletics in the spring of 1901". A sorry picture presents itself to me as I recall the facts and circumstances surounding the inauguration of the sports at this time. 'Tis true, our baseball material looked promising; in fact, there was plenty of material, and good material, too; but there wasn't that true St. John's spirit which had so characterized our College in former years.

Our track team was sadly handicapped by the loss of three of last year's team—Herman, Hill and Rullman—but the opening afforded by the loss of these men should have been an incentive to the new men. Here was an opening—a splendid opening, too—of which our men were slow to avail themselves.

This same lack of spirit afterward asserted itself in baseball, too. At first there was an abundance of good material, but as the season advanced there was a rapid decrease in the number of candidates, until at times there were scarcely enough men upon the field to make a second team. For want of a better name I have entitled the history of our games at home "A Comedy of Errors."

On March 30th we opened our season very encouragingly by defeating the Baltimore City College by a score of 10 to 3. On the following Saturday we went to Alexandria to play our first game abroad. This trip and our only other trip abroad—one to Westminster on May 11th—are so fraught with incidences that I have preserved them for a subsequent chapter—"Our Games Abroad."

A glance at the scores will demonstrate the fitness of my title: We either lost all the games or were prevented from doing so by sympathetic Jupiter Pluvius.

In track and tennis events, the results were practically the same, so I deem it wise to pass them on without a discussion.

A Chronicle of Our Games Abroad

NOW, behold, there arose a great man in our school, who was known as Richard the Daft.

And he was a man of might and carried a curly head under his hat. Wherewith he was desirous of defeating a certain tribe called the Episcolopians, and it came to pass that on a time Richard the Daft sent a challenge even into the camp of the Episcolopians, even into their own camping grounds, which was called Alexandria the Dead. And Richard let it be known that on a certain day he would meet the cohorts of the Episcolopians on their own grounds and would show them how to do it.

So he called his cohorts unto him and went with them into the town that was called the Beautiful, and thence into the town that was called the Dead, and there he awaited the cohorts of the Episcolopians.

But behold, the rain poured and all but a few, who tarried, that they might say "Rubber" unto one another, departed. Now, Richard made speech unto the Episcolopians, and called unto him the keeper of the guarantee and said: "Hearken unto my speech; I would that thou payest up the costs, as thou didst say."

"Pay up and give us even as thou didst promise."

But he hearkened not, neither did he pay.

Now Richard the Daft was exceeding wroth, and withdrew his remaining cohorts.

Now it came to pass on a certain day he went into another place, which was called Westminster.

Now the Carrollites had spoken unto themselves: Let us get the gang of Johnnyites and lay them under the sod.

And lo, it came to pass.

And through the night they made merry, and when the dawn came, there was nothing left except some headaches and some broken hearts.

Now, when Richard went unto the Chief of the Carrollites with his bill, he said unto them:

"Behold, thou art to the bad with me to the tune of many dollars, wherefore I ask of thee, *wilt* thou pay even as was promised?

And he wilted.

And the Carrollite winked his eye and said:

Verily it is so.

II.

Now, behold the Johnnyites returned to their camping grounds much the worse for wear, and there was exceeding sorrow in the land.

For they were defeated once more.

Whereupon it is not a wise thing to be too sure of success.

Neither is it a wise thing to play ball without a captain.

Neither is it a wise thing to trust an Episcolopian.

For verily he that doeth these things must take a back seat.

Is it not so even as I spake it?

Yea, verily, thou couldst wager thy deserts on it.

Our Golf Club

FRIENDS, Students, Alumni, lend me your ears! St. John's has a golf club—and a course, too, strange to relate. How did it all happen? Well, some time ago Annapolis boasted of a Golf Club, of which several of our Profs. were members—high muck-a-mucks, in fact, and under their leadership the aforementioned club flourished. But, like every other organization that aspires to a position greater than that which it is capable of retaining, it collapsed, and its disorganization was the beginning of the St. John's Golf Club, for those honored Profs., of whom I have spoken before, having become such enthusiasts over the game, immediately repaired to our rear campus, and "at their own expense" had a course laid out.

School opened and several of our curious members, like Bip, for instance, in their tour of inspection, espied these little hearts on posts and immediately appealed to the Profs. for information. Now, by way of explanation, our Profs. are very good economists, so in response to the query, they very "modestly" hinted that it would be a good plan for the Athletic Association to introduce that branch of sport into the College, adding, with a sly wink, that perhaps the Athletic Association could also refund to them (the Profs.) the money that they had expended in laying out the course and "keeping it in good condition."

Strange to say, the plan met with the approval of the Executive Committee, and the campus was soon ablaze with red jerseys to such an extent, in fact, that rules had to be passed forbidding baseball and tennis at all hours when the golfers chose to be upon the field. All this for the Golf Club! May she live long and prosper!

The Golf Club

Track Athletics

Track Team

GAREY. BRADLEY. HALBERT. CRONIN.

At the annual Relay Race held at the University of Pennsylvania in the sprinig of 1901, our team secured fourth place.

Tennis Team

E. H. Burwell, }
E. S. Powell, } ..... Doubles.

E. P Duvall ..... Singles

At the annual tennis championship meet of the Maryland Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association we were defeated by Hopkins in both singles and doubles, but split even with Western Maryland College, winning the singles and losing the doubles.

Our Relay Team Captains

U. A. Skirven ..... '95—'96.
U. A. Skirven ..... '96—'97.
J. M. Sinclair ..... '97—'98.
F. W. Evans ..... '98—'99.
C. C. Herman, Jr. ..... '99—'00.
H. G. Rullman, resigned,
E. H. Hutchins ..... '00—'01
E. H. Hutchins ..... '01—'02.
H. R. Tarbert ..... '02—'03

Inter-Class Events

Base Ball

Freshmen	14	Juniors	2
Sophomores (Forfeited).	9	Seniors (Forfeited).	0
Freshmen	6	Sophomores	2

Field Sports

May 13th, 1901.

Measurer—Morgans.
Timers—Profs. Cissel and Chew.
Field Judges—Messrs. Morgans (special) and Worthington, '01.
Course Judges—Messrs. Coblentz, '01, and Wiley, '01.

Event.	*Winner.*	*Distance or Time.*
High Jump	E. Fontaine, '01 (Cromwell (Prep.) Jumped 5 ft. 0 in.)	4 ft. 10 in.
Pole Vault	Halbert, '04	8 ft. 2 in.
Broad Jump	Fontaine, '01	19 ft. 8½ in.
Discus Throw	Gordy, '02	89 ft. 8½ in.
Hammer Throw	Spates, '02	70 ft. 3½ in.
Shot Put	Hutchins, '02	32 ft. 7 in.
50-Yard Dash	Garey, '03	6 seconds.
100-Yard Dash	Garey, '03	10 4-5 seconds.
220-Yard Dash	Garey, '03	25 4-5 seconds.
440-Yard Dash	Tarbert, '04	57 3-5 seconds.
880-Yard Dash	Hall, '03 (In this event the College record, 2:20 was broken.)	2 min. 14 2-5 seconds.
One-Mile Run	Crane, '02	5 min. 20 2-5 seconds.
Class Relay	Scarborough, '04 Cronin, '04 Halbert, '04 Burwell, '04	3 min. 57 seconds.

Constitution of the United Statements of the Rat Tat Board

WE, the people of the Junior Class of St. John's College, in order to form a more satisfactory arrangement of College duties, insure an easy, up-to-date curriculum, provide for the fun and enjoyment of all, promote the general welfare, and to secure for ourselves and our posterity the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United Statements of the Rat Tat Board:

Article I.

Section 1, Clause 1. Ordered, That "Si" Cummins be made to stop boring us with "Collegian" wit.

Clause. 2 Ordered, That a special waiter be engaged in the dining-room for Messrs. Collins and Scarborough.

Clause 3. Ordered, That Sergeant "Billy" Ward wear a sign "Post no Bills."

Clause 4. No Junior Class from this time on shall be allowed to attend more than one chemistry lecture a month.

Section 2, Clause 1. No Freshman shall be allowed to sleep with the Alumni Editor of the Collegian to keep from being hazed.

Clause 2. No Professor of this Faculty shall ever pass every member of the Freshman Class in any one branch.

Clause 3. Dr. Fell shall be required to consult the ladies of Annapolis as to whether the students may use the gymnasium.

Clause 4. Professor Pusey must in the future sufficiently reduce the examination in Sophomore Latin to get it on the blackboard.

Section 3, Clause 1. The ladies of Annapolis must herafter give the College boys more to eat.

Clause 2. Somebody must set fire to Pokey's shop.

Clause 3. The reading room must be supplied with "Nick Carters" and "Diamond Dicks."

Clause 4. Ordered, That Major Thompson be more "partiklar."

Section 4, Clause 1. Ordered, That in Pinkney Hall all the horns, bugles, trombones, clarinets, cornets, bass drums and other musical instruments too numerous to mention, be kept going all the time, in order to break the monotony of things and help one to study.

Clause 2. Hereafter all hop committees shall consult the weather man previous to making dates for the series of winter hops.

Clause 3. Ordered, That whenever the Faculty objects, "stag dances" shall be held in the gymnasium.

Clause 4. The United States Government shall hereafter pay all the expenses incurred by the transportation of the battalion to and from the Presidential inaugurations.

Section 5, Clause 1. Ordered, That Oehm & Co. furnish all our girls with brass buttons.

Clause 2. No student shall keep quiet when Dr. Fell reads the daily reports.

Clause 3. No man shall act funny in the Junior Elocution Class.

Clause 4. No schedule of recitations shall be prepared until the sixth week of the second term.

Section 6, Clause 1. No Math. book shall be used here unless it is well known that the student can easily procure a "key" to the same.

Clause 2. Nobody shall ever be expected to become interested in "Turkey's" lessons.

Clause 3. Anyone knowing four declensions of three Latin nouns shall be considered eligible to a first grade certificate.

Clause 4. "Johnny" Chew shall stop hoping to send away St. John's graduates with as much knowledge of Math. as he has.

Clause 5. Professor Von Schwerdtner must change his opinion regarding the Freshman Class.

Section 7, Clause 1. The Faculty shall arrange a series of lectures on the subject of "Girls."

Clause 2. The Freshman Class shall begin now to write up their "Rat Tat" work.

Clause 3. The Faculty shall hereafter consult the student before awarding him demerits.

Clause 4. The officer of the day shall have nothing to do, but must mind his own business.

Section 8, Clause 1. Ordered, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Amendment.

1. Major Thompson shall appoint his commissioned officers from the Juniors holding the highest rank.

BEATTY.

A "Rustic slew-footed" bookworm, dropped here from the confines of the Eastern Shore.

A man in close touch with the Seniors.

Has no special aim in life.

A literary enthusiast, though not gifted with much "gibbosity."

BLECKER.

An athlete yesterday, a philosopher today, a soldier tomorrow, and a *crank* for evermore.

Talks only about his complexion and other people's faults.

Spends his time thinking how successfully his importance and his literary peculiarities will combine to make him famous.

Hard to beat for nose, gall and sarcasm.

CLARK.

Has a head for Math., or most anything.
A most proficient and enthusiastic critic and orator.
Has a liking for Pokey and the girls.
"A boy who can't sing and *will* sing ought to be muzzled."

CRONK.

Every rule has its exceptions,
And there is an exception to every rule;
But he is the greatest in this school.

Uses cheap cologne, and writes to girls on red paper with white ink.

Old maidy, and lank,
And oftentimes called "Crank."

CUMMINS.

Resurrected from the Baltimore City Jail in 1899.
"The white man's burden " (and girls', too)
Expects to be Salutatorian of '03.
Spends his spare time across College Creek,
Doesn't correspond with more than 100 girls.

DOUGHERTY.

For eloquence and wit and all like-a-that,
You can't find an equal to our wonderful Pat.

A veritable lynx.
One of the cream of society.
Perfectly satisfied with himself, but with no one else.

"Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right."

ELGEN.

An example to follow!
A living Apollo!

Has traveled from "The Earth to the Moon" with Jules Verne no less than nine times.

He came from the land of Nowhere (Carroll County). After he graduates he will go back.

Aims at a career of glory upon the opera stage.

"The man with the hoe."

GALBREATH.

Love of honor and praise bespeaks a soul exempt from pride.
A favorite with the Seniors.
Fished from a Darlington school house and fried in the pan of conceit.
A would-be conqueror.

GAREY.

Crabbed age and youth cannot go together.—*Shakespeare.*
A man much misunderstood.
A spark, a noise, an explosion—that is all!
Stolen from a tin peddler in the sixteenth century.
Expects to graduate.

GRANT.

Came from Alpha; will end up in Omega.
A religious, political and educational reformer.
Disappointed in love affairs.

Has bow-legs, four eyes, and head on slant;
We call him "General" because his name's Grant.

HALL.

One of the most persistant fourth-flour water-rats.
"Sure some to vex, but never all to please."
Chief accomplishment—riding a "pony."
Born in Harford, raised on cigarettes.
Is studying for the ministry.

HANDY.

He thinks his life some fair flower the early spring supplies.
Has a tendency for going to Chemistry in spite of the protests of his classmates.
Very much liked by the girls.

Delicate as a snowflake and modest as a pansy.
Fickle as a maiden, and pretty near a dandy.

HOLLINGSWORTH.

"A healthy frame, and a quiet mind."

In questions of dress, rest and folly,
Just call on our beautiful "Cholly."

Hatched in a bird's nest in the Rocky Mountains. Caught up in a whirlwind and dropped in Harford.

REED.

"Little Sandow."
The man (?) who has to get on a chair to reach his bed.
One of the choicest selections of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works.
Soak 'em! Soak 'em! Soak 'em, Lew!
The pet of the Seniors, the friend of everybody.

ROHRER.

"Eastport" and "Roarer," "Rough House" and "Jim,"
These, and a few more, are what we call him.

If work and zeal, combined with ambition and good humor, can make life a success, he is all right.
"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
"Who wants to play marbles?"

TILGHMAN.

A Mellin's Food enthusiast, he also consumes a deal of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Sarcastic and flip,
Therefore called "Bip."

Spends his money very freely;
Often treats his friends to ice cream (?).
It is hard to tell whether he will be a philanthropist or a barber.
Continually swiping Seward's hair-oil.

WOOD.

"The bookful blockhead, poorly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."
Looks as if he was sent for and couldn't come.
Been going to school for nearly 47 years.
Crack-brained about girls.

WOODCOCK.

A loud and dangerous critic.

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

" 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill."

Stores his opinions high among the stars and defies all mankind to dispute them.

Studies hard, reads the Bible, and runs for all the offices of the College.

Wants to graduate first in the class.

SEWARD.

President of the Consolidated Union of "Automobile" and Gouge Papermakers.

Must have been the model for the frontispiece of "Punch."

As We Know Them

JAMES W. CAIN. To this remarkable individual belongs the distinction of bearing the name of the elder brother of the human race, his ancestors have carried this name for generations. The string of Cains is unbroken. The original Cain was not his great (?) grandfather, but the brother of Abel, as is well known. But there is another fact which had escaped the authorities, or some of the authorities, until the present Rat Tat board was created. Through almost unheard of labor we have been able to establish the fact conclusively, that after Cain had killed Abel, the latter decided to name his eldest son in honor of his brother to show that he (Abel) could forgive, and so the great family of Cains was originated. The present representative was born somewhere in the great State of Connecticut. After going through Yale, where he distinguished himself by his moral and temperate qualities, he made his appearance as a member of our Faculty at the head of the English Department. Lately he has contributed largely to the field of literature, his chief works being "A defence of the use of slang in composition."

JOHN L. CHEW was born in the verdant depths of old Ireland. In his early youth, his mathematical qualities distinguished him. At the age of three, he solved to his great delight, the cubical contents of a cylindrical jar of jam. Soon after, it was his privilege to have the opportunity to calculate the acceleration of a slipper in the hand of an irate mother towards a small boy—the original speed being given. In the shadowy past he became disgusted with Ireland, because a green surface resisted his efforts to calculate its thickness. He came to America with the intention of making pins; but being unable to calculate the number of molecules on the point of a No. 4 pin, he accepted a professorship in this venerable college. His mathematics are his own delight, the pride of the faculty and the dread of us—the plebians. We close this sketch with an earnest wish that it may never enter into his head to solve the exast number of lives in this edition of the Rat Tat. We are sure he would fail, and then we might lose him.

B. V. CISSEL has the distinction of being not only the most energetic man in the faculty, but in the whole city of Annapolis, where the speed of the inhabitants is remarkable. It may seem improbable when we assert that on January 2, 1902, at 8.16 A. M., in the physical laboratory, he thrust his hand into his pocket, on the left side of his coat, and drew forth a key in exactly six minutes, thirteen and three-fifths seconds. Now we would not ask you to accept this fact about a

lesser man, nor would we even state it, but just before this wonderful incident occurred, the writer had an inspiration that something of national importance was going to happen. We therefore drew forth our stop watch, and with the pleasure of a great discovery we are enabled to announce the above phenomenon. It is true that there was only one key in the pocket, and so no time was lost in scratching around to find the right one. Also that the morning air was bracing and that the conditions were favorable for a great display of speed. But even with these things admitted we can hardly realize it ourselves. We are proud to say that remarkable man is a graduate of St. John's. Whether he acquired his great energy here, or whether it was inborn, has never been settled. After his graduation he took a post-graduate course in the Hopkins University and finally accepted a professorship in his Alma Mater. He is now engaged in the preparation of a work which will be welcomed by the scientific world. The titie has not yet been chosen, but its general theme is that energy in the human race varies directly as the amount of food and sleep, and inversely as the amount of work. His views will no doubt be accepted by a great many.

PROFESSOR DANIELS to the world, but "Pokey" to his loving friends, the students. Let not this adjective convey to anyone the implication of slothfulness, for there is not one single thing slow in Annapolis. We use it to express his perfect accurateness and industry. He comes from the wilds of Anne Arundel county. A Stoic in belief, he has devoted his life to the advancement of science—to be particular in an investigation of the exact seat of intelligence of a fishing worm. He has reduced his hypothesis to two possible conclusions—either that it is in the upper left-hand corner of the right compartment of the heart of this wonderful being, or above and slightly to the right of the palate. The predominance of evidence inclines to the former theory. We have no doubt but that in time he will have solved this great question in the interests of science. He has also entered the field of literature, and has produced a work entitled "A Discussion Regarding the Relative Strength of the Left and Right Hind Legs of a Bullfrog."

THOMAS FELL—don't think for once that he did, for to our personal knowledge he has always been able to keep on his feet, at least in the financial world. The exact place and date of his birth are uncertain, but the former was somewhere in the western part of England and the other was in the remote past. There is a legend that Ponce de Leon failed to find the fountain of life because this extraordinary individual had already run a bill through the Florida Legislature which gave him the exclusive right to this fountain. Our future president pumped the spring dry and started for England with the water. But while near the Chesapeake Bay his vessel was wrecked. Seeing that he was about to lose his precious freight, he took a heavy draught and put himself at the mercy of the waves.

Fortune favored him and he landed on the coast of Virginia. With an undisputed title to immortality time was of no consequence to him, and he began to formulate his great treatise on the most helpful books for man. For sundry reasons he threw out of consideration the Bible. After countless years of toil he evolved the wonderful conclusion that a bank-book was pre-eminently the book of books. His former course at Oxford fitted him for the presidency of St. John's, which position he has been holding for some time—we can't say just how long.

MARKOS ARISTOGEITEN SOHO—was born near the ancient capital of Greece. His early education was received with Jason, at the feet, or rather hoofs, of the Centaur. After graduating from the Syra Gymnasium, he embarked with Jason on his quest for the "golden fleece." Orpheus' music was distasteful to him, however, as he preferred a Lyon & Healy flute, and so he deserted ship at Baltimore and took his Ph. D. at the Hopkins. Blind fortune at last made him head of the Greek department of St. John's. His latest contribution to literature is a supposition that if Mercury had thrown his shaving water from Olympus upon Homer, would it have altered the number of feet in verse 603 of the second book of the Iliad? His conclusion is that the water would have had this effect. "We do not judge; we only relate."

PROF. VON. SCHWERDTNER—We think that is the way to spell it—is of doubtful nationality. In his own words, his father was a German, and his mother a French lady. After receiving a liberal education in the universities of Europe, he served with distinction in the Franco-German war. His life from that period has been devoted to turning the ends of his Kaiser William moustache through an arc of 180 degrees. He has succeeded up to this time in getting them just half way, or 90 degrees. We despair of his further success, for it is only the French element that has come down; we cannot expect the German to yield. He has been with us only a few months, but we admire the tenacity of his purpose and hope that some day he may succeed.

PROF. PUSEY—is in all probability of Dutch extraction. At least, this is the only way in which the Freshman can account for his extraordinary command of the German language. But we, when made editors of the Rat Tat, acquired also an intuitive knowledge, which is foreign to Freshmen, and we can account for this in another and much more plausible way. Mr. Pusey, after graduating from St. John's with an excellent record, especially in football, went to Germany to perfect himself in the language. But he was almost despairing of becoming a true Dutchman when an idea occurred to him. He had one of his veins opened, and with the aid of a bicycle pump he transferred the blood of a German laborer, whom he had bribed, to his own veins, and his own gore to those of the Dutchman.

The result was even greater than he expected. The German immediately came to this country and became a millionaire. Professor Pusey became so very German and acquired such a knowledge of the language that at one time he was on the point of demanding a part of the blood back. But the other refused to part with it, so Professor Pusey became the head of the German department of this College, for there was no law in his rather unusual case. He served his country well in the Spanish-American war, being a captain in one of the Maryland regiments.

"Spirit of 1898
After "Rip Van Winkle"

Elles Sont Toujours Les Memes.

Au commencement de notre ere, existait un puissant royaume aux bords de la Méditerranée, qui devait sa prospérité en premier lieu à la sagesse et aux vertus de son roi. Ce monarque modèle avait un fils unique de dix—huit ans, qui devait lui succéder un jour. Il lui avait fait donner la meilleure éducation en vue de sa haute vocation future. Mais, sachant que rien n'est plus apte à élargir les vues et à former le caractère que les voyages à l' étranger, il résolut de le faire voyager pour quelques années. A son grand regret, les circonstances n'avaient jamais permis au roi de visiter les pays étrangers, et c'était pour lui une raison de plus de donner cet avantage à son successeur.

Un grand vaisseau fut immédiatement équipé sur l'ordre du roi, et le commandement en fut confié au meilleur capitaine à long cours.

Le départ du prince héritier fut une occasion solennelle. On avait construit sur une hauteur près de la plage une estrade, au centre de laquelle le roi était assis sur son trône, entouré des grand dignitaires du royaume et de ses gardes. Le prince vint s'agenouiller devant san pére, et après avoir reçu la bénediction du vieillard, il se rendit, accompagné d'acclamations enthousiastes, à bord du vaisseau, qui mit immédiatement à la voile.

A peine le vaisseau se fut il éloigné du rivage de quelques centaines de pas, que le roi se leva subitement de son siége, et, laissant de côté les règles de l'étiquette aussi bien que la dignité royale, se mit à courir à toutes jambes vers le rivage, avec une vitesse étonnante pour son âge. Là, il s'arrêta, et, se servant de ses deux mains comme porte-voix :

"Elles sont toujours les mêmes," s,écria-t-il, "ne, l'oublie jamais, mon cher fils."

Ces paroles lancées d'une voix sonore et claire, furent entendues par le prince, mais il n'en put saisir le sens. Il pria donc le capitaine de virer de bord et de se rapprocher du rivage, afin de pouvoir demander des explications à son pére. Mais celui-là refusa net, alléguant l'ordre stricte du roi de ne pas pointer le cap sur la côte de la patrie avant deux années de croisée dans les mers. Le prince dut donc se résigner ; mais il restait longtemps debout sur la poupe, le regard fixé sur la côte, qui disparraissait de plus en plus à l'horizon, et ruminant les dernières paroles de son pére, sans cependant parvenir à en comprendre le sens.

Cette dernière exhortation étrange du roi préoccupait le prince beaucoup les premiers temps du voyage. Mais peu à peu, les impressions toujours nouvelles et

variées, ainsi que l'insouciance de la jeunesse, l'effaçaient de plus en plus de sa mémoire, jusqu' à la fin il n'y pensait plus.

Les deux années de croisée allaient finir, et le vaisseau avait déjà pris son *cours* vers la patrie, lorsqu' un jour il s'approcha d'une île magnifique, toute couverte de la végétation richê et admirable de la zone torride. En la voyant surgir de l'eau sous le soleil bleme du matin, on aurait dit une émérande incrustée dans de l'or. Le prince exprima aussitôt au capitaine le désir d'y aborder. Mais celui—ci lui répondit que c'etait impossible, que cette île était habitée par des amazones, qui tuaient infailliblement tout homme qui oserait y mettre le pied ; que de temps en temps un téméraire s'etait hazardé d'y pénétrer et avait disparû d'une manière mystérieuse.

Loin de détourner le prince de son projet, le conte du capitaine avait, au contraire, stimulé son désir de visiter cette île redoubtable. C'état le fruit défendu, partant exquis.

L'occasion lui était favorable; à cause d'un calme, le vaisseau était forcé de passer la nuit près de l'île et avait jeté l'ancre.

Quand tout le monde à bord s'était endormi, le prince quitta clandestinement sa cabine, monta sur le pont et, de là, se laissa glisser dans une nacelle qu'il avait préparée d'avance.

L'île lui apparaissait gigantesque dans le clair de lune et plus mystérieuse que jamais. Il se mit aussitôt à ramer, jugeant dans la lueur trompeuse la distance plus petite qu'elle n'etait en vérité. Après un dur travail, il y *aborda* enfin, et, à bout de forces, se jeta sur la plage pour s' endormir aussitôt.

Le soleil s'était levé et baignait l'île dans une limière d'or, quand le prince ouvrit les yeux et se trouva, à sa grande surprise, en présence de trois belles amazones. Elles etaient en armures, coiffées de casques et armées de lances et de glaïves. Un heureux mélange de grâce féminine et de mâle prestance leur donnait un charme tout à fait particulier. Elles le saluèrent très poliment et l'invitèrent à les accompagner au palais de la reine. Introduit dans la salle du trône, le prince vit la reine assise en grande cérémonie, entourée de sa cour et de ses gardes. Elle était toute jeune et d'une beauté exquise. Elle répondit à son salut par un sourire gracieux et lui dit :

" Sois le bien venu mon cher prince ! Nous ferons de notre mieux pour rendre ton séjour heureux, et tous les plaisirs que la terre puisse offrir aux mortels, tu les *goûteras* chez nous. Mais pour trois jours seulement. Car une vieille et sainte loi de mon pays que je n'ai point le pouvoir d'abolir, nous impose le triste devoir de te tuer le soir même du troisième jour."

Elle fit un signe de la tête et les amazones emmenèrent le prince. Tout terrifié qu'il était, il n'avait par le temps de s' abandonner à ses pensées, car il fut lancé d'un amusement dans l'autre, de sorte qu'il oublia même le triste sort qui l'attendait

Il se le rappela toute fois, quand, le soir du troisième jour les amazones le reconduisirent dans la salle du trône. La reine grave et triste, lui adressa la parole :

" Mon pauvre prince, voilà le moment funeste arrivé. Avant d'être tué par mes amazones, cependant, tu peux faire des derniers voeux, et, sur ma parole de reine, ils seront pieusement respectés."

En même temps trois amazones, armées de lances, s'avoncèrent lentement et se rangèrent en face du prince. Celui—ci ne craignait pas la mort, mais il etait tourmenté du repentir le plus amer. Il pensait à l'immense douleur que sa mort causerait à son noble pére, il se rappelait tous les détails du départ, il voyait le vieillard courir vers la plage, il se souvenait enfin de ses dernières paroles: " Elles sont toujours les mêmes, ne l'oublies jamais, mon cher fils ! " Tout à coup, une lumiére se fit dans son esprit, et il en comprit le sens. Regardant la reine bien en face, il lui dit d'une voix haute et ferme :

" O Reine ! mon dernier voeu est, que *la plus agée* de tes amazones me donne le premier coup de lance ! "

A ces paroles, les amazones furent consternées. Mais la reine, qui avait de l'esprit, dit : " Nous ne pouvons te tuer, puisque aucune des amazones ne veut porter le premier coup de lance ; mais si tu veux bien consentir à être mon époux, ce sera, à mon avis, la meilleure solution de cette situation embarrassante ! "

Le prince ne refusa pas, bien entendu, et se hâta d'informer le roi de cette paisible conquête d'un royaume, qu'il devait à son bon conseil paternel.

F. J. von Schwerdtner.

Jarvis of the Fourth Floor

JARVIS was a typical fourth floor man—he smoked, swore, called on lady friends frequently, lied about attending church, skipped classes, played the mandolin, sat up late at night and loafed in other people's rooms when they were busy. In fact, he had all the making of a respectable citizen. He was supposed to room in 65, but he was seldom seen where he belonged. Rooms 59 and 71 used 65 for a reading and writing room.

One night Jarvis went calling. On his return he met on the third floor landing a bucketful of very self-possessed water. Indeed, it struck him as being rather cool. His uniform overcoat collar was turned up, making a first-class funnel through which the water could run down his back. Pleasant! But Jarvis did not express it that way.

It was absolutely necessary that he go to his room—however much he might hate to do it—to find dry clothing, so he wended his weary way to 65.

The door was locked, and, of course, the keys were inside, but that did not matter. It was as easy to break the lock as it was to go to sleep, and quite as much fun. He kicked and—here he got a tremendous joke on somebody. Now do not say that he did not enjoy it. Some fun-loving individual had gone to the trouble to place a bucket of water over the door of 65 in such a way that it would drench the one opening the door. It worked admirably, but Jarvis was already as wet as he could be. Ha! Ha! That gentleman went to all that trouble for nothing, the puddinhead.

When he got in the room he noticed that his bed was gone, but that did not trouble him. There were dozens of other beds in the hall and it was a small matter to move one of them into his room. His trunk, too was gone, probably down town to the house to which the fellows supposed he had gone that night; but the people would take care of it till morning, and there were hundreds of expressmen in town. It was Jarvis' nature to take things philosophically.

He undressed, put on a bath robe, lit his pipe, and started out to see what might be going on. Seeing nothing of interest to him on the fourth floor, he strolled down to the third—the hotbed of innocence and Freshmen. It happened that a new one had just arrived and "Doctor" Garver had very kindly fitted his room up with new furniture, and the bed was especially good. Surely Providence was concerned in that, somehow!

Jarvis looked through the open door and saw not only what has been mentioned, but also that the Freshie looked lonesome. With a view to cheering up the youngster, he walked in and introduced himself. After some common talk Jarvis realized suddenly that he was desperately hungry, and the Freshie, for the sake of being agreeable, owned up that he was, too.

"Come along, then,' said Jarvis, "and we'll see what is in store for us. You'll never get along here till you learn how to make yourself at home. Come on and I'll show you around.

They strolled to Room 79, where Jarvis thought he could probably find some caramels. It happened that the occupants of 79 were in and that a half dozen other fellows were in with them, all enjoying a little feast. Just the thing!

"Gentlemen," Jarvis sang out when, after much persuasion and not a few threats, "I have the honor to present to you Mr. Willie Verdant, newly arrived, kindly make him comfortable."

The gang, seeing that Jarvis had some game on hand, very generously made themselves agreeable to the lately homesick Mr. Verdant. After a while Jarvis left the room, saying he would be back shortly. Of course it did not take long to carry innocent Willie's bed up to his own room, so he was able to be as good as his word.

After spending a very pleasant evening, during which he learned that the upper classmen were real nice fellows, Willie withdrew to his now pleasant room Jarvis happened in a little later and very vehemently expressed his opinion of anyone who could stoop so low as to steal a bed.

After a little skirmishing around he found another new bed in a freshman's room and, after giving its owners a good lecture and promising them a good, honest hazing, he removed it to the new man's room.

Later he happened in and told the bed-stealing (?) freshman that the hazing might be averted if someone would go down to 196 Dobbin Street and bring up a trunk that had been brought there that evening. The Freshies took the hint and the trunk was pushed into room 65, at 11.39 P. M.

Two or three hours later Jarvis went to bed, congratulating himself on having enough good sense to get along well in the world.

A Trip Through Southern Maryland

BALTIMORE, Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York; Pope's Creek and Way Stations! All aboard!

It is early upon a beautiful morning of October that we board this north-bound express at the Pennsylvania depot in Washington, anticipating a delightful trip through Southern Maryland.

To the left the dome of the Congressional Library, reflecting the glory of the rising sun, shines like a hemisphere of burnished gold. To the right, against the blue vault of heaven, Washington Monument stands forth as a pillar of cloud. To the front stretches a broad expanse of water and marsh, spanned by a long trestle.

"Night's candles have burnt out, and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top." Had Shakespeare interwoven a Prince George county scene into his tragedy he would have had to be content with a small hill covered with scrubby pine trees instead of a mountain. But Shakespeare seems to have not been impressed to any great degree by Prince George county scenery, probably because he never saw it. George Alfred Townsend once attempted a graphic description of Southern Maryland, and the remembrance still lingers green in the hearts of the natives.

While we have thus been meditating upon the vicissitudes of human existence in general and nothing in particular, the train has been flying through woodland and field. As we glide on, the landscape becomes very interesting. From my window I count seven hills, two creeks, four negro huts, five rabbits, one snipe, one farm house, six buzzards and three signboards. Upon the first signboard is the following legend inscribed: And he took him unto an high place and said unto him: "If thou canst do all things, I command thee to change these stones into bread." And he answered and said, "No, thanks, but I will change them into Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, if you wish."

The second read thus:

When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the sky,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And drink old Roxbury Rye.

Upon the third, shining forth as a warning to a lost and benighted world, was the following: Verily, I say unto you: "Except ye eat Mellin's Baby Food in your infancy, ye will surely fizzle out."

Bowie, next stop! Change cars for Pope's Creek Line! yells in a fog-horn voice, a little brakeman with a big cap and Roman nose. Aroused from our contemplation of the beauties of nature, we collect ourself and alight. The most conspicuous feature of Bowie, and the one that invariably attracts and holds the attention of travelers, is in the great number of shields or probably coats-of-arms suspended along the fronts of the houses. Let me read you a few: Tivola (never heard of it); Rochester (saw the name once in a geography); Bartholomay (sounds familiar); Annheuser Busch (pleasant recollections); Schlitz, the beer that made Milwaukee famous. Ah! here is the key to the riddle. We feel an almost uncontrollable desire to perambulate across, but remembering the well-known and time-honored adage: "There will be no baseball game today," we choke down our thirst and decide to forego the pleasure of a high ball. Although we feel that we cannot indulge, at least there is no harm in looking at the signs. If we do not see doubly and can count correctly, there are just 67 of these insignias. This is surely an era of prosperity in our history. Long may it continue; may the beer signs multiply an hundredfold and our money never run out.

That star-spangled banner
Of freedom, so dear;
O long may it wave,
While we empty down beer.

But here is our train. All aboard! and we are off. We chanced to sit beside a gray-haired old gentleman of benevolent appearance, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation with him. He seemed to be well informed, and we discussed several of the questions of the day: i. e., Did Washington cross the Delaware in a rowboat or a mud scow? Should John Brown have been hanged or electrocuted? Which is the better to keep cider from getting too hard, peppermint or sassafras?

Hello! Here we are at Upper Marlboro. On one side can be seen a frog pond; on the other a weather-boarded station and express office, behind which stands a mule hitched to a dogcart. We are told by the old gentleman that the town is just across the hill, and, of course, have no cause to doubt him. We are not ordinarily easy, but where it is none of our business, we are not in the habit of calling a man a liar on a supposition.

After leaving Upper Marlboro our companion, who seemed to be something of a philosopher, broke upon a new theme. "My young friend," said he, "do you

realize to what an extent temperance controls the affairs of a people? Ever since the morning stars sang together throughout God's infinite universe, this great truth has been demonstrated to the mind of man. The celebrated Julius Cæsar in his famous commentaries calls attention to the fact that temperance is always a virtue—not only in matters pertaining to the flowing bowl, but also in other things. Cæsar practiced what he preached, and history notes that even in his massacres he was moderate. In Gaul, for instance, when his army defeated the forces of Ariovistorix III, most Roman generals, had they been in his place, would have slaughtered every savage in the vanquished army. But Cæsar, with more forethought, spared 99 out of the 307,000, and thus only 306,901 were killed. What was the result? The 99 took to the woods as soon as they were released and spread the tidings of the massacre to every part of the then known world, amplyfying the story as they ran. In consequence, Cæsar's fame increased a thousandfold, and in later years he was enabled to defeat armies triple the size of his own by the mere force of his reputation. Had he killed every one, there would have been none left to tell the tale or to exaggerate it. The stories of his soldiers would have been set down as fakes, his own official report questioned and himself summoned to appear before a court of inquiry. As it was, by exercising a little temperance he made a big win." We did not remember that passage in Cæsar, probably because we had never read more than the first book, so giving the old gentleman the benefit of the doubt, we warmly endorsed his opinion. The conversation drifted upon other topics and incidentally he informed us that he once had aspired to the House of Delegates, but both parties had refused to support him merely because he had once served a three-year sentence in Jessup's for taking a mule not his own. Maryland knows not what she has lightly placed aside. We do not doubt this gentleman could have written a speech upon negro disfranchisement that would curl the hair, and have delivered it in a manner calculated to freeze the marrow, had he been given the opportunity. But

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

At Brandywine we bid our friend good-bye and leave him to pursue the even tenor of his way, while we change for the Baltimore and Potomac or Southern Maryland Railroad.

Across the road still flourishes the little "Bowery," with an Appian way leading thereto. Thither we wend our weary way for a glass of buttermilk, the better to fortify ourselves against the coming trial. It will be well here to give

a short description of this Southern Maryland "dinkey" which is soon to transport us at lightning speed across the face of the globe.

The road extends from Brandywine south to Mechanicsville, a distance of twenty miles. Two trains, one down and one up, are run per day, except during the three summer months, when traffic becomes so heavy that an early train up and a "late" train down are added. All trains are necessarily pulled by the same engine, as it is the only one owned by the company. The entire management of the corporation is vested in one man. He is conductor, baggage master, mail messenger, general passenger agent, general ticket agent, general freight agent and general manager. In the words of the immortal Daniel Webster, "He is the only pebble on the beach." In his duties as baggage master and mail messenger he is assisted by a red-headed brakeman, neatly uniformed in blue jean and a slouch hat.

After a half hour's delay, caused by the loading of one trunk, twenty-five cases of beer and three barrels of whiskey, the brakeman waves his hand and the train, consisting of one freight car and a combination smoker, passenger, baggage and mail car, starts out. Everything moves along smoothly for a while, when suddenly there is a halt. Upon looking out the window we see the engineer in front of his engine throwing stones at a red and white spotted cow which has a manifest disposition to graze upon the track. At length we get by the cow in safety and proceed upon our way. Gallant Green! Ah, here we are in old Charles county, God bless her! that land flowing with milk, honey and "Mudd." Several other stops are made at intervals of half a mile, presumably at stations, but we fail to perceive them. At Hughesville, for the first time since we left Brandywine, we see a white native. Here is the only and necessarily the largest department store in Southern Maryland. We have not written this little epic in a spirit of criticism, but cannot refrain here from stating that Rohrersville has four such establishments, and we do not call them department stores, much less boast that they are the largest in Western Maryland. But we have neglected to mention the scenery. Suffice to say, it is the same picturesque, undulating, succession of pine woods and swamps that we observed in Prince George county, only on a less grand scale. About a mile beyond Hughesville there is another halt. What in the world is the matter? Upon investigation we find the fireman chasing from the track the same red and white spotted cow we were compelled to stop for, three hours ago, ten miles back. Finally we are again moving. Charlotte Hall! Ah! "Sweet Auburn," loveliest village of the plain. How dear to my heart are these familiar scenes. Upon yon spacious campus rises our beloved Alma Mater, Old Charlotte Hall Academy, within whose classic halls for two years our young idea was taught how to shoot—and that bright young idea is still shooting

(the chutes), as our Math. and German Professors will bear witness. We cannot forbear recalling a reminiscence of our school days. This was the attempt of myself and a fellow student to inaugurate the "shirt tail" parade at Charlotte Hall. It was upon a beautiful night in the month of May that we sauntered forth, clad in our *robes-de-nuit*. The full moon was sailing proudly through the heavens, the gentle zephyrs softly whispered in the treetops, and the frogs were kicking up an unearthly racket in the swamp below. We "flunked"—and great was the "flunk" thereof. For upon trying to evade a group of young ladies, we ran into the waiting arms of two professors, taking a quiet evening siesta beside the "Fountains of Healing Water." So the tale endeth, except that the faculty, in solemn conclave, saw fit to impose fifteen demerits and three thousand words upon us. Why couldn't they have followed the precept of their illustrious superior, St. John's, and soaked us for seventyfive demerits down, without any unnecessary encumbrance? The next station south of Charlotte Hall is New Market. During my sojourn at the Academy,

"How well do I remember
'Twas in the bleak December."

There was a period of five hours one morning when not a drop of whiskey was to be had in New Market. Everybody held his breath and awaited the Millennium. About half-past twelve the train, with five barrels of the joyful, came in sight; the houses settled back on their foundations and business was resumed.

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the sounds that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Dear reader, can you imagine the appalling possibility, had a snowstorm blown up the previous night and delayed the train for a week.

Mechanicsville, the terminus of the line, is reached without any mishaps. From thence we take the stage to Leonardtown. The stage is a dilapidated two-seated conveyance, drawn by an excuse for a horse. One seat is occupied by baggage, merchandise, &c., and you share the other with the driver. If there is more than one passenger, they have to take turns walking and riding. All Southern Maryland scenery looks alike to me, but the soil of St. Mary's county appears especially adapted to raising tobacco and niggers. Fifteen stops for refreshments are made by the driver before we arrive at Leonardtown. At one of

these stops I was asked to settle a dispute between two antediluvian relics, sitting on the fence. One asserted that Aristotle was a Roman gladiator, who could lick blazes out of anything on wheels. The other said he was a Dutchman who invented sauer kraut. We informed them that Aristotle was a Greek general who captured Troy, and then continued our journey. After a tiresome ride Leonardtown is reached. As we drive through the town the thought enters our mind, how Leonard Calvert can possibly lie quiet in his grave. Supper is served at the so-called hotel, and a very good supper at that. While lounging around after supper we are approached by a melancholy native who suggests a little game of poker. Having a little surplus cash in our clothes, we readily agree. The game was not opened until there were thirty cents in the pot, and we won on three jacks. He won the next on two pairs and the third on a straight. The fourth came his way on a dead bluff, he having only queen high. There were fifty cents in the next pot when he announced that he had openers, and drew three cards. Luck was with us, and we held a straight. There was betting until three dollars lay on the table. "My money," said he. "You see, I have two pairs." "But a straight beats two pairs. "Who says so." "Hoyle does." "My boy,' said he, "this is a world of changes. When we sat down to the game a straight beat two pairs, but now it is the other way. Deal again, and I will decide whether a full house should beat a royal flush." We retired from the game a sadder but a wiser man. So endeth our journey as well as our story. The next morning we left by the Washington boat. Dear reader, unless you are tired of life, or wish to get away from your mother-in-law, let me prevail on you to stay away from Southern Maryland. Probably you may wish to contribute some interesting facts to natural history, or to substantiate Darwin's Theory of Evolution. Only under such conditions would the exploration of Southern Maryland be justified.

There are, doubtless, some who are so stiff-necked that they will not give ear to my words or be governed by my counsel. For such there is no remedy but the experiment itself. Some persons have to sit down on the hornet before they can fully appreciate the true nature of the animal.

Advertisements

FOUND—A promising bass-drummer.....The Band.
FOUND—The unexpected (in Greek).....J. L. Blecker
FOUND—A *Fox* and a *Rabbit* (*Bonnie*).....The Faculty
FOUND—Two "Pussies".....J. W. Wilmer and E. D. Pusey
FOUND—A *Vey* to pacify *Punch*.....Freshman Class
LOST—The *Small Keyes* of the *Hall*.....The Freshmen
LOST—A *Turkey* and a *Crane*.....Barnum's Circus
LOST—A terrapin, a kitten and a long-eared dog.....R. T. Rohrer
LOST—All my ambition.....Editor-in-Chief of Rat Tat
LOST—The Presidency of '03.....W. H. Grant
WANTED—Somebody to ask me for my opinion.....A. W. Woodcock
WANTED—*Spots* and *Dots*.....The Business World
WANTED—To know the definition of "Subordition".....Jake's Classes
WANTED—The similarity between a *Stick*, a *Reed* and a *Cain*.....The Students
WANTED—Plenty of *Mudd* and *Bakers' Raisins* to *Punch* up the big end of Pat's Bass-Horn.....Fourth Floor
WANTED—Some flesh to *Phil* out my clothes.....J. Merryman.
WANTED—Some ambition and originality.....The Faculty
WANTED—Some choice *Country Frogs*.....Tarbutton and Tarbert
WANTED—A *Cooper* (or) two that can hold a *Woodcock and a Jay Bird*.
.....Students
FOR SALE—A *Baby Elephant*.....E. H. Hutchins
FOR SALE—A Pale-Face and a Monkey-Face.....Second Floor

BEARD & SEWARD, the only wholesale and retail dealers in imported Hinds and Noble Ponies. Guaranteed full blood and unmixed. Recommended by Trainers Fell and Pusey to be quickest, as well as the most showy ponies on the St. John's race track. Some of which have made the best records in the history of the race.

Experienced grooms furnished with ponies. Jockeys, such as Garey, Small and Wilmer, who have all won medals at the semi-annual races on the tracks of Pusey and Fell; can be furnished to train and ride any pony—from a Cæsar Shetland to a bucking Juvenal.

The Old Nickel Math-Bell

(To the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How sweet to the ear is the sound of the math-bell,
Which calls us from moments more pleasantly spent.
To cosines, to tangents, and oft to our death-knell,
Right up to the room where we ougtn't to went.
The high, shiny forehead, the Prof. who can sport it,
The table, the blackboard, where Johnny Chew stands.
And if we don't know it, his book will report it,
That little black book, which he holds in his hands.

CHORUS—

The old nickel math-bell, the blamed 'lectric math-bell,
Which calls us to lessons we all know so well.

(The second stanza will be in next year's Rat Tat.)

Do You Realize

That "General" Grant wrote the Rat Tat?
That Beard is the best gouger in College?
That Bradley and Hutchins are reformers?
That Smith (A. W.) is a special Freshman?
That Grant is from Alpha?
That Clark is an orator?
That Mudd never plays cards?
That Cronin is the smartest man in College?
That Townshend is the most beautiful singer?
That Fox has a red nose?
That "Punch" has been divorced from Judy?
That Cronk is a good mistake?
That "Bip" Tilghman is a sergeant?
That "Johnny" Chew can't teach Freshmen Math.?
That the "Frog" has crooked legs?
That Blecker is going to be Major?
That Cummins has a bad case?
That Wilmer will "cluck?"
That Padgett (E.) is bow-legged?
That Garey is smart in Chemistry?
That the Junior Class is high-toned?
Why Galbreath likes the Seniors?
How "Tommy" Fell can live on his salary?
Why "Pokey" doesn't marry?
Why Garver, Jack, Davis and Isaac are not in the Faculty?
What is the matter with the Prep. School?
That Stick is a victim of circumstances?
That you can't fool Neewy?
That if you don't, you're blind?

Book Review

"ELEMENTS OF LOGIC."

One of the most interesting pieces of light literature or fiction that has come into our hands for some time is "Elements of Logic," published by Butler, Sheldon & Company. Throughout, this work abounds in the most sparkling wit. It is quite hard to contain oneself as the author "proves" his absurdities for us. We shall give two of these syllogisms, as the author calls them. We never heard the term before, but are sure that the street boys will adopt it and will begin to shout, "Syllogism yourself."

"Nothing is better than wisdom.
Bread is better than nothing.
Ergo. Bread is better than wisdom." Or,
No cat has two tails.
Every cat has one more tail than no cat.
Ergo. Every cat has three tails.

There are also four little jingles which we are sure will become soon nursery rhymes, and instead of our babies shouting

"Old mother hubbard
Went to the cupboard,

they will cry joyously,

"Barbara celarant parii ferioque puoris,
Cesare camestres festino baroko secundæ,
Tertia darapti desamis dalisi felapton,
Bokardo fersison habet; quarta insuper addet,
Bramantip, camenes demaris, fes apo fresison."

Its extreme simplicity will, no doubt, appeal to all of the readers. And let us say here that no verses can be surer of posterity than those which are preserved in the nursery.

The diction of this work should recommend itself to careful mothers and teachers for the child's first reading; for seldom do words of more than fifteen syllables occur. We predict a great success for this book in this line also.

Jebb's "Selections from Attic Orations"

Published by Macmillan, deserves special notice on account of the peculiar character of its humor. This is the one feature which distinguishes it from the great mass of "trashy" literature now published. It is generally accepted that humor should have some tendency to provoke readers to mirth. But old Lysias was a sly and greedy old duck, and his humor is of such a nature that it provokes the readers to a perfect frenzy, while affording them the best sort of fun imaginable. Methinks I can see old Lysias choking with laughter as he delivers his harangues to that gossiping crowd of Athenians, while he thinks of the difficulties he is making for the future students of St. John's. Those old Greeks were a far-sighted and a vindicative sort of people, anyway. Apart from this feature there is nothing in the work to command respect. As for the others, we will not censure them, poor fellows, for they did the best they could. They might not have seemed such dope goods in those days. We will close with those words which are so proper here, "They are more to be pitied than censured."

Ames' Theory of Physics

By Joseph Ames, Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University. Published by American Book Company. Price $1.50.

versity. Published by American Book Company. Price $1.50.

This book is one of the greatest works ever written on the subject of Grecian Mythology. It begins with a description of the fall of Alpha, the God of Beauty, from the regions of Beta, the God of Highlands, and tells how Omega, the Goddess of the Whirlwinds, caught Alpha in her currents and wafted him away to the land of Iota, the goddess of a very indefinite region called Momentum. While in this region Alpha falls in love with Theta, the Goddess of Attraction, and nearly meets his fate at the hands of Delta, her lover, the God of War and Power. But the struggle is suddenly brought to an end by the appearance of Ro, the great God of Pressure and Hurricanes, who hurls the forces of Delta into the ethereal regions, where they are consumed by the fires of Sigma, the God of Light and Heat. Ro then destroys the region of whirlwinds, Omega's kingdom, and releases Alpha, who, with his dear Theta by his side, at the head of the forces of Ro, returns to the kingdom of Beta, and by force of arms restores himself to power, and now reigns supreme with his beloved Theta. Lambda, an offspring of Theta, is next in succession. Thus the work gives us a fair idea of the ancient ways of the gods, and is highly interesting throughout. The plot is well worked out and should be read by every scholar.

Side Remarks on (Dutch) German

An individual may grow to manhood as verdant and innocent as the day he was born, and yet spend his latter days in a flat having a back door Sunday connection with a barroom; he may live a youth of wickedness and crime and

incidentally pay a few prolonged visits to the State penitentiary, yet it is not impossible that he may pass peacefully over the river amid the sorrowful tears of his Sunday-school class. A man may begin life by passing across the bar the worst concoctions ever produced, and yet, after having made a fortune in the wholesale liquor business, become one of the greatest exponents of temperance that ever graced a platform. But when he becomes so void of discretion as to purpose in his mind that he will undertake the study of "Dutch," the Darwinian Theory of Evolution, i. e., that man is descended from a monkey, or more probably from an ass, is certainly proven. He may already have plucked from the lower branches of the tree of knowledge a few plums such as Greek, Logic and Calculus, but he should have noticed that "Dutch" is of the fruits that grow only upon the topmost branches, and it takes more than a brickbat to bring it down.

Blinded by the knowledge of what he has done, he asserts, "Verily will I roll up my sleeves and jump upon 'Dutch' with both feet, and of a truth when I am through, it will look like the traditional dollar from which 70 cents has been extracted." For a time, my son, this benighted individual may stumble along the stony path, and may even knock 4.50 and 5.00 by the timely assistance of some careful "ponying' in his book. But there comes a time of reckoning. He goeth into examination with a happy heart and a step as light as if he were rushing the growler, but when he cometh out, his countenance hath a careworn and vacant expression, and his general appearance is like unto that of a rotten pumpkin upon which a ton of brick has accidentally been dropped. It is not necessary to inquire if he has flunked. Leave him alone to the tender mercies of an accusing conscience.

Truly the way of the "Dutch" student is hard and full of trouble. When you are reading that "sublime" creation "Die Wacht am Rhein," does it picture to you the beautiful blue Rhine, with its patriotic associations, dear to the heart of every true son of the Fatherland? Not much. It sounds very nice when played by the little German band, but for heaven's sake "cut it out" in classroom. When Mr. Wm. Tell shoots the apple from his son's head are you trembling for fear he will miss it? Decidedly no. You don't care whether he hits the apple or smashes the boy in the solar plexus. As you are perambulating slowly and painfully over Luther's "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," does it recall the time when you, an innocent little boy, attended Sunday-school and mingled your childish voice in the familiar hymns? Nit. You are swearing inwardly and committing Martin Luther and every other Dutchman to an extremely warm climate.

My son, you who are at the parting of the ways, consider well before you go on. If you fall, great will be the fall thereof, and it is not necessary that the

winds should blow, the rains descend and the floods come to tear away the flimsy foundation upon which your little structure of egotism is built.

My son, receive my words and incline thine ear to my sayings. For length of days and long life and peace shall be added unto you. But if you shall set at naught all my counsel and will have none of my advice, then will I laugh at your calamity and mock when you flunk examinations. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from all fear. And when the silver chord of life shall have been broken and the soul passed whence we know not where, may we be peacefully laid away in some secluded vale where Dutch books cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Analytical Geometry

By G. A. Wentworth.

Absence of technical detail and scientific pretensions places this little book without a peer in the literary world. Marvelously blended with childlike simplicity, it is one of the most fascinating works of fiction that man ever wrote, and should be read by every lover of romance. The characters are brought out by piling on detail after detail, instance after instance, until the reader is so completely wrought up that he hates to lay it aside till completed.

The first few chapters describing the land and the people are so graphic in their picturesqueness that they appeal to the readers with the force of a prophecy, and he reads on in search of the "*plot.*" The whole story is a glowing portrayal of the trials and tribulations of a little band of *Greeks,* who pledge mutual support in their travels through the intricate windings of the "*Conic sections.*"

One moment we find this little band, guided by their gallant little leader, *Alpha,* perched upon the vertex of Mount *Parabola,* and the next, taking a quiet *nap* (*pe*) in the valley of the *Hyberbola*.. In this manner the story proceeds in an unusually taking style, containing one bundle of contradictions and lovable absurdities, until the author sees fit to conclude his story.

The Principles of Argumentation

BY GEORGE PIERCE BAKER.

Alas! and what is there in a name? The Junior Class of St. John's College has proved by higher mathematics that *everything* is in the name of this book.

And it wouldn't require many Maryland legislators long to find out that there is *nothing* in the book. But if we wish to consider the work from an economical standpoint it would be appropriate to mention that *the value in* the book is $1.12. The diction is rotten, the subject-matter is Robin Hoodified. The meaning of every paragraph is supposed to be forthcoming in the next mail. Somebody told us that the author says in this book that the only thing necessary to become a lawyer is persuasive power. But we can prove by logic that it is necessary to be a liar.

This book is intended to drive students to suicide and to jail. In one place the author tries to fool people by saying, "There are two main kinds or argumentation, that which is written and that which is not spoken, or in other words, that which is not any good and that which is no good." The latter is now practiced in modern courts. The author skillfully avoids mention of the power of money in courts, and in all convictions.

The book has no purpose. The object for writing the book is the eighth wonder of creation.

The book suits hard-worked students for three reasons:

First, it offers one hour of rest per week.

Second, the instructor can't require a pupil to answer his queries according to the text book (unless he is *non compos mentis.*)

Third, it elaborates upon the different kinds of confusion, contradiction, metamorphism and general climatic conditions of "balled-up" briefs.

About half way between the lids of the book the author tells why one man doubts another man's word. We doubt his reason, for a syllogism which contains as a premise the conclusion of another syllogism, is called an episyllogism. He also says the evidence of a bowlegged man who drinks common whiskey should not and cannot be relied upon.

The plan of the whole book is a fake, and we recommend it as an admirable bunch of nothingness. Generally speaking, and also thinking, the book is surely "on the bum."

Whitney's French Grammar

A model tongue-twister. Giving not only all one wants to know about the language, but besides all that one does not want to know. It has all the essential qualities of a text book of the day, namely, tiresomeness, ambiguity, wordiness and size. But it is a genuine side-splitter, and the humor of the irregular verbs is attractive and sparkling throughout.

The Shirt Tail Parade

1901 Orders of Shirt Tail Department

Headquarters St. John's College,
Shirt Tail Brigade,
May 1, 1901.

Ordered—

1. That Privates Murphy, Coolahan and Dougherty be handcuffed and sent back to Ireland.

2. That Private Johnny Chew work more and read less at the gymnasium.

3. That Corporal Blecker get Sergeant Fait to capture a part of his nose.

4. That Paymaster Dustin hire a barber to shave the butter.

5. That Bugler Rough-House Rohrer comb his hair for a change.

6. That Lieutenant Briscoe be promoted for his punctual and continuous attendance at drill (six times during the year.)

7. That Detective Mace go to h—— to instruct the devil in the manly art of cursing and prevaricating.

8. That army regulations adopt Major Thompson's latest code of commands, such as, "Rear open order," "Parade dismissed," "Jump the fence, March 1," &c.

9. That the battalion appropriate 50 cents for new poker chips for the Pinkney Y. M. C. A.

10. That Private Pokey Daniels be promoted to corporal for his exceeding bravery in the battle with the cops.

11. That Private "Bobby White" be excommunicated for falling in love with Little Egypt on the day of the Inaugural Parade.

12. That Private Tilghman be compelled to board in the College Club for two weeks as punishment for swiping Soho's whiskey.

13. That Private Soho be reduced to ranks for selling intoxicants to minors.

14. That Orderly Fell be demerited for not carrying out Dr. Garver's orders.

15. That Sergeant Tarbutton be demerited for having little frogs in his room.

16. That Private Riggin be given 25 demerits for attending more than one class a week.

17. That Corporal LaMotte de disrated for coming back so soon after the Easter Holidays.

18. That Captain Wiley, Corporal LaMotte and Private Cissel have a slow race.

19. That Private Seward in the future use hair oil on his head instead of butter.

20. That Private Riggin be confined in the guard house for ten days for holding four duces against Captain Wisner's full house.

21. That the Glee Club have Grant, Scarborough, Burroughs and Cronk to sing a quartette at the concert.

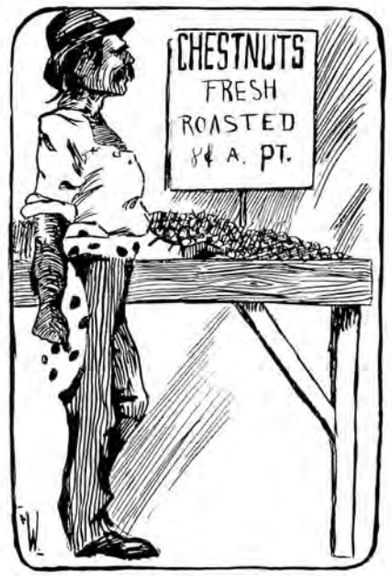
22. That Private Cain have three preliminaries to the next athletic meet in order to get his chums on the team.

23. That Soho cook his onions under the hood in the laboratory instead of perfuming the barracks.

24. That a strict guard be kept on "Pitcher Stick" to prevent him from signing with the Baltimore League team.

25. That a detective be put on Private Wells' track to discover where he spends his evenings.

26. That a gold medal be awarded to the proficient police force of Annapolis for their brave fight against the College students in the recent trouble.



College Wit

Grant—Say, Gore, were you up to the Buffalo Exposition last summer?
Gore—Yes.
Grant—What did they have there?
Gore—An exposition.

Clark (at club table, holding up a piece of beef)—My, but this hunk of cow would make a fine rubber block for a freight train!

After Thanksgiving Dinner

Collins, '04—My heavens! I believe I will die before tomorrow morning.
Scarborough, '04—Don't die, Wilkie, we'll have to buy a memorial tablet for you.
Petherbridge, '02—Yes, Wilkie, go ahead and die, then we'll get another holiday.
Collins—Then you'd raise the devil around *here,* wouldn't you?
Scarborough—Yes, but the *devil* would be raising you down *there,* too.
Petherbridge—Then we'd raise h—— and rescue him.

President Galbreath (in '03 classmeeting)—I appoint Messrs. Reed, Tilghman and Dougherty to look after the chairs for the June ball.
Garey—Mr. President, I would like to make a motion.
President—Mr. Garey has the floor.
Garey—I move that this committee which you have appointed be recorded in the minute book as the first committee of more than one man wherein every man of said committee is chairman.

Ancient, Reckless and Independent Order Destroyers of Cimex Lectularius

The Local Council, No. 750, of A. R. & I. O. D. of C. L., having met this tenth day of our Lord, in the month of January, year Nineteen hundred and two, in our secret chamber, for the purpose of concentrating the powers given under

our care as a protection against Cimex Lectularius and other like disturbers of the peace, and after carefully considering the present raid of the Cimex Lectulais, do hereby notify the leaders of said army to withdraw their above named ranks from the territory of the First Floor of Pinkney Hall within the space of twenty-four hours, otherwise we shall deem their encampment on our mattresses as an act of hostility and take strenuous action against their troops. Believing peace more preferable than war, we trust that said troops will be withdrawn without further trouble.

We are very sincerely,

W. E. R. CUMMING,
W. E. R. WILLING,
Committee on Cimex Lectulais.
ROUGH HOUSE JIM, Chief Cimex Lectulais Killer.

Murphy in mathematical examination)—

A parallelogram is a long, square figure, having four sides and a base, four corners, four angles and three dimensions. It is shaped like an Uneeda Biscuit box. It cannot be mistaken for a triangle, and as far as I know it is harmless.

Clark (trying to sing)—

Oh, my Dolores, open up your gates and sing!
Fair one of Eden, look to the West for me.
I'm d—— near freezing out in the rain.

Padgett, '04—Say, Tony, are you going walking after dinner?
Powell, '04—Gosh, no, but I am going to ride out my Latin.

Beatty—Say, General, have you any writing paper?
Grant—No.
Beatty—Well, why haven't you?
Grant—'Cause Clark has plenty.

Garey (returning to college in September)—How are you, Doctor. Am delighted to see you!
Dr. Fell—Well, don't break up so much furniture this year.

Crane—How do you do, Doctor; nice weather, isn't it?
Dr. Fell—You owe me a dollar, don't you?

Prof. Chew—Mr. Wilson B., what is the spherical excess of an agle?
Wilson B.—Well, you see, Prof., it is just like this: In the first place you take a spherical triangle, you know, and then, you see, you just simply compare the sum of the angles of the "danged" triangle with 180 degrees, then, you see, the difference is called the spherical excess, and, see here, isn't that right?

Prof. Pusey—Mr. Riggin, take the next sentence.
Riggin (in German prose comp.)—Zwei grosse Americanische Dichter sind Pope und Cooper.
Prof.—Pope ist kein Americanischer Dichter.
Riggin (thinking the sentence incomplete)—Zwei grosse Americanische Dichter sind Cooper, und Pope ist kein Americanischer Dichter.

Prof Turkey (in music class)—Mr. Burrows, please define to us the meaning of a beat.
Mallory (always in a hurry)—Don't you know, Prof., it is a root from which sugar is made.
Prof. Turkey—That is not what I meant.
Mallory—Oh, yes, Prof., you mean a fellow who "bums" cigarettes.

Scarborough—What is a mechanical engineer?
Halbert—A mechanical engineer is a man who designs machines and turns iron, &c.
Scarborough—What does a civil engineer do?
Halbert—Oh, a civil engineer builds roads, tunnels and bridges.
Scarborough—What does an electrical engineer do?
Halbert (getting tired of the quiz)—He don't do anything, he has an assistant.

Why is St. John's not an important voting place?
Because it contains only one ward.

Prof. (in physical class)—What is a watt, Mr. Garey?
Garey (after having received a 1.50 in chemistry)—I guess that is just what (watt) it is, Prof.

"General" Grant—Major, I cannot see why Sergeant Tilghman was given a higher rank than I.
Major Thompson—That is just the reason, Corporal Grant, your eyesight is bad.

Charlie (after one of Pat's prolonged speeches)—Why don't you keep quiet, Pat?
Pat (the Irish blood boiling)—Faith, and ye needn't get "ginger bready."

When is a man not a man?
Answer—When he is a major.

Who is the greatest liar? A dead man.

Can You Understand

Why Townshend uses so much cologne?
Why Dustin wants to stay here?
Why the faculty is not changed?
Why Woodcock wastes so much time down town?
Why we cannot keep any appliances in the Gym?
What "Johnny" Chew understands?
Why Freshmen will lie?
Why the Seniors want the honor system?
Why Grant is bow-legged?
Why "Tony" Powell is such a ladies' man?
What makes LaMotte's hair fire color?
Who it is that likes to be petted?
Why Dustin should get $80 per month?
Why "Jake" doesn't live in the Vice-President's mansion?
Why "Turkey" has cut off his mustache?
Why the Sophomores are so Foxy?
Why you never get your examination papers back?
Why we have to pay $20 per month for army beef?
Why Jamison is such a gaspipe?
Why so many girls lose their minds over Clark?
The difference between the Stick and the Club?

An Examination Soliloquy

"To pass or not to pass," that is the question.
Whether 'tis better, in exams., to suffer
Questions from contumacious Profs,
Or to prepare notes containing useful data,
And, by gouging, pass them? To fail, to flunk,
No more, but by gouging, to more than end
The heartaches, and the many sleepless nights,
That a failure brings—'tis the only method,
And it will I pursue. To fail, to flunk,
To flunk! perhaps a zipp; ay, there's the rub;
For at that frigid point, what blood won't freeze?
I must shake off this dire calamity,
So gouge I will. There's the respect
That surely follows a graduation,
In which will be lost all those base ideas
Of the gouger's wrong. The smart man's contumely,
The pangs of stricken conscience—alike lost.
So I'd rather bear those ills a short while
Than to flunk an exam. I know not of.

The Rough House Club

Pres., James Rohrer.
Vice-Pres., General Grant.
Sec., Country Tarbert.
Sergeant at Arms, Tom Hall.

Minutes of the special meeting of those who last year banded themselves together for the purpose of promoting general disturbance in Pinkney Hall.

In pursuance of the call of the Board of Confusion, the Rough House Club met in cell 26, fourth floor, Pinkney Hall, September 23, 1901, President Rohrer in the chair. The following named active members answered to their names: Old Lady Wilson, Jim Clark, Garey, Whiskers Beard, Tom Hall, Judge Blecker, Harry Pigeon, General Grant, Puss Wilmer, Toney Powell, Cholly Hollingsworth, Johnny Mudd, Si Cummins, Country Tarbert, Rat Jones, Riley Elgen, Mooney Halbert, Lord Riggin, Old Sommer and Scabby Scarborough.

After roll call the secretary, Mr. Tarbet, read excuses from the following absent members:

Cooper, out of town in search of a new face and some old rye.

Seward, engaged in sandpapering his forehead to remove the shine.

Reed, hunting for his lost size.

Murphy, engaged in pulling shaving and blacking brushes, socks, tobacco bags, ink wells, and books from his new bass horn.

Stick, down town getting "stuck" on the girls.

Beatty, engaged in convincing Spates that he (Beatty) should be the major in '02-'03.

Woodcock, making a new list of his mulish opinions.

Wilson B., studying how to be funny.

Mr. Johnny Mudd then moved that the chair designate two men to watch Pokey. Motion carried.

Messrs. Mudd and Galbreath were appointed.

Mr. Mudd filled two buckets with water and took his post. Mr. Galbreath armed himself with —— —— lids and soap dishes, and took his post.

Mr. Blecker moved that the club proceed to elect new members. Motion carried. Mr. Collins' name was proposed. Under discussion, Mr. Hollingsworth objected to his election on the grounds that he (Collins) couldn't tell a lie properly.

Mr. Riggin made an eloquent appeal to the club, pointing out the fact that Collins was once Mayor of Snow Hill, and had the enviable reputation of treating all his friends to ice-cream and pie whenever he had the "tin." Mr. Scarborough touched a responsive cord in our hearts by arguing that the gentleman should be elected because he is a native of the Eastern Shore. Mr. Jim Clark was opposed to him for two reasons: first, because he had a handsomer face than he (Clark); secondly, because Collins would always be down at Kashner's when any rough house was to be raised. Discussion was closed by an appeal from President Wilmer, of the Sophomore class. Vote resulted in Mr. Collins' election.

At this juncture Mr. Powell hauled off and struck the sergeant-at-arms, who had chastised him for throwing sugar on Mooney Halbert's woolly head.

Then the President's chair broke and spilled him on the floor, where he lay in fits of laughter until the sergeant-at-arms helped him up. Mr. Powell was given a vote of thanks for such a good disturbance.

Mr. Blecker then delivered an eloquent address on "How Best to Worry the Seniors." He was followed by Mr. Halbert on the subject "Bluffing." Mr. Garey gave us a talk on the same subject.

Mr. Whiskers was then instructed to go down town and get some Sweitzers and beer. When he returned we had a quiet feast. Toasts were proposed and responded to as follows: "How to Be Humorous," Riley Elgen; "The Representative Fourth Floor Man," Old Lady Wilson; "The Campus in May," Harry Pigeon; "The Seniors and the Faculty,' Judge Blecker.

Cholly Hollingsworth then got into a scrap with Tom Hall as to which should get the most beer. The President brought an end to the trouble by drinking it all himself.

The next thing in order was the discussion of plans for a subsequent outbreak. Rat Jones proposed a plan by which the club could get even with the Faculty for shipping two of our members. He put the suggestion in the form of a motion, that we expend thirteen cents for firecrackers, and permit the President to name two nervy men who would set them off at the door of the Faculty room during the next weekly meeting. The President was about to put the motion when General Grant attempted to kick Scabby, struck Gus Bradford's washstand and broke the bowl and pitcher. In explanation of his disorder the General stated that Scabby would get worse than that if he monkied around *his* chin any more. He was excused and given a vote of thanks. Tony Powell then violently pulled old Sommer's hair, whereupon he received another vote of thanks.

The President called for order and put Jones' motion before the Club. It was carried. Tom Hall and Hollingsworth were chosen to light the fire crackers.

Si Cummins called for the floor and delivered a fine argument, in which he showed the need of cleaning out "Prof. Rigley's quarters." He used several

French and German quotations in the course of his talk. His speech was enthusiastically received. Mr. Jim Clark moved that we "rise hell around these diggins."

There being no further business, the lights were put out and we had a fight.

COUNTRY TARBET,

Secretary Rough House Club.

The following are the qualifications necessary to become a member of the "Rough House" Club.

I. Every member shall be a good liar.

II. Every member shall keep his mouth shut when called before the Faculty.

III. If any member fails to answer to the call of the President, he shall be accused of all the damage done during his absence.

IV. Members shall practice the art of putting rooms on the "bum."

V. No member who is familiar with the Seniors (or Pokey either) shall be tolerated.

VI. Every member must be able to jump a whole flight of stairs at once.

VII. No married men allowed.

VIII. No one shall be admitted to the club unless he has received 99 demerits.

IX. It is necessary for each member of this club to sleep with his shoes on.

X. No Freshmen allowed.

XI. It is the duty of every member to raise as much racket as possible during chapel.

Soliloquay of a Boarding Club Student

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,
Feed me on gruel again just for tonight.
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake,
Oysters that slept in the watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
Weary of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.
Backward, turn backward, for weary I am,
Give me a whack at grandmother's jam;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed,
Let me once have an old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to turn up and die."

—*Ex. The Mirror.*

Shakespeare's Ideals

"The Merry Wives of Windsor"—Powell, Jones.
"Measure for Measure"—Reed.
"Much Ado About Nothing"—Townshend.
"Midsummer Night's Dream"—Bradford.
"Merchant of Venice"—"Seward."
"As You Like It"—Riggin.
"The Tempest"—Dougherty.
"Winter's Tale"—Woodcock.
"Comedy of Errors"—Masenheimer.
"Macbeth"—Keyes.
"King John"—Blecker.
"King Richard the Second"—Spencer.
"Anthony and Cleopatra"—Tarbutton and Smith.
"Julius Caesar"—Spates.
"Romeo and Juliet"—Cronk and Elgen.
"King Lear"—Professor Daniels.
"Hamlet"—Garey.
"Othello"—Neville.
"Two Gentlemen of Verona"—Padgett, E. R., and Padgett, H.
"Love's Labor Lost"—Cummins.

The St. John's Zoo

ONE of the ideal features of our College life is the enjoyment we derive from our excellent collection of fowls and animals.

For some years we have been carefully collecting from the most remote regions these specimens, and we at present have such a collection as would make the dullest zoologist open his eyes in wonder and envy.

Owing to some negligence on the part of Sub-Director Soho, one of our most prized animals, the monkey (Fontaine), escaped last year, but we have as a partial compensation a kind of baboon, which, in honor of our beloved escaped monkey, we call "Monkey Face" (Keys).

In the year '96, while fishing on the Chester river, our efficient Director Fell caught an excellent specimen of Ranae. He brought the "frog" (Tarbutton) here, and we are now greatly indebted to the Director for this animal, which has grown to be quite a large specimen. We keep the frog on the third floor of Pinkney Hall, where his croaking is a great amusement to the boys. The Major often takes him to the armory for the pleasure of Company A.

The rarest specimen we have is, perhaps, the dwarf Reed, discovered in South Africa by Stanley. This cute fellow is of a race known as "Pigmies." The little fellow, we fear, is not satisfied in this distant clime. When persons are near he is very quiet, but when left to himself he participates in all manner of yelling and hideous noises, which causes the monkey-face baboon, whose cage is next to the dwarf's, to become very melancholy. We have had several local zoologists (Pokey Daniels and Bob White) to examine these characteristics, and the opinion seems to be that the restless disposition of the fellow is due to the fact of his separation from his natives.

Three years ago the animals received another very precious addition to their ranks. This specimen was brought from Calvert County by Sub-Collector Hutchins, who says the natives of that barbarous county called the thing a "white rat" (Jones).

Sly Reynard always slips in where there are fowls to eat, and so we have had our zoo much enhanced by the appearance of a fine specimen of fox. He is a full-grown red animal of a very sly nature, and is noted for being very quick to "catch on." He was brought from Baltimore County last year.

What has attracted the Fox to our clime seems to be the large variety of birds we have. I shall give a brief description of the most prized ones in the following paragraphs, which shall include the Jay Bird, Woodcock and the Crane:

The Jay Bird we have so named from his resemblance to our American birds which are called by that title. This bird was discovered in the wilds of a very remote and uncivilized part of American territory, Anne Arundel County. A party from St. John's camped in that section last year. In the course of one of our hunts we by misfortune came to know the only inhabitant of that land, whom we named Whiskers, from his shaggy beard. The old hunter had the bird as a pet, but we induced him to sell it to us, which he very reluctantly consented to do.

The next bird of importance is the Woodcock. You may say you consider the Woodcock as a very ordinary bird, but the one we have is far superior in quality to any yet known to mankind. It may be owing to his qualities that we prize him most, yet with every look at the bird my mind reverts to thrilling times, not all pleasant, that I spent with the party who secured the fowl. It was in the year 1900 that a party, under the direction of several brave guides, among whom we are proud to include the wild man, "Whiskers," from Anne Arundel regions, set out to make some settlements, and, if possible, colonize the land and subdue the barbarous and uncivilized race in a territory known as the Wicomico wilds. While there we came upon a camp of natives, who called the place Salisbury, an Indian name for nowhere. These people showed a friendly spirit and we were soon attending one of their war dances, of the most weird and fantastic nature. After the dance the chief took me to his wigwam and showed me his pet bird, which as a friendly token he gave me. We were safely escorted from camp next day, and soon after succeeded in subduing the people, and, after placing a colony, we left for Annapolis. This is the history of our Woodcock.

The Crane is the last and oldest fowl we have. When I say oldest, I mean not as to life, but old in our service. This bird we prize for its dramatic performances and also for its beautiful plumage. When we called it a Crane, we did not do so from the fact that it resembles that species of birds in the least, for, on the contrary, it possesses not a characteristic of the Crane, its neck being very short and legs not at all out of proportion with the rest of its body. But we called the bird a Crane because of the tradition which is told of his past—that he was taken under the wing of a Crane when young, and, like Romulus and Remus, was nursed until he was able to take care of himself—at least, he thought so. But, alas! sad fact, he was one day caught in the meshes of a net set by Director Fell, of the zoo, in the regions of St. Mary's County.

In addition to our collection of animals and birds, we have started to collect rare plants. At present we have only one—the White Lily.

By the Month

A CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT EVENTS.

September 19—"What kinder time d'ye have?"
20—Confusion.
21—Profusion (of Freshies).
22—Intrusion (of Sophs.)
23—Freshies made to sing, root pennies and whistle.

October 1—"There will be no baseball game today."—Tony Powell.
2—"There will be no baseball game today."—Jim Rohrer.
3—(In Chapel.) "Owing to unforeseen difficulties, there will be no baseball game today."—Dr. Fell.
4—Lord Riggin mistaken for Walter Camp.
5—All went to the circus. Carroll County Club was auspiciously inaugurated.
6—Professors Daniel and Soho study croquet rules.
12—Football. St. John's—all over Georgetown.
13—Petherbridge made his *debut* as officer of the day. "Can't fool Petherbridge."
14—Diphtheria boog-a-boo. Quarantined.
15—Same as any other day. Sun rose and *sat* as usual.
19—Russ Wilmer organized the "*Doodledum Orchestra.*" Awful! on the "cream pot."
20—"The black cat fell (?) in the cream pot."
23—Tommy, Pokey and Sohawk cut the electric wires and got drowned.
24—Greasy-Faced Fritz buttered Whiskers.
25—And Whiskers buttered Fritz.
26—Football. Swarthmore enjoyed our fumbles. Informal hop in gym. Boys rude enough to yell at the dancing fellows, "Cholly, Cholly oh, my golly, look at Cholly, —— Hollingsworth." "Wilson, Wilson, bow-legged Wilson, —— Galbreath," "Tom, Tom, brass-button Tom, —— Hall," etc.
31—Hallowe'en. Major T. serenaded.
32—Don't count.

November 2—Football. Gallaudet, 6; St. John's, 6. Ought to have been Gallaudet, 0; St. John's, 12. Riggin, Tarbutton and Scabby wear Y. M. C. A. badges.
3—Sunday. Everybody goes to church.
4—All answer present. Groans.
6—Pat Dougherty buys a pipe.
7—Tony Powell stuffed the keyhole of the switchboard box with chewing gum.
9—Football. We left Western Maryland on the gridiron. Celebrated with chapel bell and empty barrels until 2 A. M.
10—Bradley, '02 ex. '03, instituted the dining-room reform—reported Riggin for eating nine serves of meat.
11—Lieutenant Spencer (Dick) reported Collins for winking his eye in ranks.
12—More like West Point every day. Grant reported for thinking contrary to Lieutenant Townshend.
13—Claude Handy, in the role of a martyr—went to Chemistry. All the rest of class skipped.
14—Professor Soho didn't cook onions for dinner. Blecker resolved to be a preacher.
15—Rohrer made 5 in Dutch.
16—Riggin played football backwards. St. John's featherweights proved to be too much for the "Blue Hen's Chicks" (Delaware College).
18—It rained.
19—Band instruments arrived. Leader Stick couldn't get through his door—swelled head.
20—Grant got mad.
21—New songs for Hopkins game.
Tragedy in high life (first floor):
Act I.
Time, 7.30 P. M.
Scene 1. Fritz Seward busily engaged in spreading Limburger cheese throughout the hall.
Scene 2. Fritz goes to his room and highly enjoys his practical joke.
Act II.
Time, 1.30 A. M.
Scene 1. Garey, Clark, Blecker, and Grant gather in Rohrer's room. Provide three full buckets of water. Professor

Sohawk smells a rat and appears on the scene. Retires in silence.

Scene 2. Fritz in the arms of Morpheus. Open door. Three buckets of water drop suddenly on Fritz. Garey, Clark, Blecker, Grant, and Rohrer disappear in the dark.

Scene 3. Fritz shakes his feathers, swears a deal and turns to Carrie Nation. Prowls up and down the corridor for two hours waving his big hatchet and cursing the cheese.

22—Fritz didn't spread any more cheese.

23—We all went to Baltimore for the Hopkins vs. St. John's game. We outplayed Hopkins team, but we could not play Hopkins' referee. Forfeited the game, rather than submit to an unfair decision of the referee.

24—Jim Rohrer and Mooney Halbert begin to write on their excuses to the Faculty for "busting doors." Petherbridge writes his reasons for "cussing" Pokey.

27—Thanksgiving holidays. "Home, Sweet Home."

28—Turkey (not Professor Cissel) won our hearts.

29—Colored society turned out to see the great game between St. John's waiters and Naval Academy waiters. P. S.—Navy won.

December

1—Beef for breakfast.
Bull for dinner.
Ox for supper.

2—Woodcock and Elgen raised a rough-house.

4—Jay Bird tells his experience in love affairs.

5—Major T. was quite sober.
Football team entertained by Mrs. Fell.
And Cooper got sick as h—.

6—Pat Dougherty bought a box of matches, and paid for them.

7—College Band practiced outside of Pinkney about half past 10 at night.

8—Blecker began to form his New Year resolutions.

9—Revell, '04, managed to attend all classes.

10—Rat Jones learns to blow the bugle.

15—Reading-room project started.

16—Fire on the rear campus (bonfire).

17—Boys play Santa Claus by placing a tree in Small and Beachley's room.

The decorations were beautiful. Among other things were: Skates, slippers, wash basins, pitchers, Freshmen's photographs, chairs, cushions, towels, and small articles of furniture.

18—Monsieur Bradley curls his moustache.
Blecker failed to make any additional promises to himself.

20—Townshend wore his sword home to show his girl. In alighting from the train, it got mixed up with his legs and threw him down.

JANUARY, 1902.

January

7—St. John's again! Beef, books and zips again, after so much turkey, cake and fun at home.

8—Dr. Fell advises Garey, '03, to be a preacher.

9—Freshie Gore buys four packs of cards to decorate his room.

10—Freshie Fox put on a new pair of socks (green). Parson Bowen delights in his golden hair.
Glassy Top Si Cummins and Freshie Jamison made an important discovery in their rooms, and Si changed his name to "Bug-house Si."

11—Burroughs, '04, and Fox, '05, began to study for February examinations.
H. Padgett and R. Cronin gave a stag dance in the gym. Prof. Daniels and Scrubby La Motte received.

14—Collins ate a small dinner, but he made up for it at the supper table.

15—Revell resumed his college duties.

16—John Winfield Chester Stick, the renowned Carroll County tournament rider, gave us a flute concert.

17—Blecker resolved to study law.
Reed narrowly escaped drowning—in the bathtub.

18—Clark, '03, didn't get reported for disorder.

19—Scarborough admitted that he would rather translate two pages of German than take a bath.

20—Pat Dougherty paid a call at the White House. Hall and Hollingsworth swipe Senator Soho's electric light.

21—The Seniors rolled Billy Ward out of bed. Billy found that instead of lying on the bed, the bed was lying on him.

22—Freshie Smith was entertained by the Hon. G. O. H. Society.

23—Faculty shipped Hall and Hollingsworth for swiping the electric light. Students on strike. Tommy *on the hog*.
25—Townshend, '02, in the role of the hero. He watched all night in a Freshie's room, with pistols, knives and razors, to protect the Freshie from the G. O. H.
26—Sunday. Scabby, Powell and Jones didn't go to church.
Blecker resolves to be a doctor.
27—Rat Tat board held a secret session, which ended in a fight.
28—Everybody has nervous prostration (day before exams.).
29—Whiskers carried so much gouge-paper to exam. room that he had to prepare an index for it.
30—"I don't know much (?), but what I do know I intend to keep to myself."—Bradley's exam. motto.
31—Don't count here.
32—Don't count, either.

FEBRUARY.

February 3—Blecker changes his mind.
4—Old Somer darned his socks to have his photo taken.
5—Professor Soho left to accept the chair of French and Latin at the Baltimore City College. He had been with St. John's since 1894.
6—German training vessel Moltke visited Annapolis. Dutch galore!
8—Exams. over. Life again!
Blecker resolves to travel.
Juniors celebrate on second floor. General Grant and Woodcock got drunk (on water).
9—Woodcock didn't go to church.
10—Second term dropped in on us.
Blecker resolves not to make any more resolutions.
11—Juniors skipped chemistry.
12—Blecker resolves to rest all the balance of the year.
14—A tidal wave of flunks! We heard from the exams. after waiting seven days. All got valentines (zips) except twenty-six fellows.
15—Anniversary of Pat Murphy's escape from Ireland. Also, the explosion of the Maine.
16—Snowbound. Professor Von Schwertiglickenen arrived.
18—Lights all out. Everybody and the band, too, serenaded Ridgley, the new professor.

20—Senator Cronin absent from chapel. Collins stopped eating long enough to cuss the waiter.
21—Very slippery walking. Big Billy Ward, '02, took a tumble and splashed all the water from the gutter.
22—Mr. Patrick Dougherty resolved to emulate George Washington, instead of Napoleon.
Professor Bob White was struck by a falling tree limb.
23—Professors Davis and Garver (from Africa) did some work carrying limbs off the path.
24—Small, '04, took cold, because Beachley forgot to warm the newspaper before handing it to him.
25—Juniors skipped chemistry.
26—Major Spates resumes the military discipline.
27—"Cornhusk" Revell comes back.
Freshies Merryman and Bowen ill.
28—Prince Henry of Prussia visited Annapolis, and it had to rain to keep us from formally greeting him as he passed the campus.
29—*Didn't come around this year.*

MARCH.

March 1—Jay Bird turned poll parrot.
2—It rained, it snowed, it hailed and blowed. That pesky groundhog!
3—Major Beard and Color-Sergeant Spates hold an informal court-martial on the second floor stairsteps.
Our good old friend, "Dug." Howard, leaves College.
4—Major Beard trains his muscles in the gym.
5—Rat Tat board took a rest.
8—Stag dance, brass band, girls, rough-house time. Pokey there.
9—Sunday—without the sun.
10—Faculty mad.
11—Brass band makes its appearance on the parade ground. Faculty tries to scare up Mooney and Harry Padgett.
12—Ruland, '05, said something.
13—Rat Tat board went to work.
14—Garey knew his Latin.
15—Rat Tat suspended hostilities.
16—Dr. White falls in love.

17—St. Patrick's Day. The two Pats were out in green!
18—Major Spates got strict.
19—Grant appears in his famous red jersey.
20—Brogden ('05) goes to see Clark's ('03) girl.
21—Clark goes to see Brogden's girl.
22.—Clark and Brogden fight.
23—Sunday. Greatest water fight of the year between fourth and second floors. Fourth floor won.
24—Jim Rohrer made 5 in Dutch.
26—Debate between Literary Societies.

Rag-Time Railleries

COLLINS, '04.

Our Wilkie-Boy's a sporty gent,
And dresses very neat,
He'd rather die than spend a cent
Except for aught to eat.

SPATES, '02.

Some people call him handsome,
But we think he's been mis-called,
For when you see him closely,
You will find that he is bald.

COOPER, '04.

He's blustry and he's dangerous,
A full grown son-of-a-gun,
He bluffs his way through studies,
And makes us plenty of fun.

HALBERT, '04.

A fluffy head, an active hand,
A most astounding nerve,
A "Mooney" face that is without
A single ugly curve.

CRANE, '02.

"Just clear the track for I am IT,
I mean just what I say,
I am the great and only one,
And you're a country jay.

CUMMINS, '03.

A boy who thinks the girls love him
As does our learned Si,
Should soon find out that other things
Are *soft* besides the pie.

WILLING, '05.

"I's de wisest ob de Freshmen
So I guess I has de right sir,
To keep my little Jay-Bird
From blowin' out de light—"Sir."

WILSON, '04.

"I only hope for learning,
I'm not of the foolish gang
Who spend their time at foolball
And who never give a *dang*.

GORE, '05.
Our Freshman Kid is very sharp,
We cannot pass him by,
He always watches for his chance,
And then he tells a lie.

TOWNSHEND, '02.
He's known as Father Townshend,
Who thinks *his* valiant deed,
Has saved the measly Freshmen
From what they badly need.

RANDALL, '02.
He wants to be a soldier,
And in the army stand,
A tassel on his cranium,
A sheepskin in his hand.

HOLLINGSWORTH, '02.
A killing grin, a charming style,
A most reposeful air;
"An easy life is sure to be
A life that's free from care.

1902.
You boys keep quiet,
Because, you know,
The Senior Class
Commandeth so!

1903.
The Junior Class,
With Sophomore,
Will fool "Naught-Two"
Forevermore.

1904.
The "Cracker Jacks,"
In their own eyes,
But Rat Tat work
Will prove a surprise.

1905.
Ye, Freshmen, remember,
Your muscles to train,
For when you are Juniors
You'll need all your brain.

Often Heard

Major Tompson—"I want you cadets to be partiklar about these things."
Professor Cain—"If you make the proper subordition, it will, perhaps, be a happy expression."
Dr. Fell—"I believe you owe me a little bill, don't you?"
Professor Chew—"Take the next chapter." "You fellows aren't studying."
Professor Cissel—"Gentlemen, you embarrass me."
Professor White—"What mischief are you up to now?"
Professor Daniels—"Ish dot so?" "Praise Kate!"
"Doc." Garver—"You'll have to get an order from Dr. Fell."
Spates—"You fellows will have to make less racket."
Hutchins—"You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves."
Seth—"By —! I'm hot; ain't I, boy?"
Reed—"Hoopee for Neewy!" "Soak 'em!"
Clark—"You can't fool Paleface."
Bradford—"In the shade of the palms."
Mudd—"I'll be" ——.
Wilmer—"Guess I'll cluck."
Elgen—"Who knows where the Physics are?"
Scarborough—"I am from the Eastern Shore."
Dustin—"So I am with you always" (to our regret).
Willing—"Who is de officer of de day?"
Smith—"Brother Walter is a fine dancer."
Everybody—"Is the State House in session?"
Everybody—"The bell rung yet?"
Masenheimer—"Pull the string!"
Burrough—"I'll be doaged!"
B. Wilson—"I'll be dad blamed if I can get the dang thing!"
Everybody—"Company A, halt!"
Everybody—"What kind of drill are we going to have today?"
Collins—"You'll have to brace up."
Everybody—"Choke it off!"
Professor Cain—"You're juggling with words."

A Look Into the Future

From our knowledge of these gentlemen's tastes, we venture the following as a suggestion for their lifework:

J. H. Beard—Detective.
Galbreath—School teacher.
Blecker—President of the United States.
Cronin—Politician (Thirteenth ward).
Hopkins—Glass Blower (?).
Hollingsworth—Keeper (lighthouse).
Murphy—Jail Warden.
Jones—Car Conductor.
Brogden—Barber.
Tarbert, H. S.—Messenger to President Blecker.
Mudd—Actor in "Down East."
Wilson, G.—Magazine Editor (Tip Top Weekly).
Padgett, H. H.—Stagger.
Padgett, E.—The editor of "The Black Cat."
Wikner—Military man.
Ruland—An Orator.
Smith—Pugilist.
Rasin—An Anarchist.
Askey—Reporter for the "New York Journal."
Willing—The Editor of Puck.
Jamison—Methodist Preacher.
Lilly—Balloonist (gaseous economy).
Gore—Cigarette Maker.

Books We Read

"Vanity Fair"—Sophomore Class.
"Pilgrim's Progress"—Pokey and Pigget—H.
"Three Guardsmen"—Bob White, Pokey and Ridgely.
"The Spy"—Beard (successor to Soho).
"Old Curiosity Shop"—The Officer of the Day.
"Les Miserables"—Next Year's Rat Tat Board.
"The Sign of the Four"—Randall, Handy, Duvall, Howard.
"Lamplighter"—Mallory Burroughs.
"Tarry Thou Till I Come"—St. John's Appropriation.
"As You Like It"—The Rat Tat.
"The Village Maiden"—Mrs. Cronk, *nee* Elgen.
"The Old Infant"—Garey.
"The Quiet Life"—Hollingsworth.
"The Right of Way"—Blecker.
"The Infernal City"—Annapolis.
"In Search of Mademoiselle"—Most of the Faculty.
"The Crisis"—When Tommy announces the exams.
"The Forest Schoolmaster"—Bert Wilson.
"The Master Christian"—Nobody at St. John's.
"To Have and to Hold"—Bradley and his Mustache.
"Sentimental Tommy"—Not our Tommy.
"The Conspirators"—Townshend, Beard and Rasin.

Rat Tat Honors

Conferred upon the Class of 1902, with many kind wishes of the Rat Tat:

The Best Soldiers.....Beard and Petherbridge.
The Bravest Gouger.....Bradley.
The Best Business Man.....Seth.
The Most Sympathetic.....None in Class.
The Most Sentimental.....La Motte.
The Surest Fake.....Spencer.
All-Round Athlete.....Ward.
The Funniest.....Despard.
The Happiest.....Baker.
The Most Important.....Gordy.
The Most Philosophical.....Townshend.
The Most Dignified.....Linthicum.
The Best Student.....Hutchins.

The G. O. H.

Officers

(Incumbent. From the Sophomore Class).

President (nominal).....Tony Powell.
Vice-President (virtual President).....Scabby Scarborough.
First Vice-President.....Wirt Wilmer.
Second Vice-President.....I. B. Somerville.
Chief Slatter.....Burtis Cooper.
Scarecrow and Goo-Gooer.....Mooney Halbert.
Door Buster.....Old Lady Wilson.
Counsellor.....Big Wilson.

Honorary Members

(From the Junior Class.)

E. Barton Garey.....Most Powerful King of the Predominant Lords.
Amos W. Woodcock..Most Exalted Chief of the Dept. of Internal Arrangements.
Nevous P. Reed.....Pre-eminent Tutor of the Penny Rooters.
P. Rafferty Dugherty.....Supreme Irish Patter.
Glassy Top Si Cummins.....Most Magnified Shin Plasterer.
Fritzy W. Seward.....Acting Fire-Eater and Real Devil.
James P. F. Clark.....Musical Director.

Most Powerful Potentates.

(From the Senior Class.)

W. Outerplace Spates *.....M. W., M. D., G. O. K.
Wrong Way Keyes †.....A. B., F. T., L. T.
E. Froggy Tarbaby ‡.....F. F., C. C. A., P. O. R.
C. S. Despot ‖.....P. C. C. B., L. D.

*Majestic Wielder of the Military Demerits and General Order Keeper.
†Adjutant of Batallion and Free Twister of the Lion's Tail.
‡Freshmen's Friend, Captain Company A, Protector of Rights.
‖Powerful Captain Company B, and Strict Disciplinarian.

Some More Advice

Don't write home unless you ask for $5.00.
" throw water on Major T—.
" throw chairs down into the first prep. room.
" cuss when the lights go out.
" forget to be respectful to Dr. Garver.
" laugh at Willing's jokes.
" monkey around the King Jack's kitchen.
" learn more than one oration for Tommy.
" dispute the rights and duties of the O. D.
" think your dress uniform the only one.
" make too much over the Annapolis girls.
" taste everything in the laboratory. Memorial tablets are costly.
" dispute Woodcock's word.
" whet your appetite for good beefsteak.
" mark up hours in the laboratory.
" go in society unless you've got a "bar'l."
" forget that "A married young man is a young man that's married."
" take morphine to stop you from smoking. Your clothes won't fit your classmates.
" do anything you can get out of.

Mr. Rohrer's Answers

(With Apologies to the Ladies' Home Journal.)

"Inquiries must give names, addresses, color and size of appetite. Correspondents enclosing a keg of beer and an addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail."

Griddle Cakes. Better leave them alone; but if you must eat them, prepare as follows: Dissolve ingredients in HCL; reciprocate with K_2 Cr O_4 cool, filter. Wash precipitate with hot rot-gut whiskey. Fry until brown upon a sheet of the "Fireside Companion." Serve with Tobasco sauce and chop suey. Eat just before retiring. I would advise that you first send for a physician, attire yourself in your pajamas and nightcap.

To Reduce One's Weight.—Take five hours' violent exercise (sawing wood) before breakfast. Eat breakfast at 5 A. M. Eat all you can hold, avoiding conversation and newspaper editorials. Pick a scrap with some neighbor who can thrash you. Take a salt bath; rub down with sandpaper. Eat from 9 until 10 o'clock, topping off with at least ten schooners of beer. Chase your neighbor's chickens from flower beds until 11 o'clock. Quarrel with your mother-in-law, sweat and cuss until 12 o'clock. Eat any old thing, washed down with plenty of beer, until 1 o'clock. Read "Ames' Theory of Physics" and the "Police Gazette," drink half a keg of beer, and go to sleep. Get up about 4 o'clock, fall down stairs. Eat pork, Bologna sausage, Boston baked beans, and drink beer for two hours. Walk the twins up and down the floor for three hours. Eat plenty of griddle cakes and dried apples, with water. To secure best results retire immediately, continually nursing a siphon connection with your beer keg. I have found the above method very beneficial.

Conceit is the distinguished characteristic of poodle dogs and young preachers, so if you would avoid it stay out of their company. Fathers of twins and police officers are prone to become conceited, and even senior classes at colleges are oft-times victims of "swelled heads." Be cautious not to flatter old maids and yellow negroes. The truly wise man is modest as a bandmaster, and the braggart and coxcomb are no better than chicken thieves.

Potatoes. The best way to prepare potatoes for the table is a la Dustin. The potatoes should be partly peeled, great care being taken to leave three symmetrical patches of skin on each potato. Boil in muddy water, available in any quantity

and at all times from the Annapolis water system. The usual dark blue effect can be produced by the addition of a dilute solution of indelible ink or iodine. Iodine is the best, however, as it is very soothing to any internal complications arising from Hash a la Jack, etc., for which the recipes will be given in the next issue. Allow the water to boil until the potatoes are cooked to the depth of 1-16 inch from the surface. Take them out by means of a fork used to turn roast beef, stir fire, etc. Serve in dishes in which a trace of former hash is still visible. It is only after partaking of this delicacy that the true qualities of the potato as an article of food are appreciated.

Social Calls. There is no prescribed time for making social calls. Any time of day or night that you have nothing else to do is proper. The call is entirely for the benefit of your host or hostess, and you have a perfect right to suit your own convenience as to the time of calling.

If the maid tells you her mistress is not at home, call her a liar and go in and find out for yourself. Never let anyone, especially servants, trifle with your dignity. If the people upon whom you call are on the point of going out, offer to accompany them, and incidentally mention that a few liquid refreshments would be very agreeable before starting. The average length of a social call is five hours, so that you can make at least two per day. Remove your overshoes, putting them in your overcoat pocket, and take overcoat, hat and cane with you to the parlor. Somebody might *swipe* them if left in the hall. Use the good old Methodist handshake on everybody present. Sit down in the most comfortable chair in the room, but do not put your feet on the piano or organ. If there is nothing doing, you can profitably pass away time by taking a short nap, but be careful not to snore so loud as to wake the pug dog. When you rise to go if your hostess says, "So soon?" sit down for another hour.

However, when you do go, if there is an umbrella in the hall always take it along. The entire theory of economics is based upon the principle of "laying up for a rainy day."

Regulations Governing the Athletic Grounds of St. John's College

No. 1. Big niggers will be allowed to play baseball, shinny or any other desirable game at all times, in preference to little niggers, Hell Pointers, candidates or bona fide students.

No. 2. Little niggers will be allowed to play games only with the permission of the big niggers.

No. 3. Hell Pointers may occupy the grounds between the hours of one and three P. M., on condition that they bring along sufficient implements of war to ward off any belligerent demonstration upon the part of the virtual owners of the aforementioned grounds, *i. e.,* Buzzards' Roost inhabitants.

No. 4. Candidates will be allowed at all hours on the front campus only, but they may hold stag dances in the gymnasium whenever desirable, and the College Band will furnish music, if requested.

No. 5. Niggers, and niggers only, shall have unlimited possession of the grounds on Sunday, and shall not be in any way molested or interfered with while indulging in the innocent amusement of shooting crap.

No. 6. Cubans, Porto Ricans and Spaniards may play golf or baseball upon the back campus, between the tennis courts and gas factory, when given permission by the little niggers, on consideration that they do not knock balls in Professor Cain's backyard or in Gregory's coal bin.

No. 7. There shall be no drill on the back campus except by permission of the big niggers, or their ambassador plenipotentiary at court, Dr. Garver.

No. 8. Any St. John's student who shall not immediately vacate the back campus when ordered by one of the big niggers, shall be court-martialed for gross insubordination.

No. 9. St. John's students shall be allowed to occupy the back campus between the hours of 3 and 6 P. M., with the permission of the big niggers, little niggers, Hell Pointers and candidates. If any of the charming daughters of Buzzards' Roost chance to cross the field to or from social calls in the Naval Academy, play shall be at once suspended while Pokey Daniels, assisted by the Officer of the Day, shall gallantly escort the aforementioned chocolate drops to the confines of the campus.

No. 10. Niggers in general shall be allowed to hold clog dances, cakewalks, etc., in the chapel without restriction, and the use of the College dining rooms for refreshments can easily be obtained upon demand.

Passed this tenth day of March, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and two. Unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians these regulations shall stand.

By the Most Honorable Faculty of St. John's College,
Formerly King William's School,
Annapolis, Md.

Another order, forbidding us the use of the gymnasium on Saturday nights for our fashionable stag dances, has been lampooned by a fourth-floor "stagger"

ORDER.

"Owing to the fact that the fourth floor is the hotbed of revolution, and that on the aforesaid floor all plots for the extermination of all species known as the Faculty are formed, and as it is known that all these plots are made after 10.30 P. M,. it is necessary that the floor be placed under martial law. Therefore, after March 11, 1902, our faithful henchman, "Pokey," and our faithful Officer of the Day, together with one Annapolis policeman, shall parade the corridor and see that no meetings are held there.

"And owing to the aforesaid fact, that the 'stags' have been accustomed to meet in the 'gym.' on Saturday nights, which 'gym.' is the property of the 'hens' on this night, *be it ordered* that our aforementioned henchman, "Pokey," be detached to drive the 'stags' out—if he is able. Or if he is unable to drive them out, to let them stay and drive out the 'hens.' If unable to do this, he had better clear out himself.

"By order of that renowned body called

"THE FACULTY."

Another provision of the order, concerning the restrictions placed upon the baseball team's hours for practice, was satirized by a baseball player as follows:

ORDER.

"Owing to the fact that the 'Golf Team' will take a trip to Europe to play the Big Four teams, and will try for the championship of the United States, the athletic field will be devoted solely to the practice of 'Golf.' And whereas the Baseball team does not have any games with any other college teams, they will not practice hereafter, for it might interfere with 'GOLF.' "

Anyone seeing the "Short Line" train on the track below the campus will kindly notify the Faculty or P. Daniels, the joker, for the train might draw the attention of the "Golfers" from their practice.

No one but niggers and policemen will be allowed on the campus. Others might interfere with the "Golfers."

"And whereas there will likely be a match game between "our team" and Yale in the near future, students will kindly go up in McDowell tower if they want to watch the practice.

"Anyone wishing to play Baseball will be allowed to play after dark—unless the 'Golfers' are out. The bathroom is hereby reserved for the 'Golfers' only.

"By order of the

"GOLF PLAYERS OF THE FACULTY."

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Four of the most admired spots about College

Some of Our Letters

(*Received by Different Students of the College.*)

To an ex-'03 Man.

March 9th, 1901.

My Dear Pard:

I am under the impression that I have written to you once or twice since last September, but our mutual friend W— has informed me that you "broke the sweet news" to him that I owe you a letter, and as I have never known you to tell a falsehood, I suppose I must be mistaken and that you really have answered my last letter, but for some reason or other Uncle Sam's employees in the postal service have failed to do their work and the letter has never reached me. Then, again, I always did like to write to you. You are such a good fellow and I have so many fond recollections of the many pleasant and profitable hours we have spent together at St. John's, you at one end of the table and I at the other, *each digging away at our lessons for the following day.* I often wonder whether you are keeping up the good work this year, not having the splendid influence of our class to guide you and to keep you from going astray. As I sit here tonight my mind turns back to those good old days, and memories thick and fast crowd in upon me. I see many visions, each one reminding me of different events that happened within the sacred precincts of old Pinkney. One that I see plainer than any other is a large table upon which is spread a cover of many colors, but green predominating. Around this table are a half dozen youths, noble young men who have come to college to improve their opportunities, and are determined some day to make their mark in the busy world without. In the center of the table are a number of round, curious-looking discs of three colors, and in front of each youth are more of the round things; but, strange to tell, there are more in front of some than of others. In fact, one of the ambitious young men has scarcely any, and there is an unhappy, desperate expression on his countenance as he calmly says a few moments later that "he will have to shy this pot." Among the rest fortune has strayed unceremoniously from one to the other, and occasionally one thinks that he has darned tough luck when he sees to his sorrow a "king full" is not as good as "four sevens."

To complete the glowing, awe-inspiring picture, there is another youth who is not in the game, but contents himself with looking on, and seems to take great delight in looking at first one hand and then the other and "fingering" the "chips" of each. Is the picture complete, old man? If not, I will add one more feature. Someone bangs loudly at the door and shouts, "Open up!" All within is silent as the grave, and one would think that the room had never been occupied or that someone was dead, so deathlike is the stillness that prevails. I think that the vision I have conjured up in my memory will be sufficiently plain to you, and I really believe you will appreciate and enjoy it, for I hear that those pastimes are conspicuous this year by their absence, and that the youth of the grand old institution have fallen into evil ways, such as studying, attending Y. M. C. A., etc., etc.

My mind is full of such recollections as these, and I could sit and talk all day long about them if I could just see someone who enjoyed those pleasant days with me. I can't spread myself as I wish to on paper, for you know that costs money, and I don't get my allowance now as I did when I was a boy. It comes out of my own pocket, and consequently seems harder to part with. Don't think, though, that this paper costs me anything. This is the firm's paper, and you will also note that I use a stamped envelope, so don't get conceited that I spent any money in writing this letter to you. I save that kind for the fair sex and my more fashionable friends. How are you progressing this year? In the same retrograde fashion? I hope that you are still being benefited to some extent by the noble examples of the Class of 1901, and have not permitted yourself to become wholly contaminated by evil influences. I have always had great aspirations for you, and wish you the greatest success in your struggles and ambitions, whether they be to lead your class or to be major of the battalion.

How is the Rat Tat coming on? I hope they will be successful in getting out a good book. If they want any jokes, you know all they have to do is to call on me and send me twenty or thirty cents, and I will get a "Puck" and "Judge" and send them some good ones right down in a day or two.

Now, please don't answer this if you don't wish and if you think it is putting you to too much expense. If, however, you do feel like writing to me, I would be very glad to hear how you are getting along and how all the fellows are. If you do decide to write, telegraph me, and I will send you a stamped envelope and some paper.

Give my best regards to the boys and to Mr. Kashner. If you ever get hungry and haven't any money, let me know, and I will send my check for $5.00 to Mr. Kashner, with orders to him to let you deal it out.

With much love and pleasant recollections of the past, I remain always,

Yours sincerely, "MONK," 1901.

To William Devries, of St. John's Preparatory School.

NEW YORK CIDY, March 1, 1902.

MEIN LIEBER VILLUM:

I haf yust heard id some veeks ago dot you vas py der schoolhouse in, making knowledge chump ub und bite you unterneath your forehead.

Such is a goot idea to be so.

Nuddings vill do a boy so much benefit as to pinch off a leedle knowledge und use id ven he is a man, alretty.

Knowledge vould be easy to remember if dare vas nod placed in our prains a machinery to forget mit.

Vunce a schoolteacher, chentlemans, handed me a large bunch uf knowledge, bud I vas careless mit id und id eggscaped. I know der teacher handed id to me, but vare dit id vent I doan'd know.

Knowledge is like fortune, because id is alvays in a hurry ven id runs ub der front stebs und rings der door knob. If you vas slow mit obening der door knowledge will ged an impatience und try to see if dare is someding doing next door.

I haf heard id dot you vas also learning to coax moosic ouid uf der bass drum. To me der bass drum is vun uf der sveetest instrumentalities in der vorld, mitt der eggsception uf a man pudding in a load uf coal. In my heart I haf alvays such a pidy for der bass drum because der moosic has to be kicked ouid uf id.

I dink der besd vay to ged der melody to flow from a bass drum is to be chentle, like der olt proferb vich says id, "Der vorm vill turn ven der lane is trodded ubon."

Id is der same mit a friend as id is mit der bass drum.

Chentleness means more in der pocketbook. If you touch der friend chently you may get abouid zwei tollars; if you soak him you ged arrested.

Dot is der philosophicals uf life: Easy touches lead to Easy Street.

I am glat dot you vas learning knowledge und also der bass drum. Der knowledge vill pud bumps on der topknot part uf your face und der bass drum vill make muckles on your arm.

You know der beautiful poeticals vich vas vunce wrote abouid der bass drum, vare id says id, "Touch der drum lightly, my fair Louisa!"

Shookespeare wrote dem luffly vords, und he vas vun uf der besd bass drummists der vorld has efer vitnessed.

Please tolt your teacher for me dot if he cannod beat knowledge into your head to beat id into der drum, und ven der drum graduations you can took id home.

Ven you come py New York I vill vish you to play me a bass drum solo, perhabs. Ve haf a nice policeman und maybe I can borrow his beat for you.

Such a chokeist vot I am.

Ged knowledge, Villum; ged id if you haf to remoof id mit a tack hammer, bud ged id.

Nexd to learning, I dink knowledge is vun uf der greatest inwentions uf der age.

Mit der besd vishes uf your olt college chump,

D. DINKELSPIEL,

GEORGE V. HOBART.

A Postal to Mr. Suburban T-RB-T, '04

HOG HOLLOW, SATURDAY.

Ain't heard from you for a good bit. We're all pretty tolerable, 'cepting Pap. He has done hurt his foot with a plow-share. Have you planted your potatoes yet? We're getting ready for gardening, and all the folks wish you and Country was up to help them stick onions. Guess we'll see you thrashing time. Wheat is doing well. Old Daisy gives a good deal of butter. Lard is awful high at the store. Pap's took to drinkin' ag'in.

Your cousin, LIZZIE.

(Photographs taken by M. M. Casler, Annapolis, Md.)

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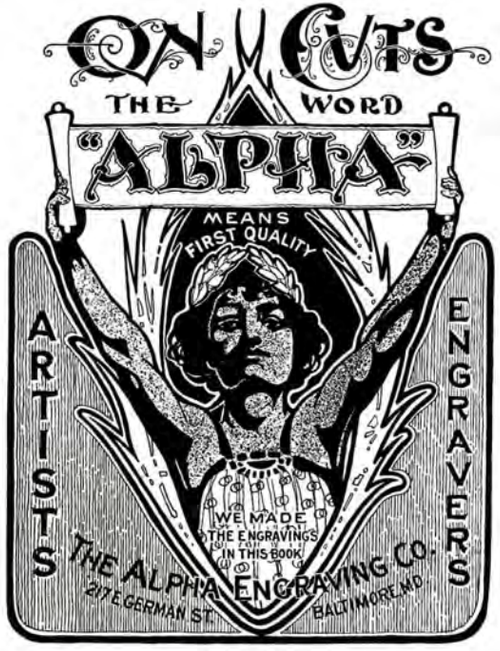

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