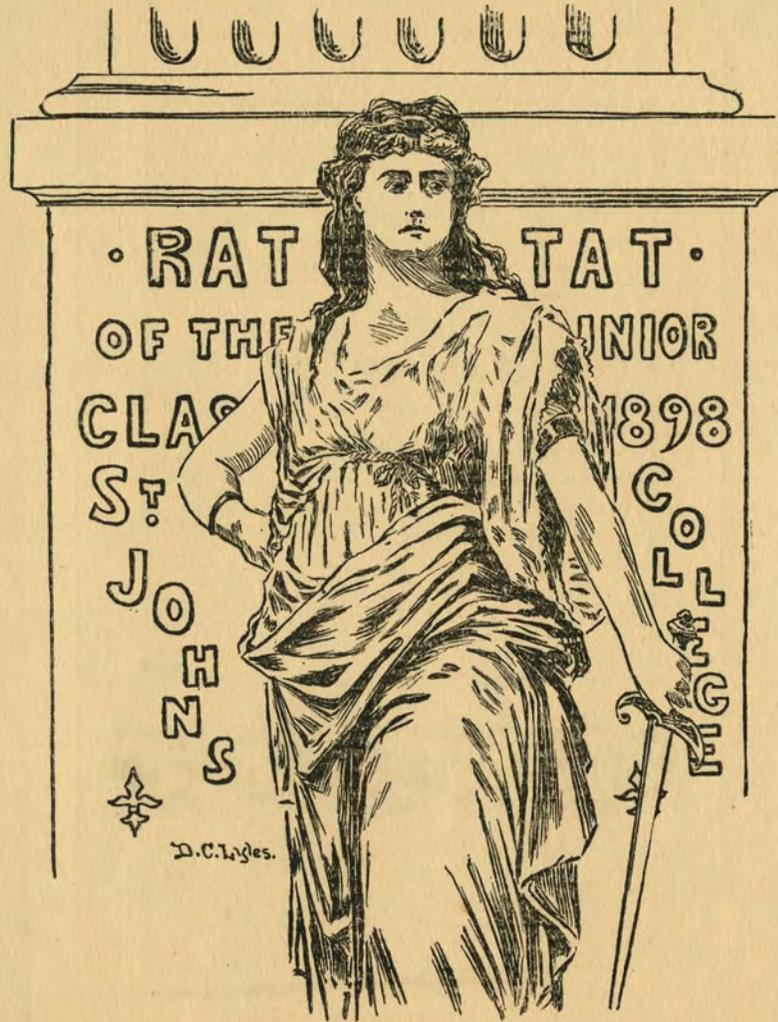


RAT-TAT

'98

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE



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[Vol. 2]
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*TO THE
CLASS OF '97*

*

To the members of the Class of Ninety-seven we dedicate this volume as a token of our regard and esteem, and as an expression of our admiration for them as the originators of the

RAT TAT.



Gift of Miss Jane Feldmeyer
May 27, 1941

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THE CLASS OF '97.

Fay.

Skirven.

Flory.

Boehm.

Walls.

Hilleary.

Kemp.

Ofutt.

Simmons.

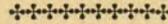
Wiley.

L'Engle.

Smith.

Douglas.

To the Men of '97.



WHEN two friends who have enjoyed each other's companionship for three or four years are separated by reason of the graduation of one, then it is that the one remaining holds doubly dear the other. Now that the Class of Ninety-seven is no longer with us, we know really how strong were the ties of friendship which bound us. Our purpose in dedicating this book to the Class of Ninety-seven is to express our appreciation for the many good turns they have done for us ; indeed, does not one good turn deserve another ?

Perhaps it may appear paradoxical that there should exist such a thing as harmony between an upper and a lower class according to the tradition of our own College, or even the present history of some colleges that are more widely known. Strange as it may appear, it is none the less true. Under the old regime, it was very necessary for an under classman to be careful in the presence of the upper classmen, for did he violate but one jot or one tittle of the unwritten law, there had to be paid a penalty at a date not very far in the future. In our own case, we were scarcely in the collegiate department long enough to be called Freshmen when the members of the Class of Ninety-seven manifested a lively interest in our welfare. Not that kind of interest the results of which are sudden, unannounced, midnight visits, during which lessons in supposed respect are harshly taught, but an

interest that won for them our genuine respect and admiration. Again, as a result of the abolition of that relic of barbarism, still practised in some of our most famous institutions — hazing — class barriers have been broken down. Ninety-seven not only supported the measure which forbade hazing, but even went a step farther, in which she cleared away the broken down barriers by showing herself ready to lend a helping hand, not to our class alone, but to all classes. This act, from the old standpoint, was an act in which class dignity was sacrificed. Though class dignity had been sacrificed, yet the class gained that which far outweighs dignity — the genuine respect and hearty good will of her sister classes.

Now another phase of school life : We have noticed during our short stay here that it rarely happens that two classes exhibit like characteristics. Some classes have gone from Freshman and through Senior without attracting much attention. Of course, we do not mean to say that these classes did not perform their duties, but it seems as if their records are like those of some individuals of lowly station. Other classes have won laurels for themselves in particular branches of athletics, especially in football and baseball. With regard to the Class of Ninety-seven, we do not know whether or not it just happened to be composed of men who were capable of

making records, not in one branch alone, but in all, or that it was the result of the harmonious spirit that from appearances made them as an individual in their undertaking. Be this as it may, we have learned from her example that there must be unity in spirit in any class before it can ever hope to achieve success.

Concerning athletics, Ninety-seven's efforts have not been spent vainly in the revival of other branches of athletics besides baseball and football. Now that these have been successfully revived, we have every reason to believe that they are permanently established. This class had an unusually large percentage of good "all round" athletes, if we are permitted to use that phrase to express our idea. To equal the record this class has made is not an impossibility, or an undertaking out of the reach of mortal beings, yet the class that equals the record shall

have done well. Perhaps the records printed elsewhere in this book will give a better idea than a written description here.

One, perhaps, will say that it is not the good fortune of some classes to have some members who can vie in strength and agility with the members of the class that was a leader in athletics. This is true, but with regard to class spirit or class unity the class, and any class that adopts the standard set up by Ninety-seven, will find that it will have a history to be proud of.

In conclusion, what? Let us express it in a few words. A unit in spirit and action, respectful to superiors, kindly disposed to inferiors, the Class of Ninety-seven for these reasons will always be fondly remembered by the other classes that knew her, and especially by the Class of Ninety-nine.



'97 Class Poem.

BY CHARLES IRVING FLORY.

[Delivered June 14, 1897, at the Class Day Exercises.]



KIND friends, we've come to spend a little while
In jest and laughter ; for unless we smile
At life's dark woes, and lighten care with fun,
We may grow weary ere our course is run.

'Tis human nature to enjoy a joke ;
'Twill help to lift the weight of sorrow's yoke,
And cheer the weary heart that gives it vent,
Provided, that the joke be innocent.

A sunny countenance, how fair to see !
And God's own wisdom granted it to be
A mirror of reflection to impart
The images of gladness in the heart.

And yet the gay cannot be always gay ;
For soon or late, there sometime comes a day
When shades of sadness creep into the soul,
And clouds of sorrow o'er the spirit roll.
Now rough our path, and now 'tis flower-strewed ;
And lifetime is one great vicissitude.

Indeed, so great is God's eternal plan
To guide and regulate his creature man,
That no existing thing may we disdain,
Nor anything created was in vain.

But every object, be it great or small,
Yea, poor and insignificant withal,
Was made to serve some purpose, and the rest
In God's own Providence, He knoweth best.

Our very sorrows, and our joys and fears ;
The feebleness which comes with ripening years ;
The racking pain, the heart-bestirring woe,

Which seize frail mortals in this world below ;
The hopes which vanish like the fleeting dream ; —
All form their part of this most wondrous scheme.
Our life is not all pleasure nor all pain ;
But he must work, who would salvation gain.

And now, while walls and roof with mirth resound,
Yet grave responsibilities abound.
Our college life is drawing to a close,
These years of blissful fellowship with those
Whom we have learned to love are at an end ;
And under duty's mandates we extend
Our parting greeting ; forth now we must go ;
And taking up life's duties, we must show
How great a share of knowledge we've discerned,
And how we'll utilize what we have learned.

Into the unknown future must we tread,
The heavens bright and smiling overhead ;
Yet dreading lest our sky be overcast,
And smiling futures darken at the last.

But whether our success be great or small,
We trust in Him who rules and governs all.
For each of us there is a work to do ;
Some cherished object to its end pursue ;
Success means patient struggle all the way,
And difficulties mastered day by day.

As out into our future lives we glance,
And think of all the sin and ignorance
With which we shall contend, and what devolves
On him who rightly life's great question solves
Unsteady grows the ground on which we stand ;
Uncertainty has seized us by the hand,
And dark misgiving stealthily appears
And whispers this into our doubting ears :
" In fighting life's great battles shalt thou fail ;
Shall right be vanquished and the wrong prevail ?
Or shall thou reign as victor in the fight,
Subdue the wrong and elevate the right ? "

Then backward into history we gaze,
And contemplate with wonder and amaze
The noble deeds our sires have done,
Which bards have chanted and the poets sung,
We see these noble men an army vast,
Extending through the ages of the past ;
Their deeds more glorious than silver bright,
Their foreheads circled in celestial light.
And as we view the never-ending stream
Of sainted greatness, painful is the dream
Of our infirmities. Oh ! can it be
Our names mean nothing to posterity ?

We cannot all be great ; for God's great mind
Hath fashioned not all natures of one kind ;
But let not grim Despair possess thy heart ;
There is a work to do ; do well thy part ;
Be fully on a noble purpose bent ;
Commit the rest to God, and be content.

Our work is done, our course is finished here,
Yet every one perceives this truth is clear ;
Our steps in Wisdom's pathway are but one ;
The glorious journey is but just begun.

Again, if we would live as best we can,
And raise and benefit our brother man,
The slaves of Ignorance we cannot be ;
We'll learn the truth, the truth shall set us free !
And like the mighty banyan great and broad,
Which sends its roots beneath the parent sod ;
Uprises then majestic, tall and wide,
And sprouts and branches on its every side ;
Whose branches, then, declining to the earth,
Take root ; to mighty trunks anew give birth ;
Until when many suns have rose and sunk,
A forest rises from one parent trunk,
So we, implanted deep in Wisdom's soil
And rising up by faithful honest toil,

May grow in wisdom, sending shoots abroad ;
And by the gracious mercy of our God,
May flourish, root again and grow apace,
Sustained and nourished from no single place ;
With all of wisdom for our field of growth
Our watchword " industry," our hatred " sloth ;"
A spotless character our diadem ;
And St. John's College as our parent stem.

And now we'll not neglect that solemn strain
Which fills our hearts with sadness, for we fain
Would think of those we love and what we lose
When love grows cold and formal by disuse.

Oh ! comrades, time rolls on an endless tide ;
And four long years, or better, side by side
Have we as classmates toiled the thorny road,
And now we're reaping what our hands have sowed,
Four years, so free from discord and from strife ;
Misunderstandings few, contentment rife.
In enterprises frequent, self could pass ;
Each labored for the welfare of his class,
And filial love each member did imbue ;
Our motto : " To thyself thou shalt be true."

But now the bond of friendship must be broke ;
The last farewell be said, the parting spoke ;
Yet when the fleeting years shall roll around,
Shall see each classmate to his duty bound,
Oh ! may the precious memory linger o'er
Of Ninety-seven in the days of yore ;
And still may everyone in honor bright
Be faithful to the orange and the white.



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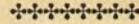
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Prologue.



HOW swiftly Father Time unfolds his scroll, of which the unrolled portion is the Future ; the other, increasing in size, the Past ; and between these the Present ; that short and flying space ! The present finds us finishing the second volume of THE RAT-TAT, which is the completion of a task for the faithful performance of which we have put forth the best of our efforts. We know now from experience that there are many things easier to do than publishing books. By this we do not mean to say that we regret having taken this step which has acquainted us with a new field of work ; on the contrary, the work gives us pleasure because it has been the means of binding us closer together as a class, also of producing greater unity and harmony among us.

Soon after the first volume of THE RAT-TAT was published, we came to the conclusion that our class history would not be what we still hope it will be, if there was not at least an attempt made to publish an annual for the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.

This annual has for its purpose the portraying of our ways of doing and thinking here. So, dear reader, we hope that while you are reading these pages, there will

be brought to your mind pleasant reminiscences, if you were once a student of old St. John's ; and if you were not, again we hope that you will hold our ancient school as high in your esteem and favor as we do. Perhaps one will notice some things that are not entirely original. Respecting these, we shall say that it was our intention at the beginning to be entirely original, but we came to the conclusion later that our work would be wanting in completeness if these things were left out. There are some things here that are like history, in that they do not change ; if at all, only very slowly.

Notwithstanding all our care and diligence spent in the compilation of this work, we fear that through our inexperience there may be some parts which will be the objects for criticism by some who are better acquainted with the art of book-making than we are. Of such we ask that the errors be attributed to our inexperience rather than to our lack of interest.

With this short introduction, we modestly send our representative to you, desiring that it will so well perform its mission that our *Alma Mater* will have reason to be proud of it.

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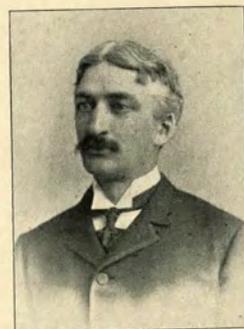
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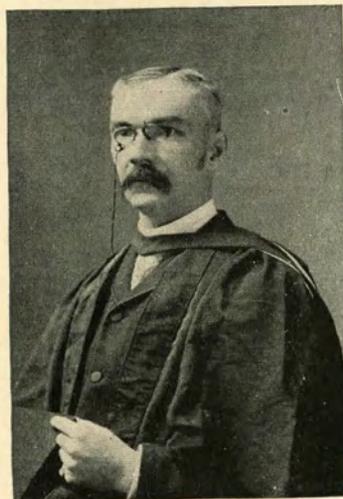
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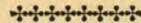


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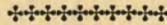
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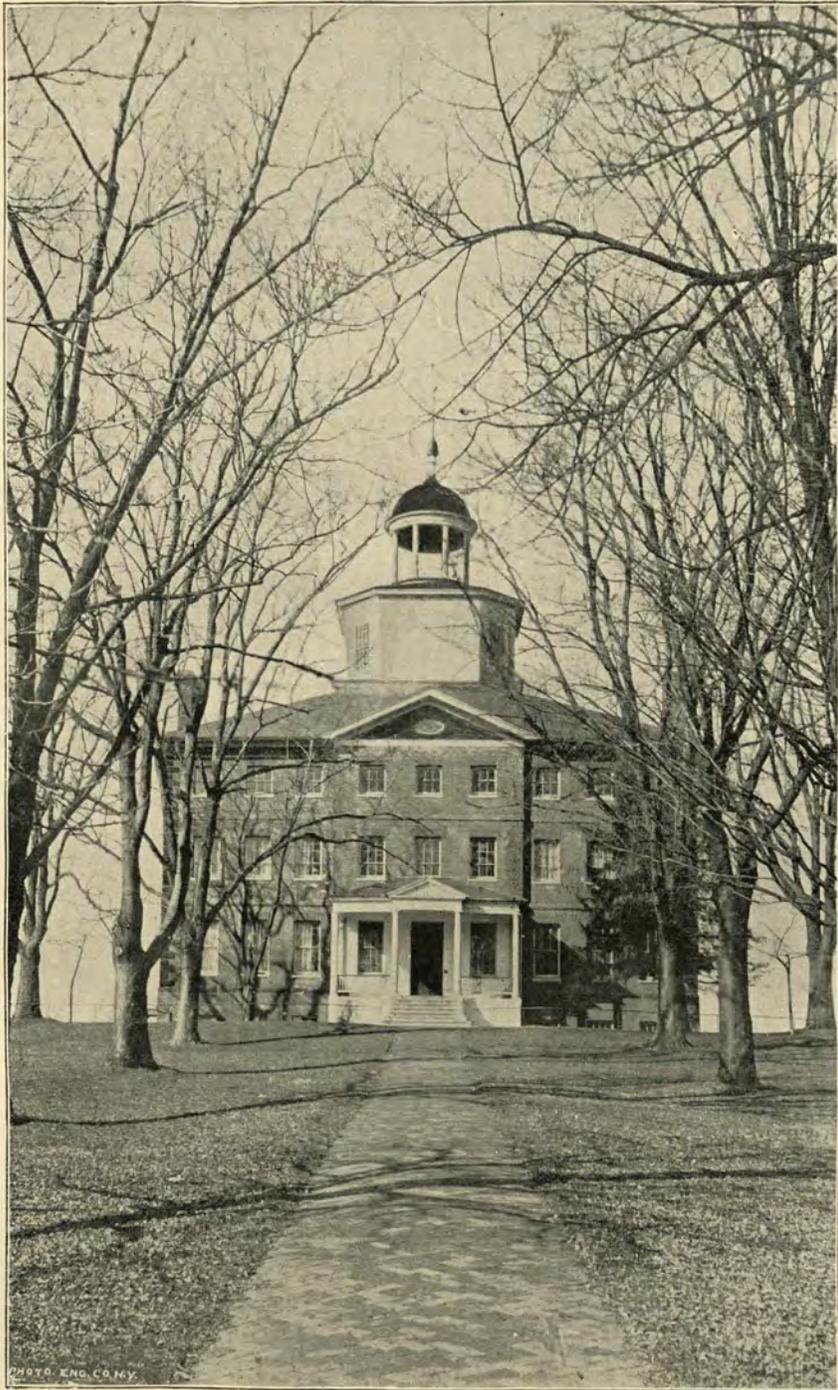
St. John's College.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, at Annapolis, the *Alma Mater* of so many of Maryland's most noted and honored sons, is charmingly situated on the banks of the Severn River, a few miles from the Chesapeake Bay. Nothing in the country surpasses the picturesque beauty of its situation.

Facing College Avenue are McDowell Hall, the central building, with Pinkney Hall, named after William Pinkney, a distinguished alumnus, and the residence of the president and vice-president on the left, and Humphreys Hall and two buildings which professors occupy on the right. The campus, which slopes toward the avenue, embraces about twenty acres. The front lawn is shaded by large, handsome maples, lindens, poplars and other trees. Nearly in front of Pinkney Hall is a gigantic poplar tree, fresh-looking and green, with ivy climbing up around its old boughs, which is supposed to be older than even the ancient city of Annapolis. The first treaty

with the Indians is said to have been signed under its shade. Nearly every side of Pinkney Hall is covered with ivy, and the same vine is making its way over the other buildings, which gives them a venerable and dignified appearance. McDowell Hall, the central building, is four stories high, and in it are recitation rooms and offices. On the first floor is a large graduation hall, with a gallery above, upon which are hung shields with Latin and other inscriptions, giving the names of the members of each graduating class. A curious old belfry surmounts the structure, and a common cord, by which the bell is rung, passes through the various floors. Everything about the old house carries one back to days long past. Even after this lapse of time can be seen places in the old hall filled in with bricks where the pillars were to be put out and from which porches were to project. On the south side the places left for the pillars were never filled in. Near the eaves are blocks of wood inserted in



McDOWELL HALL.

the bricks, where cornices were to be placed ; and in the library is a curious collection of rare old theological books from the old King William's School.

Humphreys Hall is used for the accommodation of the younger boys, and Pinkney Hall is occupied by the more mature college students. The view from the halls is attractive. The Severn River is on the left and in the rear of the ground ; the Naval Academy further along on the left ; and the town, with the old State House and Governor's mansion, in front and on the right. Such is St. John's College, whose history forms one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of Maryland.

It reaches back in the continuity of its records to the earliest colonial times. The first effort to establish a college in Maryland was made by the General Assembly, convened in the city of St. Mary's in the year 1671. An act was then passed by the Upper House of Assembly for "founding and erecting a school or college for the education of youth in learning and virtue."

This act was returned by the Lower House with certain amendments providing for the differences in religious views existing at that time among the people, which amendments were not acceptable to the Upper House, and there the bill rested.

In 1694, the then Governor, Sir Francis Nicholson, sent a message to the Legislature proposing "that a way may be found for the building of a free school for the

province," and offering to give money for its maintenance. The plan was approved, and the General Assembly offered subscriptions of tobacco. No further 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." It was addressed to "His Most Excellent Majesty, etc., 'Dread Sovereign' William III. of England." This law further enacted that "the Most Reverend Father in God, Thomas, by Divine Providence, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate and Metropolitan of all England, may be Chancellor of said school, and that to perpetuate the memory of your Majesty, it may be called King William's School."

The Reverend Doctor Bray, who had been appointed Commissary of Maryland by the Bishop of London, and who is said to have been the originator of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was mainly instrumental in obtaining this said act.

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 school-house was not finished until 1701. It was of brick, and stood on the south side of the State House.

The Bishop of London had sent over the Reverend

Andrew Gaddes to take charge of the school, but he, not finding it finished, was sent to All Saints', Calvert County, Maryland.

The earliest mention of an officiating master of the school is found in the records of St. Anne's Parish Church. They record, "Died, November 9th, 1713, Reverend Edward Butler, rector of St. Anne's and master of the free school, Annapolis."

Few of the names of the rectors of the school have come down to us, but about 1756, and for nine years after that date, Mr. Isaac Daken is mentioned as master of the school. On the 17th of August, 1784, the Reverend Ralph Higginbotham was appointed master of King William's School, and when at a later date the school became incorporated with the college, we find him occupying the position of Professor of Languages in the newly organized institution. This school is noted in the annals of the State as the nursery of some of her greatest men, amongst others the distinguished lawyer and statesman, William Pinkney.

Information, however, regarding this seminary is but meager, although the act of 1750 indicates that the school was not without influential friends and supporters. In the meantime, in 1732, as appears by a paper now lying in the executive department at Annapolis, "proposals for founding a college at Annapolis" were read in the Upper House of Assembly and recommended to the considera-

tion of the Lower House, but no legislative effect was given to these proposals.

This project was again revived in 1763. A committee of the General Assembly recommended that "the house 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. The annual cost of the faculty, consisting of seven masters, with the five servants, was provided for. The measure, however, failed to pass the Upper House. Ten years later the intention of establishing a college in Annapolis was again manifested, as we learn from a letter written October 4th, 1773, by William Eddis, surveyor of customs, at Annapolis, to a friend in England.

In this letter he states that "the Legislature has determined to found a college for the education of youth in every liberal and useful branch of science, which will preclude the necessity of crossing the Atlantic for the completion of a classical and polite education." A building on the banks of the Severn, originally intended for the Governor's mansion, but described in the letter as "a melancholy and mouldering monument," was designated as the proposed collegiate edifice. This building is now McDowell Hall, the central one of five constituting St. John's College.

The Revolution interfered with the carrying out of

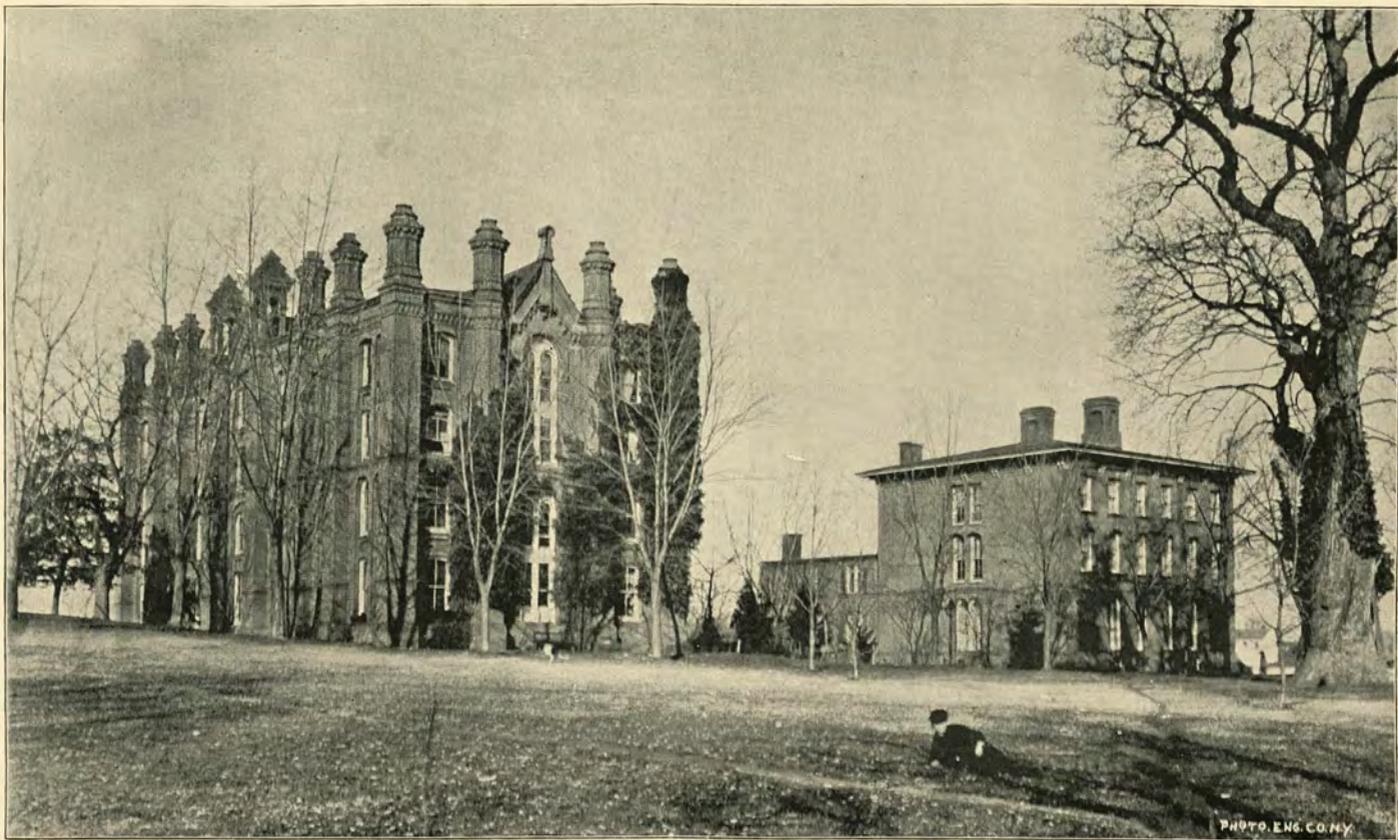


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PINKNEY HALL.

the plan, but in 1784 the charter of St. John's College was granted, two years after a like charter had been given for the establishment of Washington College at Chestertown, on the Eastern Shore.

It was intended by the terms of the charter that the two colleges thus founded should constitute one university under the name of the University of Maryland.

By act, 1785, the property and funds and students of King William's School were conveyed to St. John's College.

Among the chattels passed to the college were a number of "quaint and curious volumes" brought over by the Reverend Doctor Bray from England, and which still remain in the library of St. John's.

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 the college hall.

Among the students of that early period are to be found the names of George Washington Park Custis, a stepgrandson, and Fairfax and Lawrence Washington, nephews of George Washington; also, of Francis Scott Key, who entered St. John's November 11th, 1789, and graduated in 1706.

On Friday morning, March 25th, 1791, President Washington, attended by the Governor of Maryland and

a number of citizens, visited St. John's College, and expressed much satisfaction at the appearance of this rising institution.

The following letter was written a little later as a proof of his friendly sentiments toward St. John's :

ANNAPOLIS, April 7th, 1791.

To the Faculty of St. John's College :

Gentlemen :—The satisfaction which I have derived from my visit to your infant seminary is expressed with real pleasure, and my wishes for its progress to perfection are proffered with sincere regard.

The very promising appearance of its infancy must flatter all its friends (with whom I entreat you to class me), with the hope of an early, and at the same time, a mature manhood.

You will do justice to the sentiments which your kind regard towards myself inspires, by believing that I reciprocate the good wishes contained in your address, and I sincerely hope the excellence of your seminary will be manifested in the morals and science of the youths who are favored with your care.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

With the aid of private subscriptions as well as liberal appropriations from the Legislature, the college went forward under Dr. John McDowell, the first president, in its work of educating men, till January, 1806, when the Legislature, by majority of only six, withdrew the annuity, and the visitors and governors of the college were compelled to announce that the college must close.

Within the brief period of thirteen years, from 1793, when the first class was graduated, until 1806, the names

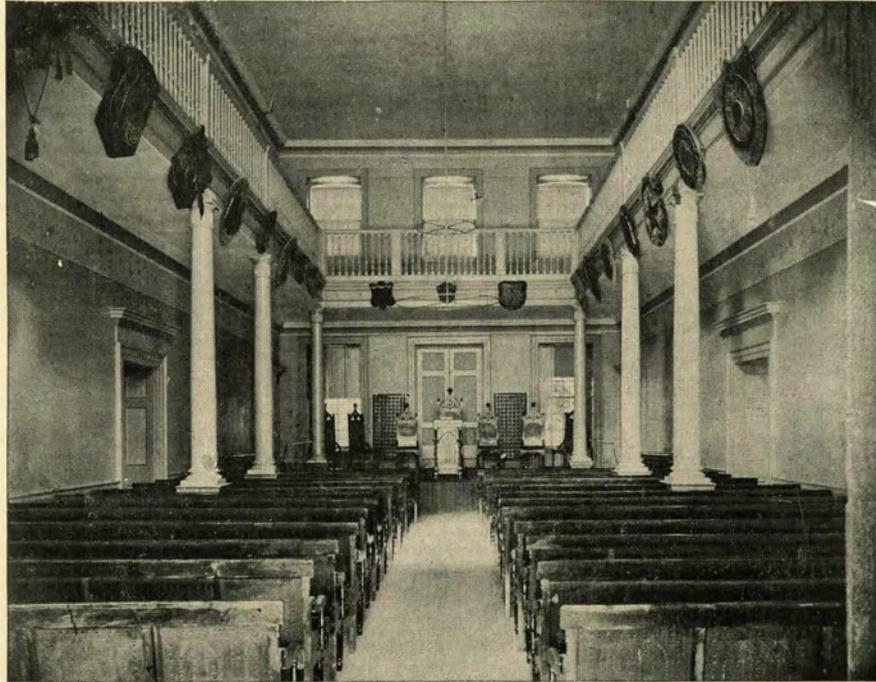
of four Governors of Maryland, six United States Senators, five members of the House of Representatives, four Judges of the Courts, one Attorney-General, one United States District Attorney, one Auditor of the United States Treasury, six State Senators, fifteen members of the House of Delegates, besides foreign consuls, officers of the army and navy, physicians and surgeons, distinguished lawyers (including one Chancellor of South Carolina), college professors, etc., are to be found among the names in the register of the alumni. In 1807 Rev. Dr. Bethel Judd was chosen principal, and the work, though grievously hampered by the action of the Legislature, was partially continued, and in January, 1812, \$1000 of the annuity was restored. A lottery granted in 1821 added \$20,000 to the funds, and enabled the college to extend its work. Reverend Doctor Henry Lyon Davis served as principal from 1820 to 1824, and the Reverend Doctor William Rafferty from 1824 to 1831. In 1831 Reverend Doctor Hector Humphreys was appointed principal, and by his persevering efforts and personal influence with the members of the Legislature a sum of \$2000 was added to the annuity, provided the Board of Visitors and Governors should agree to accept it "in full satisfaction of all legal or equitable claims that they might have or be supposed to have against the State."

The Board consented, and the deed of release was executed and entered upon the records of the Court of

Appeals. At the same time the Governor of the State, President of the Senate, Speaker of the House of Delegates, and the Judges of the Court of Appeals were made *ex-officio* members of the Board, indelibly fixing to the college the character of a State institution. In 1833 the principal was authorized by the Visitors and Governors to collect a fund of \$30,000.

About \$11,000 was raised, and in June, 1835, the corner stone of Humphreys Hall was laid with impressive ceremonies. Chancellor John Johnson, a distinguished alumnus, was the orator. From this time on there are lists of graduates for each year except 1843, 1845, 1848, 1851 and 1854, until 1855, when the college was reorganized, and in the same year Pinkney Hall was built. Two years afterward Doctor Humphreys was succeeded by Reverend Doctor C. K. Nelson. He guided the college successfully till 1861, when the college buildings were utilized as a military hospital by the United States Army until the close of the war.

The Board of Visitors in 1859, believing the Act of 1806 a violation of charter rights, and therefore void, brought suit to recover the amount of their claim — over \$300,000, including interest — but the Court held that the Board of Visitors could not avoid the release given in 1833, and the suit went against them. Reverdy Johnson and other eminent lawyers held that under the terms of the charter the Board had gone beyond its powers in



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

granting the release, and advised that the case be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1866, after the close of the Civil War, and while measures were in progress for obtaining a decree in favor of the college, the Legislature restored the arrearages of the annuity of \$3000, suspended from 1861 to 1866, and appropriated an additional sum of \$12,000 per annum for five years from the first of 1868. The Board of Visitors, believing that this appropriation would be a permanent one, and that it was given in due recognition of the claims of the college, accepted it in good faith, and relinquished the suit which they had been prepared to make.

The college buildings were put in thorough repair, and Doctor Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, late Commissioner of Education, was elected principal, and the college was reopened in September, 1866. On his resignation the following summer, Doctor James C. Welling, afterwards and now president of Columbian University, Washington, D. C., was chosen principal, and the college opened in the autumn with one hundred and fifteen students. Before the close of the next session the Board of Visitors and Governors, in recognition of the increased annuity, passed an ordinance establishing one hundred and fifty State scholarships, each scholarship entitling the holder to exemption from the payment of room rent and tuition fees in any department of the college, and

the number of students in attendance increased to two hundred and twenty-five. Doctor Welling resigned at the close of the session of 1869-70, and Doctor James M. Garnett, now professor at the University of Virginia, was appointed in his stead. Under his administration, in 1871, the first class since 1860 was graduated, and continuously thereafter classes have been duly graduated each year. The General Assembly of 1872 renewed the appropriations for six years, and that of 1878 for two years. The Legislature of 1880 having failed to make an appropriation, Doctor James M. Garnett, with other members of the faculty, tendered their resignations, which were accepted by the Board of Visitors.

Reverend Doctor J. M. Leavitt was invited to undertake the administrative duties of the college, and though, in 1882, the Legislature appropriated \$7500 for two years, the number of students in attendance continued steadily to dwindle. The Legislature of 1884 made no appropriation, but \$4000 was appropriated in 1886, and the interest on the college debt provided for in 1888. In the summer of 1884 Doctor Leavitt resigned, and went abroad for his health, and Professor Wililam H. Hopkins, subsequently appointed President of the Woman's College, Baltimore, Maryland, was installed as acting principal. He maintained control during the sessions of 1884-85 and 1885-86, but in spite of strenuous efforts on his part to ameliorate

the condition of things, no appreciable progress was made. Under his direction and personal efforts the detail of an officer from the United States Army, and also of an engineer from the United States Navy, were obtained, in accordance with the provisions of certain Acts of Congress, with the conditions of which St. John's was able to comply.

He resigned in the summer of 1886 to accept the position offered to him by the trustees of the Woman's College, Baltimore, Maryland, and Doctor Thomas Fell was called to occupy the presidential chair. At the opening of the session, 1886-87, when he entered upon his duties, there were but sixty students in attendance, and the general condition of the grounds and buildings had become greatly deteriorated. He at once set to work to renovate the study rooms and to promote the comfort of the students during their residence at college. The old wood stoves were removed, and in their place steam-heating apparatus was introduced. Bath-rooms, with hot and cold water, and other conveniences, were placed in both Humphreys and Pinkney Halls. New life and vigor were also infused into the whole course of instruction, and, as a consequence, the number of students during the next year amounted to one hundred and thirty-eight, or more than double the number in attendance at the time of his appointment.

On the 26th of June, 1889, the college celebrated the

100th anniversary of its existence under the title of St. John's College. Many of the old students returned for the occasion, and friends who had not met for years exchanged the heartiest greeting. Owing to the large assemblage of visitors a tent was erected on the campus, in the shade of the famous old poplar tree, where the literary features of the programme were carried out.

At 10 o'clock, in imitation of the ceremony observed at the founding of the college in 1789, the Board of Visitors and Governors, the faculty, headed by Doctor Fell, wearing his academic gown and hood, and alumni, formed in procession at the State House, and, escorted by the battalion of college cadets in uniform, under command of Lieutenant Jamar of the United States Army, marched to the tent on the campus. On the platform, erected under the ancient poplar tree, among many others, were seated Governor Jackson, who was *ex-officio* President of the Board of Visitors, Reverend Doctors C. K. Nelson, John M. Leavitt and William H. Hopkins, former principals of the college; President Fell, Dr. Abram Claude, Major Sprigg Harwood, Captain John Mullan, Messrs. Frank H. Stockett, Nicholas Brewer, J. Schaaf Stockett, Philemon H. Tuck, John S. Wirt, Doctor T. Barton Brune, and Doctor James D. Iglehart, Reverend Doctor Orlando Hutton, and Philip R. Voorhees. An historical sketch of the college was read by the latter gentleman, after which followed a centennial ode by

Reverend J. M. Leavitt, D. D., and an address by the Reverend Leighton Parks, D. D., of Boston, an alumnus of the college.

After the benediction had been pronounced by the Reverend C. K. Nelson, D. D., the commemorative tree was planted on the college campus by Mrs. Jackson, wife of Governor Jackson. At the close of the ceremony an artillery salute of twelve guns was fired in honor of the event by the college corps.

Toward the close of 1891 the Board of Visitors authorized President Fell to initiate a movement for the formation of an endowment fund. In furtherance of this project an open letter was sent to each alumnus, inviting them to subscribe a sum of \$10,000 ; which has been responded to by them in a gratifying manner. Contribu-

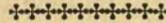
tions have also been received from others interested in the welfare of this venerable institution, so that a fair beginning has been made toward placing it upon a sounder financial basis than it has hitherto enjoyed.

President Fell, in his last report submitted to the Board of Visitors, says that the number of students on the roll for the present session, 1897-98, amounts to one hundred and twenty-five, and that in all the literary departments of the college able and progressive work is being accomplished.

A more prosperous era appears, therefore, to have dawned upon this the third oldest college of the United States, and that in spite of the numberless vicissitudes which have marked its career it can claim to be ranked among the leading educational institutions of the land.



HON. JOHN S. WIRT, B. A., M. A.



MR. JOHN S. WIRT, St. John's leading alumnus in the Maryland Legislature, came from a family of which many generations on both sides have been Cecil county (Maryland) people. His father, John W. Wirt, was born on Bohemia Manor, not far from Elkton, Md., and married Miss Margaret S. Biddle.

Mr. Wirt himself was born in Cecil county, November 16th, 1851, and received his preparatory training in the Elkton Academy.

He entered St. John's, at Annapolis, with the class of '72, and on graduation carried off first honors of his class, with the degree of A. B. After leaving St. John's, he attended the Law School of the University of Maryland, where he graduated in 1874, with the degree of B. L. First honor man in his class at St. John's, it was not unnatural that he should graduate second in his class at the University of Maryland.

Mr. Wirt received from his Alma Mater in 1880 the degree of M. A.

Devoting himself to his profession, Mr. Wirt soon acquired a lucrative practice, and such standing in his community that in 1889 he was elected to the Maryland State Senate, where he did himself and his country great credit.

While always recognized as an active party man, his independence on questions of legislation has brought him many friends, not members of his own party. Whether in office, or out of office, his name has always been associated with the higher element of his party, and with all that would tend towards reforming existing abuses. It

was largely due to his efforts that the Australian Ballot Law went into effect in Maryland.

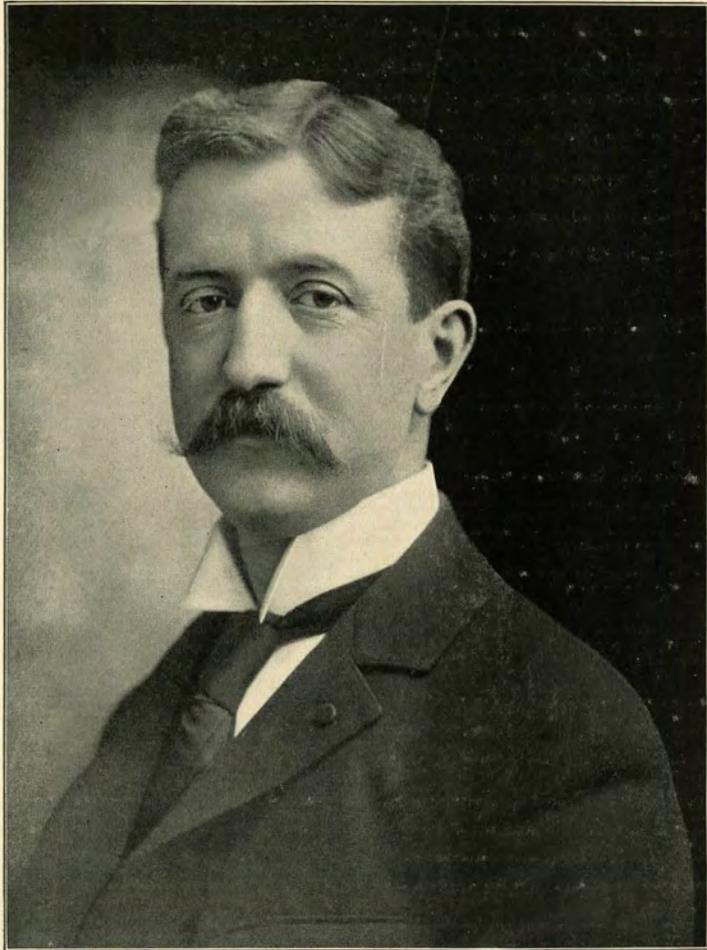
Always a Democrat, he was a member of the Maryland delegation to the National Democratic Convention, both in 1884 and in 1892, and supported President Cleveland, for whom he entertained, and still entertains, feelings of loyalty and admiration.

Mr. Wirt has delivered many addresses of a literary character, among which, perhaps, the best known is an address given before the Alumni of St. John's College, in 1890, on the subject of "The Relation of Men of Liberal Education to the Civil Service Reform Movement." This address was largely circulated, both in the daily press and pamphlet form. A review, consisting of ten articles in the *Baltimore Sun*, of the proceedings of the Maryland Legislature for 1890, has also been much commented upon.

Mr. Wirt was elected to the Maryland General Assembly last November, and is at present one of the stars in the House.

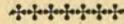
Mr. Wirt's position in the community is best shown by the fact that he is a trustee of his Alma Mater, St. John's College; vice-president of the Civil Service Association of Maryland, and is connected with other organizations of a local character.

As a jurist, Mr. Wirt ranks among the foremost in his State, and his opinions are eagerly sought and profoundly respected.



HON. JOHN S. WIRT.

Alumni.



HONORABLE JOHN WIRT RANDALL.

John Wirt Randall is fifty years of age, and received his education at St. John's College, Burlington College and Yale College. He is a lawyer, and is associated with his brother, Daniel R. Randall, in practice at Annapolis. He is also President of the Farmers' National Bank of Annapolis, which was chartered as the Farmers' Bank of Maryland in 1805. He is the oldest living son of the late Alexander Randall, of Annapolis, who was Attorney-General of Maryland, Representative in Congress, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1851. On his mother's side, he is a grandson of William Wirt, Attorney-General of the United States under Presidents Monroe and John Quincy Adams. Mr. Randall is one of the Board of Visitors and Governors of St. John's College, and has been for over twenty years a vestryman and the Treasurer of St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church, Annapolis. He has served in both houses of the General Assembly, and in the sessions of 1888 and 1890, as a member of the Committee on Elections, he was active in trying to perfect the Australian ballot law and other election reforms of those sessions. The journal shows that but for the active support of Judge Edward Stake and himself, the Australian ballot law would have been defeated at a critical point of its passage through that body. In the session of 1884, as a member of the House, Mr. Randall introduced and pushed through the Legislature the joint resolutions which created "Arbor Day" in Maryland. He was the candidate of the Republican minority for the Speakership at that session. As a member of the Legislature and as Counsellor of the City of Annapolis, Mr. Randall aided in reforming the financial systems of that city and

of Anne Arundel County, and has been active in legislation to protect the oyster industries of the State. He has been for many years a vice-president of the Civil Service Reform Association of Maryland, and twice introduced in the Legislature a bill to bring the State and municipal officers of Maryland under that system. He had charge of the election reform bill in the Senate of 1896, and was a leader of his party in that branch of the General Assembly. In the session of 1898 he was chosen President of the Senate, which position is second only to the Governor. In the discharge of the duties of his office, Mr. Randall has shown himself to be a man of marked executive ability and decision. He is also one of the leading lawyers of Annapolis and is a man of vast energy and great force of character. He is an active Y. M. C. A. man, the Association in Annapolis owing much to his aid and interest.

GEORGE H. HARTER, B. A., M. A., PH. D.

Dr. Harter was born near Leitersburg, Washington County, Md. He received his early education in the public schools of Washington County, and afterwards at Lebanon, Ohio. In the fall of 1874 he entered the Freshman class at St. John's College and graduated therefrom in July of 1878, receiving the degree of B. A.

Dr. Harter showed remarkable qualities while a student at college, and upon his graduation was elected tutor of mathematics and Latin in the College.

While tutor at college he pursued a graduate course in early English, Anglo-Saxon, etc., with Dr. Garrett and Dr. Hopkins, and mathematics with Professor Johnson,

who is at present an instructor in mathematics at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis.

In 1880 Dr. Harter left St. John's to assume the duties of principal of the Academy at Hagerstown, Md., where he labored successfully for five years. After leaving the Academy, he was elected to the chairs of mathematics and physics in Delaware College, which place he still holds. Since Dr. Harter has been identified with this institution he has taken great interest in its welfare, and perhaps the appreciation of this is no better demonstrated than by the fact that in 1896 he, at the resignation of Dr. Raub, was elected President of the College. Since he has assumed this latter office, he has shown himself well worthy of the high trust placed in him. St. John's well appreciates his ability as a college professor and president.

HONORABLE BRUNER R. ANDERSON, B. A., LL. B.

Mr. Anderson was born in February, 1864, and was reared on a farm at Patuxent, in Anne Arundel County. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, where he graduated in 1884, with the degree of A. B. After graduating, he taught school near Odenton for two years. He then attended the Maryland University Law School in Baltimore City, where, in 1888, he received the degree of LL. B. During the same year he was admitted to the bar, and has since been engaged in the practice of his profession in Baltimore City and Anne Arundel County. Mr. Anderson was elected a member of the General Assembly of Maryland in the fall of 1897, and made for himself a brilliant record during the session which has just closed. He is descended from a Scotch family of Andersons, who settled in Anne Arundel in 1680.

GORDON TULL, B. A.

Gordon Tull, a rising member of the bar of Princess Anne, Somerset County, was elected State's Attorney there

in November, 1895, being the only candidate elected on the Democratic ticket. Though he is quite a young man, he possesses recognized talent in his favorite profession, and enjoys a large and constantly growing practice. Judging by what he has accomplished in the past few years, it is safe to predict for him a brilliant future.

Born January 4, 1870, Gordon Tull is a son of Samuel L. Tull, a native of Tull's Corner, Somerset County. The latter, now about seventy-four years of age, has been very successful in life, and has resided for many years at Tull's Corner, where he has conducted a mercantile establishment and owns a good farm in the vicinity. He is a Democrat and has been a justice of the peace for a great many years. His father, Samuel, Sr., was a native of the same locality and came from a good old family on the Eastern Shore. The mother of Mrs. Tull was Miss Catherine Gunby in her girlhood, and is a sister of Dr. Hiram H. Gunby of Tull's Corner.

Gordon Tull remained at home with his parents at his birth-place at Tull's Corner, where he received a good general education, and after leaving the public schools entered St. John's College at Annapolis, Md. There he graduated "*with honors*" in June, 1892, and in September of the same year he was offered a position as first assistant of Princess Anne High School. He was very diligent during this period, as he not only discharged all of his duties as a teacher to the full satisfaction of all concerned, but was so industrious as a student himself that he had mastered the rudiments of the law at the end of the year. He had received wise supervision in his studies at the hands of Robert F. Brattan, and when he presented himself for examination, he was at once admitted to the bar. He opened an office here in the spring of 1894, and has built up a good reputation as a general practitioner. He is a member of the Junior Order of American Mechanics and of the Knights of Pythias lodges, both of this place. Personally, he is very popular and is a great favorite in local society. He is a young man of fine principle, and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

HONORABLE WALTER WILLS PRESTON, B. A., M. A.,
LL. B.

The Honorable Walter Wills Preston was born in Harford County, Md., 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 in St. John's College at Annapolis, Md., where he passed through the Junior Class. Leaving St. John's at the end of the Junior year, Mr. Preston entered Princeton College, New Jersey, where he graduated in 1881, receiving the degree of A. B. Mr. Preston received from the Law Department of the University of Maryland in 1883 the degree of 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, and such popularity in his community that in the fall of 1887 he was elected a member of the Maryland General Assembly, and was re-elected in 1889. Mr. Preston was a very active and energetic man in the House and gained for himself many friends.

In 1891 Mr. Preston was elected State's Attorney for Harford County, and performed the duties of his office so well that in 1895 he was again called to the same position, which he continues to hold. In 1893 Mr. Preston was happily married to Miss M. Elizabeth Hall. At present Mr. Preston is past master of Mt. Ararat Lodge, Masons, at Bel Air, and one of the most prominent members of the Harford County bar.

CHARLES E. DRYDEN, B. A., B. S.

Charles Early Dryden was born of English parentage near Snow Hill, Worcester County, Md. He was educated in the public schools and later in the Snow Hill High

School, taking, in 1889, the honor of salutatorian from that institution, in a class whose valedictorian was E. K. Wilson, Jr., the son of the late United States Senator, E. K. Wilson. In the fall of 1889 he entered St. John's College and started out with the Freshman Class. He graduated from St. John's in 1893, with the degrees of both B. A. and B. S., a feat which is accomplished only by great intelligence and close application to studies. He was also valedictorian of his class, and his valedictory address was one of the best ever delivered at St. John's. After graduation, Mr. Dryden taught from September to December in a military school in Illinois, resigning that position to accept the principalship of the Middletown High School in Middletown, Md. This school he taught until the fall of 1895, when he resigned in favor of his classmate, S. M. Wagaman, to accept the voluntary offer of the principalship of the Buckingham High School of Berlin, in his native county. This position Mr. Dryden still holds.

While at college Mr. Dryden took an active interest in baseball and football, and was one of the leading athletes in college. He is also a teacher of recognized ability, and has brought the school of which he is principal up to its present high position.

HONORABLE HATTERSLEY W. TALBOTT.

Hattersley Worthington Talbott was born in that portion of Anne Arundel County now forming Howard County, Md., on August 26, 1842. His ancestors had lived in Anne Arundel County for two hundred years. Richard Talbott, the first of his family in the Province of Maryland, having settled on West River in 1648 or 1649.

As a boy Mr. Talbott attended schools in Howard County, principally a school known as "The Howard Latin School." Among his teachers at said school was Honorable A. Leo Knott of Baltimore City. He also attended a private school in Ellicott City kept by Reverend Cyrus Huntington, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at that place. Mr. Talbott attended St. John's College during the

session of 1859 and 1860 and the session of 1860 and 1861, up to about May 1, 1861, when (then being in his Junior year) the College was closed by the breaking out of the Civil War. During the war he taught school and read law, and was admitted to practice in 1866. Shortly afterwards he removed to Montgomery County, and has resided at Rockville, practicing his profession, ever since. Mr. Talbott has been Mayor of Rockville three terms. He was State Senator from Montgomery County for the session of 1894 and 1896. He was delegate to the Democratic National Convention which met in Chicago in 1884. He was a Presidential Elector for the Sixth Congressional district of Maryland on the Democratic ticket in 1888. He was one of the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from 1886 to 1890. He has been a director of the Montgomery County National Bank of Rockville since its beginning in 1884, and Vice-President of it for the last three years. He was chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Maryland for the years 1894, 1895 and 1896.

Mr. Talbott is one of the leading men of Maryland, and is also a gentleman of recognized ability, and is fearless in the discharge of his duty.

JAMES M. MUNROE, B. A.

James M. Munroe was born on the third of April, 1856. He graduated from St. John's College June 30, 1874; studied law in the office of the Honorable Alexander B. Hagner (now Judge Hagner, of Washington, D. C.,) for two years, and went to the Law School of the University of Maryland at Baltimore, where he took the full two years' course in one year and graduated June 1, 1877. He commenced practicing law in Annapolis on State House Circle, opposite the Governor's mansion, on July 29, 1877, where he has continuously practiced ever since. During the absence of Mr. J. Shaaf Stockett, State Reporter, Mr. Munroe was employed in the fall of 1877 and winter of 1878 on the Maryland Reports, and reported Volume 47 and

part of Volumes 48 and 49. He was elected State's Attorney of Anne Arundel County in November, 1883, and filled that position from January 1, 1884, to January 1, 1892. Mr. Munroe is one of the directors of the Farmers' National Bank of Annapolis and its attorney. He is also a director of the Annapolis Savings Institution and its attorney; also a director of the Annapolis Water Company, and one of the Board of Directors of St. John's College. He was married to Miss Chase, formerly of New Orleans, lately of New York, on February 25, 1885, the ceremony being performed in New York City by the Reverend Doctor Parkhurst.

Mr. Munroe is one of the leading lawyers of Annapolis, and has won several very important cases by his diligence and tact.

M. CLYDE WIER, B. A., M. A.

Mr. M. Clyde Wier was born at West River, Anne Arundel County, Md., on January 15, 1872. He received his early education in the public schools of the county, and in the fall of 1888 matriculated at St. John's College, entering the Freshman Class. He graduated in 1892, with the degree of B. A.

After leaving St. John's he was made commandant of the Bunker Hill Military Academy, Bunker Hill, Illinois, for the year 1892-93. He was professor of Greek and Latin and instructor in French at Centenary College, Palmyra, Mo., 1893-94, and the same year received the degree of A. M. from his *Alma Mater*. He was a graduate student in Greek and Latin at the University of Chicago in 1894-95. In 1895-96 he was classical master and commandant at Kumper Hall, Davenport, Iowa, and the same year was married to Miss Lydia C. Dorsey of Louisville, Ky. He was a graduate student at the University of Chicago in Greek in 1896-97, and in July, 1897, received the degree of M. A. from the University. Mr. Wier is at present head master of the Worthington Military Academy, Lincoln, Neb., and resident student in Greek and Latin at the University of Chicago.

REVEREND CLINTON T. WYATT, B. A., M. A.

Mr. Clinton T. Wyatt was born on a farm near Goldsborough, Caroline County, Md., April 2, 1863.

He was educated in the public school of his native county, and for awhile taught school in Kent County, Delaware, and subsequently at Ridgley, Maryland. In the fall of 1882, having received a Senatorial scholarship from Caroline County, he matriculated at St. John's College, entering the Freshman Class. He took the regular classical course, and graduated in June of 1886, with the degree of B. A. In March of 1886 he joined the Wilmington Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with permission to remain at school for graduation. In 1888 he was ordained deacon in the Church, and in 1890 received elders' orders. He has served the following charges: Chincoteague Island, Westover, Berlin, Roxana, Deal's Island, and is now pastor of Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Crisfield, Maryland.

In 1890 his *Alma Mater* honored him with the degree of M. A.

HONORABLE A. LINCOLN DRYDEN, B. A.

A. Lincoln Dryden was born at Fairmount, Maryland, February 18, 1865, on his grandfather's farm, where he remained until eight years of age. In 1873 he removed with his father to Crisfield, where he attended the public schools, and at the same time was manager of his father's oyster-packing house in that town, which gave employment to one hundred men. Having always cherished a desire for a college education, young Dryden had been accordingly economical, as well as industrious in business, and in the fall of 1884 was successful in a competitive examination for a scholarship from Somerset County to St. John's College at Annapolis. Here he remained for two years, and at the expiration of that time he entered Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he graduated on the honor list in 1888. Mr. Dryden's last year at college was an

eventful one. His funds were insufficient to defray his college expenses and to complete the course, and to reach the goal toward which his youthful ambition had ever been directed, he was compelled to tutor under-classmen, teach afternoons in the preparatory school and solicit rates for oysters in the near-by Pennsylvania towns.

After graduating Mr. Dryden returned to Crisfield, and in 1889 was nominated by the Republicans for the House of Delegates, to which he was elected, with the entire Republican county ticket. In 1894 he was named by the Republican Convention at Ocean City as its candidate for the Fifty-fourth Congress from the First Congressional District, and succeeded in reducing the Democratic majority in this district to one thousand.

In July of 1895 he was nominated by his party for the State Senate, and was elected, with the entire Republican ticket, by a majority of two hundred and fifty.

Mr. Dryden was married in the fall of 1894 to Miss Effie Venables, daughter of S. D. Venables, the proprietor of the Eastern Shore House at Crisfield.

Mr. Dryden is a liberal man in legislation, and believes in broad methods when good is to be achieved.

HONORABLE SYDNEY E. MUDD, B. A.

Sydney E. Mudd, a son of the late Jeremiah T. Mudd, a prosperous farmer of Charles County, was born on his father's farm, near Bryantown, February 12, 1858. He was educated at Greenwood University and St. John's College, Annapolis, and graduated from the latter institution in 1878, receiving the degree of B. A.

Mr. Mudd then took a special law course at the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar in 1880. He was scarcely of age when he began to take a prominent part in the local Republican politics of Charles County, and was elected on the Republican ticket to the House of Delegates in 1879, when only twenty-one years of age. He was

re-elected to the same office two years later. He was also one of the Garfield Electors in 1880. From 1882 to 1888 he was engaged in the practice of law and was active as a political worker. Mr. Mudd was nominated on the Republican ticket as Representative from the Fifth Maryland District in Congress in 1888, running against Barnes Compton, the Democratic candidate. The election was very close, and, although on the face of the returns Mr. Compton was elected by a few votes, Mr. Mudd instituted a contest for the seat before the Fifty-first Congress and was seated. Mr. Mudd was the nominee of his party for re-election to the House of Representatives in the campaign of 1890, and Mr. Compton was again the nominee of the Democrats. This was the year of the great Democratic tidal wave, and Mr. Compton was elected by a large vote.

In 1893 Mr. Mudd was the Republican nominee for State Senator from Charles County, and prosecuted a vigorous canvass. At the local elections in Charles County that year there was much disaffection in both parties, growing out of the county-seat agitation, and nothing like a party vote was cast. Dr. L. C. Carrico, the Democratic candidate, was elected by eleven votes. In the campaign of 1895 Mr. Mudd succeeded in bringing order and harmony to his party, that had been so badly shattered by the county-seat fight, and with a united front, it gave the Democrats a bad defeat at the polls.

Mr. Mudd was at the head of the ticket for the House of Delegates, and received the largest vote of any of the candidates. He is chairman of the Republican County Committee.

Mr. Mudd was married to Miss Ida Griffin, of Prince George's County, in 1882, and has four children. He resides in Bryantown. He was selected at the first ballot in the Republican caucus for Speaker of the House in 1896, and was elected the following day. Mr. Mudd made a prompt and impartial presiding officer, and this, together with his jovial manner, made him a favorite in the House and won for him a host of friends.

CHARLES H. GRACE, B. A.

Charles H. Grace was born February 13, 1869, on a farm in Talbot County, Maryland. At the age of twelve he entered St. Michael's High School, from which he graduated four years later. After spending a year on the farm, he entered the Sophomore Class at St. John's College in September, 1886. So well did he apply himself to his studies that he graduated in 1889 with first honors. Few men have left the old institution whose departure has been more regretted than his. His splendid record and his high moral character left their impression upon all with whom he associated. Although an assiduous student, he took a prominent part in athletics, playing half-back on the famous football team of 1889. The following year after his graduation he was appointed principal of a public school in Caroline County, Maryland. From this place, in the summer of 1890, he was called to McDonough Institute to teach English, book-keeping and surveying, which position he still holds. His mental ability and keen insight into the characters of others, together with his high moral courage, make him a valuable acquisition to the ranks of those engaged in training the minds of the young.

Mr. Grace was married September 20, 1894, to Miss Rowena Dodson, an accomplished young lady of St. Michael's, Maryland.

EDWARD MORTIMER HARDCASTLE, B. A., M. D.

Edward Mortimer Hardcastle, Jr., was born in Trappe, Talbot County, Maryland, on December 10, 1867. He attended the grammar and high schools of that town, and in 1882 received a State scholarship to St. John's College from Talbot County. Entering the Freshman Class, he completed the four years' classical course, and graduated as valedictorian in June, 1886. In the following autumn he accepted a position in the Easton High School as assistant teacher, where he remained one year. Deciding



ALUMNI GROUP.

Talbot.
Fechtig.
Dryden.

Nelson.
Hardcastle.
Ramsberg.

Noble.
Preston.

Williams.

Wyatt.
Willey.

Tull.

Riley.
Wier.

upon a course in medicine, he entered the Maryland University School of Medicine, graduated in 1889, receiving at the time the Tiffany surgical prize. Later he took private courses in the study of the microscope ; at the same time directing attention to hospital work. In 1890, owing to ill health, he was compelled to stop work and go to the Adirondacks, where he spent the winter. In the fall of 1891 he passed the Virginia State Medical Board, and settled in Abingdon, Virginia, and in December he married Miss Nannie Lloyd Mecere, the grand-daughter of Admiral Franklin Buchanan. In 1893 Mrs. Hardcastle died, leaving a daughter, Miss Nannie Young Hardcastle. Shortly after the Doctor moved back to Easton, and in 1894 took his former position in the Easton High School, of which he was made Principal in 1895. He continued in this position for nearly three years, when he resigned to become President of the Maryland Nautical Academy, near Easton, Maryland.

JESSE RAMSBURG, M. A., B. L.

Jesse Ramsburg was born in Frederick City, Maryland, September 25, 1869. He attended private schools and prepared for college at Frederick Academy, finishing that preparation in a private school for boys in Virginia. Receiving an appointment to a cadetship at the Maryland Military and Naval Academy, at Oxford, Maryland, he gave up his intention of entering college, and accepted the appointment. After preparing during the summer of 1886 on a few special branches, he stood and passed the entrance examination and entered upon his duties as a cadet of the said Academy September, 1886. Growing dissatisfied with cadet life, he again turned his thoughts to entering college. Accordingly, upon the advice of Dr. Fell, he entered St. John's College in March, 1887, from which College he graduated in 1890. He received the degree of M. A. in 1895. In the fall of 1891, Mr. Ramsburg entered the service of the United States Government, doing mainly draughts-

man's work, in the way of computing, platting and lettering maps of the city. During this year of Government service he was matriculated by the football committee of Georgetown College, as a student of their University. He was undecided what course to pursue. His room-mate being then a student of the Medical School, he was easily persuaded to enter the same. So, in the fall of 1891, he began his medical studies. His football duties taking up most of his time after office hours, he was able to give but little of his time to his medical studies. But before the examinations came off he settled down to hard studying, and thereby developed a great love for the science and art of medicine. Deciding to adopt the practice of medicine as his future profession, he gave up his Government position, and in the fall of 1892 entered the University of Virginia in order to more fully complete his studies. There he remained three years, obtaining while there the position of resident student in the dispensary, instructor in the surgical clinic, and first assistant to Dr. H. G. Nelson, the professor of clinical surgery at the University. He was the Doctor's assistant in his private practice, as well as at his operations at the Piedmont Hospital.

Leaving the University in June, 1895, Mr. Ramsburg entered into competition for the position of resident physician of Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C. This competitive examination was held in July, 1895, and in it he was successful. In August he relieved the then resident physician for nearly a month, while he (the resident) was on his vacation. On the resident's return, Mr. Ramsburg left for New York for further study. He entered the New York Polyclinic School, which gave him entrance to all the city hospitals. Completing his special courses, he returned to Washington and entered upon his duties as resident physician January 1, 1896. At the expiration of his term, he was requested to accept the residency for another term, an unusual proceeding. He accepted the compliment and remained until he resigned January 1, 1898. Since then he has taken up private practice at 1756 M street, corner Connecticut avenue, Washington, D. C.

In October, 1897, he was elected to the chairs of physiology and oral surgery in the Washington Dental College and Hospital for Oral Surgery. Later he was elected one of the Board of Directors. On January 22, 1898, he resigned his chair of physiology in order to develop and specialize his oral surgery branch, also finding it impossible to devote the time required in teaching both studies along with oral hospital work.

HERBERT NOBLE, B. A., LL. B.

Herbert Noble was born in Federalsburg, Dorchester County, Maryland, March 7, 1867. He attended private schools in that town and later the public schools. He entered St. John's College in 1885 and graduated with the class of 1889, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He then was appointed one of the instructors in the McDonough Institute, Baltimore County, Maryland. In the fall of 1890, Mr. Noble removed to New York, and entered Columbia Law School with a class of 350 men, and was elected president of the class upon its organization. In the summer of 1891 he took the summer course in law at the University of Virginia. Returning that fall to Columbia, he graduated in 1893, receiving the degree of LL. B. He received from Columbia the degree of Master of Arts "for having pursued a course in law with distinction," and for having also pursued a course in the School of Political Science of Columbia University, upon "The Liability of Governments to Answer for Damages Caused by Mobs to the Property of Foreigners."

Upon graduating from Columbia, Mr. Noble began the practice of law in New York, being first associated with the Honorable DeLancy Nicoll, then District Attorney. On the first of January, 1895, he became a junior partner in the firm of Warner & Noble. At the end of the year 1895 he left that firm, and practiced alone until the first of January, 1896, when he became the senior member of the firm of Noble & Villard, as a member of which firm he is now engaged in practicing law. In the fall of 1895

he was appointed a lecturer in the Law School of Columbia University, New York, upon the subjects: "Suretyship," "Pleading and Practice Under the Code of Civil Proceedings," and "Equity Pleading." He was promoted by the University from time to time, and he is now teaching the "Law of Domestic Relations and Persons," the "Law of Bailments and Carriers," and the "Law of Insurance." In June, 1897, his *Alma Mater* conferred upon him the degree of A. M.

Mr. Noble was married on December 5, 1895, to Miss Elsie Randolph Patteson, whose family came from Richmond, Virginia, but have lived in New York for many years. Since the death of Mr. Philip R. Vorhees, he has been President of the New York Society of the Alumni of St. John's College, which is a vigorous organization. Mr. Noble is a member of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, the Southern Society, the Lawyers' Club and of the Church Club.

Mr. Noble is a gentleman of culture and high standing, and this, together with his fine personal appearance, has made him a favorite with all who have had any relations with him either socially or in a business manner. He is also one of the most active and interested members of the Alumni Association of St. John's College, and has done as much, perhaps, for the advancement of St. John's College as any other member of the Association.

JAY D. WILLIAMS, B. A.

Mr. Jay D. Williams was born June 28, 1859, on a farm about three miles west of Salisbury, in Somerset County, now a part of Wicomico County. He was the youngest son of Luther M. and Eleanor W. Williams, who moved from Delaware into Maryland in December of 1855.

Mr. Williams received his early education in the county schools, and at the age of fourteen was, upon examination, admitted to the High School in Salisbury, where he graduated in the summer of 1876. In September of the same year Mr. Williams entered the Freshman Class at St.

John's, where he graduated in 1880, with the degree of A. B. In the fall of 1880 Mr. Williams entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, and was classified as a member of the Senior Class, taking a few post-graduate studies. At the University Mr. Williams was a candidate for the degree of B. A., to be followed by M. A., but did not finish his course there on account of a lingering illness. After Mr. Williams fully recovered, he began the study of law with the Honorable Thomas Humphreys, who was at that time a member of the Senate of Maryland and a prominent member of the county bar.

After studying law three years with Mr. Humphreys, during which time Mr. Williams taught school in the county and for one year was principal of the graded school at Port Deposit, Maryland, he was, upon examination, admitted to the Wicomico County bar and began his practice in Salisbury.

Mr. Williams has, since his admittance to the bar, practiced in Salisbury and by close application to his business has acquired an extensive and lucrative practice.

Mr. Williams has a very extensive general practice and is also at present counsel for the Salisbury National Bank and Attorney for the Wicomico Building and Loan Association. Believing that politics and business were not congenial friends, Mr. Williams has always made it a point from the beginning of his business to have nothing to do with politics other than to know how to vote intelligently. He has, therefore, never taken any active part in politics on either side because he believed his business, if properly attended to, required his whole time and individual attention.

Mr. Williams is a man of unquestionable ability, and in his community commands the utmost respect.

C. KINLOCK NELSON, B. A., D. D.

The Right Reverend C. K. Nelson, D. D., present Bishop of Georgia, was born near Cobham Station, Albemarle County, Virginia, about twelve miles southeast of

the University of Virginia, on Sunday, May 23, 1852.

Mr. Nelson's early education was received at his father's home school at Greenwood. At the age of sixteen he matriculated at St. John's College, Annapolis, when his uncle, whose name he bears, was at that time vice-president and professor of metaphysics and moral philosophy. He took his bachelor's degree at St. John's in July of 1872. After leaving school Mr. Nelson spent one year in Washington and two years in Culpeper, Virginia, teaching school and pursuing preparatory studies for holy orders.

Mr. Nelson was ordained deacon by Bishop Pinkney in September of 1875, and priest by Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania in June of 1876.

From January, 1876, to July, 1882, Mr. Nelson was rector of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Germantown, Philadelphia, and from that date until March 1, 1892, was rector of the Church of the Nativity, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Nelson received the degree of doctor of divinity from his *Alma Mater* in June of 1891, and from the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, in 1892.

On February 24, 1892, he was consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Georgia in succession to the Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, D. D., and Right Reverend John Beckwith, D. D.

Mr. Nelson's published works consist exclusively of sermons and addresses.

ALVIN C. WILLEY, B. A., M. A., B. D., PH. D.

Dr. A. C. Willey was born at St. Michael's, Talbot County, Maryland, January 21, 1862. Mr. Willey received his early education in the primary schools at St. Michael's, and in 1880, being then eighteen years old, graduated from the St. Michael's High School as valedictorian of his class. In the fall of the same year Mr. Willey entered the Sophomore Class at St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, graduating therefrom in June of 1882, after pursuing the studies of the Junior and Senior classes in the same year.

After leaving St. John's, Mr. Willey taught for several years, principally in Maryland, but also in Arkansas, Texas and New Jersey.

Mr. Willey received from his *Alma Mater* in 1888 the degree of A. M., and in 1890 the degree of B. D. from Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey.

In October of 1891 Mr. Willey was admitted to the Central New York Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, and stationed at Dryden, New York.

While a suburban pastor, Mr. Willey completed post-graduate studies in Syracuse University, and for a course in English literature and a thesis on "American Literature" received in 1893 the degree of M. A.

Mr. Willey also received in 1894 for a course in Christian evidence and a thesis on "Intellectual Conquest of Paganism by Christianity" the degree of Ph. D.

In April of 1895 Mr. Willey was married and transferred to the New York East Conference, but in October of 1897 was transferred back to the Central New York Conference and stationed at Benton Center, New York, where he is at present.

Mr. Willey is a man of great talent and ability, and to these qualities, together with the great diligence with which he enters upon any duty, he has to perform, may be ascribed his great success in life.

JAMES A. FECHTIG, B. A.

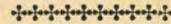
James A. Fechtig, Jr., was born in Cumberland, Maryland, in 1874. He received his early education in private schools. Later he attended the public schools of Baltimore, graduating from them in 1891. In the fall of 1891 he

entered St. John's College, and graduated in 1895, with the degree of A. B. While at St. John's Mr. Fechtig was president of his class, editor of *The Collegian*, captain of the college football team in 1894, and was one of the ablest and best men that ever attended St. John's. After leaving St. John's he studied law at the University of Maryland Law School, and graduated in May, 1897. While there he was editor of *The University Annual*. He was admitted to the bar of Baltimore City in 1896, and has been practicing law there ever since. At the Democratic Convention held in 1897 he was a candidate for nomination for the Maryland House of Delegates. He is now one of the vice-presidents of St. John's Alumni Association.

HONORABLE HUGH RIDGELY RILEY, A. B., A. M., LL. B.

Mr. Riley was born in Baltimore on June 5, 1875. He is the son of Elihu S. Riley. Mr. Riley graduated from St. John's College in 1893, and from the University of Maryland in 1896. Before he was twenty-one years of age, Mr. Riley had taken the degrees of A. B. and A. M. from St. John's, and LL. B. from the University of Maryland. While at St. John's and the University, he took great interest in athletics. Mr. Riley was elected a member of the House of Delegates of Maryland in the fall of 1891, and was the youngest member of the House. He was a very active and energetic member of the House, and won the respect and admiration of those with whom he was associated. He practices law in Baltimore, and is at present the president of the Athletic Association of the University of Maryland.

New York Alumni.



THE New York Alumni Society of the College gave its annual banquet on November 11, 1897, at the "Arena," a famous dining-place for college men. The occasion was one of great enthusiasm for St. John's, and a surprising number of St. John's men were there. When one realizes that of the Alumni of the College in New York, to the number of about twenty-six, seventeen are on hand at a banquet, and the rest send regrets, one feels what a true note in the

heart of each alumnus the name of St. John's strikes.

Immediately preceding the banquet, the annual election of officers was held, with the following results :

President, MR. HERBERT NOBLE, '89.
 Treasurer, DR. CHARLES BREWER, '85.
 Secretary, MR. W. T. KEMP, '97.

These officers are also *ex officio* members of the Executive Committee.

The menu was as follows :



MENU.

❖

Bluepoints.

Cream of Asparagus, aux croûtons.

OLIVES CELERY RADISHES

Broiled Spanish Mackerel, maitre d'hotel.

POTATOES EN CROQUETTES

Sweet Bread Patés.

Filet de Boeuf, piqué Financière.

FRENCH PEAS HARICOTS VERTS

Sorbet.

Roast Quail on Toast.

ROMAIN SALAD

Fancy Ice Cream. Fruits Petits Fours.
 Fromage. Café Noir.

At the close of the dinner, the President of the Association, Mr. Herbert Noble ('89), in proposing the toast "St. John's College," called the attention of those present to the fact that 108 years before it had opened under the name of St. John's College, the name having been changed after the Revolution from King William's School. He pointed out the influence of the College in the early days of the State, referring to many of the distinguished men who were graduates of the College. He then went on to say that the influence of the College had not ceased with the production of these great men, but that everywhere in the State, wherever St. John's men lived, they were found among the best men in the community, and he referred to the very significant fact that among the present leaders of the best political thought in the two National parties in Maryland were two St. John's men—Honorable John S. Wirt, of Cecil, and General L. A. Wilmer, of Charles.

The President of the College responded to the toast. He gave a brief statement of the various efforts that were now being made to secure money for the endowment of the College and for new buildings, outlining the policy of the College in that respect in a way that brought hope to all present ; that the day was not far distant when private donations would begin to come to the College. He laid great emphasis upon the fact that, as soon as a start could be made there would be very little trouble thereafter in securing private donations. A number of those present signified their desire to assist the President in every respect possible, and some liberal sums were promised by the Alumni as soon as the President had matured his plans.

When the President referred to the athletics of the College, and the success of the baseball and the football teams, the College yell was given with great vigor and enthusiasm.

In concluding, Doctor Fell, in a few, well-chosen words, proposed the toast of "Maryland and Marylanders in New York," which was responded to by Mr. James T. Woodward, President of the Hanover National Bank, a native of Anne Arundel County, and whose father was an alumnus of St. John's College.

Toasts were also responded to by Elon S. Hobbs, Esq., of the Class of Eighty-two ; Dr. Charles Brewer of the Class of Eighty-five ; Mr. L. C. Boehm, of the Class of Ninety-seven. The last toast proposed was, "The Literary Men of St. John's," which was responded to by Mr. Albert Hopkins ('89), a son of a distinguished alumnus of St. John's, Doctor W. H. Hopkins. His remarks were full of loyalty and fidelity to the College, and he provoked great amusement by a witty paraphrase upon the old saw, "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell," etc., making it voice the sentiments of those present by showing that they did like Doctor Fell immensely. The meeting wound up with college songs and general talk.

Among those present at the banquet were :

PRESIDENT FELL.

MR. JAMES T. WOODWARD.

President of the Hanover National Bank of New York.

REVEREND A. B. RICHARDSON, D. D., '96.

Pastor of the Hoboken Methodist Church.

REVEREND CHARLES PICKELLS, D. D., '95.

Assistant, Church of the Holy Sepulchre, New York.

REVEREND F. J. KEECH, A. M., '81.
Vicar of St. John's Church, New York.

REVEREND THOMAS P. HUGHES, LL. D., '97.
Rector of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

MR. HERBERT NOBLE, '89.
Counsellor at Law, New York.

DOCTOR CHARLES BREWER, '85.
Practicing Medicine in New York.

MR. ELON S. HOBBS, '82.
Counsellor at Law, New York.

MR. A. H. HOPKINS, '89.
With Messrs. Ginn & Co., Publishers, New York.

MR. M. T. JOHNSTON, '90.
Counsellor at Law.

MR. T. HENRY RANDALL, '93.
Architect.

MR. C. M. GILPIN, '94.
Counsellor at Law.

MR. W. T. KEMP, '97.
Law Student at Columbia University.

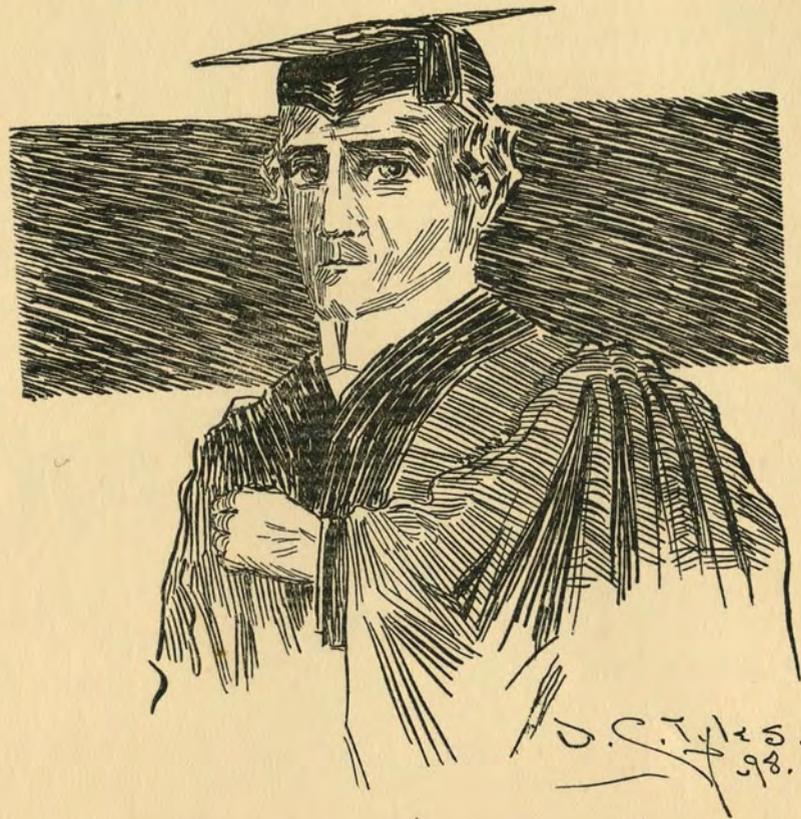
MR. L. C. BOEHM, '97.
Instructor at St. Matthew's School, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

MR. R. H. WILLIAMS, '96.
Instructor at Patchogue, Long Island, N. Y.

MR. G. W. FAY, '97.
Broker, New York.



UNDERGRADUATES

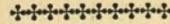


THE SENIOR.

*“The dread of something that makes
us rather bear these ills we have,
than fly to others that we know
not of.”*

—HAMLET.

Class of '98.



Motto—"NUNQUAM RETRORSUM."

Colors—PINK AND BLUE.

YELL:

Ge-he ! Ge-he ! Ge-ha ! Ha-ha !

Ninety-eight ! Ninety-eight ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

Officers.

President,	PETER P. BLANCHARD.
Vice-President,	CHARLES E. TERRY.
Recording Secretary,	J. WALTER HUFFINGTON.
Corresponding Secretary,	D. HERBERT DUVALL.
Treasurer,	CHARLES H. MACNABB.

Members.

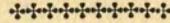
PETER B. BLANCHARD.
EDWIN H. BROWN, JR.
EDWARD R. CASSIDY.
OWEN CECIL.
WILLIAM M. CLARKE.
D. HERBERT DUVALL.
PHILIP H. EDWARDS.
ROBERT GOLDSBOROUGH.

J. WALTER HUFFINGTON.
ALVA M. ISANOGLA.
DEWITT C. LYLES.
CHARLES H. MACNABB.
JAMES B. NOBLE.
NICHOLAS OREM.
CHARLES E. TERRY.
ALBERT L. WILKINSON.
KAOLIN L. WHITSON.



SENIOR CLASS.

Senior Class History.



EVERYBODY knows the Class of Ninety-eight, and it seems useless to write our history on paper, so deeply is it carved on all and everything around us. When great deeds or daring schemes of the past four and degenerate age, the very walls seem to echo "Ninety-years are talked about by students of the present puny eight" in answer to the whispered queries as to who they were — those men who dared to brave the ruling powers and undaunted, to rise and act regardless of the direful threats of certain fledgelings of the awful Board.

Those days, alas! are gone; now the bending knee and favor-courting phrase are oftener seen or heard than the bold, defiant looks and scornful taunts to measure strength and let the victor rule. In justice, however, to ourselves, and in the hope that in some future day another class of *men* shall find the story of our coming and going one worthy of emulation, rather than with a view to vaunt about themselves, I shall endeavor to tell of our deeds while at St. John's, although I feel myself incompetent to find a language suited to my subject.

We came here first as others do — that is to say, we entered the Freshman class. We did so because it was in accordance with the rules, and at that time we did not know ourselves, or that in the future we should live and act by self-made laws. Up to the date of our advent it had been the custom — and a good one, too, in most

cases — to make the youngest class bow down to those above them; in our case, the fallacy of the underlying principle of the time-honored rule was made most apparent; or, in other words, *our betters ceased to be*. Nothing of moment, beyond the occasional vindication of our rights, occurred during the first year of our sojourn here. We had to feel our strength; but when the name of Sophomore succeeded to that of Freshman our real character became apparent, and our spirit, until then dormant as a smoldering flame, burst forth into a blaze, unquenchable and all-consuming.

Our first act of a remarkable character was one which won for us the glory and renown which has ever since hung around our name. There was a creature belonging to no particular race mentioned in natural histories — in fact, his nature has ever been disputed by scientists of every branch of science — who was a black spot on our fair horizon. I might say here that, after a careful study of his habits most of us came to the conclusion that he belonged, in part at least, to the feathered tribe, mingled with a simian strain; but whether bird or beast it matters not, his very being was a continual source of annoyance to us. We decided that he would have to go; so one dark night when all the world was clothed in sleepy quiet we succeeded in capturing this monster and in binding him neck and wing. Then in gay procession we

marched forth and hung him to a tree, and later burned his carcass until nothing remained but ashes. Thus was our first victim ushered into lands unknown. Many have since followed him, but of them another time.

By the time we were Juniors we had, indeed, become remarkable. Aside from numerous victories which we won over the other classes, and like insignificant happenings, we had achieved the enviable reputation of being the finest body of students which had ever graced the College buildings. A few of our men — who, if anything, showed more application than the rest of us, although one may well inquire how such a thing were possible — actually achieved such honors, and by the power of their massive brains so completely eclipsed any marks made hitherto that the Faculty (*ex officio* since our arrival) found it necessary to entirely revolutionize the system of grading and adopt a new and more exacting one, better suited to our abilities. Not content with these innovations, although they were, I have to admit, discouraging to the so-called students of the three *quasi* classes which with ourselves composed the student body, we decided that the curriculum offered us was not calculated to assuage our thirst for knowledge, and, ever true to our motto, "*Nunquam Retrorsum*," we issued our orders that the standard of the whole course of work should be raised, and it was owing to our efforts that the College reached its present degree of excellence, although, as in everything proposed which required extra labor for its completion, we were bitterly opposed by those around us, who have ever shown themselves

averse to improvements of any kind whatsoever, preferring, as they do, to plod along in the muddy ruts of sloth to traveling securely on the highway of good work.

Thus, with ever-increasing strides, we continued through our college life, but we were destined to disappointments and sorrows. It is with a class as with an individual ; the life of the one is a multiplied life of the other, and no one can expect to go through the world always successful and always happy. It was so with us ; we had so far led a pleasant, smooth existence, as free from cares as might have been expected ; but in the last month of our Junior year we suffered a loss, lamented as it was great, which cast a deep shadow of sorrow over the rest of our college life. Death took from our midst one of our number — one who was dear to all, and whose loss we shall never cease to regret. It was the first blow we had received ; and we shall always remember the season of its happening as one of the saddest periods in our lives.

In the Fall of 1897 we came together for the last year of our college life. We were Seniors, and each one of us fully realized the dignified position he held, and we all, by our fine bearing and deportment, won the esteem of those with whom we came in contact. Our Senior year was uneventful ; we had done our work, and felt that we justly deserved the recompense of enjoying for one year at least the fruits of our labor. We had ever striven for the right and best, and one great satisfaction had ever buoyed us up in moments of trial — we knew that we had planned, labored and accomplished wholly and



In Memoriam.

J. Theodore Johnson,

OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-EIGHT,

St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

BORN, 1876.

DIED, JUNE 12TH, 1897.

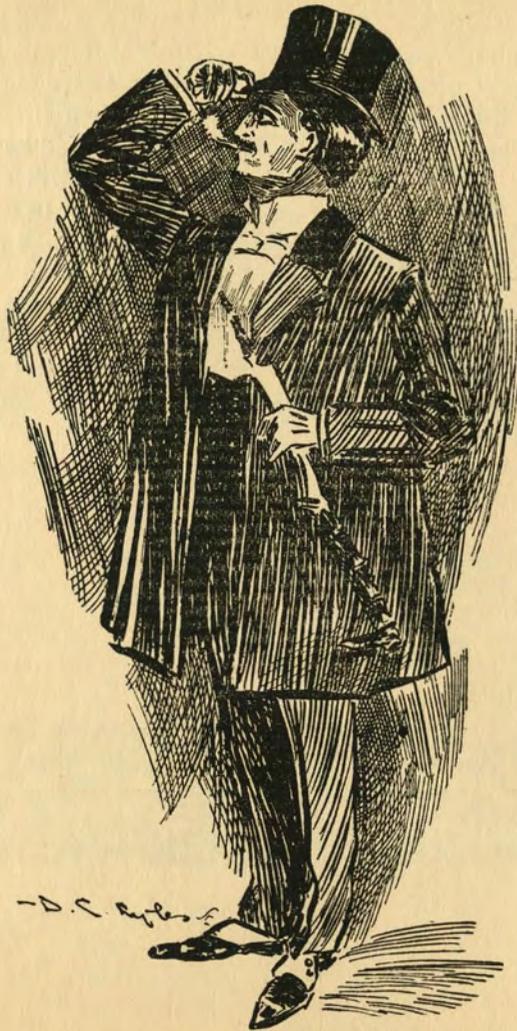
Fortis atque fidelis.

entirely by ourselves, we had throughout been unaided by those around us ; no help was ever offered us, and none was ever asked, and even in the face of violent opposition we had struggled onward, and in the end have reached our goal.

And now that the time has come when we must say the parting word, and go forth into the world each alone and without the ever-ready help of the other, it is as if a mighty wall of darkness and uncertainty were looming up before us. The past, the many happy hours of mutual hopes and fears, seems like the memory of a pleasant dream, fading ever faster from our view, while the future, unknown and formidable, hastens with rapid strides to

gather us into its envious folds and whirl us onward into the respective currents of our coming life. In years to come, when tired of battling with the hardships with which we shall have to contend, the memory of our companionship will ever be a soothing source of comfort, and will spur us on to greater efforts, until, as I hope and believe, we shall reach positions in the world worthy to be held by men of Ninety-eight, and when old age has dimmed our eyes and bent our frames with years, may we look back with pleasure upon the four years spent together and feel that we left our *Alma Mater* each better for the others' company.





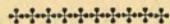
THE JUNIOR.





JUNIOR CLASS.

Class of '99.



Motto—"IN OMNIA PARATUS."

Colors—GARNET AND WHITE.

YELL:

Rock-chock! Jay-hawk! Hi! Ho! Ha!
Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Officers.

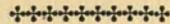
President, JOHN S. STRAHORN.
Vice-President, HENRY G. DOUGLAS.
Secretary, P. DOUGLAS LYONS.
Treasurer, GEORGE M. CONN.

Members.

F. J. BOHANAN.	P. DOUGLAS LYONS.
W. L. BRADY.	WILLIAM L. MAYO.
T. A. COLLISON.	R. P. MELVIN.
GEORGE M. CONN.	E. H. MULLAN.
HENRY G. DOUGLAS.	D. H. NICHOLS.
F. W. EVANS.	J. McDONALD SINCLAIR.

JOHN S. STRAHORN.

Positions of Members of '99.



BOHANAN.

Poet, RAT-TAT.
Editor-in-Chief of *The Collegian* for 1898-99.

BRADY.

Captain of the baseball team of '98.
Quarter-back of the College football team of '97.
Athletic editor of RAT-TAT.
Athletic editor of *The Collegian* for 1898-99.

CONN.

Class Treasurer for '95-96, '96-97, '97-98.
Secretary Athletic Association for '97-98.
First tenor in Glee Club, '96-97, '97-98.

COLLISON.

Centre of the '97 football team.
Miscellaneous editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

DOUGLAS.

Class Vice-President for '97-98.
Captain football team for '98.
Treasurer of Athletic Association, '97-98.
Second tenor in Glee Club in '96-97, '97-98.
Humorous editor of RAT-TAT.
Corresponding Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, '97-98.
Literary editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

EVANS.

Recording Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, '97-98.
Member of the class relay team, '97.
Alumni editor of RAT-TAT.
Alumni editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

LYONS

Class Secretary, '95-96, '96-97, '97-98.
Associate editor of RAT-TAT.
"Town and Campus" editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

MAYO.

Editor-in-Chief of RAT-TAT.
Associate editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.
Ex-President of the class.

MELVIN.

Alumni editor of RAT-TAT.
Literary editor *The Collegian*, '98-99.

MULLAN.

Poet, RAT-TAT.
Inter-collegiate editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

NICHOLS.

Humorous editor RAT-TAT.
Exchange editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

SINCLAIR.

Miscellaneous editor of RAT-TAT.
Member of '97 relay team.
Member of '97 football team.
Athletic editor of *The Collegian*, '98-99.

STRAHORN.

Class President, '95-96, '96-97, '97-98.
Vice-President Athletic Association, '97-98.
Treasurer of Glee Club, '97-98.
Member of College relay team of '96 and '97.
Captain of class relay team of '97.
Captain of College relay team of '98.
Member of the Dramatic Club, '97.
Second tenor in the Glee Club, '96-97, '97-98.
Musical Director of Young Men's Christian Association, '97-98.
Manager of Glee Club, '97-98.
Assistant Manager of the football team of '97.
Assistant Manager of Glee Club, '96-97.
Business Manager of RAT-TAT, '97-98.
Business manager of *The Collegian*, '98-99.
Manager football team of '98.

History of '99.



THE writer of this class history, ever mindful that its victories and defeats, its joys and sorrows, have so perfectly corresponded with the rise and fall of those hopes which have filled his heart throughout those years when he enjoyed a membership in the class, finds it impossible to be moderate in his praises. Oh! pleasant is his task, and happy are his memories when he recalls the past of the Class of Ninety-nine of St. John's College! And its past is itself, the essence of its soul and the foundation of its reputation. Therefore it calls its own the achievements and the victories of all whose names have appeared on the class roll since the birth of the nucleus of the class of that memorable September day, whether in the class-room or in the auditorium, in the ball-room or in the dormitory, on the parade ground or on the amateur stage, on the race track or on the athletic field, with the pigskin or with the shotgun, on the baseball diamond or on the tennis court. Those who have left the class have bequeathed to its credit and reputation the memory of their triumphs.

From the thirty-eight names enrolled in the RAT-TAT of 1897, only thirteen survive—a number considered by Ninety-nine as peculiarly lucky, in spite of all superstition. It is not difficult to account for those missing. Some have considered themselves saturated with knowledge, others have become the lights of other colleges;

some have found the *double time* of the parade ground too fast for their natures, and straggled so far behind that it became impossible to find their way back through the maze of demerits; others found that the banquets spread by the lords of the feasts of the semi-annual pass-overs too hard to digest unless they used a sauce composed principally of "Midnight Oil," and refusing to use this sauce they resolved to feast no more. But these are sorrows which befall all classes. Heaven has been merciful and has summoned none to cross the Abyss of Mystery.

As the historian's acquaintance with the class begins with the Sophomore year, he must rely upon tradition for the class' history during its Freshman year; so in all probability the class was composed of the rawest of raw material, but as is the case always, the rawer the material the greater the freedom of the polisher, the greater the chances of the discovery of genius. Yes, let us suppose that the material was every bit as raw as that which has been picked up from along the canal and from the backwoods, and has been converted into a product best fitted of all others to fill the Presidential chair.

The tastes of the members of this class and the different kinds of genius which they represent are wonderful for their variety. This condition of affairs greatly adds to the interesting features of the class. Like everything

else, a class containing too much of a sameness naturally makes one weary.

To the Class of Ninety-nine belongs a fine lot of athletes. In its Sophomore year, three of its men battled for gore and glory on the College football team, and four were members of the College baseball nine. On the famous track team the third man and the first substitute were Ninety-nine men. In the Junior year five of the College eleven had Ninety-nine stamped on their hearts under the muddy football jacket. Members of the class whose history is recorded here have always found great favor in the eyes of the fair. The under classes have wondered greatly at this. For their benefit the historian betrays the countersign — *Ninety-nine!*

During the Sophomore year, some of the members of this class, taking their cue from Bret Harte, established next door to the famous Buzzard's Roost, with its celebrated line of proprietors, that joint known as Poker Flat. Poker Flat soon became an object of awe and terror to the innocent Freshman. But as this is running into the irregularities of some of the members of the class, the historian will pass on.

As a rule, the *canny* men of Ninety-nine have gotten along famously well with the honored Faculty ; at least such has been the case since the historian became a member of the class ; perhaps there is a reason, for this was just after the passing away of that member of the Faculty much spoken of in the traditions of the last five years. To his successor the fellows have also given

wings, but they are the magical pinions of a gentle, kindly spirit, an Ariel who has often summoned from obscurity the beautiful, the rare, creations of the imagination which live in the world of literature, making the class-room of Ninety-nine like the enchanted isle ; and the class, like Prospero's company, ever loth to lose the bright visions of ideality.

The following account of an incident of the class' history, which took place on the famous annual May Night Festivities, *à la toilette de nuit*, the Mardi Gras of St. John's College, is furnished by the president of the class, who presided and participated :

"About 10.30 P.M. of that memorable day, the Sophomores, pesky wretches that they were, challenged Ninety-nine for a fight and a cane rush. The members of Ninety-nine, not being of a timid nature, gladly accepted the challenge, much to the vexation of the Ninety-eight men.

"Our best men chosen and the time-keepers selected, the word "*Go!*" was given. Both Ninety-eight and Ninety-nine had some of the best football players of the season, and these went in, determined to either *do* or *die*, and as none of Ninety-nine were quite prepared to meet St. Peter at the gate, they redoubled their energies and showed the Wise Fools that they were not as green as they were green looking. Now, Ninety-eight says that it had not her best men present, which is, I think, to any reasonable man, sufficient proof that all the brains of the College are not in Ninety-nine (?) because by keeping

their men away and not exposing them to Ninety-nine, who would have knocked the stuffings out of all of them, Ninety-eight showed great tact."

Lack of space necessitates a conclusion to the chronicles of the Class of Ninety-nine, and the author, conscious of the shortcomings of this article, amends it by

inviting the reader to a further study of the merits of the class in this, its annual, the second annual ever published at St. John's, which is an offering of the class, and its first monument to its *Alma Mater*, glorious, majestic St. John's College.

HISTORIAN.



Class Census.



EUGENE MULLAN.

Nick name "Gene."
 Residence Annapolis.
 Age Eighteen.
 Height 5 feet 8 inches.
 Weight 120 pounds.
 Size of shoes Five and a-half.
 Color of eyes Blue.
 Denomination Catholic.
 Politics Socialistic Democrat.
 Literary Society Ex P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Jonathan Swift.
 Favorite study Mathematics.
 Favorite expression "Damfino."
 Favorite pastime Bumming.
 Favorite song "Handicap."
 Vocation Farming.
 Characteristics Erratic.

F. JOHNS BOHANAN.

Nick name "Harmless."
 Residence Park Hall, St. Mary's County.
 Age Twenty.
 Height 5 feet 7 inches.
 Weight 135 pounds.
 Size of shoes Six and a-half.
 Color of eyes Brown.
 Denomination Episcopal.
 Politics Democratic.
 Literary society Philomathean.
 Favorite author or poet Shakespeare.
 Favorite study Latin.
 Favorite expression "Aw ! darn it !"
 Favorite pastime Making calls.
 Favorite song "When Summer Comes Again."
 Vocation Minister.
 Characteristics Quarreling.

T. A. COLLISON.

Nick name "Jimmy."
 Residence Linkwood.
 Age Nineteen.
 Height 5 feet 7 inches.
 Weight 150 pounds.
 Size of shoe Seven.
 Color of eyes Brown.
 Denomination Methodist.
 Politics Democrat.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Longfellow.
 Favorite study French.
 Favorite expression "Say, Look !"
 Favorite pastime Running for inspection.
 Favorite song "Sweet Violets."
 Vocation Architect.
 Characteristics Fighting John.

HENRY G. DOUGLAS.

Nick name "Kidney."
 Residence Rosaryville.
 Age Eighteen.
 Height 5 feet 10 inches.
 Weight 150 pounds.
 Size of shoe Seven.
 Color of eyes Light blue.
 Denomination Episcopal.
 Politics Democrat.
 Literary society Philomathean.
 Favorite author or poet Longfellow.
 Favorite study German.
 Favorite expression "There's others !"
 Favorite pastime Dancing.
 Favorite song "Won't You Be My Sweetheart ?"
 Vocation Minister.
 Characteristics Being dressed up.

F. EVANS.

Nick name " Christer."
 Residence Salisbury.
 Age Twenty.
 Height 5 feet 8 inches.
 Weight 135 pounds.
 Size of shoe Six and a-half.
 Color of eyes Brown.
 Denomination Methodist.
 Politics Republican.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet St. Paul.
 Favorite study Latin.
 Favorite expression " Just like a man down home."
 Favorite pastime Visiting.
 Favorite song " Jerusalem."
 Vocation Missionary.
 Characteristics Kissing girls ?

G. M. CONN.

Nick name " Sal."
 Residence Baltimore.
 Age Nineteen.
 Height 5 feet 10 inches.
 Weight 147½ pounds.
 Size of shoe Six.
 Color of eyes Bluish gray.
 Denomination Presbyterian.
 Politics Republican.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Shakespeare.
 Favorite study English.
 Favorite expression " Were there any mail for me ?"
 Favorite pastime Playing cards.
 Favorite song " Rosie O'Grady."
 Vocation Real estate agent.
 Characteristics Skipper. *

J. M. SINCLAIR.

Nick name " Joe."
 Residence Naval Academy, Annapolis.
 Age Seventeen.
 Height 5 feet 6 inches.
 Weight 150 pounds.
 Size of shoe Six and a-half.
 Color of eyes Brown.
 Denomination Methodist.
 Politics Democrat.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Longfellow.
 Favorite study Political economy.
 Favorite expression " Is that so ?"
 Favorite pastime Sailing.
 Favorite song " Mr. Johnsin."
 Vocation Architect.
 Characteristics Slow and steady.

W. MAYO.

Nick name " Billy."
 Residence Annapolis.
 Age Twenty-one.
 Height 5 feet 2 inches.
 Weight 118 pounds.
 Size of shoe Five.
 Color of eyes Blue.
 Denomination Methodist.
 Politics Republican.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Victor Hugo.
 Favorite study Literature.
 Favorite expression " Steady ! Steady !"
 Favorite pastime Music.
 Favorite song " Flee as a Bird."
 Vocation Clerk.
 Characteristics Swearing (?)

DAN H. NICHOLS.

Nick name " Dan Picks."
 Residence Annapolis.
 Age Eighteen.
 Height 5 feet 10 inches.
 Weight 128 pounds.
 Size of shoe Five and a-half.
 Color of eyes Brown.
 Denomination Methodist.
 Politics Democrat.
 Literary society Ex P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Sir Walter Scott.
 Favorite study History.
 Favorite expression " I'll be darned !"
 Favorite pastime Studying.
 Favorite song " Mamie Reilly."
 Vocation Chemist.
 Characteristics, Skipping.

P. DOUGLAS LYONS.

Nick name " Dougal."
 Residence Baltimore.
 Age Seventeen.
 Height 5 feet 9 inches.
 Weight 155 pounds.
 Size of shoe Seven.
 Color of eyes Gray.
 Denomination Grand Order of Restful.
 Politics None.
 Literary society Philomathean.
 Favorite author or poet Shakespeare.
 Favorite study None.
 Favorite expression " Any old thing."
 Favorite pastime Femme-ing.
 Favorite song " If I Could Only Blot Out the Past."
 Vocation Chemist.
 Characteristics Writing Latin exercises for the class.

R. P. MELVIN.

Nick name " Puddin' Head."
 Residence Annapolis.
 Age Sixteen.
 Height 5 feet 2½ inches.
 Weight 108 pounds.
 Size of shoe Five and a-half.
 Color of eyes Bluish gray.
 Denomination Episcopal.
 Politics Democrat.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Sir Walter Scott.
 Favorite study Political Economy.
 Favorite expression " Dog on it !"
 Favorite pastime Reading.
 Favorite song Old Black Joe."
 Vocation Lawyer.
 Characteristics Great capacity for eating.

J. S. STRAHORN.

Nick name " Johnnie."
 Residence Cecil County.
 Age Twenty-one.
 Height 6 feet ¾ inches.
 Weight 168 pounds.
 Size of shoes Ten (Past the limit).
 Color of eyes Bluish gray.
 Denomination Presbyterian.
 Politics Radical Democrat.
 Literary society P. K.
 Favorite author or poet Edgar Allan Poe.
 Favorite study Mathematics.
 Favorite expression " You Hay Rube."
 Favorite pastime Running to make 10.30 P. M. inspection.
 Favorite song " Oh, May-me Reilly."
 Vocation Lawyer.
 Characteristics Fighting Jimmy.

KAOLIN WHITSON.

Nick name	"Kalum."	Literary society	Philomathean.
Residence	Hagerstown.	Favorite author or poet	Sir Walter Scott.
Age	Twenty-one.	Favorite study	Political Economy.
Height	6 feet.	Favorite expression	"Confound it!"
Weight	170 pounds.	Favorite pastime	Thinking.
Size of shoe	Seven.	Favorite song	"Auld Lang Syne."
Color of eyes	Brown.	Vocation	Lawyer.
Denomination	PPPP	Characteristics	What ?
Politics	Republican.		



Class Grinds.



BOHANAN.

Blessed will be the inventor who perfects a device to compel a man to shut up when he has said enough.

Brought from the unknown regions by an angel, and lodged in St. Mary's, there to bore the fair sex by his unseemly presence.

Hopes to be an exhauster (exhorter).

BRADY.

Even the oldest inhabitant never saw Pete and a brass band going in opposite directions.

Seems just to have been. Reasons unknown.

CONN.

"Some men are like bass-drums; they make lots of noise, but there is nothing in them."

"She's the prettiest girl in Chicago."

Any information regarding his birth thankfully received by the Editorial Board.

COLLISON.

"Training is everything. The cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."—*Mark Twain*.

Some mistake in his make-up — only one leg; therefore, not a man, not being a biped.

Rather fond of stolen sweets.

DOUGLAS.

When a farmer wants to "dress up," he puts on a paper collar and smokes a cigarette.

"Gouged through space" in 187., with but one distinguishing characteristic — his mouth.

Expects to win her in spite of all the other classes.

EVANS.

"A boy who can't sing, and will sing, ought to be muzzled."

Torn from a sand pile by the wind from a Wicomico express, going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

Seems to be particularly fond of child-ren.

Goes to Washington quite often "to see my aunt."

LYONS.

"Many a man who is cramped for time in this world, will have time to burn in the next."

Gift of Apollo, requires a derrick to raise him in time for early French.

Chief accomplishment, blowing glass in the laboratory in the absence of Professor C.

MAYO.

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

So modest, yet, O so deep!

Born in the Ancient City some time — date unknown — about the time of the great cloudburst.

Specimen of spontaneous generation.

Has quite a faculty for skipping French.

MELVIN.

It's a wise man who never says a word when the other fellow happens to be the bigger.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little *star* ;

How I wonder what you are."

Found in a plum pudding at the Maryland Hotel.

MULLAN.

"The man always kicking for a raise, should try one of his kicks on a can of dynamite."

Like Topsy, "just growed."

Not as fond of winters as he seems to be of summers.

NICHOLS.

Too quiet to say much, and too lazy if he wasn't.

Favorite quotation, "No drill."

SINCLAIR.

If he has nothing to say, he says it.
A good example for others.
Never in a hurry, but he always gets there on time.

STRAHORN.

"It's a tall, thin chap, with a gift of gab very galloping."—*Dickens*.

Thinks **13** an unlucky number, when, as it happens here, he is No. **13**, and dinner on the table for but **12**.

Born in Cecil. When? Don't know.

But *one* thing's certain — his feet did grow.

Love originates in the heart; brains have nothing to do with it.





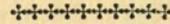
Sophomore
THE SOPHOMORE.





SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Class of 1900.



Motto—"HELP THYSELF, AND THE LORD WILL HELP THEE."

Colors—GARNET AND ORANGE.

YELL:

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rhe ! Who are we ?
We are the Class of the Century !
Century ! Century !
Nineteen Hundred ! S. J. C.!

Officers.

President, PAUL H. HERMAN.
Vice-President, JESSE C. PURVIS.
Secretary, F. N. NICHOLS.
Treasurer, SAMUEL T. MACKALL.

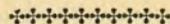
Members.

BERTRAM W. ANDERSON.
LOUIS BAER.
HARTLEY H. BARTLETT.
JOHN B. CASSIDY.
ABRAM CLAUDE.
B. F. CONRAD.
GEORGE B. GIRAULT.
CHARLES C. HERMAN.
PAUL H. HERMAN.
H. C. HILL.
CHARLES H. HODGES.
WALTON HOPKINS.

W. P. LAWSON.
SAMUEL T. MACKALL.
CHARLES E. MULLAN.
T. J. PENNINGTON.
JOSEPH R. PHELPS.
JESSE O. PURVIS.
CHARLES C. REYNOLDS.
WILLIAM J. SHARTZER.
O. K. TOLLEY.
HENRY P. TURNER.
WILLIAM R. WILEY.
F. WILLIAMS.

W. H. WYATT.

History of 1900.



ON a beautiful September day in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, a band of gallant and noble-looking (?) youths of all nationalities was ushered into existence at St. John's College, who organized themselves into a class, which was to prove itself a source of great advantage to its *Alma Mater*. It would require too much space to relate the various opinions formed about it by the other classes. The usual compliments, which Freshmen always receive, were paid.

We early discovered that our class possessed many distinguished characters. Mr. Peter Belches, of Virginia, rose into great prominence on account of the extraordinary size of his head, which was as large as the gilded acorn on the dome of the State Capitol. Peter always took delight in discussing the beauty of the fair sex, but whenever the honorable youth met a fair maiden he was sure to make his escape. Peter was aptly called the genius of our class. But let us notice our genial friend, Irish, just over from the sunny shores of old Ireland. He brought over with him a full stock of wit and humor, which he was exceedingly fond of displaying. His favorite necktie was green, in honor of his native land. His main topic of conversation was girls; but just the opposite from his colleague, Peter, he always put himself in the way of the fair sex. But let us divert our attention to the "Bird" of Baltimore. He may not

have been a brilliant student, but he certainly could play football in such a style that he was the recipient of many compliments. Student Oscar K. Tolley now attracts our attention. Judging from his initials, "O. K.," he must be all right. Oscar, after taking the degree of B. A. in Harford County, comes to college and joins our class, in which he hopes to earn a B. S. None of our class claim that they have spent part of their life in digging up old Latin records out of some tunnel, with the exception of "Yallah" Anderson, a resident of the Ancient City. He devotes the greater part of his time to the study of Latin, his well-known phrase being "When are you going to get that Latin out?"

Our class is certainly widely represented, for besides the above-named heroes we have many more, whose daring deeds are so numerous that they will fill many pages of the world's history.

At the expiration of a few weeks, a class meeting was held to organize and elect officers. Men were elected who seemed capable of serving the class to the best advantage, but, contrary to the custom of the other classes in College, were elected for only one year. Our class was very large, the roll numbering thirty-three men.

Not a small number of our fellows trained hard for football, in which was developed some excellent material, which showed itself in the game with the Class of Ninety-

eight, who succeeded in defeating us only after a lively struggle.

We were a very well-behaved class, consequently we did not receive rough treatment at the hands of the Sophomores. However, we were never free from their many tricks and pranks. Their favorite pastime was to put our rooms into a disorderly condition.

At the approach of the February examinations, we began to feel a dread as to what would be the result with us. However, we plucked up courage, and a large majority of us had the good fortune to pass them.

When the baseball season opened, not a few of us entered into the sport. "Liz" Mackall succeeded in making the team, and O. K. Tolley was used as a substitute. As there were no class games that season, our team did not have the opportunity to show whether it could be a winning one or not.

As the day for field sports approached, we began to discuss the merits of each man, to find out for what branch of sport he was the best adapted. Of course, we did not entertain the least hope of coming out winners in the events, but we determined to go in and do what we could. Our President, C. C. Herman, succeeded in organizing a relay team consisting of himself, Tolley, Leroux, and Reynolds. The showing of this team was excellent, although it was their first attempt. Our old friend, Peter, had promised to put the shot for us, but his nerve failed him, when he saw the fair damsels gathering at the gate.

The special preparatory students, who were below us, although we were only Freshmen, insisted on coming up on our floor and doing whatever they liked. Of

course, we objected and determined to put a stop to it. On a certain night *one* of their number came up on our floor and committed an act that aroused our anger. Accordingly, our class waited on him and ordered him off the floor. He refused to do so, so two or three of us, taking hold of him, put him down by force. This act aroused the spirit of his fellow classmen, who soon hurried up on our floor as if they desired to engage in a combat, but on seeing us march up to them, armed with bed slats, they soon quieted down.

Again, one night in May, a band of white-robed figures, representing the Sophomores, paid us a farewell call to show that they still held us in high regard. They compelled each one of us to read the law which governs Freshmen, but that was the extent of our punishment.

But time, as it has never failed to do, passed on, and we found ourselves no longer Freshmen, after passing the June examinations. Quite a number of us received certificates for the good work we had done during the past year. We enjoyed ourselves immensely during commencement week. Although we looked forward to the time to go home for the Summer vacation, we were, indeed, sorry to part with one another, when the time came to depart from the Ancient City.

After a very pleasant vacation, we returned to old St. John's, as Sophomores, dignified (?) and grand Sophomores. We were very sorry to learn that Peter and several others had not returned, but were gratified to see the Irishman's St. Patrick smile again. Very many of the new men joined our class, filling the places of those absent. Among the new aggregation was a bristling cat from the confines of the Eastern Shore, who often

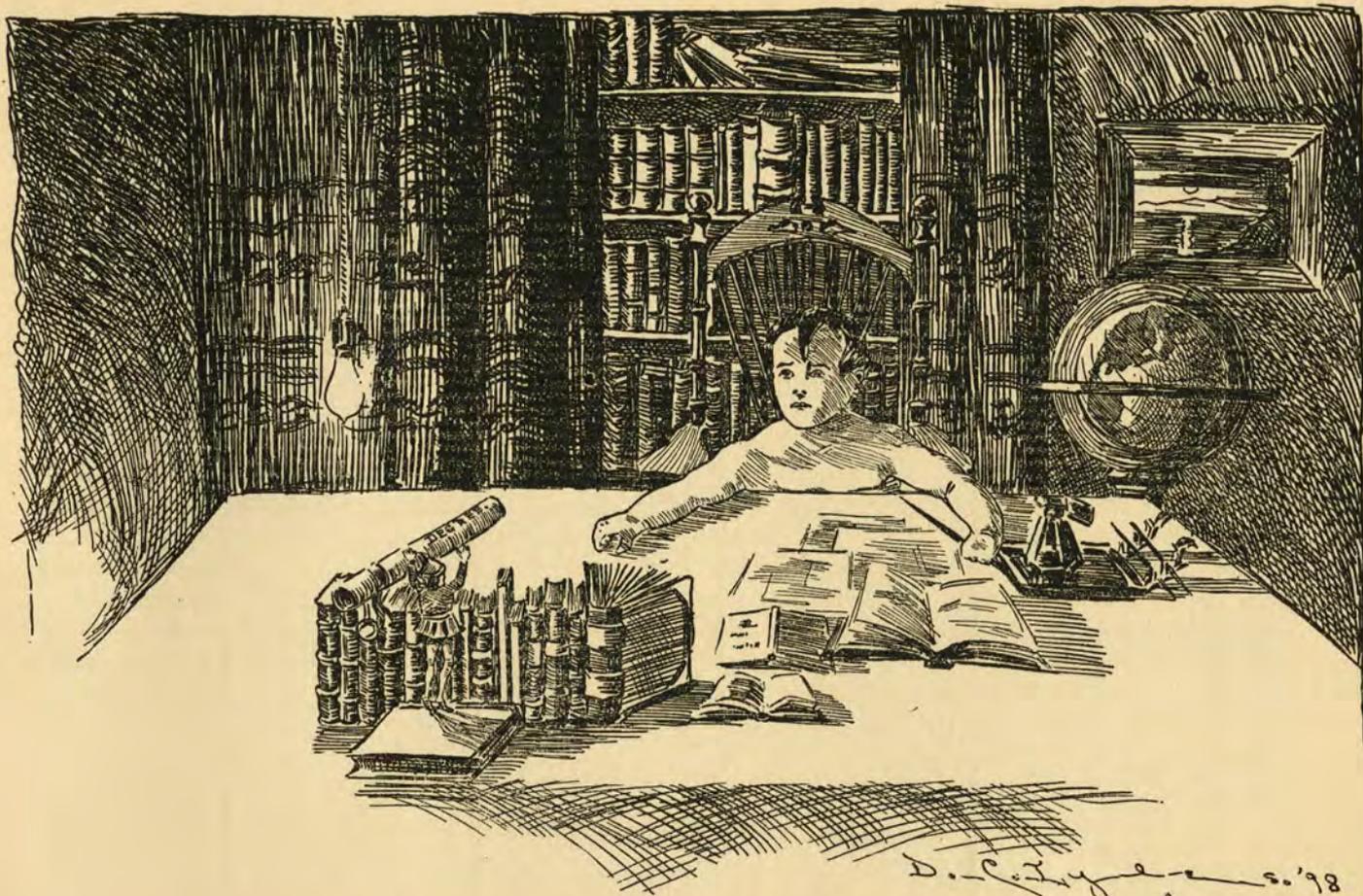
aroused the residents of the sacred walls of Pinkney with his hideous noises. He is generally known by the appellation of Nichols. But Scabbius Lawson is the name that now claims our attention, a name that has a celebrated renown far down on the Eastern Shore. His jokes, which he is exceedingly fond of displaying, are of an amusing character, in his opinion, but not so much so according to other people's views.

Shortly a class meeting was held to reorganize and elect new officers. We organized into the strongest and largest class in College. We adopted a class pin, the second ever adopted in College, and a class cap, the first ever adopted in College. We found that our class was much better in every respect than during our Freshman year.

But football now demands our attention. Quite a number of us went into hard training. "Dumpy" Pennington proved himself a stone wall on the line. All rushers of the pigskin found it to be quite a task to get through him. And "Liz" Mackall, who was employed as fullback, found it an easy matter to go through any line, his rushes were so terrific. We have mentioned the football qualities of the "Baltimore Bird," *alias* C. Carter Reynolds. He was one of the particular stars of the team, for his playing at right end was marvelous. Woe be to the halfback who attempted to circle his end ; he

was sure to lose ground. "Dutch" Shartzter, the musician, decided to go in training and try his luck. The result was not disastrous, by any means, for the team discovered that they could not get along without him. There were no class games that season, so our team did not have the opportunity to prove its supremacy.

There is a custom in College that upper classmen shall haze the Freshmen, because they, after having been severed from all home restraints, are apt to begin to hold an exalted opinion about themselves, and this would, indeed, be very disagreeable to their parents, and so it is thought best to check them in their mad career. This sad but stern duty has always fallen upon the naughty Sophomores. But "hazing" was recently abolished, and, of course, the grand and glorious Class of Nineteen Hundred did not wish to revive it. But we are sorry to state that the Freshmen who came under our supervision were a green and uncouth lot of youths, and as soon as they discovered that "hazing" had been abolished, they began to entertain the idea that they were of much importance, ignoring the fact that they were only mere functions of the College. And, of course, we could not tolerate this, so we did not hesitate to occasionally give them a gentle reminder that there was just one class above them.

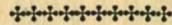


D. C. Fyler '98
✠

THE FRESHMAN.

"He won't be happy 'till he gets it."

Class of 1901.



Motto—"ACT WELL YOUR PART.
THERE ALL THE HONOR LIES."

Colors—CRIMSON AND CREAM.

YELL:

Century ! Century ! Just begun !
S. J. ! S. J. ! Nineteen One !

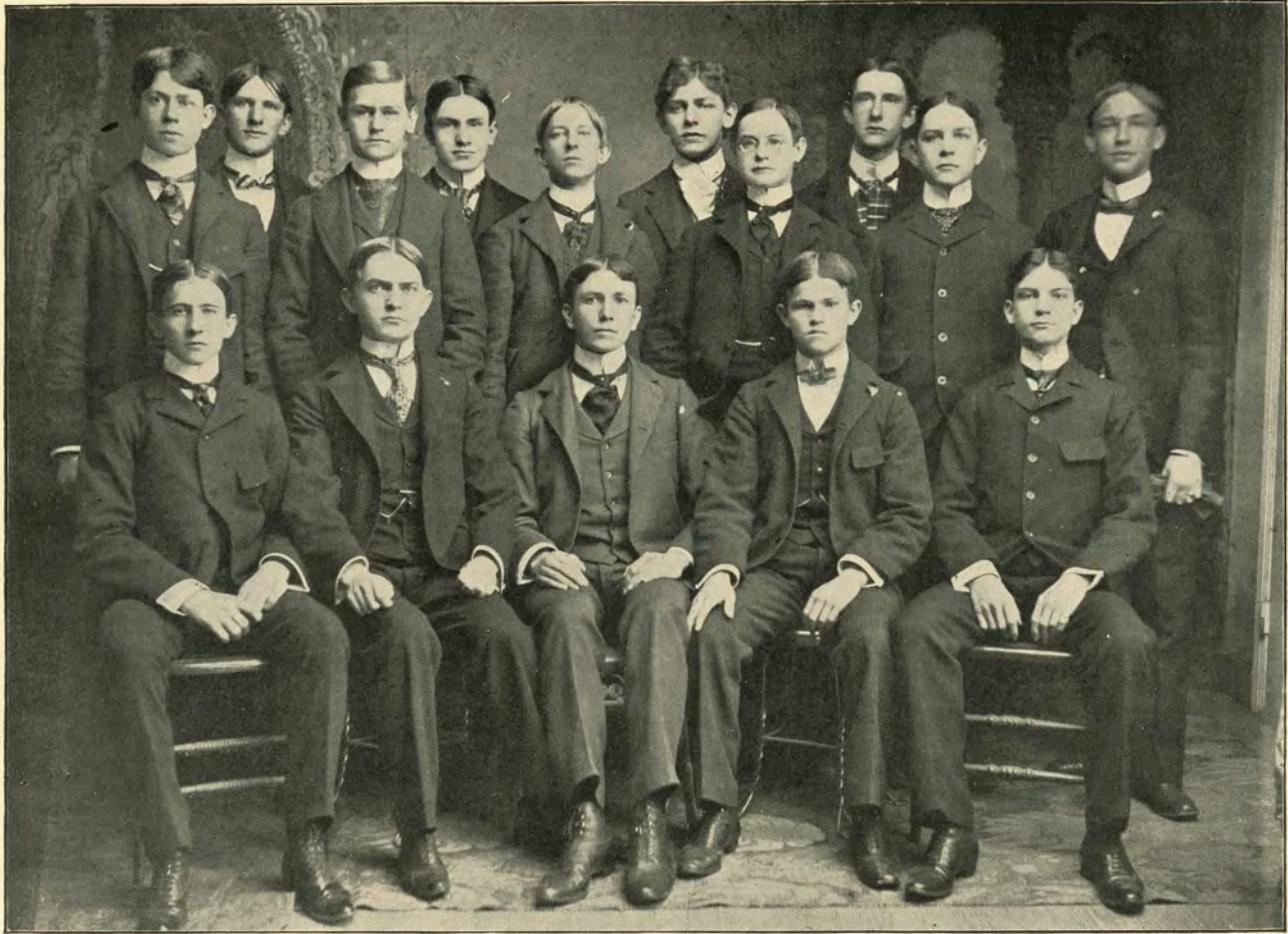
Officers.

President, G. F. WISNER.
Vice-President, H. P. HILL.
Secretary, E. C. FONTAINE.
Treasurer, A. H. KRUG.

Members.

HARRY S. ALMONY.
CHARLES H. DENISON.
GEORGE F. FISH.
E. CLARKE FONTAINE.
HENRY P. HILL.
IRVING D. IRELAND.
PHILIP J. KEARNEY.

ANDREW H. KRUG.
GEORGE H. LEHMUTH.
HENRY G. RETZ.
HARRY G. RULLMAN.
EDWARD C. SCHNEIDER.
WILLARD J. WILEY.
G. FRANKLIN WISNER.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class History.



THE initial class of the coming century, in which it is destined that the New Woman shall play such an important part, gathered — many for the first time — within college walls, on September 15, 1897.

In a short while they were generally conceded by upper classmen — not by themselves — to have the requisite amount of greenness which a college “ Freshie ” is supposed to possess, and for this reason, we suppose, we have furnished unlimited pleasure to that ancient and respected order, the G. O. H.

Leaving for the time being the subject of the great, grand and glorious order of G. O. H. and the Freshman greenness, we will come to the natural order of events.

Owing to the fact that we are looked upon by our “ elders ” as an insignificant and brainless set of mortals, and not being permitted — or, rather, not being given — an opportunity to figure in anything of any importance, the history of a Freshman class is almost a blank ; so in Goldsmith’s words :

“ Good people all of every sort
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short
It cannot keep you long.”

In our opinion, it is a more difficult task to write a

history of any interest under such circumstances as I have mentioned than to compose the history of one of the upper classes, when they have accomplished so many things of universal interest — that is, in their estimation. And then for them to say, “ A ‘ Freshie ’ has no brains,” we think is carrying things a little too far. We will admit we are green. In our greenness we have found that all that is green is not grass, and all that glitters is not gold. Notwithstanding these facts, from the start we have been regarded by our professors as a rather intelligent and courageous assemblage of youths. Although we have not as yet made any display of our talents, we hope in a short time to spring forth from the obscurity in which we have been placed and show that we at least possess the moral courage, if not the intellect, of a “ Soph.” Ah ! well, some day we’ll be “ Sophs,” too.

One thing of which our class is proud is the fact that it has from the beginning taken an interest in everything that tends to the advancement and betterment of our College.

We were not long to see that duty not only demanded that we should properly prepare our studies and keep from getting demerits, but also that we should lend our support to the College armies — football, baseball, etc.

During its short existence the Class of Nineteen One

has made quite a record in athletics, comparing favorably with its predecessors.

We succeeded in finally placing in that much coveted position, as a member of the football team, one of our number, while not a few furnished excellent practice for the first team, under the name of scrubs.

As yet we can say nothing definite regarding our outlook for baseball players.

If one should judge from the practice that has been in progress the past few days, he would naturally suppose that we should have one or more representatives in this team also.

Not only have we manifested an interest in athletics, but also in the other branches of the College.

The Young Men's Christian Association, Bible Class, the societies, etc., have on roll as members our boys, who are always ready and willing to lend a helping hand.

We have started out with good determination, and we think with the proper spirit.

How well we will succeed remains to be seen, but we sincerely trust that our characters — which in a great measure will be formed while here — will be such that we may be well fitted to go out in the battle of life, and make true, loyal and upright citizens, whether sixteen ounces of silver equals one ounce of gold or not.

Though we may never attain any great distinctions or honors, one thing we can obtain, and that is the respect of ourselves and our fellowmen.

We also contributed freely to the College "zoo," furnishing a Fish, a Buzzard and a Monkey, and also

donated the ground — a Hill — on which to build the menagerie.

We do not desire to weary our readers with the recital of Freshman woes, but his troubles are so numerous that the writer — himself a "Freshie" — can hardly talk without giving vent to his feelings.

In the first place, he has homesickness to contend with ; then he has the "Sophs" to worry him.

After being here a short while and the novelty of the thing disappeared, many of our members got a severe attack of "homesickness" which we are certain would have proved fatal had it not been for the timely application of "soothing syrup," which was in severe cases in the form of a railroad ticket home.

Especially was this so at the approach of the Christmas holidays, and the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," came floating — rather came jumping, as it was rendered by a "Soph" — through the corridors.

Although it would be wickedness to call it singing, it accomplished the desired purpose by making many of us long for the parental hearth.

This is only one of the many tortures this noble band who call themselves the Class of Nineteen Hundred have inflicted upon us.

They are great advocates of "class dignity," believing they are many degrees above a Freshman. As a matter of fact, we never have the pleasure of enjoying their company except in cases of compulsion, such as in mathematics, French and Latin recitations.

When, however, they want any information or wish to

“gouge,” they do not hesitate a moment to humble themselves enough to ask the assistance of the nearby Freshman. He would be a genius sure who could go in either of these three classes and point out the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and those of Nineteen One.

They seem to think a “new man” is not capable of taking care of himself ; so in order that no great calamity befall him they have formed among themselves a sort of secret organization, known as the G. O. H., or the Grand Order of Hoboes, and take upon themselves the responsibility of initiating our boys in “The ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain.”

They appear to use great discretion in performing their duties, always taking care not to interrupt us during study hours or when we are heavily weighted with our day’s labors ; so these white-robed spirits — this is the style of dress used — when they have any good advice to give, or when we unfortunately have gone astray, usually appear at our doors in the small hours of the night.

We, recognizing their powerful strength, muscular, not intellectual, dare not refuse their admittance.

Once in our rooms they take possession of everything, ourselves included. It would be wholly inadequate for us to betray the many secrets of this “mighty organization,” for we know it would be all the worse for us ; but we candidly believe they approve of the right and follow the wrong. In the language of the “frog,” when being pelted with stones by some bad boys : “What was fun for them was death to us.”

They are also very particular that none of the “Profs” are aware of their manœuverings.

We are at a loss to know the reason for using all this discretion. Certainly they (the “Profs”) fully approve of them giving us good advice and instruction as to how we should act while in the presence of the fair sex. Presumably, they do not desire the presence of any of their instructors, fearing they might pass some bitter criticism upon the intellectual part of the programme. If this be the case, we are of the opinion their fears are well founded.

When this body has any advice to give, they are careful that a cannon ball is in some corner of Pinkney Hall.

We cannot imagine why its presence is so much desired, but as these fellows are a rather far-seeing and careful class of men, it might be that they have taken this precaution so in case our hall should be blown up by the explosion of gas from any of them they could say it was done by some hostile enemy firing a cannon in it, and they would have the ball to prove their statement. That is the wisdom of a “Soph.”

Our boys wish to express their great indebtedness to this noble band of geniuses for the good and needed advice they have given them, the great restrictions to which they have been subjected and above all, for the instructions they have received from them in rowing.

We are of the opinion that if a man can row five miles in thirty minutes in a wash bowl half full of water with tooth-picks as oars, he certainly won’t have much trouble to make the College crew.

Franklin says : “If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write something worth reading or do something worth writing.”

From this it is a foregone conclusion that our names would never be handed down to posterity, for our "writing," (this history) and we would be forgotten as soon as we were dead, should "our time come," as the boys says, "anyways soon."

One consolation : "In the lexicon of youth there is

no such word as fail," providing we improve each moment, and take advantage of every opportunity. This we hope to do, and trust that the history we make will well deserve being written.

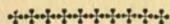
We will close, feeling it our duty to make history rather than write it.





PREPARATORY CLASS.

Preparatory School.



FIRST CLASS.

L. J. BISHOP.
H. S. CRAVEN.
C. S. DESPARD.
J. C. EICHMAN.
J. S. FAY.
A. A. GIRAULT.

J. M. J. HODGES.
W. W. KEYES.
J. C. McCAULEY.
R. T. MILLIKIN.
A. RANDALL.
U. RASIN.

J. T. RUSSELL.
W. O. SPATES.
R. B. SPENCER.
E. H. TARBUTTON.
C. F. WILLIAMS.
J. W. CRAWFORD.

SECOND CLASS.

L. W. BAGGER.
J. M. GREEN.
D. C. HANDY.

S. H. HARTMAN.
D. L. HOWARD.
T. A. POTTER.

J. T. TORBERT.
J. H. WOOD.
T. S. SOZINSKEY.

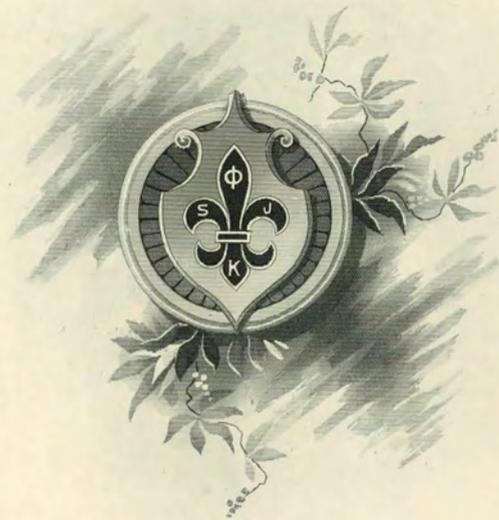
THIRD CLASS.

E. W. CROPPER.
E. P. DUVALL.
H. V. FARRALL.

R. FAY.
D. R. MAGRUDER.
T. J. NEILSON.
H. STURDY.

N. PORTER.
O. G. RAYMOND.
H. G. KNOX.







PHILOKALIAN SOCIETY.

Philokalian Society.



Members.

HARRY S. ALMONY.
EDWIN H. BROWN.
PETER P. BLANCHARD.
WILLIAM M. CLARKE.
ABRAM CLAUDE.
THOMAS A. COLLISON.
GEORGE M. CONN.
CHARLES H. DENISON.
D. HERBERT DUVALL.
FRANK W. EVANS.
P. HOWARD EDWARDS.
E. CLARKE FONTAINE.
ROBERT H. GOLDSBOROUGH.
GEORGE H. GIRAULT.
CHARLES C. HERMAN.
HENRY P. HILL.
HOWARD C. HILL.
J. WALTER HUFFINGTON.
ANDREW H. KRUG.

WILLIAM P. LAWSON.
CHARLES H. MACNABB.
WILLIAM L. MAYO.
RIDGLEY P. MELVIN.
FREDERICK N. NICHOLS.
JAMES B. NOBLE.
J. OLIVER PURVIS.
JOSEPH R. PHELPS.
JOSEPH M. SINCLAIR.
JOHN S. STRAHORN.
CHARLES E. TERRY.
OSCAR K. TOLLEY.
HENRY P. TURNER.
WILLIAM R. WILEY.
WILLARD J. WILEY.
G. FRANK WISNER.
WILLIAM H. WYATT.
ALBERT L. WILKINSON.

Philomathean Society.



Members.

BERTRAM W. ANDERSON.
JOSEPH C. BACON.
F. JOHNS BOHANAN.
OWEN CECIL.
B. FRANKLIN CONRAD.
HENRY G. DOUGLAS.
GEORGE F. FISH.
PAUL HERMAN.
ALVA M. ISANOGLIE.
DEWITT C. LYLES.
P. DOUGLAS LYONS.

NICHOLAS OREM.
SAMUEL T. MACKALL.
THOMAS PENNINGTON.
CHARLES C. REYNOLDS.
HARRY G. RULLMAN.
EDWARD C. SCHNEIDER.
WILLIAM J. SHARTZER.
KAOLIN L. WHITSON.
FERDINAND WILLIAMS.
WEEMS R. WINCHESTER.



PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.





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Vice-President, CHARLES H. MACNABB.
Recording Secretary, FRANK W. EVANS.
Corresponding Secretary, HENRY G. DOUGLAS.
Treasurer, NICHOLAS OREM.

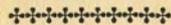
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 FREDERICK F. BRIGGS.
 EDWIN H. BROWN.
 F. JOHNS BOHANAN.
 JOSEPH BACON.
 WILLIAM M. CLARKE.
 BENJAMIN F. CONRAD.
 JAY W. CRAWFORD.
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 WALTER J. HUFFINGTON.
 HOWARD C. HILL.
 HENRY P. HILL.
 STANLEY H. HARTMAN.
 PAUL H. HERMAN.
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 THOMAS S. SOZINSKEY.
 JOHN T. TORBERT.
 HENRY P. TURNER.
 ALBERT C. WILKINSON.
 G. FRANKLIN WISNER.
 WILLIAM R. WILEY.
 WILLIAM H. WYATT.
 KOALIN L. WHITSON.

Military Department.



Commandant of Cadets:

FIRST LIEUTENANT ELWOOD W. EVANS, Eighth United States Cavalry.

Staff and Non-Commissioned Staff.

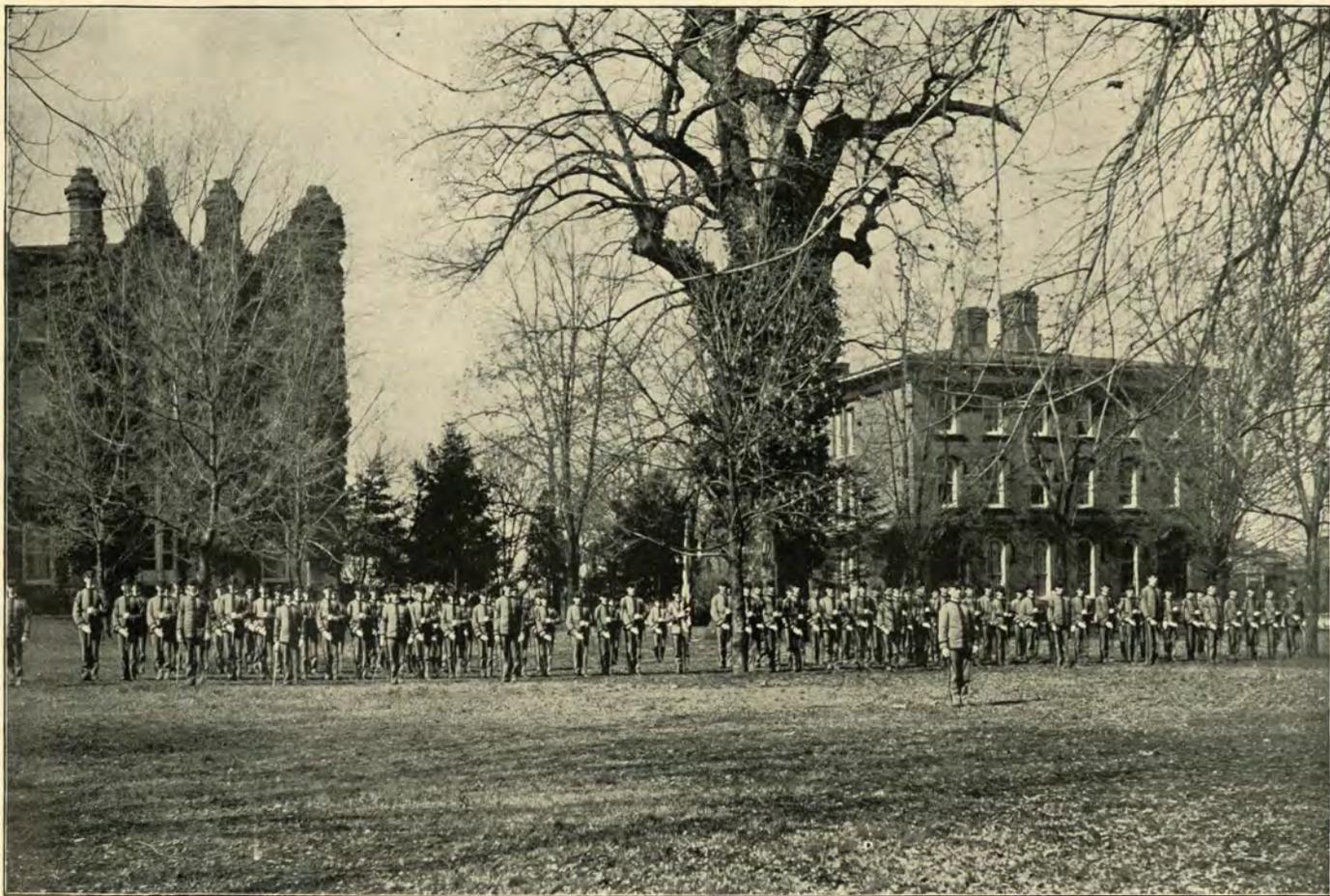
Major, CADET A. L. WILKINSON.

Adjutant, CADET-LIEUTENANT D. H. DUVALL.

Quartermaster, CADET-LIEUTENANT A. M. ISANOGLA.

Sergeant-Major, CADET-SERGEANT W. M. CLARKE.

Quartermaster-Sergeant, CADET-SERGEANT J. W. HUFFINGTON.



ST. JOHN'S CORPS OF CADETS, 1897-'98.

Company A.

Captain, R. GOLDSBOROUGH.

Sergeants :

H. G. DOUGLAS.
F. W. EVANS.
K. L. WHITSON.
R. P. MELVIN.

Lieutenants :

D. C. LYLES.
P. H. EDWARDS.
N. OREM.

First Sergeant, W. L. BRADY.

Corporals :

F. H. BOHANAN.
J. O. PURVIS.
W. H. WYATT.
A. CLAUDE.

ANDERSON.
BAER.
CONN.
CRAVEN.
CRAWFORD.
DENISON.
DESPARD.
EICHMAN.
FARRALL.

FAY.
FISH.
FONTAINE.
HOWARD.
IRELAND.
JONES.
KEYES.
KRUG.

Privates.

LAWSON.
MCCAULAY.
MILLIKIN.
MULLAN, C. E.
PENNINGTON.
PHELPS.
PORTER.
RANDALL.

WOOD.
WILLIAMS, C. F.
WILLIAMS, F.
TARBUTTON.
SPATES.
SHARTZER.
SCHNEIDER.
RUSSELL.
REYNOLDS.

Company B.

Captain, P. P. BLANCHARD.

Sergeants :

J. S. STRAHORN.
W. L. MAYO.
J. MCD. SINCLAIR.
P. D. LYONS.

Lieutenants :

JAMES B. NOBLE.
E. R. CASSIDY.
C. H. MACNABB.

First Sergeant, O. CECIL.

Corporals :

E. H. MULLAN.
D. H. NICHOLS.
S. T. MACKALL.
J. B. CASSIDY.

ALMONY.
BAGGER.
BARTLETT.
BISHOP.
CONRAD.
CROPPER.
DUVAL.
GIRAULT, A. A.
GIRAULT, G. B.

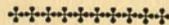
GREEN.
HANDY.
HARTMAN.
HERMAN, P. H.
HERMAN, C. C.
HILL, H. P.
HODGES, C. H.
HOPKINS.

Privates.

JOYCE.
KEARNEY.
KNOX.
MAGRUDER.
NEILSON.
POTTER.
RASIN.
RETZ.

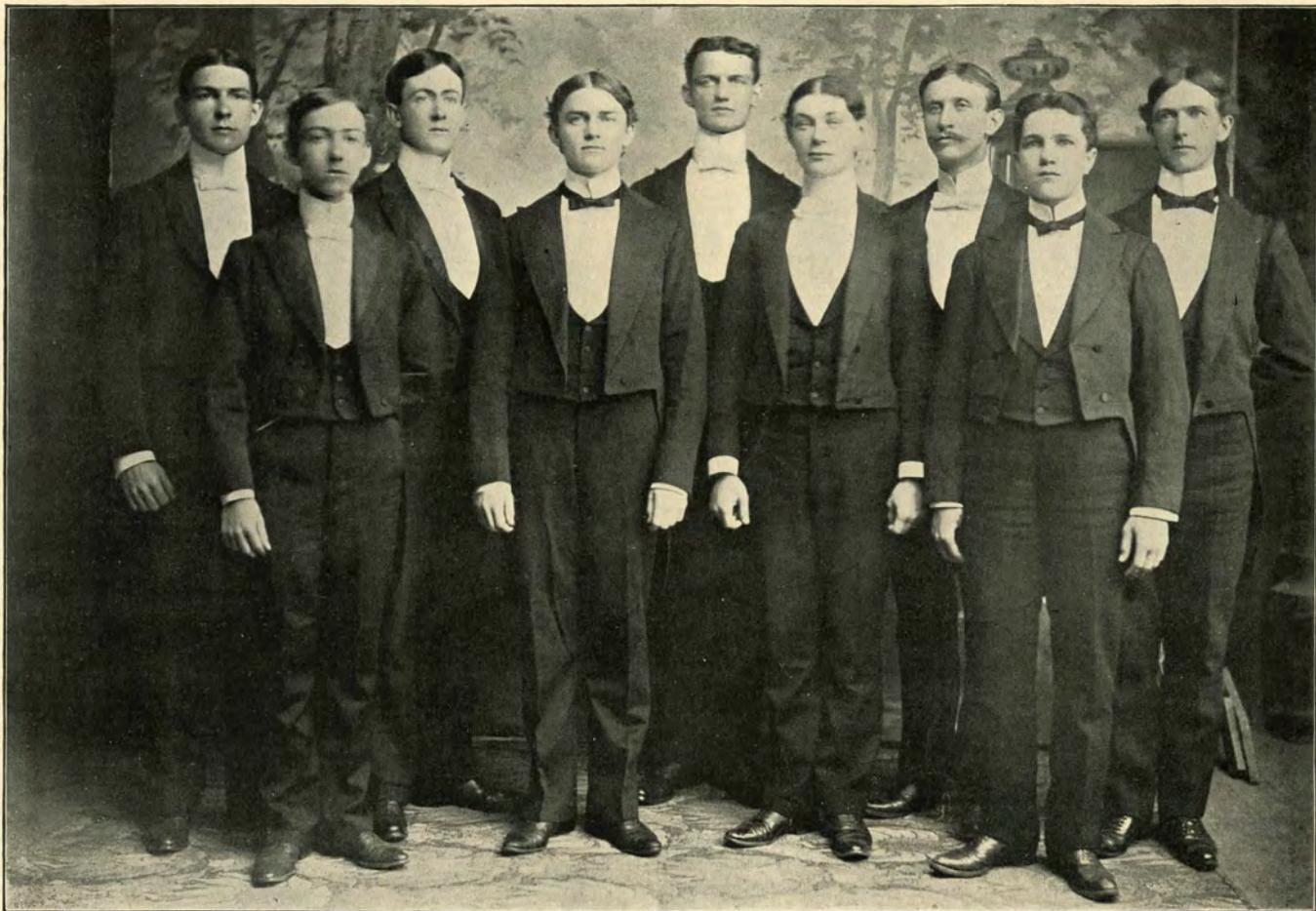
RULLMAN.
SOSZINSKEY.
SPENCER.
TOLLEY.
TORBERT.
TURNER.
WILEY, W. J.
WILEY, W. R.
WISNER.

DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION



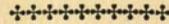
President, DEWITT C. LYLES.
Vice-President, CHARLES E. TERRY.
Secretary and Treasurer, JOHN S. STRAHORN.

R. GOLDSBOROUGH.	DEWITT C. LYLES.	A. L. WILKINSON.
F. W. EVANS.	CHARLES E. TERRY.	P. D. LYONS.
J. B. CASSIDY.	J. S. STRAHORN.	E. R. CASSIDY.



GLEE CLUB.

Glee Club.



Manager and Treasurer, JOHN S. STRAHORN.
Leader, JAMES B. NOBLE.

First Tenors :

W. H. CLARK.
C. H. MACNABB.
G. M. CONN.
JOHN S. STRAHORN.

Second Tenors :

C. E. TERRY.
H. C. HILL.
H. G. DOUGLAS.

First Bassos :

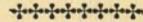
P. H. EDWARDS.
J. McD. SINCLAIR.

Second Bassos :

B. F. CONRAD.
JAMES B. NOBLE.

ATHLETICS

Athletics.



Officers for 1896-'97.

President, WALTER D. SMITH.
Vice-President, P. P. BLANCHARD.
Secretary, HAROLD S. GRATTAN.
Treasurer, ALBERT WILKINSON.

FOOT BALL.

Captain, C. L. WALLS.
Manager, R. E. SIMMONS.

BASE-BALL.

Captain, E. D. HILLEARY.
Manager, J. B. DOUGLAS.

CREW.

Manager, E. M. L'ENGLE.
Captain, W. D. SMITH.

TRACK TEAM.

Manager, L. C. BOEHM.
Captain, U. A. SKIRVEN.





BASE-BALL TEAM.



FOOT BALL TEAM.

St. John's Foot Ball Schedule for 1896.



Captain, C. L. WALLS.
 Manager, R. E. SIMMONS.

The following is a schedule of games which the manager of the team had arranged for that season :

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Club.</i>	<i>Place.</i>
October 3.	ST. JOHN'S vs. YOUNG LAWYERS, of Baltimore	At Annapolis.
October 10.	ST. JOHN'S vs. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	At Annapolis.
October 17.	ST. JOHN'S vs. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	At Charlottesville.
October 24.	ST. JOHN'S vs. GALLAUDET COLLEGE	At Annapolis.
October 24.	ST. JOHN'S vs. WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY	At Lexington.
October 31.	ST. JOHN'S vs. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE	At Lexington.
November 7.	ST. JOHN'S vs. JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY	At Annapolis.
November 14.	HAVERFORD COLLEGE vs. ST. JOHN'S	At Haverford.
November 21.	GETTYSBURG COLLEGE vs. ST. JOHN'S	At Gettysburg.
November 26.	ST. JOHN'S vs. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	At Annapolis.

The first game of the season was played with a picked team from all Baltimore on October 3, 1896, the score being 18 to 4 in favor of St. John's.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>St. John's.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Young Lawyers.</i>	<i>St. John's.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Young Lawyers.</i>
SMITH	Left End	RICHARDSON.	BOEHM	Right Half-Back	WILSON.
KIRKPATRICK	Left Tackle	KEBB.	JONES	Full-Back	LUTHARDT.
TORBERT	Left Guard	LEWIS.			
HAWKINS	Centre	JONES.			
HILLEARY	Right Guard	FORD.			
RIDGELY	Right Tackle	O'NEIL.			
WALLS	Right End	ARMSTRONG.			
BLANCHARD	Quarter-Back	POE.			
DOUGLAS	Left Half-Back	BECK.			

Touchdowns—SMITH, 2 ; DOUGLAS, 1 ; ARMSTRONG, 1.
 Goals—HILLEARY, 3.
 Referee—FECHTIG.
 Umpire—PETERSON.
 Linesman—APPLETON.
 Time—Twenty and fifteen-minute halves.

St. John's was defeated by the University of Maryland in one of the hardest fought contests ever witnessed in Annapolis, the score being 2 to 0 in favor of the University of Maryland.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>University of Maryland.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>St. John's.</i>
ALLEN	Left End	SMITH.
STEELE	Left Tackle	KIRKPATRICK.
GYNES	Left Guard	TORBERT.
DENSON	Centre	HAWKINS.
RILEY	Right Guard	HILLEARY.
BRADLEY	Right Tackle	APPLETON.
DAWSON	Right End	WALLS.
DILLEN	Quarter-Back	BLANCHARD.
TURNER	Right Half-Back	BOEHM.
BARROW	Left Half-Back	DOUGLAS.
REDDINGTON	Full-Back	JONES.



ST. JOHN'S, 9—GALLAUDET COLLEGE, 8.

<i>St. John's.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Gallaudet.</i>
FLORY	Left End	HAIG.
HILLEARY	Left Tackle	BROCKHEGAN.
TORBERT	Left Guard	HODGES.
HAWKINS	Centre	SMIDAN.
NOBLE	Right Guard	BROOKS.
APPLETON	Right Tackle	HALL.
WALLS	Right End	ROSH.
BLANCHARD	Quarter-Back	GED.
BOEHM	Right Half-Back	DERBY.
SMITH	Left Half-Back	ROSSON.
JONES	Full-Back	WORNSTAFF.

For the games that were played on the Southern trip we failed to get the line-up of the teams, and hence we can give below only the games played and the scores.

ST. JOHN'S	0
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	48
ST. JOHN'S	0
WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY	24
ST. JOHN'S	0
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE	14

The losing of the above games can be explained in these two ways : Outweighed and outplayed.



ST. JOHN'S	10
HAVERFORD	10
WALBROOK	4
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE SCRUBS	0
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	6
ST. JOHN'S	11

Base-Ball Team, 1897.



Captain, E. D. HILLEARY.
Manager, J. B. DOUGLAS.

Catcher, HOTCHKISS.
Pitchers, { GILBERT.
 { HILLEARY.
First base, KIRKPATRICK.
Second base, GRATTAN.
Short stop, BRADY.
Third base, HAWKINS.

Left field, BLANCHARD.
Right field, MACKALL.
Centre field, FLORY.

Substitutes, { MULLAN.
 { JONES.
 { TOLLEY.
 { TORBERT.

The following is the schedule of games for 1897 :

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Club.</i>	<i>Place.</i>
April 3.	ST. JOHN'S VS. BALTIMORE CITY COLLEGE	At Home.
April 10.	ST. JOHN'S VS. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY	At Washington.
April 24.	ST. JOHN'S VS. GALLAUDET	At Home.
May 1.	ST. JOHN'S VS. JOHNS HOPKINS	At Baltimore.
May 8.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WESTERN MARYLAND	At Home.
May 12.	ST. JOHN'S VS. MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE	At College Park.
May 15.	ST. JOHN'S VS. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	At Home.
May 22.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WESTERN MARYLAND	At Westminster.
May 26.	ST. JOHN'S VS. MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE	At Home.
May 29.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WASHINGTON COLLEGE	At Home.
June 2.	ST. JOHN'S VS. GALLAUDET COLLEGE	At Washington.

THE baseball season of '97 opened very auspiciously for St. John's, the College team defeating the Baltimore City College by a tremendous score of 19 to 5. The day was a perfect one for baseball, and quite a crowd gathered around our little "mascot" to cheer the team on to victory. The game opened with St. John's at the bat. Brady, the first man up, struck out. Hotchkiss, the next man, reached first on an error by Kelly, but was put out at second, Hilleary was given four bad balls, but was left on base by Kirkpatrick's being retired, from pitcher to first.

For the City College, the first two men up struck out. Seltzer, the next man up, reached first by Hawkins' error, stole second, but was unable to advance, as Gilbert

struck out the next man. In the second inning neither side scored.

St. John's, in the third, scored seven runs. Brady opened with a hit and stole second. Hotchkiss reached first through Seltzer's error, and both scored on Hilleary's long hit for three bases. Hilleary scored through Madden's error that allowed Kirkpatrick to reach second. Hawkins got his base on balls, and both he and Kirkpatrick scored on Flory's hit. The City College scored also in their half. St. John's continued to score up to the ninth inning, and Baltimore City College scored only in the third and fifth innings.

Hotchkiss put up a fine game behind the bat. Gilbert, a new man, did fine work in the box; Hilleary and Brady of the old men played in their usual way.

Official Score.

ST. JOHN'S.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.	CITY COLLEGE.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.				
BRADY, s. s.	4	4	2	2	1	DOTY, r. f.	1	2	2	0	1				
HOTCHKISS, c.	3	2	8	6	0	KELLY, c.	1	1	2	4	1				
HILLEARY, 2b. and p.	3	3	1	1	1	SELTZER, 3b.	1	1	3	2	2				
KIRKPATRICK, 1b.	2	1	13	2	1	WILLIAMS, 1b.	1	0	8	0	0				
HAWKINS, 2b.	2	2	0	0	2	BEVANS, p.	0	1	1	5	0				
FLORY, c. f. and 2b.	1	2	0	0	1	MADDEN, 2b.	0	0	3	1	2				
GILBERT, p. and c. f.	2	1	0	3	0	WOOD, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1				
MACKALL, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	FAITHFUL, c. f.	0	0	4	0	1				
MULLAN, l. f.	1	1	3	0	2	BANDEL, s. s.	1	1	1	1	4				
TOTALS	19	16	27	14	8	TOTALS	5	7	27	13	12				
INNINGS.						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
ST. JOHN'S						0	0	7	2	2	1	5	2	0	19
CITY COLLEGE						0	0	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	5

Three-Base Hits—HILLEARY, 2; BRADY. Two-Base Hits—HILLEARY, DOTY. Stolen Bases—ST. JOHN'S, 2; CITY COLLEGE, 6. Double Plays—KELLY, SELTZER and WILLIAMS; HILLEARY, BRADY and KIRKPATRICK. Struck Out—By GILBERT, 11; by HILLEARY, 3; by BEVANS, 2. Umpire—RILEY.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND vs. ST. JOHN'S.

ST. JOHN'S, 5—UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND 6.

On Saturday, May 8, St. John's crossed bats with the University of Maryland. The game was the most exciting one that has ever taken place at the College, Maryland University finally winning by a score of 6 to 5. Gilbert pitched for St. John's, and his twirling was of the gilt-edge order. The heavy-hitting visitors seemed unable to connect with his south-paw delivery at any stage of

the game. St. John's easily outbatted her opponents. Stupid base-running lost the game for St. John's. The feature of the game was the beautiful work of Armstrong in left field for the University of Maryland. For St. John's Brady accepted his chances in fine style. Following is the score :

Official Score.

ST. JOHN'S.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.	U. OF M.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
HOTCHKISS, 3b.	0	1	0	0	2	M. WHITEHURST, 2b.	1	2	2	2	1
BRADY, s. s.	0	0	4	1	1	H. WHITEHURST, s. s.	1	2	1	1	0
KIRKPATRICK, 1b.	0	2	5	0	0	HICKS, 1b.	0	0	7	0	2
HILLEARY, c.	1	2	13	0	1	OWINGS, c.	1	0	6	2	1
GILBERT, p.	1	1	1	1	0	O'DONNELL, 3b.	0	1	5	2	1
HAWKINS, 2b.	1	1	1	1	0	ARMSTRONG, l. f.	0	0	5	2	0
BLANCHARD, l. f.	1	2	1	0	0	BULLOCK, c. f.	2	0	0	0	1
MACKALL, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	WEBB, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
FLORY, c. f.	1	0	0	0	1	BROOKS, p.	0	0	1	1	0
TOTALS	5	10	25	3	5	TOTALS	6	4	27	10	6

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
ST. JOHN'S	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	5
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	1	6

Two-Base Hits—HILLEARY, 2. Three-Base Hits—HAWKINS. Struck Out—By GILBERT, 10 ; by BROOKS, 3. Umpire—FISHER.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE vs. ST. JOHN'S.

ST. JOHN'S, 7—M. A. C., 15.

On May 12 St. John's journeyed to Maryland Agricultural College, and, sad to relate, was defeated by the score of 15 to 7. It was the worst exhibition of baseball that St. John's has put up for several years. Gilbert started in to pitch, but was hammered so hard that our noble pitcher, Hilleary, had to succeed him. His pitch-

ing was decidedly the feature of the game, M. A. C. being utterly unable to touch him. During his brief stay in the box he caused nine men to fan the air. But his coming into the game then was too late to save it. Following is the score by innings :

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
ST. JOHN'S	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	3	0	7
M. A. C.	5	3	0	0	0	4	1	1	1	15

Three-Base Hits—HILLEARY, FLORY. Two-Base Hits—BRADY, KIRKPATRICK, ALLNUT. Struck out—By GILBERT, 4; by HILLEARY, 9; by HERSCHBERGER,



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY vs. ST. JOHN'S.

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
ST. JOHN'S	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	1	0	4
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY . .	3	1	0	0	2	5	2	2	1	16



ST. JOHN'S vs. WESTERN MARYLAND.

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL.
ST. JOHN'S	0	2	4	3	0	1	4	0	0	14
WESTERN MARYLAND . .	3	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	0	7

Struck Out—By HILLEARY, 13; by JAMES, 4. Three-Base Hits—HAWKINS, FLORY. Two-Base Hits—BRADY, KIRKPATRICK, HILLEARY, GILBERT.

ST. JOHN'S vs. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

ST. JOHN'S, 12—UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND 11.

On Monday, June 14, 1897, the University of Maryland baseball team arrived in Annapolis on the 2.20 train and journeyed to St. John's. A large crowd of rooters accompanied them to cheer them on to victory. They came with the determination of defeating us for the second time that season.

Well, "They came ; they saw ; but *they* were conquered."

At 3.30 o'clock the game was called. St. John's took the field. The first man up was Williams, for the University. He was given his base on balls. Whitehurst struck out. Williams stole second, and by a bad throw of Gilbert succeeded in getting to third, and he scored on a sacrifice by Hicks. Owens was put out at first, retiring the side.

For St. John's Hotchkiss made a hit ; Brady was out by a fly to short ; Kirkpatrick, being struck, went to first and Hotchkiss to second. Hilleary was out by an easy fly to second. Hawkins lined the ball to second, and Kirkpatrick was forced out. Score : University of Maryland 1, St. John's 0.

In the second no runs were made by either side. Armstrong opened up the third inning by a neat hit over third base, stole second, and by an error of Kirkpatrick from Bullock's hit Armstrong scored, Bullock himself going to second ; he stole third, and on Williams' hit he scored. Whitehurst struck out. Hicks got his base, and Williams scored on Owens' hit, Hicks going to third. Owens and

Hicks came in on Mallory's hit. Wagner was put out by short. Whitehurst was put out at second.

Mackall, for St. John's, went out ; Hotchkiss was given his base, stole second, and scored on Brady's hit. Brady was put out in going to second and Kirkpatrick was put out at first.

Score : University of Maryland 6, St. John's 1.

In the fourth, Maryland made two runs.

Neither side scored in the next four innings. Hilleary, being then in the box for St. John's, struck out six men in three innings.

In the ninth inning the score stood 8 to 1 in favor of the visitors. The game was lost in the minds of many, but not so with our team. It started off thus : Wagner was out on a fly to third ; the next man got his base ; Armstrong and Bullock struck out, retiring the side. Two runs were made before the side was retired. Hilleary for St. John's made a hit ; Hawkins was given his base ; Gilbert was out by a fly to short ; Flory, by an error got his base, Hilleary and Hawkins scoring. Blanchard walked to first and stole second, and Flory and Blanchard scored on Mackall's hit. Hotchkiss and Brady went to first on balls ; Kirkpatrick struck out ; Hilleary was given his base. Now there were three men on bases, with two out. Hawkins came up to the bat and made a home run, clearing all the bases and making the score a tie. Gilbert struck out, retiring the side. Neither side

scored in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth or thirteenth innings, but each team made a run in the fourteenth, making the score again a tie—11 to 11.

In the fifteenth one man for the University struck out, and the other two were put out by our fielders. St. John's

had better luck. Hotchkiss and Brady were put out ; Kirkpatrick made a hit, and scored on Hilleary's two-bagger, the score then being 12 to 11 in our favor, and the game ended.

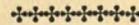
Official Score.

ST. JOHN'S.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.	U. OF M.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.
HOTCHKISS, c.	2	2	20	2	3	WILLIAMS, 3b.	3	1	4	2	2
BRADY, s. s.	1	3	3	5	0	WHITEHURST, s. s.	2	1	4	3	3
KIRKPATRICK, 1b.	1	2	10	2	1	HICKS, 1b.	1	0	14	1	2
HILLEARY, p.	3	4	5	3	0	OWENS, c.	2	2	11	0	0
HAWKINS, 2b.	2	1	0	4	2	MALLORY, l. f.	0	1	4	0	0
GILBERT, c. f.	0	1	2	0	1	WAGNER, 2b.	0	0	5	5	2
FLORY, 3b.	1	0	2	0	2	WHITEHURST, r. f.	1	0	0	3	0
BLANCHARD, l. f.	1	0	2	0	0	ARMSTRONG, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0
MACKALL, r. f.	1	1	1	0	1	BULLOCK, p.	1	0	1	3	0
TOTALS	12	12	45	16	10	TOTALS	11	7	44	17	9

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	TOTAL.
ST. JOHN'S	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	9	0	0	0	0	1	1	12
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	1	0	5	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	11

Struck Out—By GILBERT, 1 ; by HILLEARY, 17 ; by BULLOCK, 8. Home Run—HAWKINS. Two-Base Hits—HILLEARY, BRADY. Umpire—BRADY.

Athletics.



Officers of the Athletic Association for the Year 1897-1898.

President, PETER P. BLANCHARD.
Vice-President, JOHN S. STRAHORN.
Secretary, G. M. CONN.
Treasurer, H. G. DOUGLAS.

FOOT BALL.

BASE-BALL.

<p><i>Manager,</i> ALVEY M. ISANOGLIE. <i>Captain,</i> P. P. BLANCHARD.</p>	<p><i>Manager,</i> C. E. TERRY. <i>Captain,</i> W. L. BRADY.</p>
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Foot Ball Schedule of Games for 1897.



Date.	Club.	Place.	St. John's.	Opponents.
October 2.	BALTIMORE CITY COLLEGE	At Home	0	0
October 9.	BALTIMORE MEDICAL COLLEGE	At Home	18	0
October 16.	WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE	At Westminster	16	0
*October 23.	GALLAUDET COLLEGE	At Home	6	6
October 30.	UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	At Baltimore	0	24
November 5.	DELAWARE COLLEGE	At Wilmington	12	4
November 6.	SWARTHMORE COLLEGE	At Swarthmore	4	18
November 13.	MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE	At Home	6	4
November 25.	JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY	At Cambridge	0	6

*Rain. Played on December 2.

League Games.

ST. JOHN'S opened the championship season with the Western Maryland College, defeating them by a score of 16 to 0. During the game several of the Western Maryland players were overcome by the heat and were obliged to retire. St. John's showed her superiority in this game, none of her men being overcome by the heat. Reynolds, Spates and Sinclair of the new men did particularly well. The features of the game were long runs by Brady and Blanchard.

St. John's kicked off, and Western Maryland brought the ball back to the centre of the field by a long run of one of their men. This position they lost in a fumble. Brady and Reynolds made gains of five yards. Blanchard was then given the ball and made a gain of two yards, after which the ball was lost on a fumble, but was immediately regained again on a foul. By small gains St. John's had the ball for some time, most of the gains being made by Brady, Blanchard and Mackall. The ball was lost by a fumble on the six-yard line. Western Maryland was prevented from advancing the ball by a fine tackle of Torbert. She lost the ball on off-side play. Blanchard then succeeded in making a touchdown eleven

minutes after play, and Brady kicked goal.

Score : St. John's 6, Western Maryland 0.

At the kick-off Blanchard made a run of sixty yards. St. John's was then given ten yards for off-side play. Blanchard made a gain of twenty yards. The ball was then lost on downs. Western Maryland carried the ball to the twenty-yard line, but lost it on downs. Brady then made the star play of the game by a run of eighty yards around right tackle. Blanchard then made the second touchdown. Brady failed to kick goal.

Score : St. John's 10, Western Maryland 0.

Western Maryland kicked off. Brady made a short gain ; then made a good gain around the right end. The ball was then lost on a fumble. Western Maryland then lost the ball on downs. Spates and Torbert made good gains. Blanchard made a run of fifty yards. Spates then carried the ball within one foot of the goal line. Mackall carried it over. Brady kicked goal.

Score : St. John's 16, Western Maryland 0.

Time was called, with the ball in possession of Western Maryland.

The teams lined up as follows :

<i>St. John's.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Western Maryland.</i>
REYNOLDS	Left End	SMITH.
WHITSON	Left Tackle	{ CLEMSON.
TORBERT	Left Guard	{ C. C. BAKER.
PENNINGTON	Centre	HORNER.
SPATES	Right Guard	TAGG.
		DUKES.

<i>St. John's.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Western Maryland.</i>
SINCLAIR	Right Tackle	H. BAKER.
WINCHESTER	Right End	THORP.
DOUGLAS	Quarter-Back	{ B. O. WELLS.
BRADY	Left Half-Back	{ BATTON
BLANCHARD	Right Half-Back	STAUFFER.
MACKALL	Full-Back	ZEPP.
		WELLS.

Umpire—MR. MACKDERMOTT, of Hopkins.
Referee—MR. ELY, of Gallaudet.

Linesman—MESSRS. OREM AND TYSON.
Fifteen and twenty-five-minute halves.

The second game for the championship was postponed on account of rain until December 2.

The third game for the championship was played on November 13 with Maryland Agricultural College. The game was very uninteresting and poorly played. The features of the game were the long runs of Blanchard, Spates and Peterson.

St. John's kicked off. M. A. C. made good gains, but soon lost the ball on a fumble. Blanchard was given the ball and made five yards. Whitson was sent through a centre twice for three yards. Blanchard, Sinclair and Spates each made good gains. By these rushes the ball was brought within a few feet of the goal line. Whitson

then made a touchdown. Blanchard kicked the goal. M. A. C. kicked off and Blanchard caught the ball, but made small gain. St. John's lost the ball on downs when they were near the goal line. Peterson of M. A. C. made a run of thirty-five yards.

Time was called, with the ball near the centre of the field.

In the second half M. A. C. kicked off. St. John's was unable to make the required number of yards, and Blanchard in attempting to kick fumbled the ball, Speak, of M. A. C., getting it, made a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. Neither side scored after this.

	<i>Score.</i>
ST. JOHN'S	6
MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE	4

ST. JOHN'S vs. JOHNS HOPKINS.



The fourth game for the championship was played on Thanksgiving in Cambridge with Johns Hopkins. Both teams were on the field and ready to play by 2.30 o'clock. Hopkins won the toss and chose to defend the goal. St. John's kicked off and downed the man with the ball before he had made ten yards. Hopkins began to push the ball towards the middle of the field, but lost it on a fumble. St. John's then had a chance to score, but fumbled on Hopkins' ten-yard line. Hopkins then, by fine interference, brought the ball out to the centre of the

field, where it remained for some time. Hopkins, by hammering St. John's tackles, carried the ball down within two yards of St. John's goal line. Then St. John's took a brace and played ball as they should play and as they had played before. Hopkins was unable to make an inch, and St. John's got the ball on downs; thus the good hard work of Brady and long run by Blanchard carried the ball within twenty yards of Hopkins' goal, but then fumbled it, and Hopkins got the ball and kept it until the first half ended.

	<i>Score.</i>
JOHNS HOPKINS	0
ST. JOHN'S	0

Hopkins kicked off in the second half, and by fumbling St. John's was unable to advance it more than five yards. St. John's worked the ball little by little to the centre of the field, where they fumbled. Hopkins worked the ball back to St. John's ten-yard line, where they were forced

to kick, but the kick was blocked and the ball went over to St. John's, who after a few rushes again fumbled, and this time Hopkins took the ball down the field and by a very open foul made a touchdown. Hodges kicked the goal.

<i>Score.</i>	
JOHNS HOPKINS	6
ST. JOHN'S	0

St. John's kicked off, but Hopkins was unable to advance the ball beyond the centre of the field. Here it remained for the rest of the game. Hopkins was in possession of the ball when time was called. St. John's lost the game by fumbling. Hopkins did not hold them once

for four downs, but every time they got the ball it was by a fumble. It was not the fumbling only that lost the game; the umpire was decidedly in favor of the Hopkins and did not mind showing it.

<i>Final Score.</i>	
JOHNS HOPKINS	6
ST. JOHN'S	0

Umpire—MR. MACKDERMOTT.
 Referee—MR. CHEW.
 Thirty-minute Halves.

ST. JOHN'S vs. GALLAUDET.



The last game for the championship was played on December 4 with Gallaudet. This game decided whether Gallaudet should get the banner or that St. John's tie for first place, which, if they had, it would be necessary to play another game to decide who would be champions of Maryland and the District of Columbia.

The day for the game was very disagreeable, and the grounds were covered with water and mud. The Gal-

laudet men outweighed St. John's about fifteen pounds to a man. The features of the game were long runs by Brady and Blanchard.

St. John's kicked off, Gallaudet catching the ball, and by mass plays and rushing the centre brought the ball to the centre of the field. Here they lost it on downs. Blanchard took the ball and made a long run around Gallaudet's right end. After several attempts, St. John's lost the

ball on downs, but soon got it again. Brady then made a long run, being downed about a foot from the goal line.

He was then sent across the line for a touchdown. Blanchard then kicked the goal.

	<i>Score.</i>
ST. JOHN'S	6
GALLAUDET	0

Gallaudet, in the second half, kicked off. St. John's was unable to make many gains, so they were obliged to kick. Gallaudet by mass, tandem and end plays carried the ball down the field for a touchdown. The goal was

kicked. No more scoring was done by either side, although the ball was in possession of Gallaudet and within ten yards of the goal line when time was called.

	<i>Final Score.</i>	<i>Final Score.</i>	
ST. JOHN'S	6	GALLAUDET	6

Standing of League Teams.

	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	<i>Average.</i>		<i>Won.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
GALLAUDET	3	0	1.000	WESTERN MARYLAND	1	2	.333
ST. JOHN'S	2	1	.667	MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE	0	3	.000
HOPKINS	2	2	.500				

Games with Western Maryland and Maryland Agricultural College postponed on account of rain.
St. John's tied with Gallaudet.

Base Ball Schedule, 1898.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Club.</i>	<i>Place.</i>
April 2.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WALBROOK	At Home.
April 11.	ST. JOHN'S VS. YALE LAW SCHOOL	At Home.
April 16.	ST. JOHN'S VS. MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE	At College Park.
April 23.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WESTERN MARYLAND	At Home.
April 27.	ST. JOHN'S VS. ALLEGHANY INSTITUTE	At Roanoke, Va.
April 29.	ST. JOHN'S VS. VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE	At Blacksburg, Va.
April 30.	ST. JOHN'S VS. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE	At Lexington, Va.
May 2.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WASHINGTON AND LEE	At Lexington, Va.
May 3.	ST. JOHN'S VS. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	At Charlottesville, Va.
May 7.	ST. JOHN'S VS. GALLAUDET	At Washington.
May 14.	ST. JOHN'S VS. JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY	At Home.
May 21.	LEAGUE FIELD DAY	At Baltimore.
May 28.	ST. JOHN'S VS. WASHINGTON COLLEGE	At Chestertown.
June 4.	ST. JOHN'S VS. ROCKHILL COLLEGE	At Home.
June 11.	ST. JOHN'S VS. COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY	At Home.

Foot Ball Team, 1897.

Manager, ALVEY M. ISANOGLÉ.
Captain, P. P. BLANCHARD.

Right end, WINCHESTER.
Right tackle, SINCLAIR.
Right guard, SPATES.
Right half-back, }
Captain, } BLANCHARD.
Quarter-back, DOUGLAS.
Centre, COLLISON.
Left end, REYNOLDS.
Left guard, TORBERT.
Left tackle, PENNINGTON.
Left half-back, BRADY.
Full-back, MACKALL.

Substitutes :
 SCHARTZER.
 WHITSON.
 WISNER.
 QUAID.
 GOLDSBOROUGH.
 WILLIAMS.
 BOHANAN.
 LYONS.
 CLARKE.

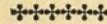
Base Ball Team, 1898.

Manager, C. E. TERRY.
Captain, W. L. BRADY.

Catchers : { SPATES.
 WILLIAMS.
 WISNER.
Pitchers : { JONES.
 CLARKE.
Second base, BLANCHARD.
Captain, }
Short stop, } BRADY.
First base, MACKALL.

Third base, FONTAINE.
Right field, WISNER.
Centre field, HILL.
Left field, TOLLEY.
Substitutes :
 MELVIN.
 MULLAN.
 CONRAD.
 TORBERT.

Field Sports.



THE first field sports for some years were held on the athletic field May 15, 1897. They were quite a success, and were enjoyed by an enthusiastic crowd. Notwithstanding the fact that the Seniors won by a large score, all the contests were very interesting. All

the classes in College were well represented, particularly the Seniors, as is shown by the score, they making forty points. The Sophomores were second, with sixteen ; the Juniors third, with fifteen.

The events were as follows :

<i>Event.</i>	<i>Contestants.</i>	<i>Time.</i>
Hundred-Yard Dash	SMITH	11 $\frac{1}{8}$ sec.
	GALE	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
	APPLETON	11 $\frac{1}{8}$ sec.
	<i>Final Heat</i> : Won by SMITH	11 sec.
Preparatory Inter-Class Mile Relay	(<i>First Class.</i>) RULLMAN, DENNISON, SCHNEIDER, REVELL	4 min. 36 sec.
	(<i>Second Class.</i>) RUSSELL, HUMRICHOUSE, CRAVEN, TORBERT, second	<hr/>
Mile Handicap	QUAID won	5 min. 15 sec.
	BOEHM, SINCLAIR, OREM, CLARK, MELVIN, WARD and CRAVEN	<hr/>

<i>Event.</i>	<i>Contestants.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
Putting the Shot	HILLEARY, BRADY and HAWKINS.	
	HILLEARY	32 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
	BRADY	31 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
	HAWKINS	31 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Throwing the Hammer	HILLEARY and KIRKPATRICK.	
	HILLEARY	76 ft. 11 in.

A silver medal was given as first prize in each event.

<i>Event.</i>	<i>Contestants.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>
Running High Jump	SMITH, BLANCHARD, CLARK, MACNABB, CONN, APPLETON and HAWKINS.	
	SMITH	5 ft. 3 in.
	HAWKINS	5 ft. 1 in.
	CONN	4 ft. 9 in.
Broad Jump	BLANCHARD	18 ft. 3½ in.
	SMITH	17 ft. 9 in.
	HILLEARY	17 ft. 5 in.
Pole Vaulting	BOEHM, SMITH, HAWKINS, BLANCHARD.	<i>Height.</i>
	BOEHM	8 ft. 5 in.
	SMITH	8 ft. 2 in.
		<i>Time.</i>
Class Mile Relay	<i>Seniors</i> —SKIRVEN, SIMMONS, BOEHM and SMITH, first	3 min. 53 sec.
	<i>Juniors</i> —NOBLE, GOLDSBOROUGH, MACNABB, BLANCHARD	<hr/>
	<i>Sophomores</i> —QUAID, EVANS, SINCLAIR, STRAHORN, second	3 min. 55 sec.
	<i>Freshmen</i> —LEROUX, TOLLEY, HERMAN, REYNOLDS	<hr/>

Relay Team Members.

Captain, ULRICH A. SKIRVEN.
Substitute and Manager, LEWIS C. BOEHM.
 WALTER D. SMITH. HAMILTON A. GALE.
 JOHN S. STRAHORN.

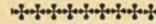
Relay Team.

Manager, L. C. BOEHM.
Captain, U. A. SKIRVEN.

Won second place in 1896 and first place in 1897 at the annual relay races of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1897 St. John's ran against the Johns Hopkins University, Columbia University and University of Mary-

land, and won, making the mile in 3.41. Each man was presented a gold watch and a silken banner for the College.

Relaying at St. John's.



ABOUT March 1, 1896, St. John's opened up a new branch of athletics, which was destined in the near future to become one of the greatest that she would have in her midst.

An invitation having been received to participate in the inter-collegiate races at the University of Pennsylvania in April of that year caused St. John's to go to work, though little thinking that in a few short months she would carry away the plum from the universities of her native State. But, happily, such was the case ; for in April, 1897, she sent a team to the second meet in which she had participated in Philadelphia, which did not return till they had made themselves champions of the State, and as a prize each man received a beautiful gold watch, and the team as a whole a silk banner of unique design.

Some may say that St. John's is too proud of her victory, and we say she can well afford to be proud, when one considers the great disadvantages under which she has always been compelled to labor, having at no time more than twelve or fifteen men trying for her team, against dozens, or perhaps scores, at the competing institutions. But we will not say that she has always been successful on the race track ; to the contrary, on March

20, 1897, she was defeated in Baltimore by the very teams which she defeated in Philadelphia, but under far different circumstances, having at the former place to run on an eighteenth of a mile track, which was, owing to the short corners, a great handicap to the boys, who had practiced only on a quarter of a mile cinder track.

When our boys appeared on the track at 2.42 P. M. of that memorable day, little thought those big universities that they would have to bite the dust before the end of a very few minutes. "Time — 3 minutes and 41 seconds," was the telegram that flashed into Annapolis that evening, and our boys were the heroes of the hour.

The race from start to finish was a beautiful one, Skirven making his best record, followed by Strahorn, who did not allow the distance between him and his opponent to widen. Next came Gale, with his beautiful step, still keeping the distance no wider than it was ; and last, but not least, Smith, who, though No. 3 at the start, managed by an almost superhuman effort, which we think could be accomplished only by him, to cross the line instead of No. 3, No. 1, thus winning for St. John's one of her greatest victories.



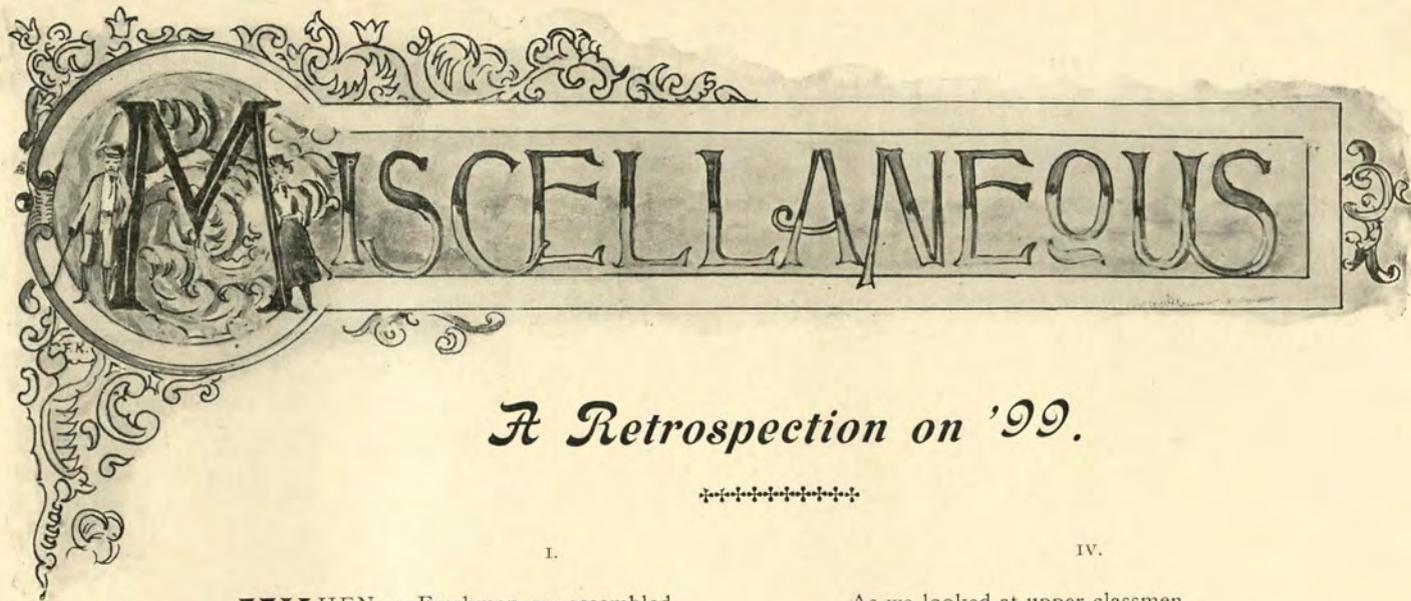
Gale.

Skirven.

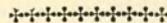
RUNNING TEAM.
Strahorn.

Smith.

Bohm.



A Retrospection on '99.



I.

WHEN, as Freshmen, we assembled
In these dear, old, classic halls,
Little dreamed we of the future,
With its rises and its falls.

II.

We were then too green for utt'rance,
Many having never seen
Far beyond the country village,
With its greenies, oh ! so deeper green.

III.

But we soon looked out about us ;
Why we did so, none can tell.
And the hayseeds we brought with us
Soon from off our clothing fell.

IV.

As we looked at upper classmen,
They were wonders in our sight.
And, although they didn't please us,
Still we thought that they were right.

V.

They would often call upon us
In our rooms at half-past ten ;
Telling us that we were subjects,
And that they, themselves, were men (?).

VI.

We endured it without murm'ring —
As I said we were quite green —
If we had not been the latter,
It might otherwise have been.

VII.

We all thought that if we ever
 To the upper class should come,
 Then we'd make them pay us dearly
 For the damage to us done.

VIII.

But before we reached this honor ;
 Just about the first of May
 There happened quite an *incident*,
 About which something I shall say.

IX.

Late at night, when Profs. were sleeping --
 Or, at least, we hoped they were ;
 Round about the halls of Pinkney
 White-robed figures 'gan to stir.

X.

Out upon the campus, marching
 To the beat of fife and drum,
 We and all the *upper classmen*
 To the "Phantom Drill" were come.

XI.

At the end of this there happened
 Something that will ever stand
 In the heart of each one of us
 As a victory great and grand.

XII.

Ninety-eight was made to suffer ;
 Ninety-nine, although so green,
 Showed the Soph'mores they were made of
 Something they had never seen.

XIII.

In the *cane rush* we were victors.
 There our greenness was all right ;
 And those *nasty, pesky* Soph'mores
 Bit their tongues, and swore outright.

XIV.

But *we* soon became the *wise fools*,
 And some others took our place ;
 We were now made upper classmen,
 With the harder work to face.

XV.

Still as Soph'mores we succeeded,
 Never fearing blow nor strife ;
 Always striving in our battles
 For a place in after life.

XVI.

We passed through from there to Juniors,
 Bade farewell to *wise fool* days ;
 At the same time bidding farewell
 To our *wise* and *foolish* ways.

XVII.

Now we sit and ponder often,
 Thinking sadly of the time
 When we must say farewell *Tommy*,
 And go seek another clime.

XVIII.

As we look and think and ponder,
 All before us seems a dream ;
 And the world, with all its darkness,
 Broad before our eyes does gleam.

XIX.

We shall soon no more assemble
Where we here so oft have done,
Resting, talking, sleeping, basking,
'Neath the balmy Southern sun.

XX.

Here we've fought each other's battles,
Striving always to excel.
Hoping, trusting, always feeling,
That the future would be well.

XXI.

Yet we have one year to follow,
And that one too soon will pass ;
Then farewell, my dear old classmates ;
Here we'll meet no more a class.

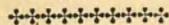
* * * * *

XXII.

Ninety-nine, may she long prosper ;
Try, my boys, to do what's right ;
And where'er you go, do honor
To the *garnet* and the *white*.



The Artist Vanbrugh.



THE squalid apartment was only lighted by a tallow candle, and the artist sat alone, resting his dejected head on a badly polished table. There was little furniture in the room, and absolutely nothing pertaining to comfort ; but the man with bent head cared naught for this. He was thinking of many things — things which might have been, but were not, and he only was to blame ; thinking of himself, tossed ruthlessly about on life's stormy tide, ruined by his own perverseness ! His crushed hopes and aims, where were they ? His spurned, unnoticed work, where was it ?

He thought of his future — no light glimmering in the distance far ahead, for the light he had passed, and could return to it no more. A woman was that light, a dazzling illumination ; so bright as to have blinded him ; and he, thinking to accustom himself to it, sank into the refuge of darkness. But the blackness of vice is too strong for us all. The man could not return, for he had no power but to be whirled on and on.

They had played together years ago, Claude Vanbrugh and his fair sweetheart, Doris. He had been her favorite champion ; she was his only love ; then, now and would be forever. But as they had grown older a great gulf had gradually yawned between them, which became ever wider and deeper and darker. He, led on by a false light at the bottom of the abyss, descended day by day, step by

step, leaving her waiting above. From there he had tried to gain great aims, to be famous, to be an honored man. Alone he had struggled ; friendless, except for Doris. The other light was not a friend. He had painted many pictures, and had held the golden cup filled with sparkling nectar, when the false glow shone out mockingly, alluringly, and dashed the prize away, so that it fell into the eager grasp of another ready waiting.

The artist had been cruelly wronged and deceived, but for many days he knew it not.

It was the face of his dead mother which brought the truth before him. In a dream he saw it all, and, waking, he loathed the light, turned from it to Doris, now so very far above him. Called to her, only to be mocked at ; painted for her, only to be ridiculed.

Vanbrugh sat thinking of his past with bent head and clasped hands. Oh ! to be here, miserable and wretched ! To be nobody ; to have nothing ; to have tried and failed ; to have grasped and lost ! The bitterness stung him, and he wept so that his tears fell fast upon a painting lying before him on the unpolished table — not that of Doris — blurring the eyes and the curling hair, erasing the mouth, washing out the rosy cheeks, extinguishing its brilliancy forever from the artist's mind, and he remembered it no more. Then a great desire came upon him. Once again the brush dashed quickly on a can-

vas ; once again the artist dreamed and let his hopes rise high. He was painting his life ; the light and darkness and the despair ; he was working for *her* whom he loved and against her whom he hated. Oh ! how the fever burned ; his eyes flamed and his hands trembled as stroke after stroke brought the picture to perfection. The painted lights seemed to cast shadows in the gloom, not the tallow candle's rays. Two days, three days, without food or rest, and 'twas finished ; the last touch was dry, and the picture seemed a marvelous creation !

It was put on exhibition, gazed at, wondered at, admired ; he was praised, flattered, courted and made much of. He descended from the hated attic and a few short, triumphant days lived in bliss. But the fever was strong and the artist weak. He was sinking.

All this praise and glory was naught to him now. The elegant apartment in which he was lying stifled him. His sorrowful eyes rested in turn on the flowers and dainties around the couch. What were they to him ?

Ah ! yes, the world for a day had changed toward him ; it was pleased to be amused ; men need amusement ; but tomorrow, perchance, this same man might be starving. He laughed bitterly, and, as though his mirth were odious to him, he changed his mood and sighed. A spray of tiny lilies answered the sigh, and he looked on them. How pure they were ; how divinely pure, in comparison with the other flowers. The giver of those lilies was before the artist's eyes, and again he sighed. It was dusk, and the shadow deepened. There was light now to brighten the gloom. But, hark ! there was a footstep on the stair and suddenly from the threshold a light shone forth, a radiant brightness. It was she ! The artist stretched forth a feeble, trembling hand ; this was too much joy.

Death stood waiting for him. But the woman whispered unto Death, who tarried at her bidding. And she kissed the man upon his brow once, and then again, and he closed his weary eyes and smiled.



A Retrospective View.



THE dark'ning twilight deepens, and the eve grows cold and chill,
As I sit before the fire, and with careful fingers fill
My pipe with Golden Sceptre, while amid the circling clouds
Of fragrant smoke, my fancy the shadowy Past enshrouds
With a cloak of gladsome mem'ries — I take a sip of wine
As I greet once more in fancy those old schoolmates of mine.

The log-fire cracks and hisses, while within the ruddy blaze
I see the well-known figures ; and in the far-off, misty haze
Of a Past full well remembered, I can hear the songs we sung.
'Neath the gnarled, old poplar gather'd, e'er the chapel bells were
rung —
The familiar faces haunt me, and I cannot but repine
As I fill another beaker to those old schoolmates of mine.

Where are they who, as my comrades, throng'd the campus and
the hall ?
Some now struggle in Life's battle, fair young Pleasure some
enthrall ;
At the shrine of Beauty others pleading suppliants come and bow.
'Mong the latter are the Juniors, striving for their sheepskins now.
Ah ! together I will pledge ye ; flow for all the rosy wine —
Fill to brimming Mem'ry's goblet for those old schoolmates of
mine.

But, alas ! the deep'ning darkness spreads its dusky mantle
'round,
Bringing back the cheerless Present ; and I heave a sigh
profound —
As the charr'd and smoking embers on the hearthstone break
and lie.
So my spirits, like the embers, broken wholly, droop and die.
But, enough — away all sadness ; toward the Past my thoughts
incline —
And I quaff a farewell bumper to those old schoolmates of mine.



Some Reminiscences.

BY OSBORNE I. YELLOTT, '91.

[Illustrated by the Author.]



WHO of Ninety-one and thereabouts doesn't remember "Ike" Wier, the slugger-poet of Ninety-two, and "Bill Flippo," the agrarian of the Class of Ninety-one? Of course, we remember others of both those classes, but no one who ever writhed in silent agony on Sunday afternoons on the third or fourth floor of Pinkney while the strains of an extemporized selection from a home-made violin filled the air with their dismal wailings can ever forget "Ike" Wier, and no one who witnessed, or was in any way a party to Bill Flippo's escape from a second-story window of Pinkney one windy night in December upon the alarm of hazers being carried to him, can forget Bill Flippo.

Ike Wier wasn't the only violinist we had to bear during our stay in Pinkney, but he was by all odds the most persistent. The others were content to follow the old masters in their selections, and if "Annie Rooney" seemed to be a general favorite among our musicians, we never bore them any malice — we took it out on the man who wrote the blasted thing. But Ike was different. Ysaye's wildest flights of violinic fancy set no standard or limits for Ike's musings in the same line. I think he

had two more strings on his violin than Ysaye generally uses, one taken from an old bass viol and the other from a mandolin.

I could always tell the status of Ike's love affairs by the nature of the tones which proceeded from his room. I got so after awhile that I could tell just what he had had for dinner. At times he would stride madly up and down the hall, sounding forth with utmost vehemence the maddest utterings that I ever heard from any musical instrument except the throat of an angry bull. On those occasions I would quietly barricade my door and make ready for flight from the window. I always abhorred murder, and if there had to be murder I didn't want to be a party to it. On other occasions the tiniest wren could not equal Ike's violin in the softness of its wooings or the grace of its tender chirpings. Seldom did he play an old familiar air, except "by request;" his apparent aim in life was to put in music the inmost feelings of his heart, or stomach, a good enough aim, provided you are not a misanthrope or a chronic dyspeptic. As I said in opening, who could forget him?

I will not tell here the particulars of Flippo's escape from the second-story window of Pinkney, it's a long story, and, besides, I think I was bound to eternal secrecy

as to some of the circumstances. Suffice it to say that after his escape we could never induce Flipps to spend another night with us in Pinkney Hall. He preferred the safety and seclusion of his country residence. But later in the year, under the stress of circumstances, he did spend a few days with us ; and this is how it happened.

During my Senior year — Flipps then being a Senior and Ike Wier a Junior — Flipps was accustomed to take his midday meal with the rest of the students in the College mess-room in Humphrey Hall. At that time the boys had gotten into a very disagreeable habit of rolling up the soft parts of a slice of bread or a roll and throwing them across the hall at one another, a habit of which I always disapproved, and spoke my disapproval in emphatic tones. So emphatic, in fact, were my objections, and so often reiterated that when it came to a question of whether “ Parson ” Hurst or I had thrown such a missile, it was always believed that the Parson had done it, and only his cloth saved him from dire and speedy retaliation. At any rate, one day someone from our table threw a large roll of sodden bread at the Juniors’ table, and unfortunately it hit Ike Wier in his eye, or rather it would have done so had it not been for the fact that his eyes were protected by a very valuable pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Ike was at the time composing a soliloquy to rival Hamlet’s, beginning “ To be or not to be,” preparatory to partaking of the dessert in front of him, and naturally was very much provoked. To cut the matter short, the size, force and direction of the projectile were duly considered, and it was traced conclusively to our

table, and from that to Flipps, the Parson or myself. That I could have thrown it was out of the question ; the Parson denied it, and it was known to be against Flipps’ principles to throw anything to eat away. In face of the presumption of innocence arising from the latter characteristic, however, the Juniors decided — most unjustly, I have reason to believe — that Flipps had thrown it, and being in a large majority, as well as puffed up with a sense of their dignity, they decided also that the honor of their class must be vindicated.

The upshot of the matter was that Flipps came to me that afternoon with a formal challenge to fight a duel, the challenger being Ike Wier, and the option being given Flipps to choose the weapons. I have lost the original challenge, but Ike never lost an opportunity to put his thoughts in rhyme, and, if my memory serves me aright, it ran about this way :

“ TO MR. BILL FLIPPS :

The man with thick lips. As you very well know, you threw at me dough. I must have amends, and the writer intends to fill you with holes for throwing old rolls. As is always the case, the time and the place are left to your choice ; my own I’ll not voice. The weapons, likewise, I care not to name ; but I’ve short-sighted eyes — please remember the same. As you’re bound to get licked, bring with you your bier.

“ I am not with respect, your truly,
IKE WIER.”

Upon a careful scrutiny of this epistle, I told Flipps that I considered it highly insulting, and that the only thing to do was to accept the challenge. The question then became what weapons were to be chosen, and the following dialogue ensued :

"Can you shoot?"

"Shoot who?"

"Shoot anything — pistols, guns, mortars, cannons, Gatling guns, cat rifles — anything?"

"I can shoot a bow and arrow."

"Get out! next thing you'll be wanting to scalp somebody. Can you shoot a pistol?"

"No."

"All right. Can you fence?"

"I should say I can; I put up ten panels in one day last vacation. Why, I'm the greatest fencer in Ann Arandel."

"Now, look here," said I, dropping into Junior grammar, "this ain't a wild west Indian show, and it ain't a farmers' picnic. I want to know if you can fight, and if you *can* fight, what you can fight *with*."

"No, I can't fight."

"Then what did you want to get in a duel for?"

"I didn't want to get in a duel. I didn't throw any bread. Parson Hurst must have done it."

"Well, nobody's going to risk their eternal soul by fighting a preacher, and you've got to uphold the class dignity."

"Class hasn't got any dignity."

"'Class hasn't got any dignity!' Why look at Register, look at Parson Hurst, look at Daniels," and finally, "look at me," said I, drawing myself up, imposingly.

"Well, if you think you've got so much dignity, why don't you fight for it yourself?"

"Now don't get funny about it; I can't fight because I wasn't challenged."

"I'll get him to change it, and challenge you."

"Flippo, you don't know any more about a question of honor than a monkey. Who ever heard of anybody changing a challenge? You're in for a fight; you've got to fight, and the only question is how you're going to fight. Can you box?"

"No."

"Then I'll teach you."

"When?"

"Right now. But first we must answer this challenge."

Upon the strength of our determination, I sat down and with great care and much thought, wrote the following letter:

"MR. IKE WIER:

"Sir:—I have received from you a scrawl which I suppose was meant to be a dignified epistle. From all I can gather from the doggerel, I take it to be a challenge to fight. Out of respect for your weak eyes, an affliction with which kittens and puppy-dogs are accustomed to suffer, I have chosen fists as the weapons, and I will be careful to place them where you can see them.

"The place I have chosen is the Government Farm, and the time six o'clock tomorrow morning.

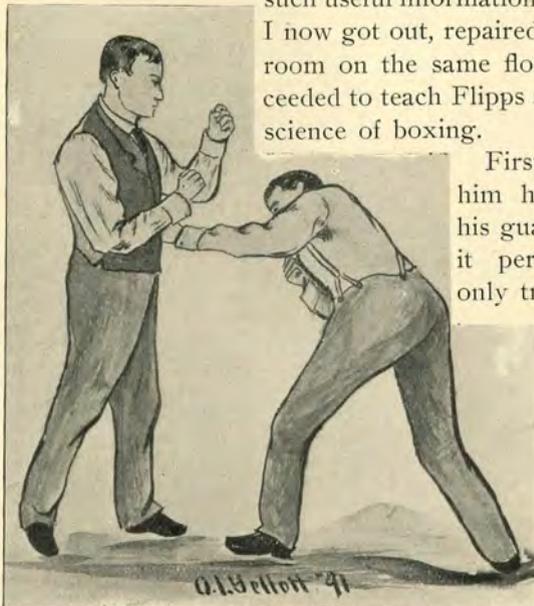
"I am sir, without respect, yours for gore,

"BILL FLIPPS."

After Flippo had carefully copied this letter, I took it to Wier in person. From him I learned that Vic Torbert, now the dignified editor of *The Cecil Times* or some other newspaper, was to be his second. I saw Vic and arranged all the preliminaries, making our manner of departure for the field of battle one which would not result in our capture by the police, of whom we stood in great awe.

That done, I went back to teach Flippo how to box. I never cared much for actual boxing, as I always found that, while the other man might be the veriest tyro in the art of self-defense, yet out of his very awkwardness his fists and arms were never where they should be at that particular time. I had, however, in my youth carefully perused, and still preserved, a book entitled, "How to Box," one of those yellow-backed, ten-cent books, the series of which is a veritable encyclopædia, among its companions in the series being "How to Cook," "How to Build and Sail Boats," "How to Camp Out," "How to Train Elephants," and a number of others containing just

such useful information. This book I now got out, repaired to a vacant room on the same floor and proceeded to teach Flippo all about the science of boxing.



"As long as he held that guard I could pepper him all over."

First I showed him how to hold his guard. He held it perfectly, the only trouble being that he held it all the time. He was too easy; as long as he held that guard I could pepper

him all over. The book told just how to hit a man when he held his guard that way, and I found after awhile that I could hit him where I wanted, even without the book. Getting tired of such mild sport, I told him that he need not think he was a cigar-store Indian, but must do some fighting himself. He said all right, and I went off to my book and found a very valuable blow called a left-hand lead at the head. I came back, took my position, carefully measured the distance, and told Flippo that when I went to hit him he must keep the blow off and hit back.

I carefully led according to instructions, but it didn't quite reach him. He came down on my left arm with a blow that nearly dislocated my elbow, and came back at me with both fists. Not having time to look at my book for the proper defenses to such a mode of warfare, and overcome by his awkwardness and superior weight, I shortly afterward found myself down in the corner, with him tramping on me. "Time!" I yelled, and he stopped.

Picking myself up, I looked at him scornfully and said: "You must think you're a threshing machine, don't you? I didn't come in here to get internally injured; I came here to teach you to box. Now, after this, you just keep my blows off, and don't hit me any more, or I'll stop teaching you."

"All right," said Flippo, submissively.

For four or five hours we went on practicing. At first I easily demonstrated that science would tell as I rained blow after blow on him, and he didn't ward off one out of a dozen. But finally he got much better, and I had a very hard time to hit him, so both being pretty well used up with our unusual exertions we stopped. Then I

taught him what I considered the finest thing in the book — getting a man in chancery.

“ Now, Flippo,” I said, “when he ducks and gets in close, catch him around the neck with your left arm and pound his face with your right fist. I’ll holler at you to quit, as it’s against the rules, but don’t you mind me. The more I holler the more you pummel him. Then Torbert will pull you off, but don’t stop pounding him until you have to.”

Flippo thought that was a fine scheme, but as I would not give him a chance to practice it, we turned in for the night to dream over our early victory of the morrow.

Morning came and it was cold and drizzly. I carefully rubbed Flippo down with vaseline, to make him supple, I told him ; put the Parson’s sweater on him, bundled him up, and then we started off as had been agreed beforehand. Arriving at the scene of the hostilities to come, we waited for Ike and Vic.

“ Pretty late,” I said, looking at my watch, which was about two minutes after six.

“ Maybe they won’t come,” said Flippo.

Ten minutes went by, while I questioned Flippo on all the mysteries of left-hand leads at the head, left-hand body blows, right-hand upper-cuts, etc., and their various defenses. Still they didn’t come.

“ Believe they’re afraid,” said Flippo, sarcastically. Five minutes more.

“ Sorry I took the trouble to come all the way out

here,” said Flippo. “ They’re afraid to come ; scared off.” Five minutes more.

“ I wish he would come. I’d give him the worst licking he ever had in his life,” continued Flippo.

Just then I spied our opponents sneaking along between the evergreens and trees so as to escape the eyes of the vigilant police of Annapolis, then about two miles off and presumably asleep. I pointed them out to Flippo.

“ Wonder if he’ll apologize ?” said Flippo.

“ Naw !” said I .

“ Wonder if he’d accept an apology ?” he continued.

“ Naw !” said I again.

Wier and his second arriving, both having overslept themselves, we tossed up a button for position, and Flippo got the advantage, which would have been considerable had he kept it.

In point of weight and height, when standing in sweaters and trousers, Flippo seemed to have much the better of it. Wier, while well built, didn’t look particularly tough or muscular, while Flippo looked like a rugged oak. If Torbert had been game, I would have lost my allowance for the next six months then and there, but he wasn’t.

Facing each other, Wier held a nondescript sort of a guard, easily and loosely, while Flippo could have been taken for the man who wrote “ How to Box.” The rounds were to be three minutes each, and I was time-keeper.

"Begin," said I.

Flipps straightened out his left in Wier's direction ; the latter walked around it and planted one on Flipps' right eye. Flipps' jaw dropped. He looked surprised, and straightened out his right. Ike gave him a right-hand upper-cut which closed up his mouth with a sound like a mouse trap prematurely set off. Flipps swung around as if he were on a pivot, and with a sweeping, scythe-like motion tried to mow Ike's head off. Ike ducked and hit him in the pit of the stomach, which doubled my man up.

"Time ! Halt !! Foul !!!" I yelled, excitedly, and the round came to an end.

"Where's that book?" said Flipps, as he got his breath in the seclusion of his own corner.

"Left it in my room," I replied.

"Then I may as well surrender at once," said he, "as I've forgotten everything there was in it."

"Well, never mind the book," said I, mildly ; "he's got the advantage of you on the reach. You'll have to try close fighting. Get in close and get him in chancery."

"Chancery ? O, yes, I had forgotten," said Flipps, hopefully.

So up they stood for the second round.

"Begin," said I.

With the word Flipps ran in under Ike's guard, butt him below the belt and then reached wildly for his neck. Ike jumped aside, got Flipps' head under his left arm and

began pounding him with his right, just exactly as I had told Flipps he was to do to him. "Stop !" I yelled, but Ike didn't mind me a bit. "Help ! Help !" yelled Flipps.

"Police !" I cried.

At that Ike dropped Flipps and started for his coat.

"Now, that's not right," I said. "You've got no right to catch a man around the neck and hit him ; let's bar that out."

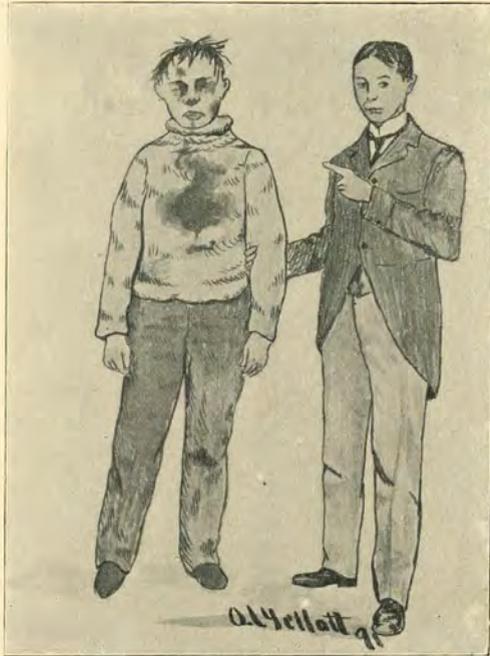
"All right," said Wier and his second, and the opponents stepped forward for the third round.

This time it looked like Flipps' round. He tried the threshing machine tactics which he had tried on me in practice, and backed Ike all over the ground, the only open spot for Ike being the top of Flipps' head. Finally Ike dodged behind a tree and Flipps stopped the machine after rapping the tree two or three healthy body blows.

For the fourth round I advised Flipps to try the same tactics, but to look out for trees.

But this time Ike was ready for him. As Flipps came down on him he jumped to one side and gave him one on his right ear. Flipps turned toward his opponent, the latter dodged back and gave him one on his left ear. Flipps turned again and got one on the jaw, followed by another flat on the nose, and two more, one on each eye.

His eyes had been shut before, since he had given up science, so those last blows didn't make much difference



"I silently led my principal out into the arena."

Time being called, I surveyed my principal, and then silently led him out into the arena, where the other side could see him. The fight was plainly at an end. Both Flipp's eyes were fast closing, his nose was twice its normal size and made him look as though he had been

except in the matter of recovery, but the one on the nose was calculated in its effects to make Malvina, the Parson's washwoman, believe the reverend gentleman had been indulging in a bull-fight. Flipp's did get one or two in on Ike, but they were spent blows and didn't do much damage.

habitually intemperate all his life. His lower lip was cut, and his ears were ringing, so that he couldn't hear my instructions for the next round.

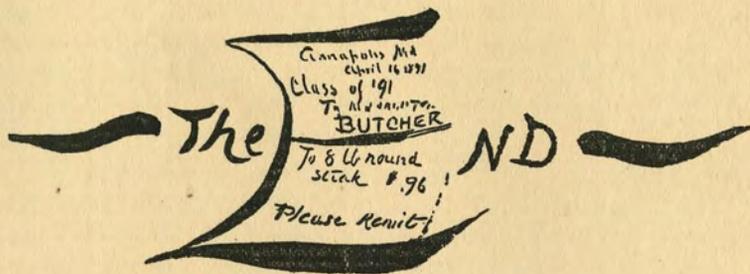
Ike made the *amende honorable* by apologizing. Flipp's asked me whether he should accept it. I said I couldn't see anything else to do, and he said he couldn't see anything else either. He was game enough, but a very poor fighter. Had I had a week with him I think we could have won the fight, as "How to Box" is a splendid primer on the art of self-defense, and the only trouble with it is that it takes it for granted that the other man is not doing anything while you are fighting him.

Flipp's stayed with us several days and wasn't hazed. The class paid the bill for raw meat, and his eyes and nose gradually got back to their normal hue and shape.

The only thing that worried him was that all through his convalescence Ike was practicing some new high-sounding tune down at the other end of the hall. I didn't tell Flipp's what it was, but I had recognized it at once as a hymn of victory. Every time I heard it the whole fight came up before me. First, there was a deep rumbling of low notes, sometimes short and quick, but usually like the growl of a dog. That was the challenge and the angry thoughts which followed its acceptance. Then there was a light, slow, stealthy sort of a tune. That was the march to the field of battle. Then there was the sound of drums and bugles. That was me calling time. Then there was a slow sort of music, like the orchestra plays while the villain is stealing up to murder the inno-

cent maiden, interspersed, however, with an occasional "plunk" or low note. That was the first round. Then an intermission. Then followed the other rounds, each one clearly distinguishable from the other. Then followed a low, mournful, funeral dirge. That was Flipp

convalescing. Then followed the climax ; no words can describe it, but it is enough to say that it proclaimed to the college world at large that victory had perched upon the banner of Ninety-two, and that Ninety-two knew it.



A Student's Reverie.



I.

SEATED alone in my study,
My chum having gone for a call.
My lessons all out for the morrow,
I gaze on the picture of all.

II.

My mother is sitting before me —
The loveliest of all to me —
And memory carries me over
To my home beyond the sea.

III.

I wonder what she is doing
While I am so far away,
And cannot return to see her
For many a tiresome day.

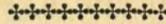
IV.

I know she is doing her duty —
Doing it day by day.
And when the evening has faded
I can see her kneeling to pray.

v.

Praying for me and the others
As only a mother knows how ;
Asking that He in his mercy
A blessing for each will allow.

The Mesmerist.



THE circus tent was crowded ; not a seat to be had anywhere on the circular tiers extending one above the other to the height of at least forty feet from the ground.

Peanut and lemonade venders found unutterable difficulty in getting around to sell their light refreshments, while everyone was pushing and struggling to get in someone else's way, or, to put it in a milder form, everyone was trying to get a place where nothing would be missed by him—no, not even nails in the "show horses'" shoe.

In the centre of the tent was a tall pole, around which a medium-size platform was erected, and on this temporary stage a table and two chairs were placed. Of course, the usual number of trapeze, suspended rings and bouncing boards were scattered throughout the tent, and there were three circles (although small ones) in which the performance was to take place.

Away near the entrance from which the performers made their appearance a "brassy" brass band sounded, and this hushed the expectant audience into something akin to quiet. Soon, however, the music lost its charm, and impatience was markedly written on every face, until

the manager left his box outside the tent, and after bowing politely, begged "All the good folk of this flourishing town (Fredericktown) to accept his profuse apologies for having kept them waiting so long, but the fact was Mlle. Hortense de Gouillet, the feature of the evening—the mesmerist—had suddenly been taken ill, and ——"

Here the people rose from their places and looked threatening, but seeing that the manager was still trying to speak, they resumed their seats, catching the words very distinctly—"but she will make her appearance as usual tonight, although a little tardy in coming to the tent."

Then, with one grand flourish of his soft felt hat, the speaker retreated, amidst the thundering applause of Fredericktown's enthusiastic inhabitants. In truth, it would have been a sad calamity if Mademoiselle had been unable to appear, for these country farmers in this small (though, to use the manager's words,) "flourishing town" had never seen nor had they heard of aught so wonderful as Mademoiselle's power.

On the bill boards it was written :

Mlle. de Gouillet

WHO CAN

BY ONE STEADY GLANCE

COMPEL

ANY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD TO
COME TO HER, OR TO LEAVE
HER PRESENCE.



WHO CAN WITHOUT DIFFICULTY BRING
ANY PERSON SHE WILLS TO
THE PLATFORM.
ETC.

And for two weeks this strange woman — if, indeed, she were a woman — had been the talk of the town.

But to continue : The performance had commenced. First, a stately procession of elephants entered, marched around the entire inclosure and retired. These were followed by half a dozen riderless horses, which galloped around in their free and easy style until caught by the ring masters and conducted to their proper places. They were then bidden to dance, walk, kneel, and to do numbers of other things equally delightful to the rustic audience. After this the riders pranced in, gaily bedecked in brilliant hues.

When the trapeze performers had made their adieux, a stillness fell upon the people, a sudden hush, for now *she* was to enter ! Even the lemonade boy stopped, with his foot on a farmer's hat, to look.

She came ; not a large, coarse-looking, masculine woman, with painted cheeks and tousled hair — no. A petite creature, simply dressed, and looking anything but prepossessing. In reply to the almost timorous applause which greeted her entrance, Mademoiselle quietly bowed and took her place on the platform. Indeed, she did look very weak, and here and there all over the tent motherly matrons murmured something to that effect.

But Mademoiselle merely seated herself in a chair and dreamily gazed around her. Then in a low and gentle voice she told the people that if anyone doubted her power to rise. The whole population of Fredericktown sat like charmed birds and no one moved.

“ Then,” continued the mesmerist, “ I will that all the

men on the bench opposite me come and touch my hand."

Look ! There was a stir, and a dozen or more men rose, and without looking at anyone but the central figure made their way to the platform. Mademoiselle extended a small, refined hand, which looked, as did her body, very out of place in the rough circus tent. It was amusing to see all those strong men crowded around a tiny figure in white, each one striving to touch the extended hand.

She had accomplished her object and the farmers looked exceedingly foolish ; then a buxom farmer's wife raised her voice and shouted to Mademoiselle, telling her that — nay, she defied her — no one could force her to move !

The tired little woman only arose, and resting herself against the tall pole, fixed her eyes upon the woman. The whole populace turned to look at the dame who had challenged this "wonder."

Slowly she arose, and almost glided down the many steps to the ground ; then to the platform. Seating herself on one of the chairs, madam — appeared quite dazed.

"Now you may go," wearily said her captor, and the woman stood up, quickly stared round her, and made her way from the tent, amid the furious applause of the lookers-on.

The performance was over, and the manager stood aloft in his box, shouting vigorously the many attractions that his "Show" afforded ; that tomorrow the rest of his treasures would be exhibited ; also that Mademoiselle would make another appearance.

Crowds of interested farmers pushed to obtain tickets

and the lemonade boy conversed affably with his rival, the peanut vender.

Tired little Mlle. de Gouillet leaned against a large box some distance from this bustling scene, waiting for a disreputable one-horse hack — for Mademoiselle and her single attendant lived quite apart from the "every-day circus people." She knew absolutely nothing of the manager's affairs, save that the small remuneration for her services was very little, considering her hard life. Mademoiselle Hortense was not bred for the circus. All the superficial show and dazzling gaudiness disgusted and repulsed her ; the manager especially, with his overly polite speeches and assumed gallantry.

The mesmerist stood there, thoughtlessly looking at the moving crowd, when one face in the blended moon and torch-light attracted her attention.

'Twas not a full face ; only a profile, and the owner of it was standing quite close to the manager's box. Suddenly a desire to see his full face seized Mademoiselle, and she willed that he should turn ; never for an instant doubting her power, she only thought lightly of him, but when, after waiting a few seconds, the man remained in the same position, she thought harder, then *harder*, until all at once Hortense found herself leaning half way over the box in her eagerness.

Every now and then the man would take a step nearer the box, but he seemed in no hurry, for always someone stepped in and bought his ticket before him.

"He *shall* look !" Mademoiselle gasped. "He *shall* !" and, gathering all her strength, she gazed with her whole

soul in her eyes at him, and then with a despairing little cry she fainted in her faithful servant's arms.

Driving to the hotel, the mesmerist's brain was fraught with conflicting fears ; was she going to be very ill ? Was she *now* ill ? or, worse than all, was she *losing* her wonderful power ?

That could be tested, and passing through the corridor of the hotel she had ample chance to reassure herself, which she did, and that night Mademoiselle's tired eyes closed only to have troubled dreams of the *only* person upon whom she had ever failed to work her will !

The following night even more difficulty was found in obtaining seats. The performance progressed pretty much the same as usual, and when it came to the mesmerism part, everyone rose as the little woman entered the tent. Her one absorbing thought was that *the* man should come to the platform. Alas ! she was disappointed, baffled ; no man came ; and weary, very weary, the mesmerist retired to her private room. Hurriedly changing her costume, she tried to reach the main entrance before everything was packed in shipping order. But even this was not to be. Just in time to reach the night train did the circus troupe reach the station, and Mademoiselle had not a glimpse of the man.

* * * * *

Town after town had been scratched off the manager's card, and after three years Fredericktown was the next halt.

Mademoiselle's health had been steadily declining, and the reason ? Other members of the troupe talked con-

tinually about her, and some of the more observant ones remembered that she had not been the same since that first night in Fredericktown ; not one could explain why.

The fact was this : All the mesmerist's power had centred itself on one man. She was striving to exercise over him the same influence she had on others. Never once during her appearances in the large tent did Mademoiselle's thoughts wander from *her* man. " He *shall* come," she always said, but he did not, and each time, she went from the stage weaker than before.

And now they were to spend two days at this town. Petite Hortense rallied considerably and conversed quite easily with the attendant until the time for her appearance.

There was the same hush, the same expectancy, the same wonder — for the people had not forgotten her. But was there success ?

No ; all her power was fading ; it was vanishing, and she wanted to die ! Oh ! to die !

When once outside the tent her eyes involuntarily sought the place where she had seen *him*, but he was not there now.

No ! Ah ! yes, away across the field he was walking between two men, but how gracefully he was walking ! being carried almost, it seemed to her. He was standing rigid, and they were helping him. Again she leaned over the box, again her soul rose to its starry windows, again she willed that he should turn. But he walked on and on, and was nearing the circus manager. Mademoiselle raised her white hand and spoke — all the intensity of her

frail body was in that word, "Turn!" Nay, *he* did not, although both of the others did, and then — she fainted.

In the morning, Mademoiselle could not rise. Word was sent to the manager, and he went quite out of his mind for a short space of time, forgetting in his rage to be polite. What was to be done?

Weary at last with his storming, the dying woman promised to appear, and not to disappoint him.

Night came, and the mesmerist stood by the old box, with the blended moon and torch light shining upon the manager's stand, where he shouted orders to several men, and in the midst of the group stood *her* man!

Suddenly a chill — a shudder — passed through the

tiny figure, as she saw the manager stop and slap *her* man on the shoulder, saying, with a coarse jest: "He's a good mascot, ain't he, boys?" and they all cheered.

What could it mean? Why did *he* not raise his hat and cheer with the others? Mademoiselle only waited, and soon everyone was gone except him. He stood facing the box with his back to her.

The moon shone brightly on her ashen face as she staggered to where he was standing, and rested her trembling fingers on his arm. Not moved yet?

"I am dying," she said, softly; "look at me," and walking in front of him she gazed up into his face — the face of a *wax figure*.



Commencement Day.

Wednesday, June 16th, 1897, at 10.30 A. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PROCESSION OF CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES. ALUMNI. HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR LLOYD
LOWNDES, AND THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS. THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
NAVAL ACADEMY, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED VISITORS. THE
FACULTY AND PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

READING OF SCRIPTURE }
PRAYER } Reverend A. L. Royce, Chaplain, U. S. N.

MUSIC.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS Charles I. Flory, Reisterstown, Md.

MUSIC.

PRIZE ORATION Lewis C. Boehm, Snow Hill, Md.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS Governor Lloyd Lowndes.

MUSIC.

AWARDING CERTIFICATES OF DISTINCTION AND PRIZES.

MUSIC.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS W. Thomas Kemp, Trappe, Md.

MUSIC.

ANNUAL ADDRESS BEFORE THE ALUMNI . . Rev. F. W. Clampett, D. D., Baltimore, Md.

BENEDICTION.

Degrees Conferred at the Commencement on Wednesday, June 16th, 1897.

GRADUATE DEGREES.

Bachelor of Arts.

W. THOMAS KEMP	Trappe, Md.	WILLIAM G. FAY	Annapolis, Md.
CHARLES I. FLORY	Reisterstown, Md.	ROGER E. SIMMONS	Hagerstown, Md.
EDWARD M. L'ENGLE	Jacksonville, Fla.	CHARLES L. WALLS	Ingleside, Md.
WALTER D. SMITH	Cumberland, Md.	JOSEPH B. DOUGLAS	Rosaryville, Md.
LEWIS C. BOEHM	Snow Hill, Md.	JAMES P. OFFUTT	Granite, Md.

Bachelor of Science.

CHARLES I. FLORY	Reisterstown, Md.	ULRIC A. SKIRVEN	Baltimore, Md.
SPRIGNEL P. WILEY	Norrisville, Md.	EDGAR D. HILLEARY	Petersville, Md.

Master of Arts.

JOHN T. TRUITT, B. A., '90	Pittsville, Md.	WILLIAM H. WILHELM, B. A., '93	Baltimore, Md.
HAROLD C. RIDGELY, B. A., '93	Baltimore, Md.	WILLIAM A. CASE, B. A., '94	Mount Washington, Md.
HERBERT NOBLE, B. A., '89	New York, N. Y.		

HONORARY DEGREES.

Doctor of Divinity.

REVEREND ALFRED L. ROYCE	New York, N. Y.	REVEREND JOHN B. BLANCHET, M. A.	Clifton Springs, N. Y.
REVEREND FREDERICK W. CLAMPETT, M. A.	Baltimore, Md.		

Doctor of Laws.

CALDERON CARLISLE, B. A.	Washington, D. C.	REVEREND THOMAS P. HUGHES, D. D.	New York, N. Y.
REVEREND GEORGE H. R. FLETCHER, B. A.	Alvechurch, England.		

PRIZES.

Prize Offered by the Alumni to Senior Class for the Best Original Essay.

LEWIS C. BOEHM	Snow Hill, Md.
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President's Prize for Biblical Study.

CHARLES H. MACNABB	Macton, Md.
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RAISING OF THE CLASS SHIELD.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

Ode to St. John's College.

[Dedicated to the Class of Ninety-Seven.]

MUSIC BY ELIZABETH ELLEN STARR.

We sing to thee our mother dear (our mother dear),
Our hearts are warm, our voices clear (our voices clear) ;
 As to thy praise we sing,
 As to thy praise we sing.
Down through the sounding aisles of time
We send thy praise in tuneful rhyme,
 And make the old halls ring,
 And make the old halls ring.

Farewell ! old bell ! go on and ring (go on and ring)
High in the lofty turret swing (turret swing.)
 But not for us the peal—
 But not for us the peal.
Farewell green sward and shelter trees,
T'is not for us the whispering breeze
 Shall through your branches steal—
 Shall through your branches steal.

Chorus.—To thee, St. John's we gladly sing,
To thee we sing, we sing, we sing ;
To thee our sounding praises bring,
Our praises bring, our praises bring
We hail thee, love thee, bless the day
That brought us 'neath thy guardian sway,
 Thy guardian sway.

Oft from the strife of coming year (of coming year) ;
Oft from the mingled hopes and fears (hopes and fears)
 Our hearts will turn to thee—
 Our hearts will turn to thee.
Thy restful paths, thy sunny slopes ;
Thy promises, youth's buoyant hopes
 We find in thoughts of thee—
 We find in thoughts of thee.

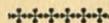
And strengthened by these mem'ries dear (mem'ries dear)
We forward with songs of cheer (with songs of cheer)
 To thee our thanks we raise—
 To thee our thanks we raise.
And to the guiding Hand above
Which over all our lives doth move
 A parting song of praise—
 A parting song of praise.

'97 Class Day Exercises.

JUNE 15th, 1897,

11 A. M.

In McDowell Hall.



PROGRAM

ROLL CALL AND READING OF MINUTES	Sprignel Payne Wiley.
CLASS HISTORY	Joseph B. Douglas.
CLASS PROPHECY	Roger E. Simmons.
FAREWELL ADDRESS (<i>Mock</i>)	Lewis C. Boehm.
PRESENTATION OF MOCK DIPLOMAS	By the President, James P. Offutt.

PRESIDENT'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

SINGING THE COLLEGE ODE.

ADJOURNMENT.

Philokalian Society.

The 29th Anniversary of the Philokalian Society, June 14th, 1897.

PROGRAM.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS Edward M. L'Engle, Jacksonville, Fla.

MUSIC.

ESSAYIST Sprignel Payne Wiley, Norrisville, Md.

MUSIC.

ORATOR Charles Irving Flory, Reisterstown, Md.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS BY ALUMNUS Honorable John S. Wirt, Elkton, Md.

MUSIC.

DANCING.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SPRIGNEL PAYNE WILEY. EDWARD M. L'ENGLE.
CHARLES IRVING FLORY.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

CHARLES H. MACNABB. PETER P. BLANCHARD.
CHARLES E. TERRY.

Philomathean Society.

The 28th Anniversary of the Philomathean Society, June 15th, 1897.

PROGRAM.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME Joseph B. Douglas, Rosaryville Md.

MUSIC.

ORATOR Lewis C. Boehm, Snow Hill, Md.

MUSIC.

ESSAYIST Walter D. Smith, Cumberland, Md.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS BY ALUMNUS Edward H. Sincell, Oakland, Md.

MUSIC.

FAREWELL ADDRESS W. Thomas Kemp, Trappe, Md.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. T. KEMP, '97. LEWIS C. BOEHM, '97.
ALVA M. ISANOGLA, '98.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

ROGER E. SIMMONS, '97. LEWIS C. BOEHM, '97.
J. THEODORE JOHNSON, '98. LOUIS GRIENEISEN, '99.
PAUL H. HERMAN, 1900.



To the Muses.

Invocation.



YE sylvan gods ! ye muses nine !
Descend !
Your supernatural ears incline,
Attend !
Cease pegging at Victoria's bard,
Beware !
To make a poet of him is hard,
I swear !
But here's true fame where you may dwell,
Come see.
Behold " Le Poète l'Annuel "—
That's me !

O, Calliope of Epic fame,
Choose me a hero and a name !
Hexameters in endless flow,
In answer to my prayer, bestow !

Lend thine aid, Melphomene !
Fame may again redound to thee.
Such tragedies as I will make !
Men's hearts will glow sometimes, or quake.

Erato, Lyric Muse, inspire
Productions worthy of the lyre,
Nor yet too short, nor yet too long —
Let blushing maidens be my song.

O, Thalia ! light-hearted thou !
When care is chasèd from my brow,
Be present with me for a while,
That I may write in *comic* style.

Clio, History's Muse, unroll
Part of thine immortal scroll ;
Give to me from out thy store
Noble deeds unsung before.

Urania, draw near, I pray,
When Vesper's veil hath closed the day ;
And teach me by thy wondrous *ars*
To tell men's fortunes by the stars.

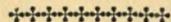
Terpsichore, be thou near
And with thy dance preserve my cheer —
Then, when my labors are complete,
We'll "pat the earth with triple beat."

Polyhymnia, Rhet'ric's Muse,
Teach me that "one apt word" to choose ;
Though ofttimes I must needs erase,
Oh ! let me write with polished grace.

And now, Euterpe, be my Muse.
The gift of harmony infuse.
In all my works or light or grave,
Euterpe, let me be thy slave !

Then haste thee, haste thee, Muses all,
I pray,
Nor when that ye have heard my call
Delay ;
For if your presence doth inspire
My song,
To you the praises of my lyre
Belong.
Then let the chords be nine if so
You choose,
And each be dedicated to —
A muse.

Joy or Grief--Which?



Let me recline
Just here in the shade of this old poplar tree ;
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The students of St. John's, and where I may hear
Their joyful songs, with their cheer after cheer :
Let me recline.

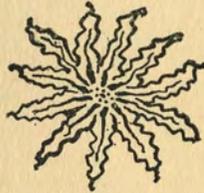
O, it is grand !
The spring breeze blows over ; the warm sun looks down
On student and Prof. as they wander around,
Smiling with pleasure of having found rest
For the much-muddled brain, and the heart-throbbing breast.
O, it is grand !

As June comes on
Our spirits wax high. Think how soon we'll be home !
After each happy thought more wretched ones come,
Whispering *exams* and *two seventy-five*,
With warning to study if we would survive,
As June comes on.

Weary and faint
We go to the room where the *exams* are held ;
And come out (if we've passed) with our heads greatly swell'd.
But those not so lucky, who sank 'neath the tide,
Come out with slow steps, and their heads to one side,
Weary and faint.

O, that last week !
Was it joy or grief that stole over our frame
As the last days passed by, and holiday came ?
Joy — for soon we'd be joining home's happy throng ;
Grief — to think of leaving those sweethearts so long.
O, that last week !

Yea, 'twas duty !
Having, at length, bid the fair damsels "good-bye,"
We left the old campus with watering eye ;
Yes, we left Pinkney Hall, and the fresh-growing sod,
Commending St. John's to the blessing of God.
Yea, 'twas duty !



*Tanto major famae situs est quam
 Virtutis, Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam
 Praemia si tollas. * * * * **
** * * * * Semita certe
 Tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitae.*



So much the raging thirst of Fame exceeds
 The generous warmth which prompts to worthy deeds,
 That none confess fair *virtue's* generous power,
 Or woo her to their breasts without a dower.
 Here bound at length thy wishes ; I but teach
 What blessing man, by his own power, may reach.
 The path to peace is *virtue*.

The endless tide of years rolls on — away,
 And leaves behind its transient, passing spray.
 Beneath the genial moisture of its dew
 Kingdoms and empires into being grew,
 And sawey the world : each day beholds them fall
 Into decay's embrace and ruin's thrall.
 They rise and pass away ; mankind, the surge
 'Neath which they sink and from which they emerge,
 Today reveals them clothed in wealth and power ;
 Tomorrow gone ! destroyed within an hour.
 Where, where art thou, Athena, 'neath whose rod
 Nations have trembled as before a god ?
 Alas ! thou scarce canst boast of being free,
 And nations scorn thee who have bent the knee
 Before thy power, and decay now plays
 Amid the glories he cannot erase.

Thy glories ! whence have all these glories sprung
That have for ages ever round thee clung ?
Whence springs all glory of this changeful sphere ?
Hark ! now a voice replies, soft, faint, yet clear :
The power that stirs the restless human breast
To follow *glory's* bright, empyreal crest
Is but to win a name ; an empty name
To sound a monument through the lists of Fame.

Strange is the spirit and the mind of man,
And strange the thoughts and hopes that crowd the span
Of their existence. In their depths, unseen
As that 'neath Etna's sloping breast of green,
Forever preys a fire, a galling flame.
Which years may strive, and vainly strive, to tame.
Deep — deep — unseen, within the human breast
Forever lurks a demon of unrest,
Whose endless whisperings allure the soul
And weigh it down into his fell control.
What, then, avails meek virtue's warning cry ?
'Tis naught ! unheard, or passed unheeded by.
Man throws his soul, heart, passions in the toil
For glory, wins, and what the paltry spoil ?
A fancied crown of laurel, which, though green,
Fades on the wave of time and sinks unseen.

Oh ! Fame, thou goddess from whose stars is shed
A glare that dazzles all thou hast misled,
What are thy charms ? canst thou revive the brave
Who sleep within the hero's verdant grave ?
Canst thou restore the feeble breath that's fled,
Or calm the dying brow, or cheer the dead ?
Or to the blackened clime restore the green
Of former days and each remembered scene ?
The hero who hath burst the stream of life
In marshaled thousands, turning from the strife
Hastes to his cottage by the Tiber's shore,
But finds, alas ! it is his home no more.

He sees the smile of no remembered face
And feels the rapture of no loved embrace.
No more he sees his youthful son in play
Lead, with his father's sword, th' imagined fray.
All — all are gone ! the passing zephyr's breath
Stops in its play, and to him whispers " Death !"
Where, then, are thou, oh ! glory ? Come and cheer
The bosom robbed of all it held as dear.

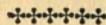
What are thy hidden charms, oh ! laureled Fame ?
Hast ever thou been but a shallow name ?
Yet what a name ! within its boundless sphere
The course of ages may be pictured clear.
Before me seems a vale, a gentle vale
Upon an isle of summer, and the pale,
Soft light of Dian twines among the trees
That softly tremble 'neath the evening breeze.
And gazing there I see an endless throng
That through this vale enchanted moves along.
On, on, they go, amid the summer's bloom,
Thoughtless and happy. Lo ! a shade of gloom
Steals on them now ; faint, silent yet 't spreads,
And settles fast upon the wave of heads.
Yet on the throng in silence ever goes,
A human wave that restless onward flows.
But now no more the verdure meets their eyes,
No more the bed of flowers beneath them lies.
Great, blackened rocks lift high a frowning brow
Above the depths that darkly yawn below.
And now from these there comes — is it a moan ?
It is — it is — low misery's dying groan.
Why do ye pause, ye foremost ? Have ye ne'er
Heard sounds like these float on the summer air ?
No sound can chill the heart or sympathies
Awake, like misery's groan as slow she dies.
The foremost paused, but slowly onward now
They pass ; the gloom above, around, below,
A torturing spirit seems to drive them on ;

Each knowing not the other — all alone.
Before them now an opening chasm lies,
And from its depths low muttering thunders rise,
As if the elements all striving were
To burst the earthly bonds that held them there.
They strive to go, but none have ever crost ;
The leap is made ; a life forever lost.
Such, Fame, thou art ; a blooming valley, where
The voice of pleasure fills the summer air.
But enter there, sad is thy mortal doom,
“The paths of glory lead fast to the tomb.”
The balmy fragrance of the zephyr's breath
Soon changes to the simoon's blast of death.



A Ballad,--"The Elf King."

[Translated from the German of Goethe.]



I.

WHO rides so late through night and wild ?
It is a father with his child ;
He holds the boy safe on his arm ;
He has him close, he keeps him warm.

II.

" My son, why hidest thou your face ? "
" Seest thou, father, not th' Elf King's grace ?
The Elf King, with his crown and train ? "—
" My son, 'tis but a cloud of rain."—

III.

" Thou, dearest child, come. Go with me !
Full pretty games I'll play with thee ;
Myriad gay birds are on the strand,
Myriad garments in Fairy land."

IV.

" Father ! Father ! O, do you hear ?
The Elf King whispers in my ear."—
" Darling, be peaceful ; be at ease,
'Tis the wind rustling the dry leaves."

V.

“Come, lad ; willst thou not go with me ?
My blue-eyed lasses wait for thee ;
My lasses lead the moonlight dance,
While figures in and out entrance.”—

VI.

“Father ! Father ! O, don’t you see
Th’ Elf King’s daughter on the dark lea ?”
“My darling, I see it, but say !
The old meadow is always gray.”—

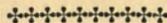
VII.

“I love, for your beauty charmeth me ;
And against your will shall I force thee”—
“Father ! dear father, hold me bound :
Th’ Elf King has given me a wound !”

VIII.

The father fears, thus riding wild,
Holds in his arms the sobbing child ;
Reached the court with labor and pain ;
But, oh ! the child ne’er woke again.

Past.



I.

HERE'S to the days that are past and gone
Forever and forever !
From the voiceless harp no more a tone
My careless hand shall sever.
With lifeless dust let the silent urn
Of the past be filled, where no passions burn.
For the days that are gone can never return.
Never ! Never ! Never !

II.

What are the frowns of those who hate ?
We'll never let them grieve us.
As a cloud blown on by the breath of fate,
They pass away and leave us.
And why should we mourn, though the unseen powers
Have scattered thorns o'er the passing hours,
If we feel that the next will be strewn with flowers,
And hopes that will not deceive us ?

III.

The smiles of loved ones, what are they ?
They can alone remind us
That soon, too soon, we must pass away,
And leave them far behind us.
Still, as we stand by the silent shore
And watch Time's breakers dashing o'er
The wreck of the days that are now no more,
Then mem'ry there will bind us.

IV.

Here's to the days that are past and gone
From the past no more to sever !
Let never a smile, nor a tear, nor a groan
Return again — no, never !
O'er the wreck and the ruin of vanished days
Let us climb where the lustre of Fame's bright rays
Shines far in the warmth of a radiant blaze
Forever and forever !



The Last Waltz.



I.

COME ! we'll dance again, my love
Ere the waltz is o'er.
On its rhythmic strains, my love,
Let our spirits soar.
Let no thought of other hours
Linger in thy breast ;
In thy Fancy's rosy bowers
Let my spirit rest.

II.

Soft away the shadows fly,
Rapidly the while.
But an hour, and from the sky
Morn will night beguile.
But an hour, and I am gone
Many a weary mile.
Dark will be my heart and love,
Shadowed from thy smile.

III.

Smile again ; thy smiles are roses.
Let them ever bloom !
Each a flower of heaven discloses,
Shining through my gloom.
Though the harp of life is broken,
Round each voiceless string
Then thy friendship's priceless token
Shall forever cling.

IV.

There's a tear upon the rose
On thy bosom fair ;
Glittering like the dew that glows
In the morning air.
Gone the music ! all is o'er,
Hark the morning knell !
I shall see thee never more —
Love, oh ! love, farewell !

Time Table of Important Events.



SEPTEMBER.

20. The Freshmen arrive.
23. They dusted their faces.
25. Had onions for dinner.
27. "Jim" Almony met a "femme."
30. Fine day — gave Professor Cissel a rest.



OCTOBER.

4. The Sophs visited the Freshmen.
6. Hill (H. P.) borrowed a "telescope."
7. Poker Flat bought a box of apples.
9. We visited a watermelon patch.
10. We had cramps.
13. Whitson went to church.
15. Juniors "skipped" French.
17. Professor Soho "skipped" Junior Class.
21. Strahorn sick. Reason : Wall's in town.
25. Conn washed his feet.
26. Conn had a bad cold.
27. Conn went home. Reason : Sick from washing his feet.
31. "Jim" went calling.



NOVEMBER.

1. Had bread and potatoes for breakfast.
2. Had potatoes and bread for breakfast.
5. Clarke had a girl.
10. Dog-catcher caught "Toby."

- "Tommy" greatly worried.
11. Boys afraid to eat sausage.
 12. "Tommy" succeeded in recapturing "Toby."
 13. Boys ate sausage.
 19. Strahorn changed his socks. Put the left one on the right foot, and *vice versa*.
 22. Clarke called on "Jim's" girl.
 23. "Jim" bought a pistol.
 24. "Bill" apologized.
 25. Went to Cambridge?
 30. "Pete" had an operation performed on his voice.



DECEMBER.

4. Played in the mud with the "Mutes."
11. "Chawlie" bought a high hat.
12. Students bought ancient eggs.
13. "Chawlie" didn't wear his hat.
16. "Conn" took a nap.
22. Christmas holidays began.



JANUARY.

5. Reunion.
6. Bad marks in classes.
8. Lyles and Strahorn made 5. in Analytical Geometry.
10. "Billy" took up inspection.
12. Furniture moved off third floor.
14. Good (?) dinner.
21. Examination schedule put up.
22. Thinking of gouges.
27. Isanogle went to church.
28. The Junior Class "skipped" the "Sparrow."
31. Exams began.

FEBRUARY.

2. Lyles passed Math. (?)
4. Douglas, Herman, Williams and Mackall called on a girl.
6. Bohanan christened "Harmless."
8. Exams end ; forgiveness asked.
15. Seniors "skipped" English.
19. Skelly bought a chest protector.
20. Melvin sold a baseball glove for three "ponies."
25. "Nick" went out with Ward's fishing apparatus. (His "net.")
26. Evans and Huffington rode a "hoss."
28. Had *hash* for supper.



MARCH.

1. Had spring chickens for breakfast ? (eggs).
3. Collison tried to crack a joke — with a hatchet.
5. Sinclair didnt get *zips* in French.
6. Commissary Department lost a quantity of provisions.
7. Collison and Reynolds gave a "blow out."
10. Conrad told how they put coal in the second-story window in Baltimore.
14. Lyons was not late for German.
17. Evans got a letter from Washington.
18. Evans sick.
20. Glee Club practice.
21. Reynolds went to classes.
Professor Daniels exhibited his squad of trained mechanics.
24. Poker Flat gave a stag hop in the Gymnasium, leaving hurriedly by the back window at 9.30 P. M.
29. Had a swell dinner — dried apples and water.
31. Puss "skipped" German.

APRIL.

1. Oh ! you fool.
4. Melvin caught a fly ball, but, thinking it cruel to keep it, turned it loose.
5. "Alva" gave a "set-out." "Oscar" heard of it and called around.
10. March *Collegian* appeared.
16. English classes found a *bird* in the class-room.
20. Professor Soho went to Baltimore.
Professor Daniels went home.
Professor Briggs tied in.
10.30 P. M. Grand rally on third floor.
21. It rained.
24. Major Wilkinson appointed on the staff of General Miles ;
expects to have charge of the Third Army Corps in
Cuba. (?)
30. W. R. Wiley saw the point in a joke.



MAY.

1. *Shirt-tail* parade. (?)
2. Swelled heads.
5. No French.
7. Strahorn went walking with his (?) girl.
10. "Peggy" put on a clean collar.
14. Lawson shined his shoes.
21. RAT-TAT expected.
22. Went into camp. (?)
10.30 P. M. Went out of camp. (?)
31. Terry ill over the effects of the last baseball game.

Longing.



I.

SOMETIMES, it seems, when heavy-hearted,
And silent longings fill my breast
That will I know thy fated rest.
Oh, vanished life ! Oh, love departed !
So low you lie ! With all hopes thwarted,
I cannot call back life's young dream ;
In vain, I fight grief's mighty stream.
Oh, vanished love ! Oh, life departed !

II.

There on her grave is a linden growing,
Where song birds sang, and soft winds are blowing ;
There on the sod 'neath the shadowy boughs
A lover makes to his love his vows.
The winds they murmur so low and so sadly ;
The birds are singing so sweet and so gladly ;
The whispering lovers grow silent : They sigh,
And weep ; yet weeping they know not why.

To the Heroes Who Sank With The Maine.

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"—HORACE.



I.

HERE once sailed out on the ocean
A ship as gallant and brave ;
As the bravest on any water,
She ploughed through the billowy wave.

II.

She sailed to a friendly (?) harbor,
Ne'er thinking that nevermore
Would she, the pride of a nation,
See again her native shore.

III.

Enemies had mined the harbor.
Unknown to the *Maine* was this,
As she rested on the billows
In calm, untrammelled bliss.

IV.

But, oh ! the fate that awaits her —
'Tis horrible now to tell ;
'Tis not the work of the Master,
But a fiendish plot of hell !

V.

There was not a moment's warning
Of the death that awaited the men
All resting in blissful slumber
Right over this hellish pen.

VI.

The decks are all torn asunder,
And the seamen, brave and true ;
All mangled and torn and bleeding
Are lost in the waters blue.

VII.

Now let us avenge this *ravage*.
Let the *Stars and Stripes* wave high.
Columbia's pride is insulted ;
We'll conquer now, or we'll die.

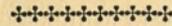
VIII.

Our flag, the pride of all patriots,
Must never ! no, never ! go down !
If so, what is the significance
Of Washington's taking Yorktown ?

IX.

Let us now, as then, do our duty.
To the front, boys ! now join in the train !
Plant a monument of glory forever
To the heroes who sank with the *Maine*.

Vote.



IN order to decide who is regarded by the majority as having more of a certain quality than another, we have made a careful canvass among all the fellows. The following list is the result of the canvass :

1. Most popular in the College . . . J. B. NOBLE.
2. Best-natured K. L. WHITSON.
3. Best student P. H. EDWARDS.
4. Best all-around athlete P. P. BLANCHARD.
5. Best baseball player W. L. BRADY.
6. Best football player P. P. BLANCHARD.
7. Best figure D. H. DUVAL.
8. Best business manager J. S. STRAHORN.
9. Biggest feet J. S. STRAHORN.
10. Handsomest man P. D. LYONS.
11. Biggest eater F. W. EVANS.
12. Most careful man D. H. DUVAL.
13. Best officer in battalion R. GOLDSBOROUGH.
14. Best relay runner J. S. STRAHORN.
15. Most level-headed W. L. BRADY.
16. Best ladies' man P. D. LYONS.
17. Most popular with ladies P. D. LYONS.
18. Best literary man D. C. LYLES.
19. "Goodest" man J. W. HUFFINGTON.
20. Best all-around good fellow J. B. NOBLE.
21. Kindest man J. W. HUFFINGTON.
22. Trickiest man F. J. BOHANAN.
23. Biggest devil C. C. REYNOLDS.
24. Best-dressed P. D. LYONS.

ငွေကပ်သွား!



C.H. MacNabb.

THE BALTIMO

WANTS.

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WANTED—A preparation to restore my lost moustache and suggestions as to preserving a new one; also a wardrobe large enough to hold my high silk hat.
C. H. MCNABB.

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WANTED—A private telephone to Westminster, and a guide book to matrimony and house-keeping.
N. OREM.

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WANTED—A remedy for loafing; also the title of "Chairman."
C. E. TERRY.

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are

WANTED—Money for the Y. M. C. A.
A. M. ISANOGLE.

3 P.

WANTED—A copious supply of "Stogies" and a seat in the Legislature where I may smoke them.
J. B. NOBLE.

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WANTED—A recommendation to insure my standing in the "codfish aristocracy" of Annapolis.
D. C. LYLES.

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WANTED—To know if we shall skip French.
JUNIOR CLASS.

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8 P. M.
early

WANTS.

WANTED—Captaincy of Company "A" and President of the Y. M. C. A.
F. W. EVANS.

WANTED—To meet a girl with whom I will not fall in love at first sight, and a recipe for fruit cake.
F. J. BOHANAN.

WANTED—A new and more satisfactory addition to my livery stable, and some way to know my lessons without studying them.
P. D. LYONS.

WANTED—A few more nights a week in town and a chain and staple for my trunk.
H. G. DOUGLAS.

WANTED—A good pull with *all* the Profs., and a rattle to play with.
R. P. MELVIN.

WANTED—A permanent residence in town; also a monopoly with the girls and the rank of Major.
J. S. STRAHORN.

WANTED—A "stand in" with the fair sex, and a free pass to Baltimore.
S. T. MACKALL.

WANTED—The rank of Sophomore and a bottle of anti-fat.
T. PENINGTON.

LOST—From Class of Ninety-nine, an English Mastiff, answers to name of Harold or Bow-wow; finder may take possession of him if desirable.

GRAND STRETCHING CONTEST

TO BE HELD AT

Rubber Park, Chuesday, September 32nd, 8 P. M.

Necks Stretched, 25c. each.

Admission, 15c.

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Grinds.



EDWARDS, '98.

"The spirit is willing, but the flesh is *scarce*."

DUVALL, '98.

"A rustic sport am I,
As everybody knows ;
And if you do not want to die,
Don't soil my nice, new clothes."

ISANOGLA, '98.

"There shall be showers of blessing."

LYLES, '98.

"Who shall estimate the cost of a priceless reputation ?"

MACNABB, '98.

"Don't sit on me high silk hat."

WILKINSON, '98.

"What a wondrous thing is the gift of gab !"

HOP COMMITTEE.

"It is a pleasant thing to see the sun."

BOHANAN, '99.

"A man's first love, like his first cigar, is always remembered."

EVANS, '99.

"The ladies call him sweet."

COLLISON, '99.

"In this world we have many ups and downs."

MELVIN, '99.

"Steadily the wee one climbs."

DOUGLAS, '99.

"Oh ! that I might some day rise
To high esteem in woman's eyes."

LYONS, '99.

"Whether it is better for a man
To suffer the wretched loneliness
Of a single life,
Or to dance about some pretty girl
And by attention win her."

STRAHORN, '99.

"Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height."

WHITSON, '98 (?).

"A volunteer, a volunteer,
Is what I want to be ;
But should there be a war, I fear,
You'd have to hunt for me."

ANDERSON, 1900.

"The 'yaller kid' has grown into a sport."

HILL, 1900.

"Oh ! you little monkey, you !"

Kidney (in boarding club) : "What have we for supper, Jimmie?"

Jimmie ; "Ditto."

✦

"They cannot be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone ;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone."

It is hard to get blood out of a "turn-up," but "Nick" did it when he hit "Kalum" in the nose.

✦

A wise son maketh a glad father, but a pretty girl maketh an empty pocket-book.



If you want to die, don't commit suicide — just eat a few meals in the “ Club.”



If you are morose and melancholy, read *The Collegian*.
As a recommendation, read this :

“ *Dear Mr. Editor :*

“ I was engaged in the pleasant pastime of splitting wood, but while sitting upon a stump resting, I read aloud a few extracts from your paper, and the result was the wood split itself with mirth.

“ WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.”



No wonder “ Chawlie ” draws so well. Wearing a stove-pipe ought to facilitate matters.

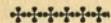


Professor Pusey : “ Mr. Douglas, who was Medea ? ”

Mr. D. (just waking up) : “ Why — er — eh ? That was one of those animals — (*Laughter.*)

G. A. R.

[GRAND ARMY OF THE RESTFUL.]



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,

DEWITT C. LYLES.

STAFF

COLONEL G. M. CONN.

COLONEL C. C. REYNOLDS.

‡COLONEL W. R. WINCHESTER.

COMMANDING FORAGE DEPARTMENT

ADJUTANT-GENERAL T. A. COLLISON.

Captain, W. L. BRADY.

‡*First Lieutenant*, C. E. TERRY.

Coporal, K. L. WHITSON.

PRIVATES OF THE LINE

H. G. JONES.

C. C. HERMAN.

C. E. MULLAN.

*H. RULLMAN.

*E. SCHNEIDER.

RAW RECRUITS

†*H. P. HILL.

*G. F. FISH.

*J. R. JOYCE.

*H. ALMONY.

*G. H. LEHMUTH.

Surgeon, W. J. SHARTZER.

Cook, *I. D. IRELAND.

Assistant Cook, O. K. TOLLEY, B. A.

*Freshmen.

†Physically disqualified for duty.

‡On leave of absence.

Noms de Plume.



"SKELLY" EDWARDS.	"MIDGE" GIRAULT.
"MABEL" CLARKE.	"SIS" HERMAN.
"BLISTER" BROWN.	"CALFY" HERMAN.
"HOUCK" GOLDSBOROUGH.	"BILL" SHARTZER.
"RUSTIC" DUVALL.	"FARMER" HOPKINS.
"CHAWLIE" MACNABB.	"BUM" JONES.
"ALVEY" ISANOGLÉ.	"SCABBY" LAWSON.
"NIC" OREM.	"REUBEN" MACKALL.
"JIM" NOBLE.	"DUMPY" PENINGTON.
"BILLY" WILKINSON.	"HORSER" PHELPS.
"JIMMIE" COLLISON.	"BUZZ" REYNOLDS.
"HARMLESS" BOHANAN.	"POLECAT" NICHOLS.
"KIDNEY" DOUGLAS.	"STUDENT" TOLLEY.
"CHRISTER" EVANS.	"IRISH" WILEY.
"DOUG" LYONS.	"BIG MOUTH" WYATT.
"PARSON" MAYO.	"JIM UGLY" ALMONY.
"KID" MELVIN.	"PEAR FACE" KRUG.
"GENE" MULLAN.	"DUTCH" LEHMUTH.
"PICKS" NICHOLS.	"PAIN IN FACE" HILL.
"PETE" BRADY.	"PECK" SCHNEIDER.
"KALUM" WHITSON.	"BUCK" WILEY.
"YALLER" ANDERSON.	"JACKASS" WILLIAMS.
*"PAT" CASSIDY.	

**Alias* Pat Booth, our Irish Dramatist.

Chart of Great Men and their Peculiarities with Points of Interest.

	PEDIGREE.	KNOCKNEED OR PIGEONTOED.	PROBABLE FUTURE.	FACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.	NICK NAMES.	CHARACTERISTICS	AGE AND COLOR.	FAIR, CLOUDY, WARM, COLD.	HEIGHT.	MISCELLANEOUS.	GENERAL SUMMARY.
1 E. H. BROWN,	Irish		Country Lawyer	Big	Innumerable, "Tin God on Wheels"	"Would you mind"	Fair color, age unknown	Cloudy	?	Nuisance	Good fellow
2 J. M. SINCLAIR,	Has'nt any	Don't know which	"Old Tar"	Long nose, broad mouth	"Got None"	Witch Hazel rubber	Buff, 15	Cold	6 ft.	Athlete	Not fond of the girls
3 FRANK W. EVANS,	Obscure	Knockneed	Local Preacher	Sour Cream	"Christer"	Never had any	18 and fair	Warm	5 ft. 6 in.	Heart Smasher	Liver squeezer
4 T. A. COLLISON,	Hazy	Neither.	Brick Presser	Hair and XXX nose	"Jimmy"	Doubtful	Striped and 25	Cold	Varies	Shark	Hobo.
5 NICHOLAS OREM,	St. Michael's	Probably Second	Politician	Small eyes	"Nick"	11.50 P. M.	16, dark	Cloudy	6 ft.	Gets low	Generally Sleepy
6 PAUL HERMAN,	Unknown.	Both	Will succeed some Isaac	Narrow-eyed	"Calfy."	"Prince Geo. St."	12, yaller	Cloudy	4 ft. 9 in.	Curly locks	Spawt
7 KAOLIN WHITSON,	Highland Scotch	Both these not half	Country Magistrate	Pug nose	"Kalum"	Too numerous to mention.	16, colorless	Fair	3 ft. horizontally	Balks	Rag chewer
8 H. P. HILL,	Can't tell, been skinned	Yes	Patent Medicines	Lawge	"Pain in the Face"	Seeing girls	?	Hot	5 ft. 4 or 4 ft. 5	Skipper	R. & R.'s
9 ANDREW KRUG,	Sharmony	Slightly both	Prize Fighter	Looks like a Chinese	"Pear Face"	None	?	Cold	4 ft. 7	Greek student	Smiler
10 DEWITT LYLES,	Colorado	Neither, perhaps bowlegged	Clown in Side Show	Bump on his nose	None	General	Don't know either	Fair	Above two feet	Loud	Improving
11 C. H. MACNABB,	Land of Wallace	?	Country Judge	Blue eyes and moustache	"Chawlie"	Would be Artist	16 and unkissed	Warm	"About so high"	Distant	Improving
12 JOHN S. STRAHORN	Hails from Cecil	Just the opposite	Country Politician	Gold sets in his teeth	"Long John"	Wit ?	30, medium	Fair	Never been to the top	"Do, or I'll do you"	Fiery
13 H. S. ALMONY,	One out of 1000	Both	Uncle Lem	Not so good	"Jim Ugly"	On the road	1st unknown, freckeled	Cold	Same both ways	"You ain't"	Quiet
14 H. G. JONES,	Annapolitan	Tonguetied	Sporting at Bay Ridge	Very good	"Bum"	11 P. M.	Sunburnt at 20	Hailing	Diameter, 5 ft. 6	Wheelman	Studious (?)

Presumption.



ONCE a youth in our College old
Not very long ago
Did what might be thought as bold,
And that you soon shall know.

'Twas after holidays were o'er
And "Chawlie"—that's his name—
Returned to old St. John's once more ;
But this is how he came :

A high silk hat was on his head ;
A long frock coat he wore ;
And many a compliment (?) was paid
As he entered the mess hall door.

And many a plot was made next day,
As students could devise ;
The wondrous hat to hide away
From sporty (?) "Chawlie's" eyes.

But, as the days passed on, you see,
The mischief was laid by ;
And "Chawlie" thought : "There's none like me,
"A sporty youth am I."

Dear friends, should you be asked why we
This act did tolerate :
He's in the *Senior Class*—ah, me !
That Class of *Ninety-eight* !

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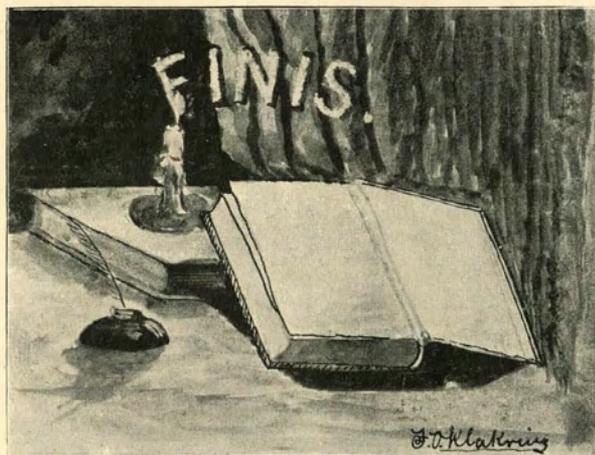
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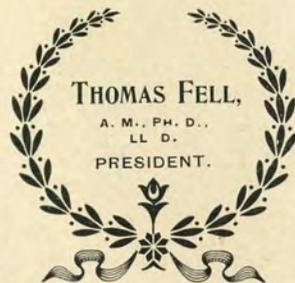


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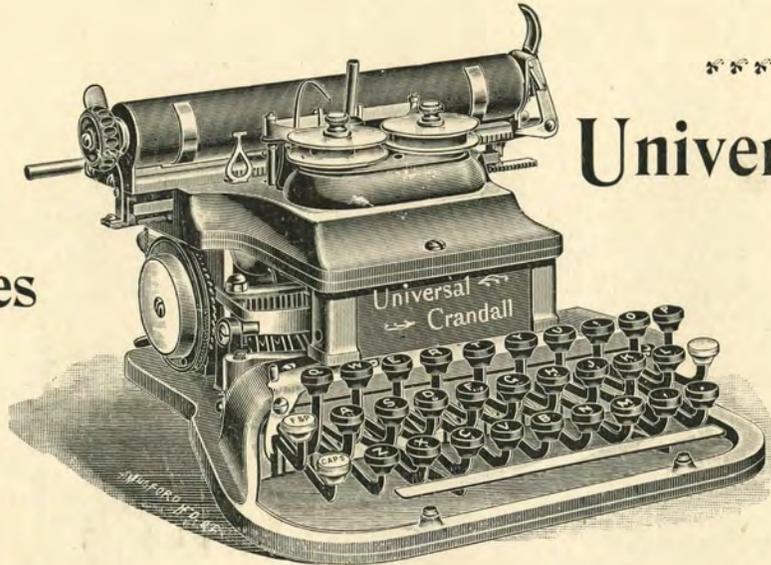
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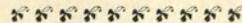
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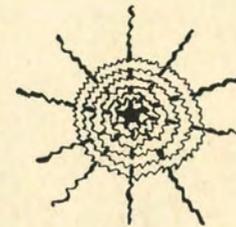
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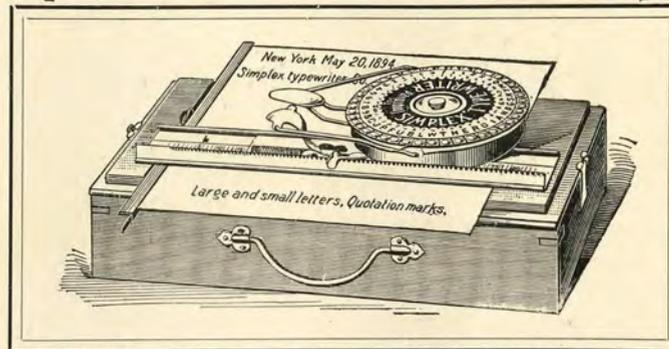
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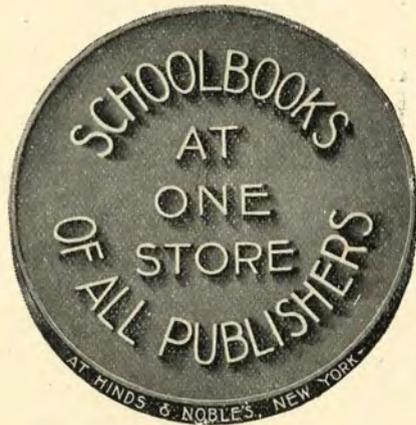
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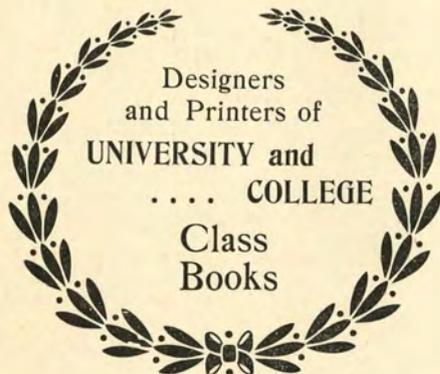
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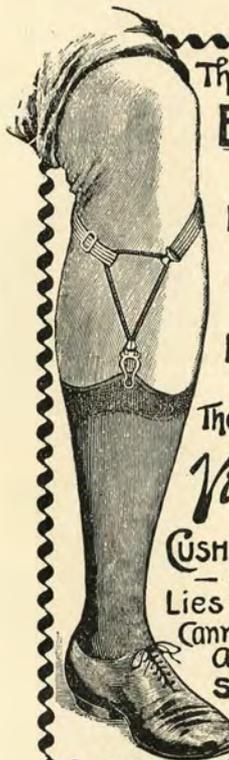
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