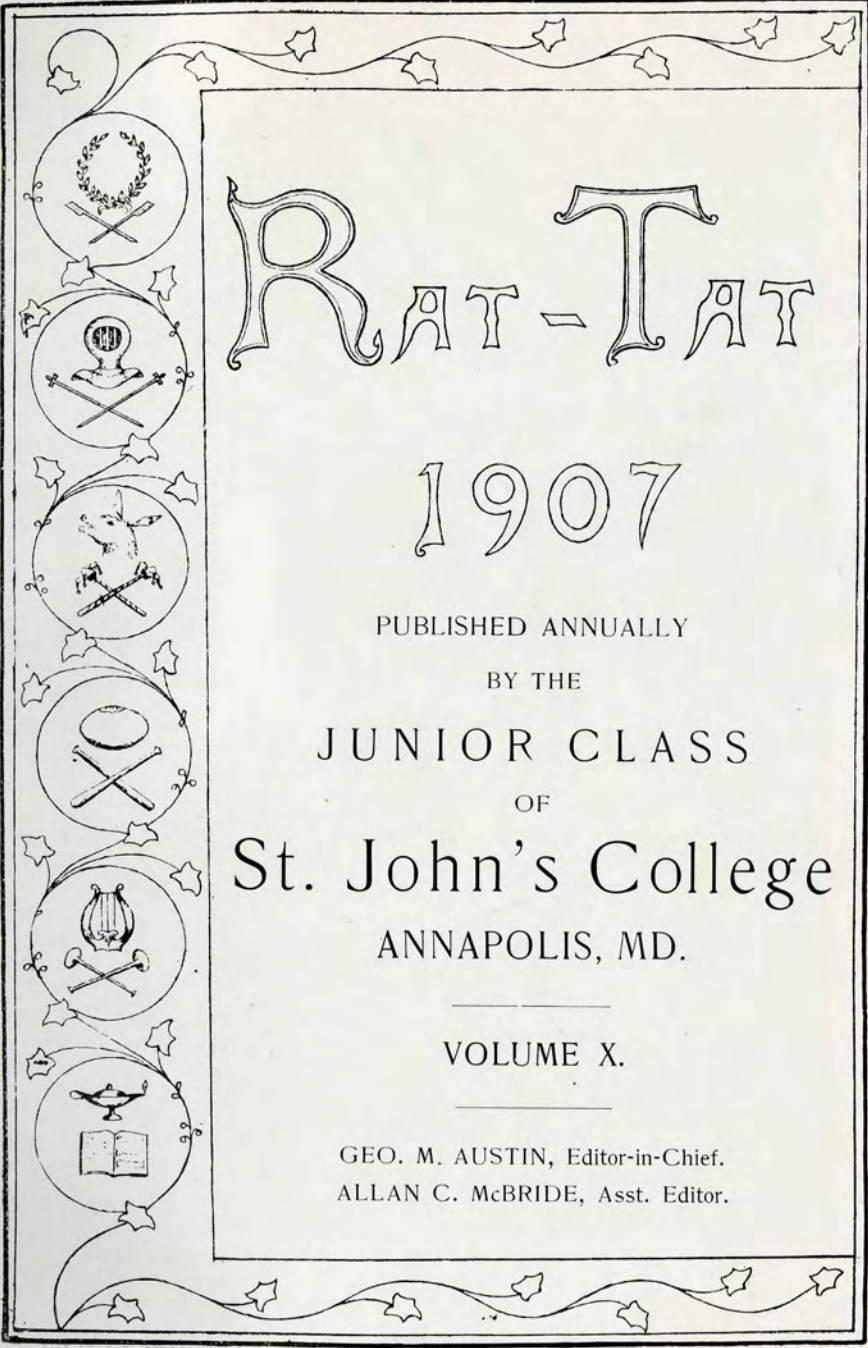


St. John's
Rat-Chat
1907



A decorative border surrounds the central text. It features a wavy line with stars at the top and bottom. On the left side, there is a vertical column of six circular medallions, each containing a different symbol: a laurel wreath with crossed swords, a skull with crossed swords, a unicorn with crossed swords, a bowl with crossed swords, a lyre with crossed swords, and an oil lamp above an open book.

RAT-TAT

1907

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

BY THE

JUNIOR CLASS

OF

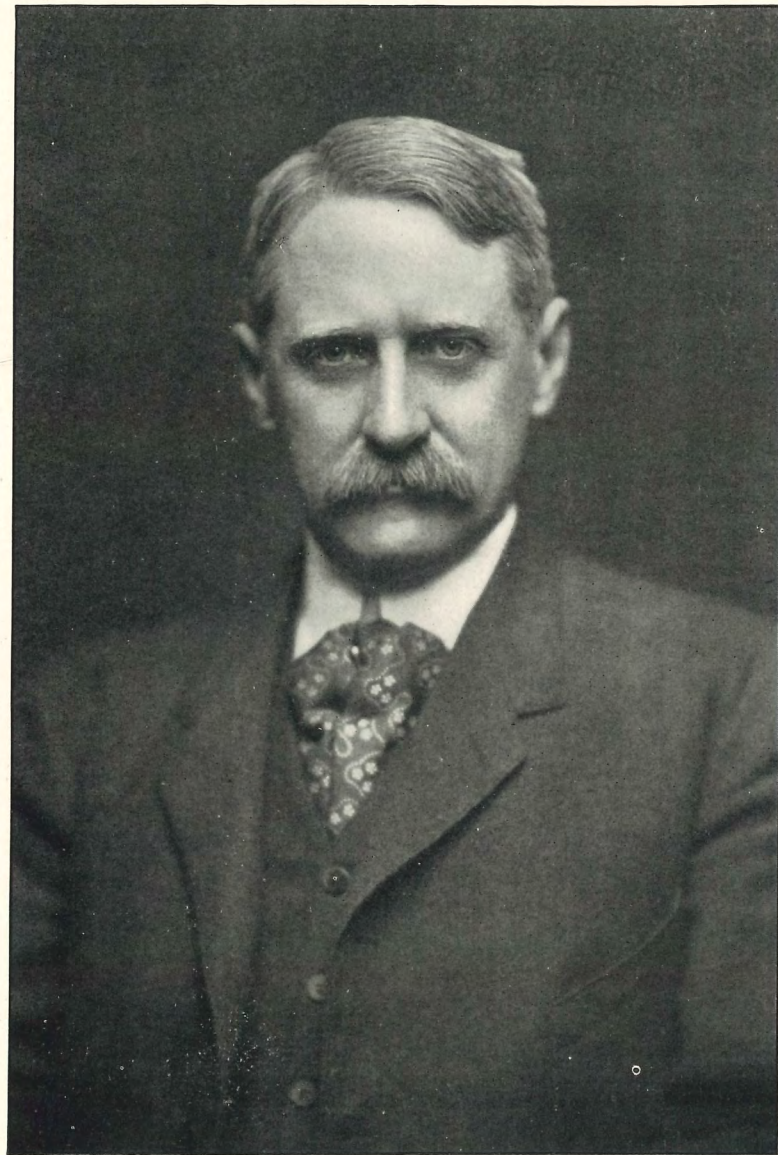
St. John's College

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

VOLUME X.

GEO. M. AUSTIN, Editor-in-Chief.

ALLAN C. McBRIDE, Asst. Editor.



HENRY D. HARLAN.



HENRY DAVID HARLAN was born in Churchville, in Harford county, Maryland, October 23, 1858, the son of David Harlan and Margaret R. Harlan, of Quaker descent; is a descendant of Michael Harlan, a native of North Wearmoth, England, who came to America in 1687, settling near Kennett, now Pennsbury, in Pennsylvania. David Harlan, the father of Judge Harlan, was a medical director in the United States Navy; at the time of his death he ranked as a commodore. When the boy was five years old his father was assigned to the Naval Academy at Philadelphia. The next assignment of Dr. Harlan was to the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1866.

During this time Judge Harlan attended the preparatory department of St. John's College. He afterwards attended St. Clement's Hall, near Ellicott City, and then returned to St. John's College at Annapolis in Class 1873; graduating with second honors in Class 1878. In the fall of the succeeding year he entered the Law School of the University of Maryland. On his graduation, in 1881, Judge Harlan was rewarded with the grade and thesis prizes of \$100 each.

After practicing his profession for two years he was chosen Assistant Professor in the Law Department of Maryland University. He was also elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Faculty of Law. In 1892 he was made Professor and constituted a member of the Law Faculty. In 1888 Governor Jackson appointed Judge Harlan as Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City. At that time he was only thirty years of age, and consequently one of the youngest persons ever elevated to the bench in Maryland. The next year Judge Harlan was elected by the people Chief Judge for the full term of fifteen years. In November, 1905, he was re-elected for another term of fifteen years.

On December 19, 1899, Judge Harlan married Miss Helen Altemus, the only daughter of the well-known publisher, Henry Altemus. In 1903 Judge Harlan was unanimously chosen President of the Board of Trustees of Johns Hopkins Hospital. He has, from the time of its inception, been a member of the Court House Commission, and in 1904 he was elected a trustee of Johns Hopkins Hospital. He is a vestryman of Emmanuel P. E. Church of Baltimore.

It was under the supervision of the Court House Commission that the handsome new court house of Baltimore City, costing over two million dollars, was constructed, and this building is often spoken of as Judge Harlan's "particular pride."

During his College days at St. John's, Judge Harlan took part in athletics. He pitched on the College team and rowed stroke in the College barge. Judge Harlan's favorite pastime is golf. He makes his home in the summer at Sudbrook Park, Md., and almost daily he can be found on the links of the Sudbrook Park Golf Club, of which he is an enthusiastic member. He is also a member of the Baltimore Country Club and of the University Club.

Dedication.

TO

JUDGE HENRY D. HARLAND,

OUR KIND FRIEND AND LOYAL ALUMNUS,

WE DEDICATE THIS VOLUME AS A TOKEN OF OUR HIGHEST ESTEEM.

Introduction.



SINCE the compiling of this book is a labor placed upon us not by choice, but by custom, we, the Junior Class, assume no responsibility in placing before the public the tenth volume of THE RAT-TAT. In it we have collected the current "knocks" and "grinds" of student life and a few of the more serious thoughts of our three years at St. John's. We offer this book, first, to the student as a means of recalling the pleasant days of his college career, the familiar faces of his class-mates, the jolly laugh, the friendly rivalry, and the echo of the hearty old class yell. Secondly, we offer our collection of fact and fancy to the Alumnus, hoping to arouse his college pride and interest, which, after long absence from the campus, may be lying dormant, and to stimulate his enthusiasm by our achievements on the athletic field, so that every son of old St. John's may exert his utmost efforts for the welfare of his Alma Mater. Lastly, we offer this volume to the general reader, who has not shared the ups and downs of college life, trusting that he may find therein something amusing and interesting whereby he may be stirred to a more active interest in our College. From each we ask a kindly, rather than a severe criticism of this our first literary undertaking.

With these few words of introduction we place this volume of THE RAT-TAT before the public, hoping, in spite of its faults and failings, that it may be found worthy of a place among its predecessors.

THE 1907 EDITORIAL BOARD.



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1907.

Calendar.

1908.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18—*Opening of Session and Reception of Candidates for Admission.*

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19—*Examination for Candidates and Unexamined Students in Latin and Greek.*

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20—*Examination for Candidates and Unexamined Students in History, English and Science.*

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20—*Examination for Candidates and Unexamined Students in Mathematics.*

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21—*Commencement of Christmas Vacation.*

1908.

TUESDAY, JAN. 7—*Resumption of College Exercises.*

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5—*Second Term Begins.*

FRIDAY, FEB. 22—*Washington's Birthday.*

FRIDAY, APRIL 17—*Good Friday.*

MONDAY, APRIL 20—*Easter Monday.*

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3—*Entrance Examination—Latin and Greek.*

THURSDAY, JUNE 4—*Entrance Examination—English, History and Science.*

FRIDAY, JUNE 5—*Entrance Examination—Mathematics.*

THURSDAY, JUNE 11—*Junior Oratorical Contest.*

FRIDAY, JUNE 12—*Preparatory School Commencement.*

FRIDAY, JUNE 12—*Anniversary of Philokalean Society.*

SATURDAY JUNE 13—*Anniversary of Philomathean Society.*

SUNDAY, JUNE 14—*(Morning) Baccalaureate Sermon.*

SUNDAY, JUNE 14—*(Evening) Address to Y. M. C. A.*

MONDAY, JUNE 15—*Celebration of Members of Philokalean and Philomathean Societies.*

TUESDAY, JUNE 16—*Farewell Ball to Graduating Class.*

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17—*Commencement Day.*

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17—*Address Before the Alumni.*

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(Under the Charter Elected Annually)

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Annapolis, Md.

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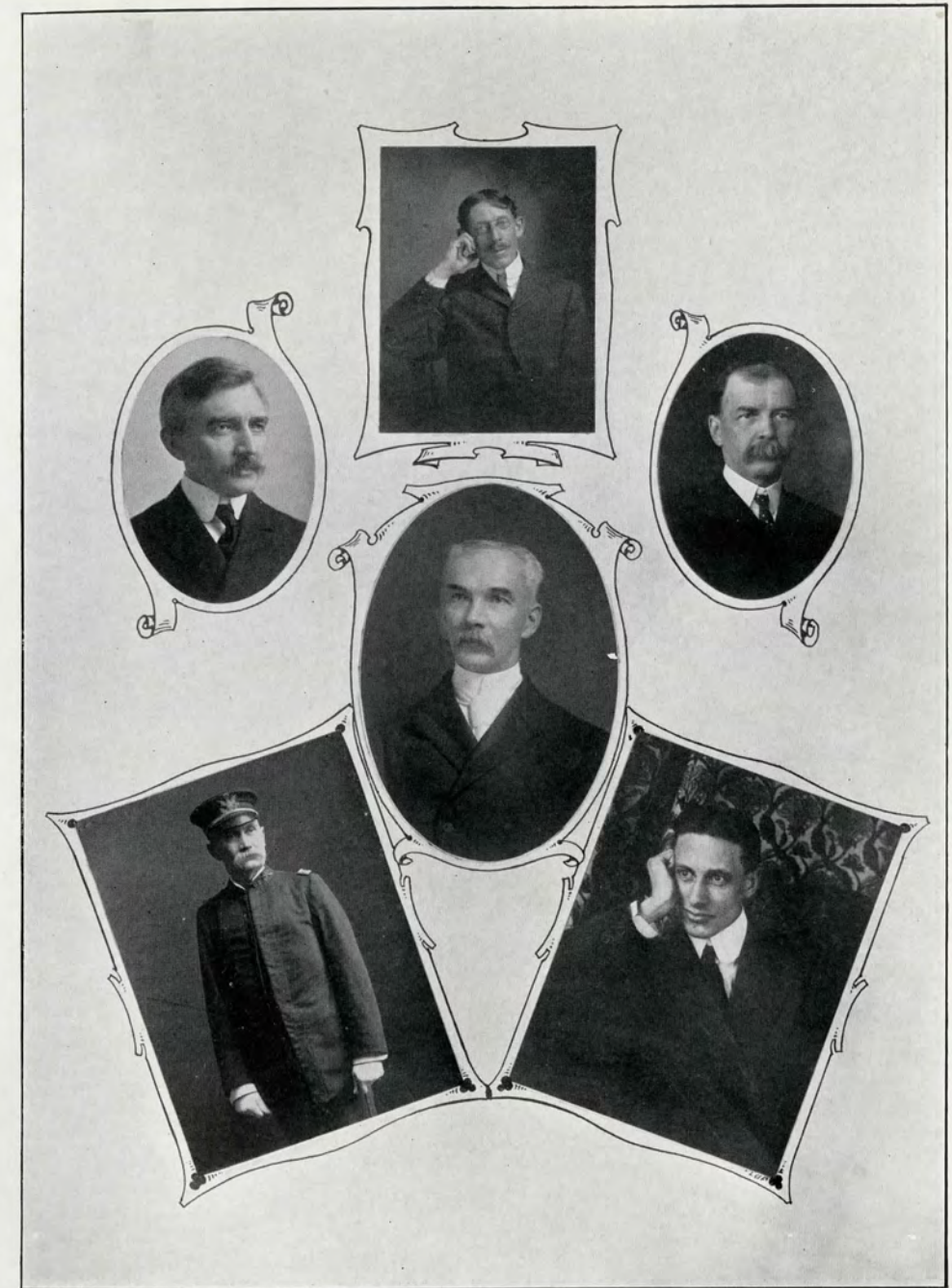
Hon. John P. Briscoe,

Judge Court of Appeals,
Prince Frederick, Md.

Daniel M. Thomas,

Baltimore, Md., 1859.

Hon. J. Wirt Randall, Annapolis, Md., 1882.	James M. Munroe, Annapolis, Md., 1896.
William G. Ridout, M.D., Annapolis, Md., 1882.	Hon. Robert Moss, Annapolis, Md., 1897.
George Wells, M.D., Annapolis, Md., 1882.	L. Allison Wilmer, La Plata, Md., 1897.
Philemon H. Tuck, Baltimore, Md., 1885.	Frank H. Stockett, Annapolis, Md., 1897.
L. Dorsey Gassaway, Annapolis, Md., 1891.	James A. Fechtig, Baltimore, Md., 1899.
Hon. Daniel R. Magruder, Annapolis, Md., 1891.	Charles G. Feldmeyer, Annapolis, Md., 1899.
Hon. Spencer C. Jones, Rockville, Md., 1892.	Nicholas H. Green, Annapolis, Md., 1901.
Blanchard Randall, Baltimore, Md., 1892.	James T. Woodward, New York, N. Y., 1901.
Hon. James Revell, Annapolis, Md., 1893.	Harry J. Hopkins, Annapolis, Md., 1902.
Hon. H. W. Talbott, Rockville, Md., 1894.	Stevenson A. Williams, Bel Air, Md., 1904.
Hon. James A. Pearce, Judge Court of Appeals, Chestertown, Md.	Louis T. Clarke, Ellicott City, Md., 1905.



FACULTY.



FACULTY—Continued.

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- John B. White, M.A. (Graduate of Geneva College),
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- S. Roland Hopkins, B.A. (Graduate of St. John's College),
Instructor in English and Science.

History of St. John's College.



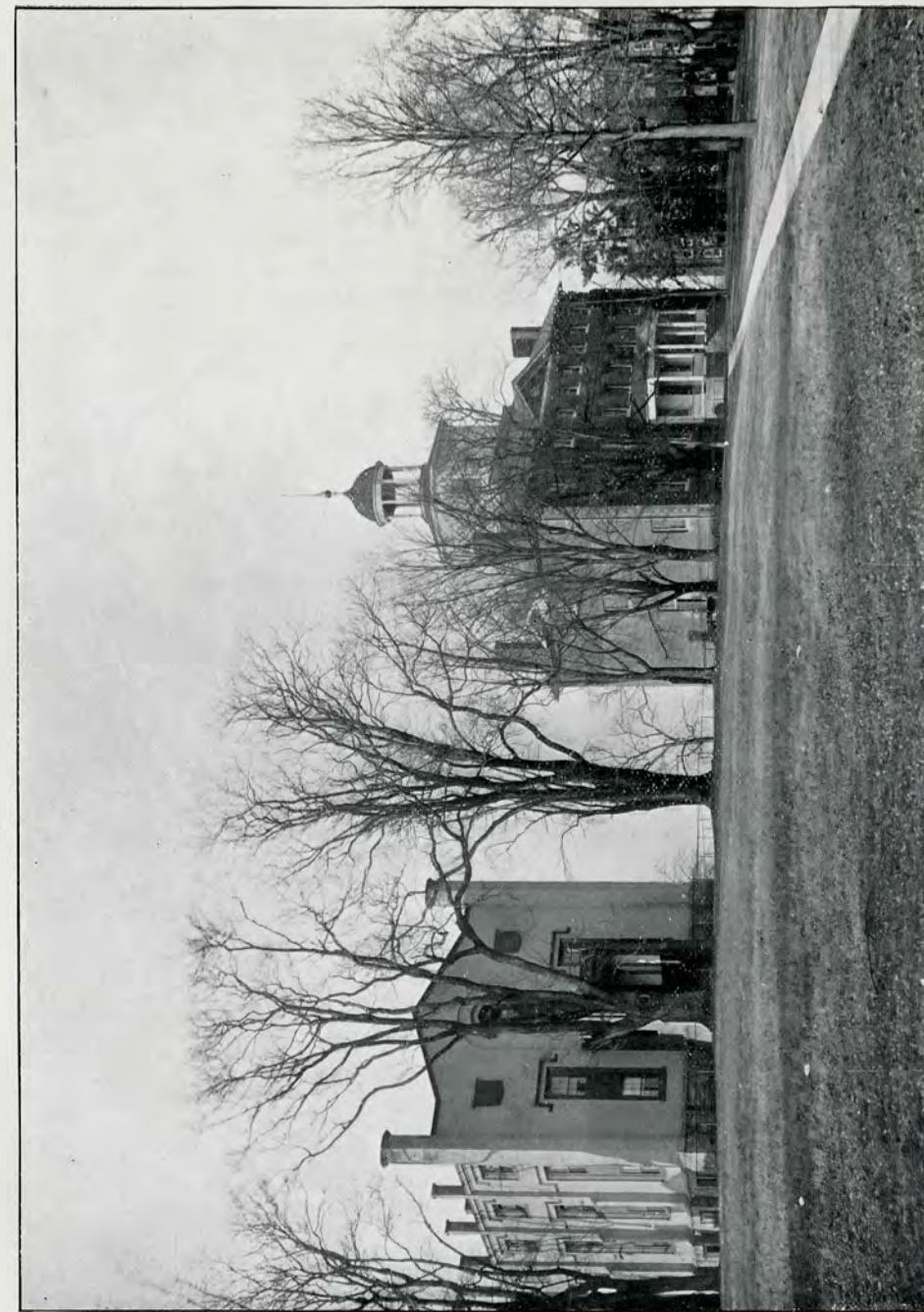
OF MARYLAND colleges, St. John's, by far the most famed for its learning, its athletics and its gentlemanly men, is as antique and historic as it is renowned.

In the year 1671, when as yet political liberty was undreamed of, the people of Maryland felt the need of an institution which would give the youth of America intellectual freedom. To supply this need, the General Assembly passed an act "for founding and erecting a school or college for the education of youth in learning and virtue." This laudable act was followed by another in 1696, "providing a place or places for a free school, or place of study of Latin, Greek, writing and the like."

Governor Nicholson donated a lot, upon which trustees, appointed by the General Assembly, immediately began the building of a plain brick structure, containing besides the school rooms, apartments for the teacher and his family. The building was completed in 1701, and was named King William's School, in honor of King William III of England, to whom the act founding it was addressed.

Rev. Edward Butler, rector of St. Anne's, was installed as the first master. At this early date the school was supported by the sale of lands and buildings donated it, from time to time, by its few staunch supporters. King William's School, however, did not furnish such facilities for advanced learning as the people of Maryland desired.

Mr. Eddis, writing under the date of October 4, 1773, says: "The Legislature of this province, animated by sentiments which reflect the highest credit on their patriotism and wisdom, have also determined, by a recent law, to endow and form a college for the education of youth in every liberal and useful branch of science." Governor Eden highly recommended the founding of such an institution of learning, and it was due almost entirely to his energetic efforts that it was established. In 1784 the Legislature appropriated a sum of money to endow it, specifying in the charter that, "the college be founded and maintained forever upon a most liberal plan for the benefit of the youth of every religious denomination, and it shall be fitted to train up and perpetuate a succession of able and honorable men for discharging the various offices and duties of life, both civil and religious, with usefulness and reputation."



CAMPUS.

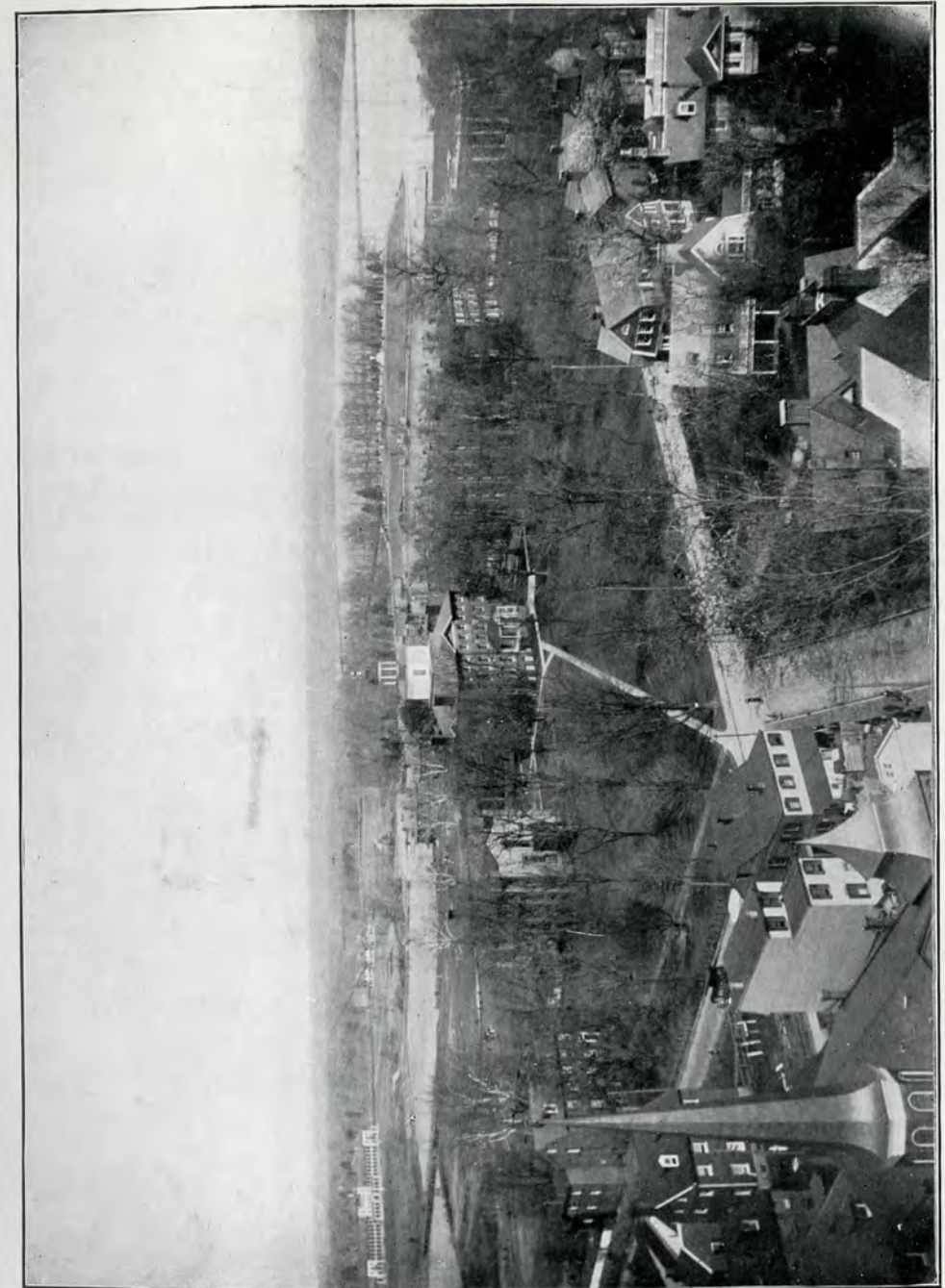
The fact that in the short space of thirteen years after the graduation of the first class, the names of four Governors of Maryland, of six United States Senators, of five members of the House of Representatives, of twelve judges and of many other men of prominence were on the roll of the College alumni, shows that the provisions of the charter were carried out to a remarkable degree.

The General Assembly made a grant of Governor Bladen's old mansion and four acres of land surrounding it. In the year 1785, while the old mansion was being remodeled, by an act of Congress, all the funds and property of King William's School were conveyed to the College, which was named St. John's College, after St. John's College of Oxford University. Thus King William's School still exists, and has gained great renown under the name of St. John's College.

After several years of work the old mansion, nicknamed "Bladen's Folly," because of the unwise policy of attempting to build such a magnificent structure without the support, or even the favor of the General Assembly, was put in good condition, and elaborate preparations were made for its dedication.

On Wednesday, the 11th of November, 1789, it was dedicated to the great work of enlightening mankind, in the presence of a vast concourse of eminent citizens, members of the General Assembly, judges, city officials, faculty and students. The name of this noble edifice has since been changed to McDowell Hall, in honor of Dr. McDowell, who was the first principal of St. John's College. It is a large, square brick building, four stories high, surmounted by a curious dome, which bears aloft upon its gilded apex a flag-staff, from which is unfurled the glorious "Stars and Stripes." The two upper stories consist of recitation and society rooms. The second floor, which is reached from the four sides by four flights of steps, consists of the chapel, recitation rooms, the president's office and reception room. The first floor is a basement for shopwork and storage rooms. Situated in a most commanding position, its antique style, massive granite steps, and ivy-grown walls make McDowell Hall a thing of pride and beauty.

On Friday morning, March 25, 1791, St. John's College was highly honored by a visit from the beloved father of his country, President George Washington. He declared that he was much interested in the welfare of the College, and was pleased with its progress. As a proof of his feeling toward the College, he subsequently wrote the following letter:



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF 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 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 entrust 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 regards toward 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 case.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

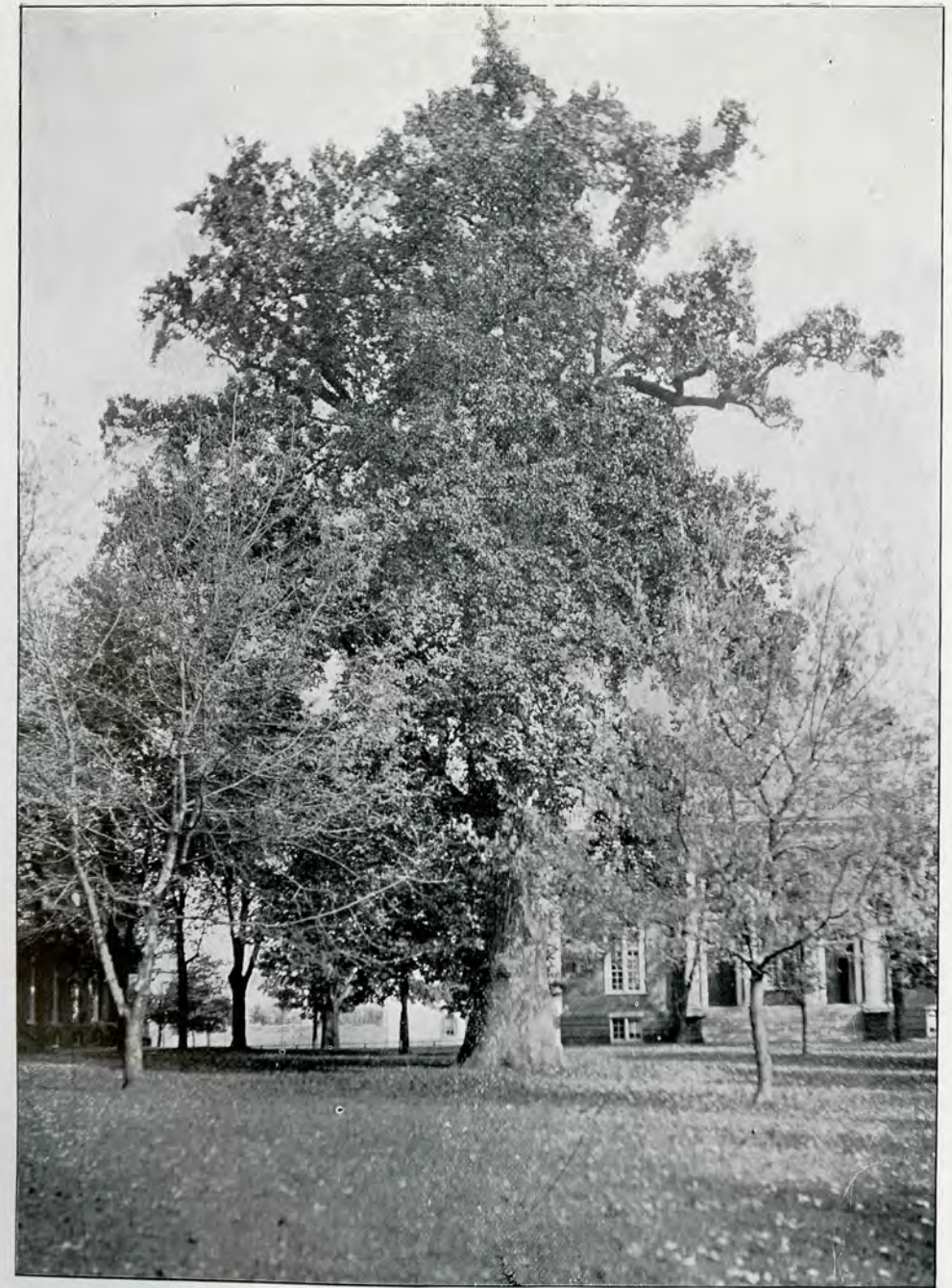
For many years McDowell Hall was the only collegiate building which St. John's possessed. However, Rev. Hector Humphrey, in assuming the presidency, immediately set about to raise money for another building. By persevering efforts he received the amount of \$11,000 in donations. Operations were immediately begun, and on June 18, 1835, the corner-stone was laid. In a metallic box under the stone is a sealed glass vase, containing the following manuscript:

"This corner-stone was laid on Thursday, 18th day of June, A. D. 1835, by the Hon. John Stephen, Presiding Judge in the Court of Appeals; the Rev. Hector Humphrey, D.D., President of St. John's College, and John Johnson, Esq., one of the Board of Visitors and Governors, being present and assisting His Excellency, Andrew Jackson, being President of the United States; His Excellency, James Thomas, Governor of Maryland, and the Hons. John S. Martin, Thomas Veazly, George C. Washington, Nathaniel F. Williams, and Gwinn Harris, being the Executive Council, and Dr. Dennis Claude being Mayor of Annapolis.

RAMSEY WATERS,
JOHN JOHNSON,
NICHOLAS BREWER, JR.,
Building Committee."

On August 5, 1855, twenty years after its dedication, the Alumni Association conferred on it the name of Humphrey's Hall in honor of him who had done so much to advance the College during his presidency, and through whose noble efforts the erection of the Hall was made possible.

In the same year the majestic many-turreted building, on the right of McDowell Hall, was built by aid of the Legislature. To it the name of Pinkney Hall was given in honor of the illustrious alumnus, William Pinkney. This



THE OLD POPLAR.

beautiful four-storied dormitory, with its ivy-grown walls and curious spires, is an ornament to the College grounds. Every student of St. John's looks back with fond recollections to the days he spent in its pleasant shelter.

Fortune now seemed to smile on St. John's. Every year a long list of brilliant graduates were leaving her portals with hearts warm in the love of their Alma Mater. But an evil hour was fast appearing. In 1860 the dark and gloomy clouds of civil war appeared in the sky. Fired with patriotism, students flung aside their books and joined one or the other of the opposing armies, to fight, and if necessary to die, for the preservation of the Union, or for the rights of the South.

The College buildings and grounds were seized by the Federal Government. The peaceful campus was transferred into a military camp, and the halls were used as barracks and as hospitals for soldiers wounded on the bloody field. When the four years of bitter struggling had passed, and the soldiers were withdrawn from St. John's grounds, repairs were immediately begun upon the buildings which had been very much damaged by the rough usage during the war.

The appropriations which had been withheld, because of the war, were renewed in 1866. Dr. Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, was elected President in the same year, and the College was put on a firm foundation once more. The next year, however, Dr. Barnard resigned, and thereupon president after president followed, changing as often, it seemed, as the swallows made their migratory flight. The legislative appropriations were continued for a few years, but soon they ceased to be granted regularly, and their uncertainty became a serious menace to the life of the College. The number of students again began to dwindle, and it seemed that the College was on the road to ruin. But in the year 1886 Dr. Thomas Fell was called to the presidency of the College, and St. John's sprang into new life. The buildings, which had greatly deteriorated, were again put into good shape, the number of students increased rapidly, and the College was soon in a flourishing condition once more.

The commencement of 1889 was a happy one for St. John's. She had now arrived at her one hundredth anniversary, and her sons gathered from all sections to honor her, who for one hundred years had withstood the buffeting of unfavorable criticism and the fickleness of her supporters, and yet showed such remarkable vigor, and gave promise of such a brilliant future.

The exercises on this occasion were quite elaborate, and the graduates who that year bade farewell to their Alma Mater could look back with more than ordinary pride to the fact that they had participated in the grand carnival of the College's centennial anniversary.



THE DINING HALL.

The tide of college life now flowed on smoothly. Every year brought a larger body of new recruits, and every year the College grew in popularity and worth.

In 1900 a new building was added to the list of those that already graced the campus. The building, named Woodward Hall, in honor of James T. Woodward, was designed to accommodate the library and the science department, and supplied a long-felt need. The library, which is situated on the first floor, is beautifully finished in walnut, and on its shelves are priceless books of "forgotten lore," which were once the literary gems of King William's School, and were transferred to the College in 1785. Here are to be found also the standard works of literature, and the latest magazines and periodicals. The biological laboratory is also situated on the first floor. The second floor is occupied by the chemical and physical laboratory and lecture room. The equipment here for scientific research is more nearly perfect than that found in the laboratories of many universities. The basement of the Hall is used for a machine shop and armory.

Scarcely had three years, less than the length of a collegiate course, passed by after the erection of Woodward Hall, before another fine structure arose. Heretofore the dining-room had been in the basement of Humphrey's Hall. But as the College grew, the necessity of having a larger dining-room, and also more dormitories, soon became apparent. Accordingly, by the aid of an appropriation of the Legislature, a model mess-hall and dormitory was erected. The two upper floors comprise a dormitory for the Seniors and Juniors. On the first floor is a beautiful, spacious dining-room, entrance to which is gained through two double doors leading from the vestibule. The latter is noteworthy because of the fact that its walls are decorated with the photographs of some of the great heroes of American sport, as Walter Camp, Casper Whitney, James W. Cain, Horatio Stevens White, Cornelius C. Cuyler, James A. Le Roy, and William Lambeth, as well as with the likenesses of St. John's heroes, the men who have played on the teams since the year 1888.

The mess hall itself is most attractively decorated with magnificent woodwork, and the change from the basement of Humphrey's Hall was a most agreeable one to the students. There is an exit from the rear end of the dining-room, through two doors, to a broad flight of stairs leading to the thoroughly equipped kitchen below. This building at present bears no other name than Senior Hall, but it is to be hoped that in the near future the name of some illustrious St. John's man will grace it, and add to its importance.

Not only has St. John's been advancing intellectually, but also morally. Recently the Honor and Exempt System was adopted, and is working admirably to the satisfaction and betterment of the students and College.

Thus, as the years glide swiftly by, the College continues to grow in truth and virtue. And why should she not, since she has the memory of the glorious career of the alumni to inspire her to honor and prestige? The very halls seem to exert some mysterious influence and to imbue every St. John's man with the far-famed and most potent St. John's spirit.

Strolling over the rear campus we tread upon the almost sacred ground of the athletic field, where for scores of years St. John's men have by manly endeavor, grit, and perseverance won never-fading laurels on the gridiron, diamond, field and track.

Proceeding to the beautiful front campus we pass into the delightful shade of stately trees, one of which, more picturesque and grand than all the rest, quickly attracts our attention. This is the historic old poplar, more ancient and renowned than St. John's itself, famous for the treaty between the colonists and Indians, signed under its spreading boughs, and for the welcome here extended to the noble Lafayette.

As one pauses beneath the shadow of this aged tree, he is awed by its majesty, and like some soft zephyr whispering to him, comes the memory of these beautiful lines:

"Thee, ancient tree, autumnal storms assail,
Thy shattered branches spread the sound afar,
Thy tall head bows before the rising gale;
Thy pale leaf flits along the troubled air.
No more thou boastest of thy vernal bloom,
Thy withered foliage glads the eye no more.
Yet still, thy presence in thy lonely gloom,
A secret pleasure to my soul restores.
For round thy trunk my careless childhood strayed,
When fancy led me cheerful o'er the green,
And many a frolic feat beneath thy shade
Far distant days and other suns have seen.
Fond recollection kindles at the view,
And acts each long departed scene anew."

Surrounded by these grand monuments of past glory, with such ennobling influences constantly exerted upon him in all his College associations, a St. John's man could not be other than a man of integrity and resolution. A great statesman, speaking of St. John's, very truthfully said:

"Can it be necessary to suggest to our intelligent fellow-citizens that final advantage enjoyed by the students of St. John's College, of attending at times the debates in the General Assembly, and in the several Supreme Courts? It is at Annapolis, that listening to the eloquence of the bar, the Senate, and the House of Delegates, an ingenious, ardent young man may catch the flame of patriotism, imbibe a laudable ambition, and lay the best foundation for future eminence."



Alumni.

St. John's has the distinction of being one of the oldest colleges in the country.

She has given to the world the names of countless distinguished men who have risen to eminence in their chosen professions and have in frequent instances even attained to the pinnacle of national greatness itself.

The little College on the banks of the Severn seems to have been founded and nurtured on broad and stable lines, and while in numbers she has remained among the less prominent institutions of learning, in culture and in ability to turn out men who have cast lustre on their chosen professions she stands unsurpassed.

In scholarship her sons have ranked honorably, in athletics they have been skillful and successful.

College spirit at St. John's is proverbial. A do-or-die spirit has animated her men in all of the many-sided life of a College man, and the very atmosphere seems pregnant with the spirits of great names like Francis Scott Key and William Pinkney.

If there is any quality which especially distinguishes St. John's men, it is loyalty to their Alma Mater. For years her fame has been sung in poetry and in prose, and today she stands on the threshold of still greater achievements in art, athletics and letters.

It is for the undergraduate of today and the younger Alumnae to aid St. John's in her onward march, and with her friends constant and her competitors distanced, it seems certain that this College will not fail to be in the future, as she has been in the past, one of the most illustrious of the smaller colleges of our grand old State and country.



WILLIAM THOMAS KEMP
PHILIP D. LYONS

JOSEPH B. DOUGLAS
JOHN PARRAN BRISCOE

WILLIAM GARLAND FAY
S. PAYNE WILEY

William Thomas Kemp.

William Thomas Kemp was born on April 16, 1877. He is the eldest son of J. H. Caulk Kemp, of Talbot county, Md., and is descended from a long line of distinguished ancestry.

The subject of this sketch received his early education in the public schools of his native county and was graduated with first honors from Easton High School in June, 1894. In September following, he entered the Sophomore Class of St. John's College. During his Junior year at College, he was selected as editor-in-chief of the first edition of the College Annual, called the *RAT-TAT*, from a portion of the '97 class yell. This pioneer volume was dedicated to the memory of Francis Scott Key, the author of the national anthem, who was graduated from St. John's College in 1796, just one hundred years prior to the publication of the *RAT-TAT*. Mr. Kemp was also editor-in-chief of the *St. John's Collegian* during the session of 1896 and 1897. In his Senior year he was president of the Philomathean Literary Society. He was graduated from St. John's in June, 1897, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and again carried off first honors in the standing of his class. He entered Columbia University, New York City, in October, 1897, taking separate courses in the School of Political Science and in the School of Law. In 1899 the former school conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1900, he was graduated from the latter school with the degree of Bachelor of Law. During each year at the Law School he won a scholarship, the only mark of special distinction.

Immediately after leaving Columbia University, Mr. Kemp passed examinations for entrance to the bar in the States of New York and Maryland. In September, 1900, he commenced the practice of law in Baltimore and has met with distinct success in the profession, being now regarded as one of the most active and efficient of the younger members of the bar. He is associated in practice with Mr. George Whitelock, a former president of the Maryland State Bar Association, and ex-Judge David Fowler, formerly of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, their offices being in the Continental Building, Baltimore.

Mr. Kemp was one of the organizers of, and is now a director in, the Annapolis Banking and Trust Company, one of the most flourishing financial institutions of the State. Recently he has been honored with the appointment by the Republic of Peru as its consular representative in Baltimore.

In June, 1904, Mr. Kemp married Miss Elsie Melvin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Melvin, of Annapolis, Md.

Philip Douglass Lyons.

Philip Douglass Lyons graduated near the head of his class in 1899, receiving the medal offered by the Baltimore branch of the Alumnæ for the best all-round man of his class.

In the summer of the same year he received a position as assistant chemist with the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrows Point, and in a short time he did so well in the special branches of chemistry which he took up that he was promoted to be the chemist in charge of one of its most important branches.

Mr. Lyons held this position until September, 1906, when, after a long illness, he resigned. At present he is maturing plans for an independent plant of his own to be located at New Orleans, La.

While at St. John's Mr. Lyons was a very popular man, and is a fair example of a young and progressive alumnus of the College.

Joseph B. Douglas.

Captain Joseph B. Douglas, U. S. A., was born at Rosaryville, Maryland, May 7, 1874. Graduated at St. John's College in 1897. He was appointed a Second Lieutenant of Artillery, and assigned to the Fifth Artillery, July 9, 1898. Promoted First Lieutenant February 2, 1901, and assigned to the Artillery Corps. Promoted Captain in the Artillery Corps, June 18, 1902. Captain Douglas is a graduate of the United States Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., Class of 1906. He is at present stationed at Fort Barrancas, Florida, in command of the Twentieth Company, Coast Artillery.

John Parran Briscoe.

John Parran Briscoe, Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, was born August 24, 1853, in Lower Marlboro, Calvert county, Md.

He was educated at Charlotte Hall Academy and at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Having prepared for and been admitted to the bar, he has since been connected with his profession as co-practitioner or as a judge upon the bench. In 1879 he was elected to the office of State's Attorney for Calvert county for a term of four years, and so capably did he discharge his duties that he was re-elected in 1883 and again in 1887, so that he continued in the office for twelve consecutive years.

In 1890 he was appointed the Chief Judge of the 7th Judicial Circuit of Maryland, and in 1891, on the Democratic ticket, he was elected to that office for a term of fifteen years. The district comprises the counties of Calvert, Charles, St. Mary's and Prince George. He also has a wider jurisdiction as one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of the State.

On the bench he sustains the dignity of the law, which stands as a conservator of human rights, life and liberty. His decisions are characterized by perspicuity and a thorough mastery of the points presented and of the law applicable to them.

Sprignel Payne Wiley.

Sprignel Payne Wiley was born near Norrisville, Harford county, Md. His early education was received in the public schools of his county, entering the preparatory department of St. John's in the fall of 1892. The following year he entered the College as a member of the class of '97. While at College he was active in all things pertaining to the good of the institution.

With Roger E. Simmons, he was business manager of the first RAT-TAT issued at St. John's. During his Senior year he was, with Jas. P. Offutt, business manager of *The Collegian*, which was the most successfully published *Collegian* up to that time and the first *Collegian* regularly bound and distributed as a complete volume.

After graduating at St. John's he entered in the business life, where his ability and perseverance soon became recognized, and now he is vice-president of the South Atlantic Life Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.

In the fall of 1900 he married Miss Edith Girault, of Annapolis.

William Garland Fay.

William Garland Fay was born in Annapolis, Md., March 21, 1879.

He entered the St. John's Preparatory School in 1889 and graduated from College with the degree of B.A. in 1897.

After leaving St. John's he was employed by the firm of Bell & Company, bankers and brokers, of New York City, but only stayed with them until January, 1900, at which time he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. On March 3, 1903, he attained the rank of first lieutenant, and at present is stationed at the marine barracks and school of application, Annapolis, Md.





Class of 1907.

MOTTO:

"Perseverance brings success."

COLORS.

Blue and White.

YELL.

Rah, Rah, Ree; Rah, Rah, Ree,
Blue and White S. J. C.;
Rickety Rah! Rickety Reven!
St. John's '07, '07, '07!

CLASS OFFICERS.

H. A. COULBOURN.....	President
R. ANDERSON.....	Vice-President
F. B. GWYNN.....	Secretary
B. HANCE.....	Treasurer
E. E. BENNETT.....	Historian

1907.

Robert Anderson, Jr.

"Andy."

"He thinks too much of serious things."

Here is one of the many profound thinkers of the Senior Class, who comes from the "Eastern Sho'." Is a deep "math." student and we expect him to take his doctor's degree (?) if he continues his night study with Ducky. Is an athlete of note and has won the graces of the fair sex of Annapolis by his football heroism. Ah! Quim-b-y!!!



A. L. Arnold.

"Pip."

"Hear me, for I will speak."

This man is one of the few who admire Anne Arundel County, and the reason why we have not yet learned, but many think it is because he was one of the first settlers of this wilderness. Since he has been at St. John's he has learned to appreciate civilization by forgetting the "ways of the Wilds." Is a brilliant orator and student, as well as a proficient soldier.



N. A. Belt.

"What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow?"

Here we are, a leader of men,—that is, when they follow. Is a man of authority and doesn't fail to show it. Mother Earth herself sinks and bows in humble submission when this tyrant moves. His only pleasure is to stand in Chapel, a living statue, and announce the reports against some unfortunate private. Wants to be a United States soldier boy some day. Was a member of last year's hard-luck club.

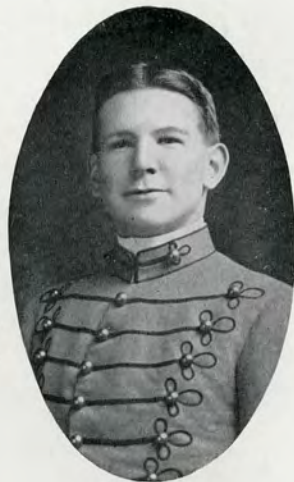


E. E. Bennett.

"Been It."

"He could on either side dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute."

This man is the last lineal descendant of the old chief of the Mohawks. He can be traced back by noticing in his voice a chattering dialect, which at times is a great hindrance to his unlimited vocabulary. Has great military ability, being the only man to be promoted this session. Has decided to become a lover. We extend our sympathy to the unfortunate one.



M. W. Bordley.

"Vonnie II."

"They never taste who always drink,
They always talk who never think."

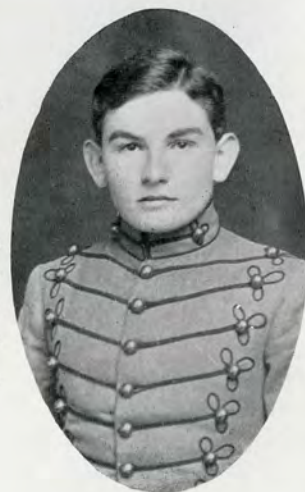
This man believes in a strenuous life, and leads the same to the best of his ability. Is a dangerous football player, especially to those who interfere with him. Is an anxious student, always watching for the end of the period. Has a notice in the *Capital* for lost, stayed or stolen hair. "Wait till I'm a man."

L. Bowen.

"Rube."

"Nor can the skillful herald trace,
The founder of thy ancient race."

This quiet, self-possessing boy was reared where the "terbaccar" leaves are grown,—Southern Maryland. Is well versed in the art of driving an oxen team. Is very bashful, even at times when he looks at a mirror. Is a hard worker, in the Class-room, at athletics, or down on the farm.



R. C. Brady.

"Bob."

"Thy beauty appears
In its grace and airs."

Here is another loyal son of old Anne Arundel. Next to Tommy, Bob is the only patriarch of St. John's here at College. He can relate many interesting facts of St. John's early history. Is still in love, but sometimes neglects it for his books. Likes "math" (?) and has been known to crack a 5.50 in that branch. "Who's got a smoke?"



C. C. Cathcart.

"Cath."

"Eloquence is not argument."

"I am Major Cathcart"—but a sergeant. Is a Western Marylander, and his ways are not unlike the ruggedness of his mountain home. Is a great schemer in scientific circles, and has invented a contrivance to open the door while in bed. Loves Chemistry, being one of Turkey's best students in science.

"I love science—none can prize it more.
It gives a thousand motives to adore."

W. F. Childs, Jr.

"Buck."

"Patient, simple, childlike."

A thorough Annapolitan, who is always very attentive to the bell(e)s of his native town. Took Prof. W. calling one Sunday evening and since then has been leading his class in "math." In other subjects he is equally wise, especially the art of keeping a clean gun, for, you know, he is a rifle-pit rat, and whenever he is in a bad humor, makes a gun-cleaning inspection for revenge.



J. C. Collinson.

"Johnny."

"Young in limbs, old in judgment."

Here is a little boy who believes in being seen and not heard. His mamma thought best for him to stay down town, where he would be out of harm of the students. Succeeded last year in getting a grease with Major Thompson, who made him a color sergeant. Spends his time in the Chemistry Laboratory, where he can get near to Nature. Is mourning Pokey's absence.



H. A. Coulbourn.

"Cue."

"Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt."

Another "Eastern Sho'" freak who knows it all and at all times. Is a man, and knows it. He has a stern and important countenance, having been President of his Class for several years. Is Major, and is sarcastic and powerful enough to discharge his duties to perfection. He seems almost superhuman when wielding the sword of power. Fond of smoking 25c. cigars.

F. B. Gwynn.

"Joe."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

This "happy-go-lucky" somebody is a man of talent, if he only knew it. Some one would be kind enough to tell him, if it were not for the "rep" he got last year in handling the gloves. Is a gone case on the ladies of Southern Maryland. Fell out with Ducky for requiring him to find the curvature of his legs by Analytics. Sometimes gets laughing spells in his sleep.



B. Hance.

"Benjy."

"A little man sometimes casts a long shadow."

Here is the infant of the Senior Class, sometimes known as the Senior mascot. But the "best goods is always put up in small parcels" is a proof of his greatness. Has a secret way of economizing time when working Chemistry. After graduation he will not take up active life until he becomes a man in size. "Mamma, give me a cent?"



J. T. Harrison.

"Jake."

"Like a diamond in the whirl of society."

"Jake" has entire and unlimited control of the social life at St. John's in all its phases. It seems to be a second nature to him. Is a man of influence, and everybody for their own welfare should have a grease with him. Tommy has tried for five years to get a grease, but has almost given up in despair. Apply to "Jake" for further information.

Lee I. Hecht.

"Isaac."

"Get money; still get money, boy,
No matter by what means."

Here is one of the few who puts into practice the precepts of Politics. He has succeeded in calculating that nothing (0) placed on interest for so long a time will equal to a goodly sum. He is running a big account and hopes to be a Morgan (J. P.) (?) in the future. Has one spell for every buyer. Often goes to Baltimore on business.



I. P. Kane.

"Butter."

"Much of a muchness."

Kaney is at present chief authority at St. John's on "butting in." "Potts" Miller was an apt pupil of Kane's upon that art, and will take Irving's place next year. Is somewhat of an argumentative genius, and often proves to the Profs. their fallacious statements. Was told once to take "right guide," and is still looking for that position. "It's no such thing."



E. W. Magruder.

"Gene."

"I dare and do all within a human grasp."

"Gene" still carries the scar of the wound he received while in an encounter with the sons of—Ham. He is a brave lad, and is ready to volunteer when bravery is needed. Was closely affiliated with the Pres. of the S. J. C. Rough-house Club in its earlier days. Has become effeminated since he has found a "love-dovey."

E. H. McBride.

"Mac."

"None but himself can be his equal."

This young man, though a boy in years, is inclined to be pessimistic at times. When he came from Frederick County it was his intention to reform the College in general, but so far has succeeded only in reforming himself. Is a notable scholar, and often dreams of a handle to his name. Expects to be a Daniel Webster II.



Thomas Melvin.

"Pip."

"A rolling stone seldom gathers moss."

"Pip" is a lively chap, and is always around hunting something, mostly money, for some beneficent (?) cause. Is a good athlete, and is happy when playing his part in an exciting game. Has a new way of being promoted in military life. Says he is disappointed. Would like to go to West Point.



W. G. Mudd.

"Sydney."

"A wise son maketh a glad father."

This dignified young man came to St. John's to polish the learning received at Georgetown. Is a scholar, statesman, and athlete. Is a beautiful boy with a voice that could move the trees and rocks. Has an idea he will make St. John's famous.

H. T. Ruhl.

"Deacon."

"And he will talk; Lord, how he will talk!"

If you want to find out anything go to "Deacon" Ruhl. "Deacon" can mend broken limbs, broken hearts, or broken peace (i. e. trouble). He has a specialized "hot-air" remedy, and all you do is to be able to take it in, digest it, and you are a new man. A great religious enthusiast, hence his name. Is sometimes known as "Father Time."



R. J. Ruz.

"Dago."

"These little things are great to little men."

Ruz, the St. John's wonder from Dago Land, came here for the purpose of civilizing and modernizing the College and Faculty, besides to teach Dago language. Is very anxious for his course of Spanish to outrank the other branches, and he has succeeded to such an extent that his students would like to eliminate their mother tongue for Spanish. Keeps the Major well supplied with cigars, and for his kindness (?) has been made a Lieutenant.



J. G. Shearer.

"Tubby."

"A happy genius is a gift of Nature."

"Tubby" is one of the "happy-go-lucky," here to-day and gone to-morrow" members of '07. Always wears a smile that won't come off. He and "Potts" Miller came from the land flowing with plenty "gut pier," hence their bay windows. Studies hard when he has nothing else to do. Is a great society man and says he is taking a special course in French and German before he makes his debut. Expects to live retired when he graduates.



A. R. Smith.

"Smitty."

"Tis ever common,
That men are the merriest when they are from home."

Here is the Orator of the Senior Class. Man never looked so majestic, so serene, as "Smitty" when he produced his master oration. Is sometimes considered eccentric, when in a comical fit, but these are only peculiarities of his genius. Is a confirmed believer and general promoter of indoor games. Is a renowned follower of Carrie Nation. Quoth the raven, n-e-v-e-r-m-o-r-e!!!!!!!!!!!!



A. McC. Stevens.

"Steve."

"As strong as a lion, as fleet as a bird."

"Steve" is the star athlete at St. John's today. If he would wear all the medals of honor he has won, he would have to enlarge himself to the size of "Potts" M — so as to have sufficient area. Often moves around in the darkness of night to scare little boys who stay out too late. Has the inside track with the Annapolis ladies, and is an old-time heart-smasher. Oi love mi own native land, Oirland.



R. Stone.

"Dick."

"I am a gentleman of blood and breeding."

"Dick" is a down-town boy, whose father sends him to St. John's to keep him out of mischief. Has been here so long that he has decided that going to classes might be a good thing. Is a personal friend of Vonnie. He manages to get to "math." class in time to say "good-mornin'." He would be an ideal "math." student if he'd stay in class long enough to show the Prof. how much he knew. "Mist Stone, go to the board."



W. A. Strohm.

"Dutch."

"He was as Dutch as Yarmany."

Like birds of a feather, "Dutch" and "Dick" are always together. He is the leader of our famous band, which has made a wonderful hit this season. Walks "Sheeny," although he is Dutch to the heart. Abhors social life and study. Seeks first the pleasures of life and lets the rest care for itself. Likes to relate some of his wonderful adventures unknown to anybody else.



A. C. Thompson.

"Rev."

"I was not born for courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe and say my prayers."

Here is Bowen's room-mate, the two being known as the "Giant and the Dwarf." "Rev." is a quiet, modest, young man whose thoughts are of higher things. Goes to church (so he says) every Sunday evening, but we believe he often goes farther. Expects to carry the title of "Rev." through life. May become a Missionary some day. Is a good handwriting expert.



C. E. Tilghman.

"A sober man, ——— a soft answer."

Here is a fellow who has nothing to say and seldom says that. Few knew his name and origin until he had been in our midst for nearly a year. Is from the "Eastern Sho'," but is very different from the rest of that delegation. Has a voice that could make a Senate Chamber ring if he were to let it loose. Is longing to see his old friend Pokey, who was his interpreter. Expects to mash clods and hoe corn, for which he was born.



Senior History.



HEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary" for college men to dissolve the ties which have bound them together for four years, it is altogether fitting and proper that the Historian should yield to the force of circumstances, which have been unwillingly thrust upon him, and chronicle some of the important events of his college life, realizing that such a sketch must of necessity fall far short of the dignified style of a history.

As we realize that this is our Senior History, that we shall soon disband, probably to meet as a class no more, and that each one of us must soon take his post at the helm of his frail bark to pilot it on the temptuous sea of life, each endeavoring to carve his name a niche higher in the hall of fame than his predecessor, our mind naturally reverts to that September day, four short years ago, when we assembled for the first time upon the classic ground of "Old St. John's." What an unholy combination we were, coming as we did from the various "oyster beds," "hay fields," and rural districts. Together we ploughed the stormy seas of Freshman life,—the days filled with so many misgivings, and the nights made hideous by the "Sophs."

Together we walked the rough and dangerous road of our Sophomore year,—rough, because we considered ourselves in duty bound to see that no Freshman strayed from the straight and narrow path, after being so suddenly severed from parental care; dangerous,—because we were constantly compelled to evade the vigilance of the O. D. and the Faculty. The latter we did not quite succeed in doing, as is well attested by seven of our number against whom the above-mentioned Faculty held a draft, payable upon demand, to the amount of ten dollars each, this amount in part payment for property destroyed.

Coming to our Junior year we laid aside our pranks and foolishness and assumed a dignity becoming our exalted positions. We felt that upon our shoulders had suddenly descended the government of the universe. During that year many things transpired to make and mar our pleasure, the RAT-TAT being the principal agent in producing the latter condition.

At last we arrived at the goal for which we had waited and struggled so long,—our Senior year. All too quickly was it upon us with its responsibilities and cares. Oh! the exultation and joy when we became our own masters,

and were free to obey the dictates of our own wills! The joy of these moments no one can tell, no one can depict, no one can understand but those who have passed three years as underclass men, and at last arrived at the supreme exhilaration of this most agreeable experience. And now we realize that just a few months stand between us and final separation, that we are upon the verge of the most momentous event that has occurred thus far in our lives, when we must lay aside our childish ways, when we must assume a sober exterior, no matter how much we long once again to grasp the hand of those to whom we have become fondly attached, and with whom we have participated in so many good times. These must be left behind as we enter upon more serious matters and become men of affairs.

The Class of 1907 entered upon its career with about forty members, of which quite a number have left us for reasons best known to themselves and the Faculty: for those who have gone from our midst we have the greatest sympathy. The tie existing among classmates is one of the closest in college life, and once formed is never severed; consequently we can only say that we were loth to part with them and wish them god-speed in their chosen work. The thinning of our ranks caused by their departure has been augmented from time to time until the present membership is twenty-seven; to those who have joined us we extend the right hand of fellowship; we owe much to their earnestness of purpose, their untiring energy, their perseverance, and the manner in which they have assisted us in every undertaking. As a class we do not claim to have reached perfection; we have not always measured up to the highest standard of excellence; yet we hope that our critics will not consider us vain if we indulge in a word of self-praise and say that our scholarship has not been excelled by any of our predecessors. To our untiring perseverance is largely due the adoption of the "honor and exempt system," the one thing which has been productive of better and more far-reaching results than was even hoped for it. We have made mistakes, but we hope that the evils to which they tend may be averted or mitigated. We have sustained less than the usual number of defeats; our brows are wreathed with the laurels of many victories; but we are proud to say that we have put forth our best efforts, that we have endeavored to do our work well, and in this our example is pre-eminently worthy of imitation. We have always sought to promote the best interests of our Alma Mater.

And now it becomes my duty to record in more detail some of the most important events which have occurred in our college life; events which are fresh in our memories and which we wish to print, so that in after life we may find a respite from our cares, and by turning to the pages of this volume live again our college lives, and enjoy the things which were so agreeable to us during their acting. Let us go back to the time when in Freshman verdancy we were introduced to St. John's and took up our residence on the fourth floor

of Pinkney Hall,—dear old Pinkney, with its vine-clad walls, will remain fresh in our memory, because of the water-fights in which we have participated, the beds we have put on the "bum," the excitement we have furnished for the O.D., and last, but by no means the least, because of the innocent amusement we furnished for the Sophs. As we look back upon it our blood tingles at the thought of the indignities we were compelled to suffer, but those days are departed to return no more, and in spite of the trivial things which occurred to disturb our pacific natures, they were the most pleasant which we have encountered, because accompanied by no responsibilities and fraught with no cares.

Our achievements for that year have been chronicled three times, hence we will pass on without further comment to "Our Old Soph. Year," the year for which we had been waiting "to do unto others even as had been done unto us," and good use did we make of our opportunity, not that we wished to hurt the feelings of the poor little Freshies, but we felt that we had been appointed as a committee to look after their welfare, and make life pleasant and agreeable for them. Although we missed many familiar faces, their places were filled by a consignment of new material; among this number McBride, well known as a student and literary man of ability; Cathcart, who hails from the coal fields of Allegany county, has a very ingenious mind, and some day will invent a machine to reach the moon; Smith, "who wants to know how much is ninety-six cents," and wishes that "Uncle Asher could only see me now;" Stevens, who is taking a special course in athletics and loving, has a natural aversion for anything pertaining to work, and who could boast of an unsullied record during his Sophomore year of attending only one recitation per week.

In the annual field meet we completely outstripped the Juniors, and lacked only a very small margin of winning the inter-class championship. Our class never contained any brilliant baseball stars, consequently we could not hope to be victorious in this branch of athletics. Our scholarship was of such a quality as to deserve special mention by Dr. Fell, and of this fact we feel justly proud. At last June arrived. Oh! how we did thank our lucky stars that the Faculty had kindly permitted us to remain at College, and that we were one year nearer our goal!

All too quickly September arrived and with its advent we were called back to the mines of knowledge, "to delve in some volume of forgotten lore." Then did our troubles commence in earnest and pile upon us thick and fast; then did we have to conceal our jocund and hilarious spirits, and walk about with an assumed dignity and grave decorum, as if to say, "I am Sir Oracle" (Junior). Then did we begin to assert our authority on the drill grounds, and strive mightily with the "quill" to see who should be the first among us. Then did the RAT-TAT, that nightmare to all Junior classes, make our lives miserable and fill our days with misgivings. The Historian even now has visions of that monster in his sleep.

In athletics during this year we were represented by Stevens, Anderson, Brady, Bordley, Gwynn and Melvin in football; McKinley and Bordley in baseball, and Harrison, Stevens and Magruder in track, quite a good representation. We experienced no difficulty in carrying off first honors in the field meet. As June approached there came the most terrible suspense of all, to know who would receive the appointments for next year. Many were the guesses made, but anxiously did we wait and hold our breath until the fatal day arrived. It is needless to say that many were the disappointments, but such things cannot always be adjusted satisfactorily to all concerned.

Our Junior year over, we turned our eyes with longing to the golden sunset of the west, so far as our college life is concerned,—our Senior year. Anxiously did we wait for the arrival of this all-important event, but once realized it is not enjoyed half as much as we anticipated. In place of escaping the troubles which made miserable our previous years, we got into more and graver troubles; upon us descended the responsibility of the government of the student body. With work piled upon us mountains high, with the *Collegian*, and our military duties, is it any wonder that we have aged prematurely? This year ten of our members, Stevens, Anderson, Arnold, Bennett, Bordley, Bowen, Brady, Gwynn, Magruder and Melvin, received monograms in football, the first eight of whom were regular players.

To enumerate the many-sided natures and idiosyncrasies of each individual of our class would tax the resources of a far abler pen, and require more space than I have at my disposal; nevertheless some things are so noteworthy that it would be unjust not to give them a passing notice. The heterogeneousness of our class admits of a great diversity of individual peculiarities. Chief among these we wish to call attention to Major Hugh A. Coulbourn, commonly called "Cue." For hard-headedness and gall he stands without a peer in our midst, thinks he is infallible and wishes to bring this fact to the attention of all with whom he comes in contact. "Deacon" Ruhl, who resembles "Father Time" so much that we scarcely know which would be the more appropriate name, is another who believes in his own infallibility, and seems very much hurt if anyone presumes to contradict his statements.

Lee Isaac Hecht possesses some sort of inborn quality which enables him to "see a cent through a brick wall," and his affinity for it is equaled only by his ability to acquire it: for this reason he was made business manager of the RAT-TAT, and our financial success well attests to his ability. Then we have that inseparable quartet, Stone, Strohm, Ruz and Magruder, always together and invariably plotting some trick. Their escapades are entirely too numerous to mention, but their doings will long be remembered. The other members have not transcended the mediocre and we will leave them without further comment.

The four years which we have spent within the consecrated walls of "Old St. John's" have been years of preparation for the great battle of life in which we are so soon to engage. The future lies before us; the past has gone, but memory fondly clings to it and its associations. The ties of friendship forged in the last four years by constant fellowship will not soon be broken; although we shall soon be separated, we shall long remain together in each other's memory.

Our motto is "Perseverance Brings Success," and we have done our best to live up to it, and bring forth the best and noblest which is in us,—how well we have succeeded we will let others judge. The footsteps of those who have gone from this venerable institution, echoing through the corridors of two centuries, remind us of the stature of manhood to which we must attain if we would lift still higher the ensign of our Alma Mater and our class.

It is not the business of the Historian to predict what '07 will achieve in the future. He has only to deal with the past. The Class of 1907 has written her own history on the pages of Time, but much of that history will be read only in the light of eternity.

No matter how alluring are the prospects for the future, it is with sincere regrets that we are about to say a last long farewell to our dear old College, the place where so many fond memories cling.

We'll sip the rosy nectar
And drain the goblet dry
To the future of '07.
May her glory never die!
Though seas may separate us,
A thousand miles or more;
We're still the same old classmates,
And shall be forevermore.





E. F. Rogerson
Chicago

In Vacation





Class of 1908.

MOTTO:

"Non nobis sohim."

COLORS.

Red and Gray.

YELL.

Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Ree!
Red and Gray S. J. C.;
Rickety Rax! Rah, Rah, Rate!
St. John's '08, '08, '08.

CLASS OFFICERS.

G. M. AUSTIN.....	President
M. A. MELSON.....	Vice-President
C. H. SCHUSTER.....	Secretary
F. L. L. HARRELL.....	Treasurer

Linden Allen.

"Lindy."

"The habit makes the monkey."

"Lindy" heads the list of Juniors in everything but learning, and even that when it comes to learning some comical "nigger" song. But from learning his studies he begs to be excused. Furnishes amusement for those who like to laugh. No one knows where he is from, and we are not likely to find out, until someone informs us, as he is in as much darkness as to his own origin. Has a habit of going downtown and getting back without his knowing it.



George M. Austin.

"Tommy."

"A man's value is that which he sets upon himself."

Here is one of the important busy-bodies of the College, with apparently always something to do. Can make more fuss over nothing than anyone we know of. Is a popular man and it isn't necessary to tell him, for the size of his head already shows it. Thus far he has filled every position of prominence in College, and until he graduates he will be thoroughly competent, without an examination, to preside over any university of standing in the land.

Lawrence M. Briscoe.

"Peep."

"How I long to be back with mamma."

How sad it is to take one away from home so young, before he is able to take his part amongst the big boys who always delight in teasing the little fellows. Since his stay here at St. John's "Peep" has become quite manly, and thinks he is a "man amongst men." Is an exceptionally bright student and has a strong affinity for Science and its researches. Came to the Lab. twice in one whole term. Is so bright that he takes one year's "Math." in two years. Is a great military (?) man.



John I. Burton.

"Speedleburger."

"He speaks like a book."

Here is a twin brother of Benjy Hance. If you know one, you will know the other; and if you don't know the other, you can't recognize the one. They seem to be one and inseparable. "Speedy," as we know him, is a quiet, self-assuming boy, overflowing with his original wit. Is "Brother" Schuster's room-mate and often becomes enraged at Schuster's tormenting him, and gives vent to a long, steady stream of unknown words. Is the brightest man in the class, and was never known to make less than a perfect recitation. He never opens a book.



Newton F. Carpenter.

"Ford."

"Man was born for society."

Newton says he is going to Yale next year if he can enter. We remember it was his intention not to come back this year, but here he is in all his glory, working all of his old games as he used to do, so while he may pay Yale a short visit, we expect him back next year. Has gotten high ideas over summer, as he is a down-town resident this year. Is noted for making good resolutions, but for breaking them he is far more famed. Thinks he can sing, but we fail to see it.

Frank E. Caulk.

"Yellow."

"'Tis to my faults that I my virtues owe."

Caulk is a man amongst men, a boy amongst boys, and an audacious captivator amongst the ladies. He is from the Eastern Sho', but he doesn't show it. Is a schemer, but not like Hecht, as he schemes to spend. Is a "pal" of "Tubby" Shearer's, and they often leave over the "Short Line" for a "lark" at the other end. Isn't convinced that there is a serious side to life, but admits that he is naturally dumb. His great aim in life is to evade the approaching tide of examinations, and then he is ready to celebrate. Uses emphatic language.



Howard L. Cecil.

"Turkey" III.

"I am lord of all I survey."

"Turkey," the likeness, image and counterpart of the older "Turkeys" isn't different from the flock. He was reared in the wild Anne Arundel, where he thrived because of the good picking for young turkeys. He strayed into St. John's about the middle of last year, and high excitement prevailed around College at the advent of another "Turkey." He is about civilized now, and begins to like St. John's, but he still longs for Pittsburg. Is a Chemistry student of note. He eats, sleeps, works and spends all idle hours at the "Lab."



"Country."

"I want to be a gentleman farmer."

Here is a new man who dropped down upon us last Fall. His countenance shows the hardness of the backwoods. He came here, we think, as Morris' substitute, but he claims he wants to learn something of Eddikation, Sivilization and the Ethicks of modern life, and carry it back to his people. Has an ambition to become great some day. He will never make a great soldier unless he "gets a brace on." Often takes a prominent part in the awkward squad. It pleases him to have the officers to correct him.



Cordrey.

Urquhart Dowell.

"Crackers."

"Peacock, look at your legs."

This long-legged perambulator is one of the mysteries of St. John's. He is full of talents, but he doesn't realize it. Has a suspicious eye for every man he meets since he has become so fond of crackers. Takes an active part in every College organization, especially the Olympic (?) games. Says he is going to play end on the football team next season. Has lately fallen in love with some Baltimore belle, which takes up most of his time, except when he has some RAT-TAT work to do.



Arthur Gartrell.

"Lizz."

"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams."

Here is one of the few sportified country dudes of our class. It is a mystery how he keeps his hair straight and sleek. Of course, he is an important factor amongst the ladies. Has a game leg, but he makes more time than any other fellow in 1908. Came from the wilderness of Montgomery County, but he doesn't show it, and tries to keep everyone from knowing it. Is a room-mate of "Rabbi" Townsend and they seem to have been born for each other. Finds an untold pleasure in the virtue of tobacco. "Ah! Rabbi."



Frank H. Gauss.

"Frankie."

"As kind and gentle as a lamb."

"Frankie" is noted for his quiet, steady habits. He fears lest he will put somebody to the trouble of speaking to him. Avoids humanity in general, and thinks more of Preps. and Freshmen than to be a Junior. Has an idea he can play a cornet, but all we can gather from it is a confounded complication of noises, which fill the definition of everything else but musical harmony. Delights to relate of pleasant times to the Preps, who dare not doubt his word.

C. Raymond Halbert.

"Reds."

"I blame not him who for love's sake doth sin."

Here is a boy in size and in ways, but a man in talk. His opinion is more valuable than he is. Is a business man of business ways. Is often compelled to skip classes to hurry to Baltimore on (?) business. Is a bright boy, and well versed in the arts of "skin-gaming," "bluffing," etc. Has often been engaged, but never married. His business capacity is very useful to himself in soliciting ads. for the RAT-TAT.



Harold Hardinge.

"Bum."

"The mouth of Hell is full of good resolutions."

As his name indicates, "Bum" is one of those slovenly, don't-care fellows, who move around as if they were laboriously dragging part of themselves after them. He conceives of nothing but the present, and even doubts the past. Is always making new resolutions to do more studying, but his nature interferes and it is a blank. Often goes off into a transmigratory state for a change, and the results are always good. Is a society man, and is always keeping Shannahan busy as to his appearance. "Who's got a smoke?"



F. Lightfoot L. Harrell.

"Mex."

"Wine and women make fools of everybody."

This handsome, prepossessing youth is from Mexico, so he says. He is very popular around Annapolis, and it is wonderful how Mexico could give up so popular a personage. Is very talkative, easily excited, and highly explosive. When in such condition he peals forth streams of speech so rapidly that no machine could recognize the words, syllables, letters or anything by which we could understand him. Has learned to love during the last few months, and his whole time will soon be absorbed in nothing else. Who's got my —!!!

Philip H. Harrison.

"Phil."

"To know nothing is the happiest life."

The English language hasn't words to describe this self-important man. He has a hard time to use it himself when he gets excited in the fever of an argument. If you want to know anything call around to see Phil, and he'll tell you before you have an opportunity to ask him. Is inclined to be a little negligent in his studies at times, but this is due to his activity outside coming into conflict. Hasn't seen the "Lab." yet, but wants to get a look at it before he leaves, for curiosity sake.

William E. Hauver.

"Billy."

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

"Billy" Hauver is what we call an all-around man. He is a student, athlete, and made a social stab last Fall, but we haven't heard much from him in the social circle lately. Made his "rep." last Fall a year ago, in the Gallaudet game, and is now living upon it. Can argue on any topic, and it doesn't matter which side. If you want to "Hot-air," hunt up "Billy," and begin the negro question, as opposed to Senator Tillman's views. Is well versed upon the Scriptures, and can entangle any theologian.



Howard Hutson.

"Hut."

"Half-witted speak much, and say little."

Hutson is from the extreme western end of Maryland, amongst the lumber camps. He is a man of strength and speed, and every Spring he makes a new record for himself and the College. Is very sleek-tongued, and can always talk to suit the occasion. He has a kind of monopoly on the Annapolis girls to such an extent that the Midshipmen are beginning to frown upon Hutson for spoiling their fun. Taught school before he came here, and he still has an idea that he is a teacher.

Arthur R. Laney.

"Fickle."

"He who can govern a woman can govern a nation."

Here is the St. John's musician. He can play all kinds of instruments and sing all kinds of songs. Is leader of the Mandolin Club, and to see him you would consider him the whole show. Rooms with Frank Caulk, and they are so loving at times that we expect them to be married soon. Is an athletic champion at indoor games. He thinks he was cut out for a leader of men, hence the reason for trying to be leader of the Band next year. Has a loving heart, and gets struck on the girls as fast as they get struck on him.



Burns Logan.

"Irish."

"Hunger drove him from the wilderness."

Here is the potato devourer from the green fields of old Oirland far away. He thinks that the potato grew for him alone. Is Irish to the core, and when we hear him telling his dry tales, he shows his relationship to the sons of the "Emerald Isle." Is rooming with Quimby for the purpose of being good, by trying to follow his example. Quimby has succeeded in taking him to church twice. Is always in a jolly mood, especially when he thought he had passed Prep. Latin. "Got a match?"



Allan C. McBride.

"Mac."

"I speak to tell the truth and not in hatred or contempt of others."

From that deeply wrinkled brow, one would think "Mac" was a very industrious student, but what a mistake. We think he holds the first place in College as an orator and as a musician, but please don't let him know it, or else he would be caused the trouble to buy new hats, or possibly get the "box." Was made chief of the St. John's Firemen's Brigade for his high efficiency in that line. Is a lover (so Quimby says), and is always yearning to get back to Western Maryland.



Newell F. McDorman.

"Mack."

"The friend of everyone is the friend of none."

From this picture you would not think "Mack" was a member of the Hard Luck Club, but he has that distinction, nevertheless. As long as we don't know him, we can't help but like him. Is growing more like Hutson every day. If they are in contact much more, we will scarcely be able to know who is who. Since he has been acquainted in Annapolis he has forgotten where his home is. Was known at Christmas to ask the way to Baltimore. Makes everything and everybody melancholy with his harsh cornet.



Joseph P. McMakin.

"Joe."

"Sooty, grimy Vulcan stands at his forge."

A master mechanic and chemist. He would rather put his time behind the anvil than eat a good meal. Was a close companion of "Pokey's," but since "Pokey" has gone he has lost heart in his work, except when he can teach Prof. Jacobi a few points. Doesn't care much for other studies, but he goes to classes to keep familiar with the Profs. Has a feminine hand for art, being a good cartoonist. Is a lover, but doesn't let anyone know it.



Marvin A. Melson.

"Whitey."

"It is never too soon or too late
To taste of the pleasures of life."

Here is a worthy student who studies by the midnight oil. His mental labor has been so great that he is suffering the loss of his hair, and he will soon carry around the bald pate of a sage. We hear he is thinking of entering the bonds of matrimony. What a pity that so promising a youth should tie down so early in life. "Whitey" blushes like a rose. He studied so strenuously once that he fainted while reciting in "Vonnie's" German. Knows how to command authority.



George L. Miller.

"Potts."

"Nature abhors a vacuum."

When we awaken and hear someone prowling around at midnight it is "Potts;" when someone is screeching down the hall at 3 A. M. it is "Potts" Miller. Has an idea he is bright, but never fails to show his ignorance in class. Looks like a hot-air tank walking around, looking for a Senior or Prof. to cut loose with his automatic quill, hoping to get a grease. Was seen bathing, or rather floating around in the Severn one day, and he was mistaken for a large buoy. "How much did you get e-en (in) 'Math.' this month?"



Walter C. Munroe.

"Reddy."

"Gentle speech and courteous mood
Cost nothing and are always good."

Walter is another down-town boy who has a pretty face, red hair, and the power of blushing at will. She can say no, when she means yes, and assume the role of a girl as becoming as you ever saw. He finds most pleasure in reading Greek to "Bob" White and bluffing "Vonnie" out for a (+). Has a bad habit of bumming all kinds of smoking material off the Junior floor, and never says a word about replacing it.



William Neill.

"Billy."

"Nature will out and let herself be seen."

Here is a piece of human nature in its crude state undergoing the slow process of refinement and culture. He hails from the lumber regions of West Virginia, hence will need time before he is thoroughly polished. Horribly mutilates the English language by twisting it into all kinds of shapes regardless of the rules of syntax. Is "Phil" Harrison's room-mate and takes a daily lecture from "Phil" upon some up-to-date topic. Is making a stab in Society. Formerly belonged to the menagerie. Love & Neill.



Roger V. Parlett.

"Fats."

"That from the smallest oft we've most to fear."

Here is a fellow of preponderous avoirdupois, who fairly shakes the universe when he moves. He is what you may term an all-round man, and still getting rounder. Hangs to our class because he has some ability as a track man and can fill up space. Takes a few studies as an excuse to come up here each day. Thinks he would make a Doctor, but we have our doubts as to what kind of a cobbler he would make.

Pratt D. Phillips.

"Pratt."

"A barking dog very rarely bites."

A striking example of the total depravity of mankind. Does nothing he can get someone else to do. Twines himself around Melson like a clinging vine. Has lately developed a "yellow streak," though formerly a leader in all anti-recitation movements. Is known chiefly by the way he yells at the unfortunate privates at drill. "Dress yer gun." Often tells of his experience down on the farm, how he runs "them big traction engines," etc. Is inclined to be sporty and to sport cigars at beginning of the year, but they were set aside by financial crisis.



Frank A. Pinkerton.

"Pink."

"I was born to play a piano."

"Pink" is the greatest musician of the Junior Class, and a piano is in awful agony when he is around. Keeps the third floor of Pinkney Hall in terror when he is officer of the floor. Plays the trombone to distraction and the cornet equally well. His voice was found, after very careful calculations by "Turkey" with his resonators, to be an octave and a half higher in pitch than John Wilkinson's voice used to be. His great ambition is to become a musical director of a big circus.

Wallace M. Powell.

"Fats."

"There is no greater deception than self-deception."

A peculiar instance of a man who knows nothing and is aware of the fact. Is inclined to be solitary and carries a smile around with him which attracts all the girls within reach—so he says. Is a believer in the maxim that "man cannot live by bread alone;" therefore, is frequently seen where the festal board groans with dainties and Bacchus is passing the bowl freely amongst his followers. Has opened a first-class cafe, and if it is profitable, he thinks he will put off graduation.



Alfred C. Quimby.

"Hoss."

"When youth loves once it thinks itself capable of loving forever."

This poor fellow came to St. John's firmly convinced that he was a man. It was a terrible operation to disillusion him, but with free application of soothing syrup he was finally brought down to a state bordering on sanity. Is a great football enthusiast and through some freaks of fate was made Captain of the team for next season. Has formed a partnership with Brother Schuster to skin the downtown Y. M. C. A. Is noted for his graceful walk. "Man, she's a lover."



Charles H. Schuster.

"Brother."

"Lo and behold, a vision appeared unto him."

We have seen meddling men, but nothing to equal this youth. He is forever giving his opinion on every conceivable subject. Often tries to act as arbitrator between two belligerents, but generally gets the wrong end of the proposition. Is a born reformer, and it cannot be denied that he has considerably elevated the moral tone of St. John's. Spends most of his time preparing his friends for the world to come. Is also noted for his strong adherence to the girls, and consumes much midnight oil "writin' letters." "All out for Y. M. C. A."

Chauncey Shelton.

?????

"The art of pleasing is the art of deceiving."

Shelton entered the fold of 1908 last fall. Came from Rock Hill with the intention of carrying off the honors for 1907, but he dropped a few pegs, as all high flyers have to do, and is now a Junior. Is a very determined chap, and doesn't mind being reported when he has something to say. Was an important factor at the other schools he attended, and we have reason to believe he'll be prominent when he leaves St. John's. Has a fine figure and a graceful walk.

Charles H. Shugart.

"Talker."

"Profess not the knowledge thou hast not."

Here is another beacon light of St. John's whose brilliancy affrightens everyone who happens to see him strolling around after dark. Is Reid Beard's better-half and feels perfectly delighted to be amongst the Sophomores, who make him stand around the Freshmen. He came from the same place that "Billy" Neill did and he doesn't hesitate to tell you so. Is a wonderful talker. Talks by steam and stops occasionally only to oil up. He hasn't decided when he will graduate, but he will decide in a few years.



Robert A. Sternberg.

"Dutch."

"'Mongst our foes 'tis clear,
That from the smallest oft we've most to fear."

Here is the most businessfied little man we have in St. John's today. He attends to nobody's business but his own and always has more than he can do. Is very Dutchman like and finds the use of the English tongue very difficult, preferring to be with "Vonnie" and use the Dutch language. Is widely known amongst business men of Baltimore, and we expect "he'll be a Rockefeller yit." Is getting bald from over-worry. Occasionally finds time to call on the ladies.

J. Graham Shannahan.

"Shanny."

"Till life be ended there is always hope,
None ever has the right to flee advice."

Here is a typical Eastern Sho'man, about as modest a youth as any at St. John's. He doesn't care for anything nor anyone, not even himself. Was never known to be out of humor. Is highly proficient in the art of winking at the girls. He can wink at two at the same time and on both sides of the street. Is a quiet lover, and receives more letters than the rest of us together. Has an idea he can play a mandolin, but he succeeds only in jarring our nerves and hearing abusive language.



Wilford H. Townsend.

"Rabbi."

"The evil that men do live after them,
And the good is oft interred with their bones."

This little Hebrew is from Somewhere, but we don't know where. He says it's a place near to a "nigger" school, but that will be hard to locate. Is a pleasant boy and always trying to do one a good turn. Has become a good student since he has been under the influence of Aunt "Lizz" Gartrell. Is a graceful dancer and by this art wins the prize—fair ones. Goes out walking with Aunt "Lizz" every morning.

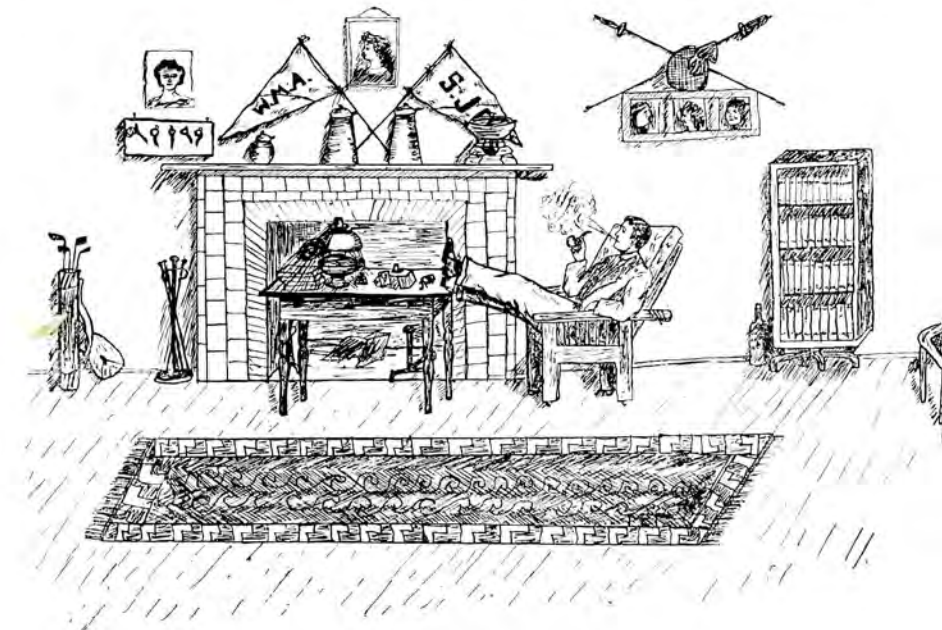


Upton H. Tarbert.

"Rube."

"My only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

"Rube" ever since he was a Freshman thinks he is the whole show. Likes to attract attention, and for that purpose occasionally breaks a record on the track. Has no aim in life, but is waiting for a favorable wind to blow luck in his direction. Is a pretty boy and he knows it; tries to make the girls think he is pretty, but ah! how he has failed. Always finds pleasure in relating some of his happy times down on the farm with ———. Longs for a reputation to live on the remainder of his days.



Junior History.

The Class of 1908 we love,
Three cheers for her we say.



AT THE beginning of the year, when students, new and old, were arriving at College, it was a scene to behold, as 1908 came together as of old. Their faces were familiar, but the expressions were varied. Many were anxious and in a cheerful mood, others were forlorn and seemingly sad, to think of leaving the attractions of home and the good times of vacation for long months of study. As we gathered together the first subject thought of was the recollections of our former school days at St. John's, as Freshies and Sophs., how on the first we met a few swell-headed Prep. School graduates, how we were received by a special reception committee (G. O. H.), etc. Thus from these conversations I took notes for the following sketch of 1908:

For an entire year we were permitted only occasionally to "dazzle the world with our brilliant genius." But the shining light of our glory could not be entirely shut off and we gave many indications of our now acknowledged greatness.

Thus our Freshman year passed away as most other Freshman years pass, with their sorrows over the defeats by the Sophomores and the joys over victories so hard won.

At the end of the year we went home thoroughly satisfied with ourselves and our class.

When September rolled around again a few of our number had left our ranks,—among them our worthy and respected president, "Pat" Brydon. But new men swelled the class-roll to the largest ever seen at St. John's. Among them were such stars as "Hoss" Quimby, "Potts" Miller and "Billie" Hauver, so well known on the gridiron; Schuster, with an ambition to become a successful goat; and Shannahan, McDorman and Laney, with their demoniacal gift of music. Officers were elected and proved themselves very competent for their positions, except the Historian, who is extremely lazy.

In every way we had a great class in our Sophomore year. Freshmen and Preps. defied our orders to their lasting regret, as witness the summary proceedings in the rear of the gymnasium on certain dark nights. Professors inspected our power and saw that we didn't get more than our natural share of demerits, and among our sister classes we shone as the sun above the pale moon in our splendor.

Perhaps the G. O. H. was never in a more flourishing condition than in this year. Many pleasant hours were spent in administering its functions. When big "Si" Perkins,—alas! long since married,—yelled in a voice of thunder, "Wipe off that smile and sing us a little song," the walls were apt to tremble. Much latent talent was in various gentle ways developed in the lazy, ambitionless Freshman. Many new and ingenious devices were brought forward to test their physical powers, such as the "Sketching Machine," which for "one night only" afforded much terror to its victims.

In the winter of 1906 the Honor and Exempt System, which was so heartily supported by our class, was brought into successful practice. Needless to say, it has done St. John's great good and especially our class.

Our Junior year was begun under great disadvantages. The withdrawal of many of our members left vacant several important positions on our RAT-TAT board. But old 1908 proved herself equal to all emergencies and is slowly but surely showing the talent of her components for getting out this famous year book.

At the beginning of the term it behooved all of us to hunt up a comfortable little place in the battalion. Accordingly some of the military braces and figures seen around the campus were fearful to behold. All succeeded in their noble purpose except Miller, Schuster, Halbert and Burton, who were condemned to still endure the tyranny of their inferiors (?).

As has been hinted before, 1908 has been in the lead in all departments of college life. This is nowhere more true than in academic lines. When has there appeared at St. John's such a collection of studious and unnaturally bright fellows as Schuster, McBride, Hauver, Miller, Gartrell, Townsend, Powell, Logan and McMakin?

In athletics our strength lies not so much in numbers as in the quality of the few who represent us in that line. There is the immortal Quimby, Harrell, Hauver, Miller and Shannahan in football; Austin, Harrison, Caulk and Briscoe in baseball; Hutson and Tarbert in track.

Now let us take a look at some of the individual members of this '08 bunch. It might be quite interesting to see their sense,—if they have any,—and their nonsense.

First comes that inimitable fake, Austin. He acquired the honor of being head fool in getting out the RAT-TAT and also in being the block for all the blows against the class,—that is, he is president. His everlasting trend of mind is on some magnificent skin game, which he knows how to work to perfection. His greatest ambition is to get a suitable room-mate instead of "Turkey" Cecil. Schuster, on account of his ability to write a hand that no one can understand, was made class secretary. This obviates the danger of

the Minutes falling into the hands of anyone who might use them to our discredit. When Schuster graduates he expects to become a missionary to the Canary Islands, where he wants to set up a good barroom so that the natives may get drunk on "concentrated liquors." The worst thing that can be said to his discredit is that he is president of the Y. M. C. A.

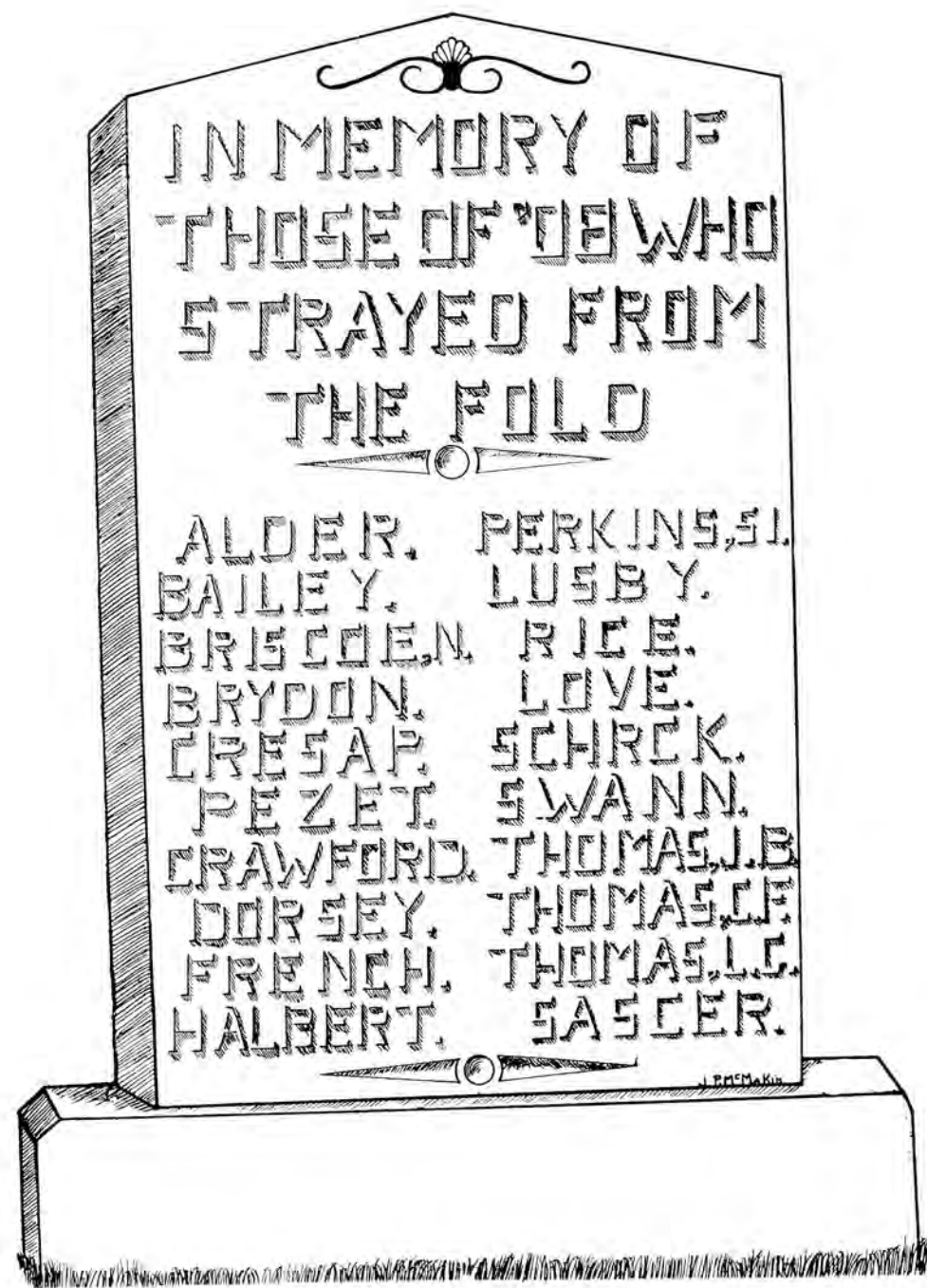
Nothing need be said about "Potts" Miller. He speaks for himself too much, anyhow. He is noted for his sucking propensities and expects to get married some day. Quimby, Hauver and Hutson know nothing, talk nothing, think of nothing but football and girls. Their state of mind is very deplorable, and it is to be feared that their misdirected ambition will land them in an early grave. However, gentle reader, scoff not at their peculiarities, for they are of very vengeful nature, and have been known to jar people's eyes out with a stamp of their huge feet. Concerning Harrison, Caulk, Briscoe, Neill, Harrell and Shannahan, very little is known. They constitute the principal society element and are always engaged in complying with its demands when there is no college work necessary to be done.

Before I shut up I wish to mention that most popular of clubs, known under many names, but generally simply as the "Jockey Club." Our class has many members of high standing in this club, such as Briscoe, Dowell, Shugart, Sternberg, McBride, Burton and Hardinge. Indeed, one member, Mr. Miller, possessed the honor of being president once, but by his break-neck riding and wanton carelessness, he was thrown so disgracefully that, according to the constitution, he was forced to resign his membership.

Thus with these incidents of 1908 the Historian, with overflowing pride for his class, sees in the dim future of a few weeks that goal of college life for which we have striven so arduously, and utters our imaginative word—"Seniors." My mind has flown from our underclassmen days, and dreamingly building air-castles of the future, I am unable to continue my task. So with a clash of the cup of Bacchus to 1908's past, we heartily add another to her future prosperity, and may there be nothing to reflect upon her honor and glory.

HISTORIAN.





On account of the faithfulness of these while with us, and the intense interest which they still manifest in our class, we respectfully dedicate this space

A. G. Adler.

"Fats."

"Fats" became so delicate from over-study at St. John's, that it was impossible for his health to support his great mental capacity. Is at V. P. I.

W. Bailey.

"Bill."

Has retired to the farm, after his great hit in composing the popular song, "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"

W. N. Briscoe.

"Pont."

Realizing his own business capacity, he has decided to become another J. Mearpoint Porgan (J. Pierpont Morgan). Is at a Business College in Baltimore.

H. P. Brydon.

"Pat."

(He thinks he is) owner of Piedmont National Bank, and we appreciate "Pat's" influence whenever he comes to St. John's. Has a position in Piedmont National Bank.

J. Cresap.

"Jimmy."

There is nothing like rating a salute. Is now a Plebe at the U. S. Naval Academy.

A. W. Pezet.

"Peruna."

"Peruna" went to Boston Tech. to get rid of Pokey, but the mutual affinity was so great, that Pokey followed after him.

Crawford.

"Zip" No. 1.

Once had a grease with His Majesty, Dr. Fell, but was not skillful enough in the art of using it, but by habitual loafing. At present he is in Boston.

G. W. Dorsey.

"Dors."

He went to classes several times during his stay at St. John's to keep up acquaintance with the Profs. Is down on the farm in Calvert county.

French.

"Frenchy."

"Frenchy" could have gotten his diploma in "rushing the growler" if he would have remained until 1908.

H. O. Halbert.

"Lou."

"Lou" was a model athlete (in his mind), having won a brilliant record upon his brother's football career.

A. G. Love.

"Possum."

"Lovey" has quickly climbed the ladder of fame. Is owner, manager, and chief customer of the Cockeysville Sherwood Rye Whiskey plant. A future Broke(r).

M. T. Lusby.

"Doc."

The greatest blessing that could have been bestowed upon "Doc" was his faithful violin, the loss of whose sweet strains the ancient halls still mourn. Now studying pharmacy.

W. H. Perkins.

"Si."

A giant in strength, a boy in years, and the chief "rough-houser" of the F. F. (fourth floor). "Si" is married and living a quiet life.

S. M. Rice.

"Sammy."

Happy was he, for he had no cares. Is still loafing to keep up his reputation.

D. C. Shrock.

Will be an engineer if he ever becomes acquainted with Duckey's "math." Is on an engineering corps.

D. Swann.

Please go away and let me sleep. Is a tennis player, but plays "poker" better. Is at Sparrow's Point.

G. C. Smith.

"Smitty."

Was chief "Booze-hister" of the Class. Has a voice to compare with any bell(e) in Annapolis.

J. B. Thomas.

"Buck."

"Buck" was a true St. John's boy, and a lover to the heart. Studying Pharmacy at U. of Md.

C. F. Thomas.

From his good looks, one would suppose him to be twin brother of "Buck's."

L. J. Thomas.

"Chinee."

An all-around sport, who took a special course at St. John's in reading novels. Is at Lehigh University.

F. H. Sasscer.

"Yearld."

A very modest boy amongst the ladies, but a "Ducky" No. II. in "math." Is studying engineering at Lehigh.







Class of 1909.

MOTTO:

"Semper fidelis."

COLORS.

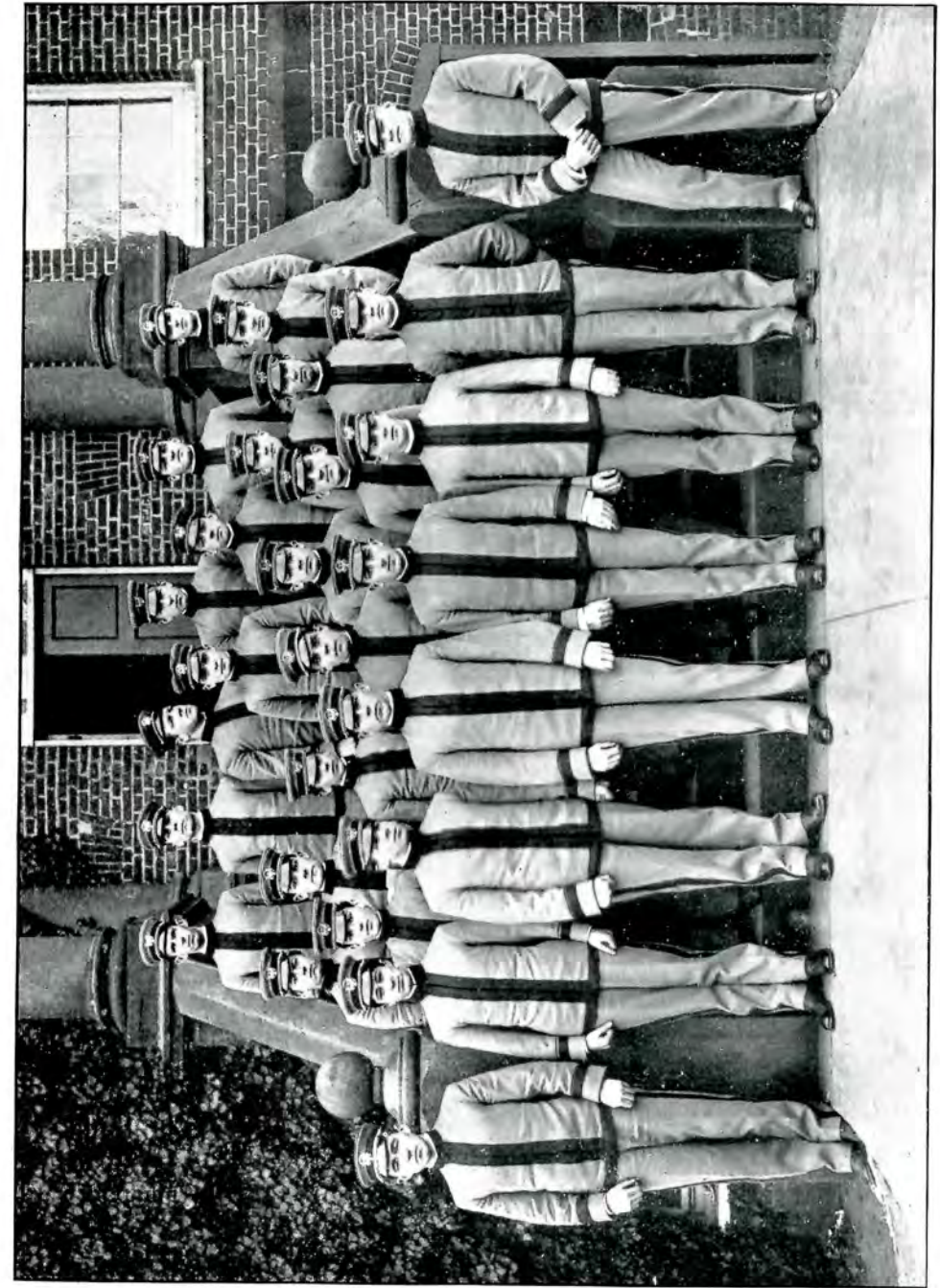
Black and White.

YELL.

Hullabaloo, all right,
St. John's Black and White;
Rickety rah, rickety ryne,
St. John's '09, '09, '09.

CLASS OFFICERS.

T. R. DAWSON.....	President
R. E. JONES.....	Vice-President
J. W. CAULK.....	Secretary
J. I. DAWSON.....	Treasurer
R. A. WILSON.....	Historian



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

1909.

E. READ BEARD, "Whiskers," "I am the model of prosperity."	Baltimore, Md.
B. SAUNDERS BULLARD, "Shafroth," "Three-fifths of him genius, two-fifths sheer fudge."	Media, Pa.
ROBERT S. BURWELL, "Simple," "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."	Baltimore, Md.
L. C. BARTGIS, "Rabbit," "Take life too seriously and what is it worth?"	Myersville, Md.
JOHN BOSLEY, "Chick," "He ——— could dice with the devil and rise up winner."	Baltimore, Md.
A. G. BOWERS, "Mick," "A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit."	Lancaster, Pa.
J. MARSHALL CARROLL, "Whitey," "Ma brought it from Europe."	Baltimore, Md.
EDWARD F. CARROLL, "Judge," "I wish I were back to the farm."	Bel Air, Md.
JOSEPH W. CAULK, "Shorty," "Duck," "Joe Dogs," "Moe," "Dry Dock," "Addicks."	McDaniels, Md.
LECOMPTE COOK, "Cooky," "A royal sport, I warrant you."	Baltimore, Md.
HAROLD S. CUTLER, "Partridge," "If I were only as famous as my brother."	Annapolis, Md.
JOHN R. CLARKE, "Hoss," "If whiskey interferes with your business, let your business go."	Ellicott City, Md.
MEDOREM CRAWFORD, "Zip," "God made him, ergo let him be called man."	Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.
J. IRWIN DAWSON, "Easy," "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."	Leonardtowntown, Md.
THOMAS R. DAWSON, "Senator," "He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."	Cambridge, Md.
E. L. G. DASHIELLS, ? ? ? "Good-looking and knows it."	Snow Hill, Md.
JOHN GLADDEN, "Sunshine," "A life in which nothing happens."	Annapolis, Md.
ROLAND P. HARRINGTON, "Dago," "Not even conspicuous by absence."	Annapolis, Md.

WILLIAM B. JONES, "Bill," "The still small is wanted."	Annapolis, Md.
R. ELMER JONES, "Jonesy," None but himself can be his parallel."	Chestertown, Md.
C. F. JOHNSON, "Dopey," "A fool thou art, and ever shall remain."	Laurel, Md.
J. ALEXANDER KENDRICK, "Kern," "His bark is worse than his bite."	Ripley, Md.
CLAPHAM P. KING, "C. P.," "I value science,—none can prize it more."	Annapolis, Md.
J. F. KOENIG, "Jew," "If we could see ourselves as others see us, Many of us would wear a mask."	Baltimore, Md.
H. M. MCALPINE, "Mac," "As sober as a judge."	Lonaconing, Md.
E. WILLIAM ORRISON, "Tubby," "All studies he solemnly defies."	Baltimore, Md.
L. JEAN SELLMAN, "Jean," "What! ho! This man is dancing mad."	Baltimore, Md.
C. F. SCHAEFFER, "Old Maid," "Some men would rather the Commonwealth out of order than their hair."	Cumberland, Md.
ALLAN H. ST. CLAIR, "Student," "Remote, unfriendly, solitary, slow."	Rocks, Md.
ALBERT STARLINGS, "Nocks," "A man may have no vice, but have worse."	Annapolis, Md.
EDWIN WARFIELD, JR., "Gov.," "He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar, and give directions."	Annapolis, Md.
C. WEAVER, "Barber," "You look wise; pray correct that error."	Middletown, Md.
ROBERT A. WILSON, "Dick," "Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike."	Norfolk, Va.
JOHN N. WILKINSON, JR., "Farmer," "You'll be sorry."	Norfolk, Va.
G. DAWSON WRIGHTSON, "Doc," "He did nothing and did it well."	Easton, Md.

History of 1909.



IN SEPTEMBER, THE EIGHTEENTH, the Class of 1909 began to assemble for the second time at old St. John's. This, our second gathering, was quite different from our first one of last year, when we met here as Freshmen, and poor, scared, measly, green Freshmen we were at that, the "Sophs" said. But that is all over now, and a year produces many changes. So we were now the "brazen-faced Sophs" and, in our own estimation, "Monarchs of all we surveyed."

As soon as the first few days had passed and the novelty of being Sophomores had worn off, we called our first class meeting and finally elected John Eareckson President, who could rightly be called one of the founders of our class, having started as a second "Prep."

But soon Eareckson left school and we had to elect another President, so Tom Dawson was chosen, and we can say in the name of the class that he has made a very good one.

We were very sorry to note that on our return to College we did not see the faces of several of the last year's members. Among those was Hutchinson, who played end on the football team of last year, also Hoover and Reynolds, of the baseball team, and of the crowd in town we miss the smiling face of "Old Bush Howard," who always painted our clouds of dissension with a silver tint. Although we lost a large number of last year's students, we gained a good many, also among whom were Schaffer, Bob Dimpfel, Mick Bowers, Bartgis, St. Clair, Koenig, Bosley, Johnson and Dashfield.

When the call was made for the candidates of the football team our class responded, and very many of them made good, such as Clarke at guard, Jones at tackle, Bosley at end. Besides these were Warfield and Johnson, substitute half-backs.

As the spring approaches, and the baseball and track season approaches, our athletes will have another opportunity to show their abilities.

In baseball our class has so far been very well represented, and this year we hope will be no exception. Last year we had Carroll, Hoover, Reynolds and "Doc" Wrightson on the team and also we tied the Seniors for the College championship.

In track, also, the class is well represented by Crawford and Warfield, of last year's relay team, and who will in all probability make the team again this year.

Besides being represented on the athletic field, we have some very industrious students also, among whom are "Easy" Dawson, who has stood first in his class for two years; also Weaver, Bartgis and Cook, and, finally, "Judge" Carroll.

This year, as is usually the case, the studious crowd is on the first floor, and also the most military, including Koenig, a Pole by birth, a Jew by custom, and Dutchman by nationality.

On the second floor we have, first, "Zip" Crawford, who thinks he can blow a bugle, but how sadly mistaken. He would like to play baseball and football, but "O how lazy." Next we note is "Whitey" Carroll, who has taken a great brace since he was a Freshman. What time he is not playing the mandolin he spends in studying tactics. Expects to be a Sergeant next year. Among the schools he expects to attend are Princeton, Cornell, West Point and Harvard. (Do you think he'll go?) Cook is also to be found on this floor. He used to be a real good boy, but now, O! My! My! My!

On the next floor we find "Rabbit" Schaffer, who is a worthy rival of Bartgis for military honors. They may both learn to keep in step if they stay here long enough. "D—— it, Schaffer, get in step." Nearby is to be found "Mose" or, in other words, "Shorty" Caulk, known as "Crazy Bob Burwell's" side-partner. ("Come, Bobby, let's go to show.") Ennis, of the town crowd, is still with us to worry the professors in general and Vonney in particular.

As the time is approaching for our history to go in for the RAT-TAT, and the year drawing to a close, we at last abandon our duties, but may we from year to year remain as our motto, "Semper fidelis."

HISTORIAN.



Class of 1910.

MOTTO:

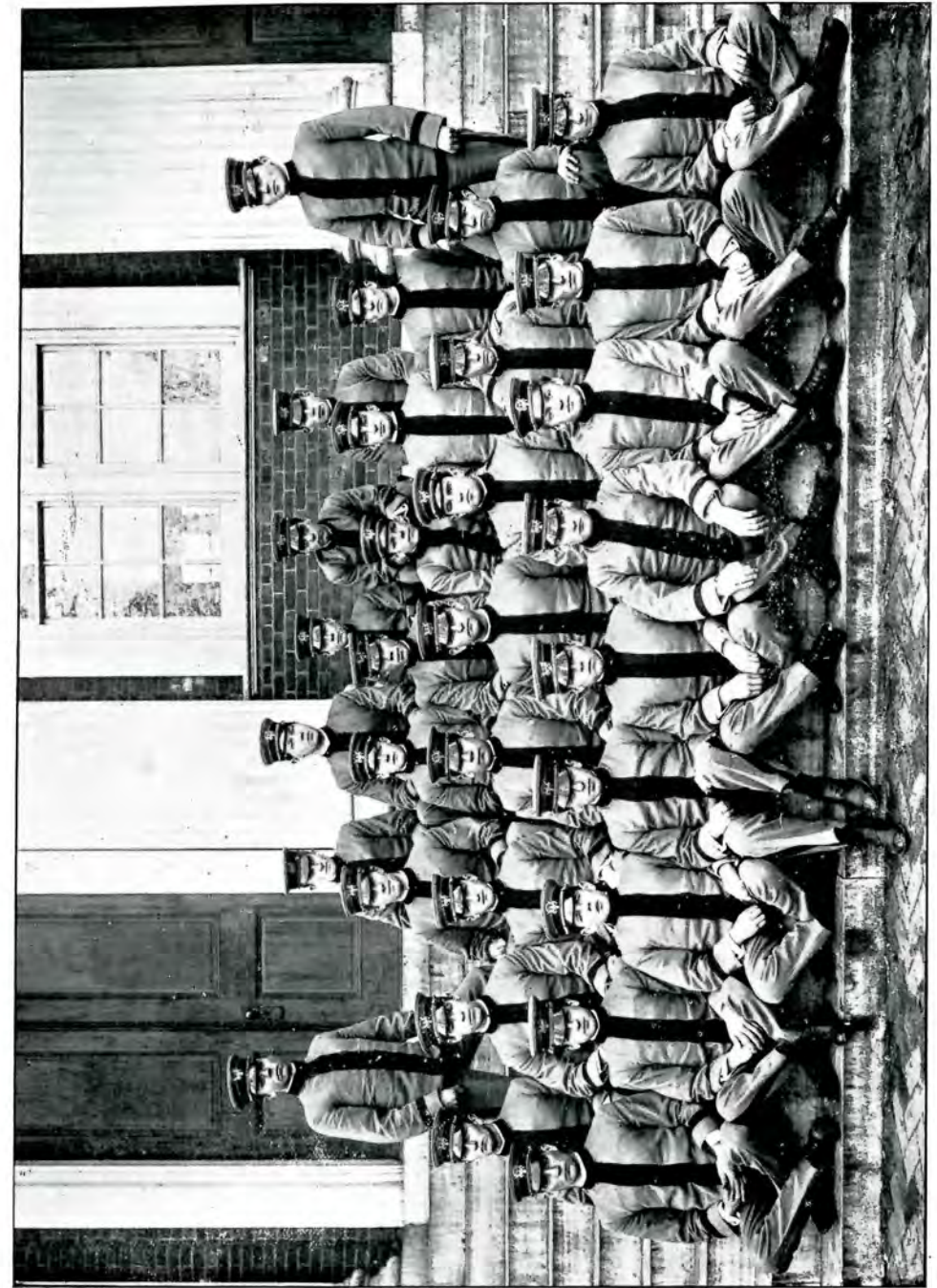
"Keep quiet."

COLOR:

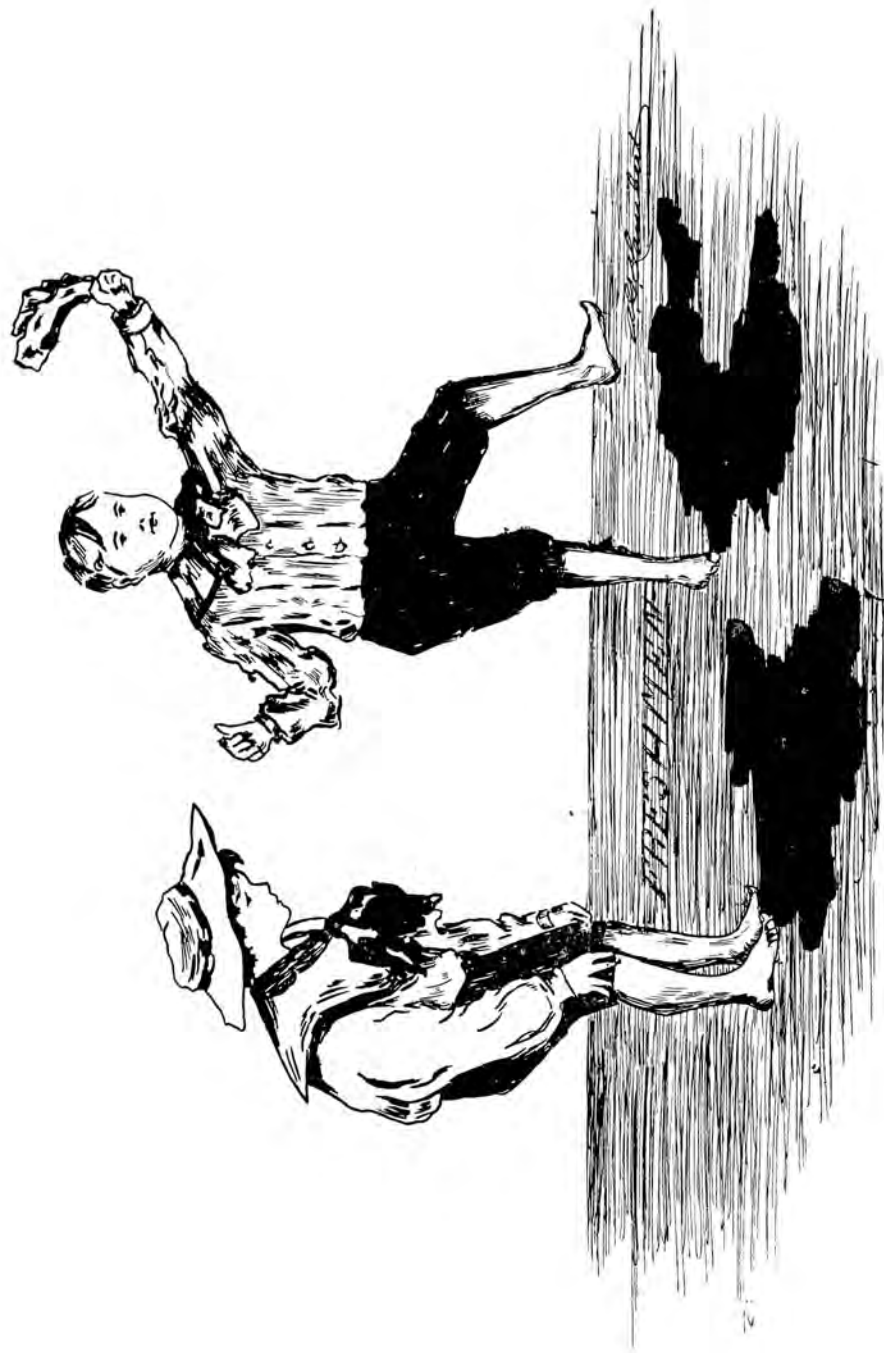
Green.

CLASS OFFICERS.

R. E. MUDD.....	President
W. W. STANSBURY.....	Vice-President
H. W. WILMER.....	Secretary
R. H. McABEE.....	Treasurer
J. C. BURNS.....	Historian



FRESHMAN CLASS.



Freshman Class Roll.

W. S. BLADES—"Maggie".....	Choptank, Md.
W. T. BROADWATER—"Spanks".....	Grantsville, Md.
C. F. BROWN—"Brownie".....	Brookeville, Md.
J. C. BYRNES—"Sister".....	Annapolis, Md.
J. D. CAREY—"Lucille".....	Salisbury, Md.
C. J. COATESWORTH, JR.—"Sport".....	Philadelphia, Pa.
N. V. COLLINSON—"Barn Rat".....	Annapolis, Md.
DONALD M. COHEN—"Jew".....	Savannah, Ga.
CLEVELAND DEAN—"Xerxes".....	Wingate, Md.
R. E. EISENHAUER—"Isaac".....	Baltimore, Md.
PERCY W. DREIFUS—"Jake".....	Liberty, Pa.
HARRY P. GALLIGHER—"Baby".....	Baltimore, Md.
R. H. GROSS—"Georgie".....	Savannah, Ga.
R. P. HARTLE—"Vonny".....	Chewsville, Md.
CLYDE HASTINGS—"Fake".....	Salisbury, Md.
V. K. HOWAT—"Kirkpatrick".....	Annapolis, Md.
R. L. JAMISON—"Skinny".....	Hagerstown, Md.
I. B. JONES—"Ikie".....	Washington, D. C.
W. H. KERR—"Ducky".....	Pittsburg, Pa.
L. C. LEVERING—"Fool".....	Petersburg, Ill.
J. H. LOVE—"Windy".....	Lonaconing, Md.
J. F. LUTZ—"Polecat".....	Annapolis, Md.
R. H. MACABEE—"Mack".....	Bel Air, Md.
L. G. MESSERSMITH—"Kid".....	Baltimore, Md.
R. E. MUDD—"Reddie".....	Bryantown, Md.
T. B. MUDD—"Tom".....	La Plata, Md.
A. G. O'ROURKE—"Tramp".....	Harrisonville, Md.
E. M. OWEN—"Tubby".....	McConachie, Md.
L. F. PARSLEY—"High Ball".....	Brookeville, Md.
W. H. ROBINSON—"Robbie".....	Baltimore, Md.
G. E. RULLMAN—"Catfish".....	Annapolis, Md.
H. E. RUHL—"Dutchie".....	Baltimore, Md.
J. SHERIDAN—"Jimmy".....	Kansas City, Mo.
J. L. SHERWOOD—"Colonel".....	Washington, D. C.
W. W. STANSBURY—"Moonie".....	Pylesville, Md.

H. S. STRANGE—"Cupid".....Annapolis, Md.
 CHARLES STEWART—"Smoky".....Pittsburg, Pa.
 E. F. TRACY—"Lover".....Westminster, Md.
 ALBERT TARBERT—"Sleepy".....Glencoe, Md.
 H. W. WILMER—"Bobwhite".....La Plata, Md.
 P. A. WILMER—"Squinchy".....Annapolis, Md.
 H. E. WILSON—"Curly".....Tilghman, Md.
 BURTON WOOLEY—"Beauty".....Annapolis, Md.
 JONES—"Greasy".....Annapolis, Md.

History.



WE CAN well remember the first day we entered this grand old College. It was an extremely warm day, and after a hot ride on the cars, and a walk up the warm street,—the front campus with its green trees and fine shade looked good to us. We found that a few boys had arrived beforehand and had been assigned rooms. Many of us being brought in by our older brothers or parents, clung to them for dear life while they were here, and when they left there were something like tears in our eyes, because we were soon to be left behind, not knowing any one. When we were left to ourselves we began to make our rooms cosy and find out what new men were near us, and found Freshmen on the fourth floor as thick as bees in a hive. The first night we dreamed of home and loved ones left behind.

During the next few days, new men kept coming in on every train. Some of them were country boys looking amazed at the sights of so many new things at once, and at the great number of boys; while others were city boys with flashing red neckties and shining button shoes, strutting around as if they owned it all. They were allowed to cut their high capers for awhile and they found themselves to be sadly mistaken in their thought of importance.

Shortly after we arrived, we saw a number of boys walking around with black and white hats with 1909 on the bands. They appeared to be the most sociable of all the boys at College and did all they could to help us and, in fact, seemed so nice that we thought they were our best friends. When some of them told us they would hold a Glee Club for our especial benefit our joy reigned supreme. But we could never find out anything about the Glee Club, or when or where it was to be held.

A few nights afterwards we were startled by the tramp of feet as they moved up the halls of Pinkney, visiting each room separately and overturning our beds before them. They met with some resistance on the fourth floor, but soon overcame it. They warned us individually to report the following Saturday evening at 11 o'clock promptly in Room No. 5. When the time was at hand and we had collected in said room, the roll was called and we were ushered in a body to the long-famed Latin room. Here many for the first

time learned what a College Glee Club meant. Many were astonished by the fact that we were to be the actors instead of spectators. All were ordered to "finn out" and face the wall. One by one was called out from his post to participate in the vaudeville. The most important characters were: Sheridan sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb," with "Sir" after each word; Levering played the trombone; Hartle and Blades had a "bull fight;" Wilmer rooted in a basin of flour for a penny; Carey and Hastings gave a whistling duet with their noses together; Cohen sang his A B C's to the tune of "Yankee Doodle;" and Robinson made noises like a "jin-ricky." After this, we gave a farewell selection, each singing his favorite tune in concert. Then we were given a few instructions and told to get into bed without delay.

A few nights after this, while we were having pleasant dreams of our Sophomore year, we were unceremoniously tumbled from bed and told to stand at attention, while a ghost-like figure with a deep bass voice read us our ten commandments and told us to memorize them, as we might be called upon to repeat them any time. Then, leaving us a sample on our wall, they went away. The next morning every Freshman had a lesson to study—you may suppose it to be a lesson by the way we studied it—and by next night we could say it either forward or backward or any old way. Many a time, we were commanded to a certain room to participate in a few stunts for the benefit of the upper classmen. St. Valentine's Day we were asked to show our artistic talents and paint some monograms with our noses. These show that some day a Rembrandt, Raphael or some painter of equal distinction will originate from our class.

Considering the number and size of our members, we did not do as well as we should in football, but in other branches of athletics we promise to do fairly well. The only one to make his monogram in football was Ruhl, although Love, O'Rourke, Tracy and Levering did good work on the second team, and will make a hard fight for positions on next year's team. On the track team, Ruhl has won medals for running and McAbee for high jumps. Many are candidates for the baseball team, and there are many promising men. Robinson, Wilmer, Wilson and McAbee will make some men hustle for places. Although we have done only fairly well in athletics, our class certainly is doing fine work in the class-room. Last term, neither Hartle, Blades, Byres, Ruhl, Wilson nor Owen had to take any exams., while there were many who only had to take one or two.

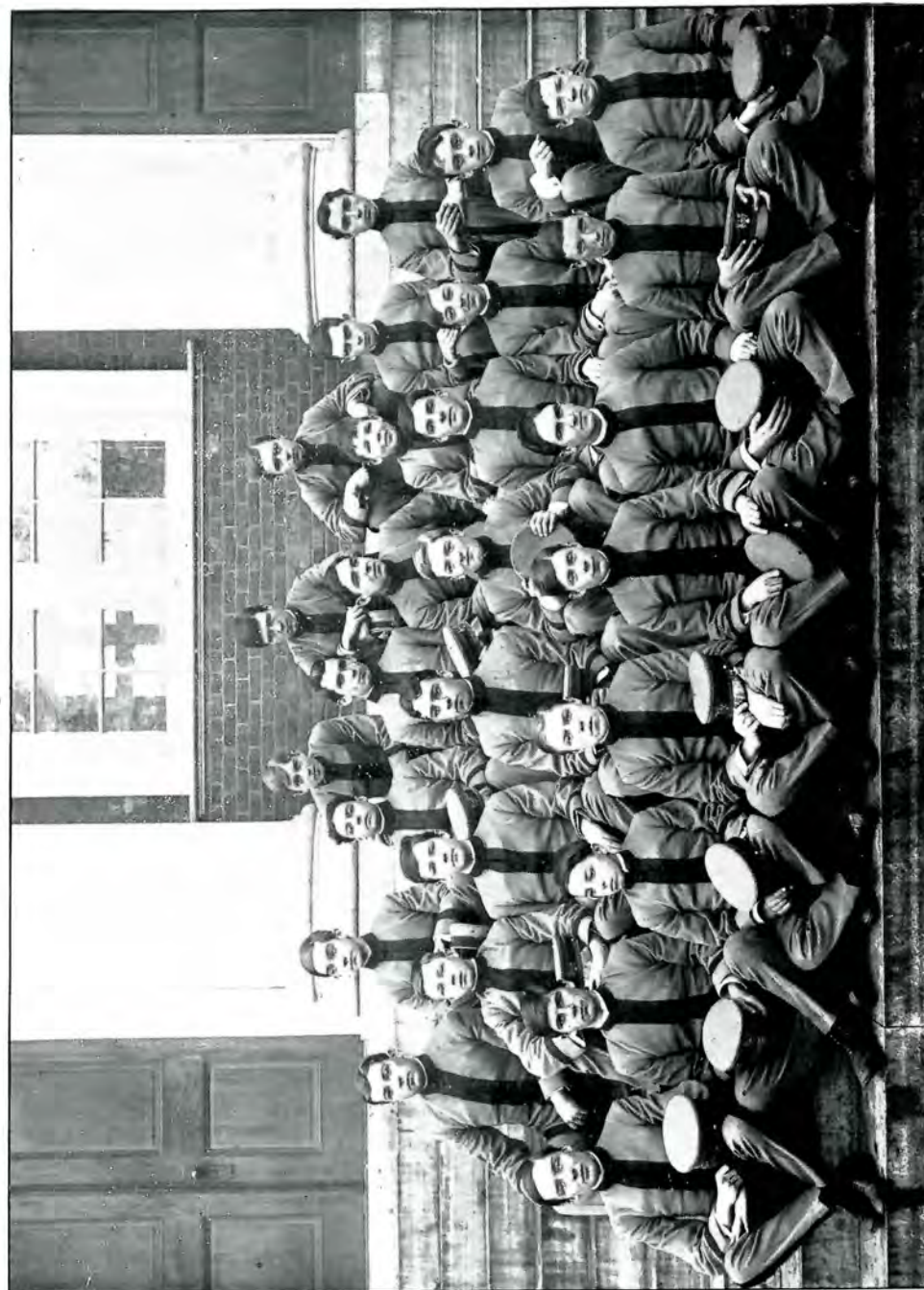
While some of our members are promising along other lines, there are a few who will in the near future be card sharks, if we may judge them by the old adage, "Practice makes perfect." By general comment, "Tramp" may be said to be most infatuated by the game, although he does not far outstrip

"Reddie," "Baby," "Colonel," "Moonie," nor "Ikie." If you wish to find these boys any time in the afternoon, go up on the fourth floor and go in the room where you hear a noise like High-Low, Jack and the Game; there you will surely find them. Sometimes these boys become so infatuated with the game that neither meals, drills nor classes will divert their attention.

Many of our members left us at the first of the second term to go to the Naval Prep. Schools. Although we were sorry to lose these men, we wish them success and that they may enter the Naval Academy with high honors.

Our president, Mudd, had an attack of paralysis and had to leave us about October 10. He returned the second term, and is now with us, the same good-natured old "Reddie" as ever. We were without his guiding hand for a whole term, and will have to divide the honor of handling this wild set of Freshmen between him and our "moon-headed" vice-president,—Stansbury.





PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Preparatory School.

ROLL OF STUDENTS.

FIRST CLASS.

BROOKS, C.,
BAYNE,
COUNSELMAN, J. G.,
ELLICOTT, G.,
HOOGLWORTH, H.,
HOPKINS, H. P.,
HOWARD, R.,
LINTHICUM, G.,
MESSERSMITH, R.,
NELSON, M. G.,
ROBINSON, R. C.,
SCHELL, W. E.,

SMOUSE, T. R.,
STEWART, J.,
STREET, G. E.,
STRANGE, H. S.,
SULLIVAN, W.,
TARBERT, A.,
TRACEY, E. F.,
VILLAFRANCA, L.,
WIGLEY, R. H.,
WILSON, K. E.,
WRIGHT, L.,
VAN SANT.

SECOND CLASS.

ALGERS, L.,
BROADUP, R. D.,
BULL, B. K.,
CLAUDE, G.,
CUETARA, M.,
DEWEY, E. B.,
FINK, E.,
FINKBINE, C. A.,
JIMINEZ, P.,
JUSTIZ, A.,
KERR, W. G.,
KNIGHT, R. H.,
PEALE, C. W.,
PULOS, W. G.,
REPELADO, D.



Chas. H. Mae Nabb
'98-02

XX XX XX XX XX



Philokalian Society.

MEMBERS.

AUSTIN,	LOVE,
ALLEN,	MCALPINE,
BENNETT,	MCBRIDE, A.,
BURTON,	MCBRIDE, E.,
BLADES,	MILLER,
BROWN,	OWENS,
BARTGIS,	PARSLEY,
CARROLL, E.,	QUIMBY,
CAULK, J.,	ROBINSON,
CATHCART,	RUHL,
CORDREY,	SCHUSTER,
COHEN,	SHANNAHAN,
CAREY,	SMITH,
DEAN,	SHERWOOD,
DAWSON,	ST. CLAIR,
DASHIELD,	TILGHMAN,
GALLAGHER,	WEAVER,
HANCE,	
HARRISON, P.,	WILMER,
HARRISON, J.,	WILSON, R.,
HAUVER,	WILKINSON,
HECHT,	WILSON, H.
JONES, R.,	
JOHNSON,	



PHILOKALIAN SOCIETY.



Philomathean Society.

ANDERSON,
ARNOLD,
BOWEN,
BRISCOE,
BEARD,

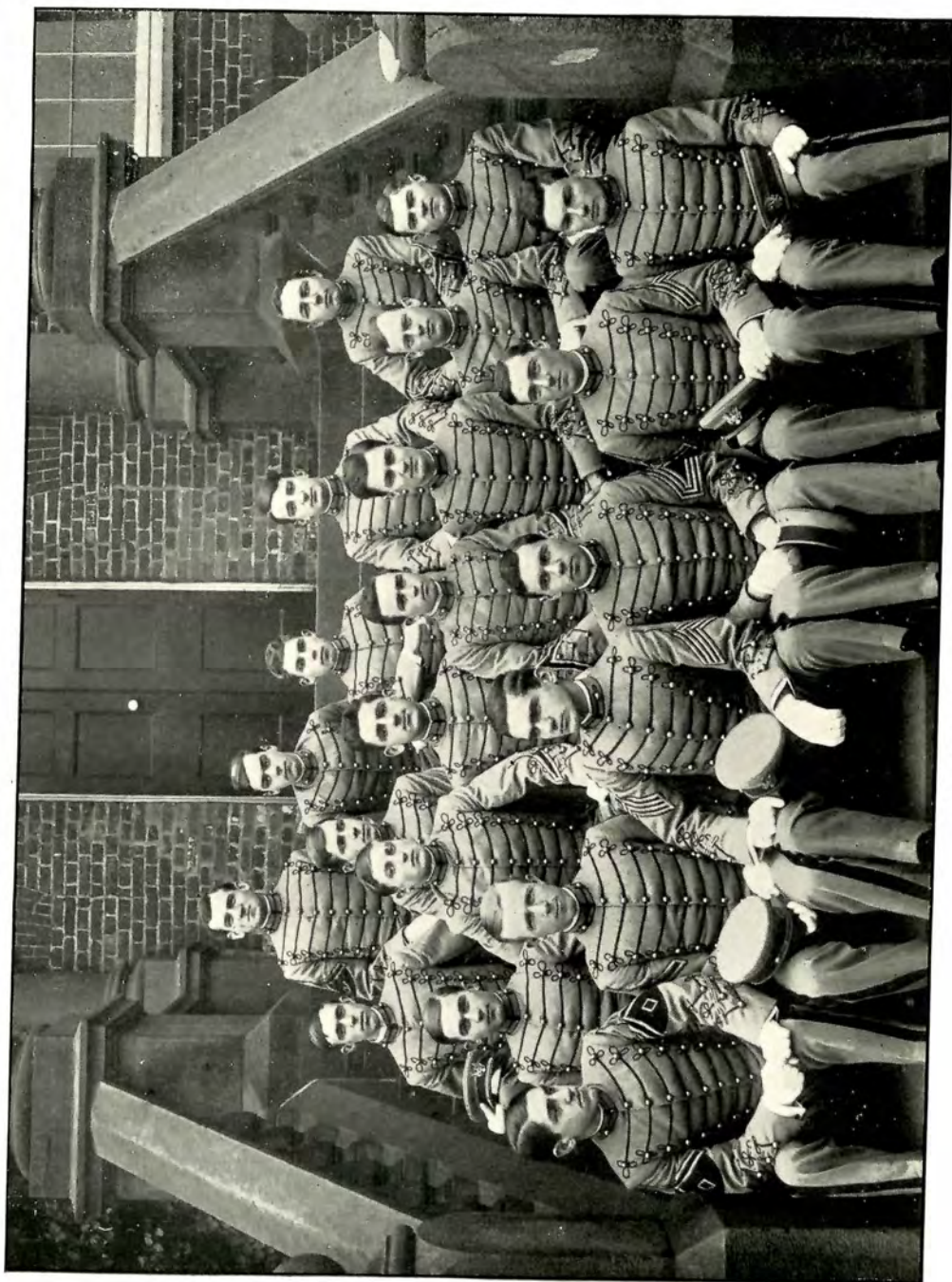
BULLARD,
CARPENTER,
COATSWORTH,
CRAWFORD,
GWYNN,

GAUSS,
HALBERT,
HARRELL,
HUTSON,

HARTLE,
KERR,
KOENIG,
LANEY,

MELSON,
NEILL,
PHILLIPS,
POWELL,

SELLMAN,
SHUGART,
TOWNSEND,
TERRY.



PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.





PHI SIGMA KAPPA.

Sigma Chapter.

(Instituted May 16, 1903.)

ROLL.

MARCELLO WORTHINGTON BORDLEY,
ARTHUR GARLAND BOWERS,
NEWTON FORD CARPENTER,
HOWARD LEE CECIL,
JOHN RIDGELY CLARKE,
MEDOREM CRAWFORD, JR.,
JOHN TRIPLETT HARRISON,

PHILIP HAXALL HARRISON,
IRVIN PATTISON KANE,
ARTHUR RUFUS LANEY,
WILLIAM NEILL, JR.,
ALEXANDER McCULLY STEVENS,
JOHN GOSHORN SHEARER,
EDWIN WARFIELD, JR.

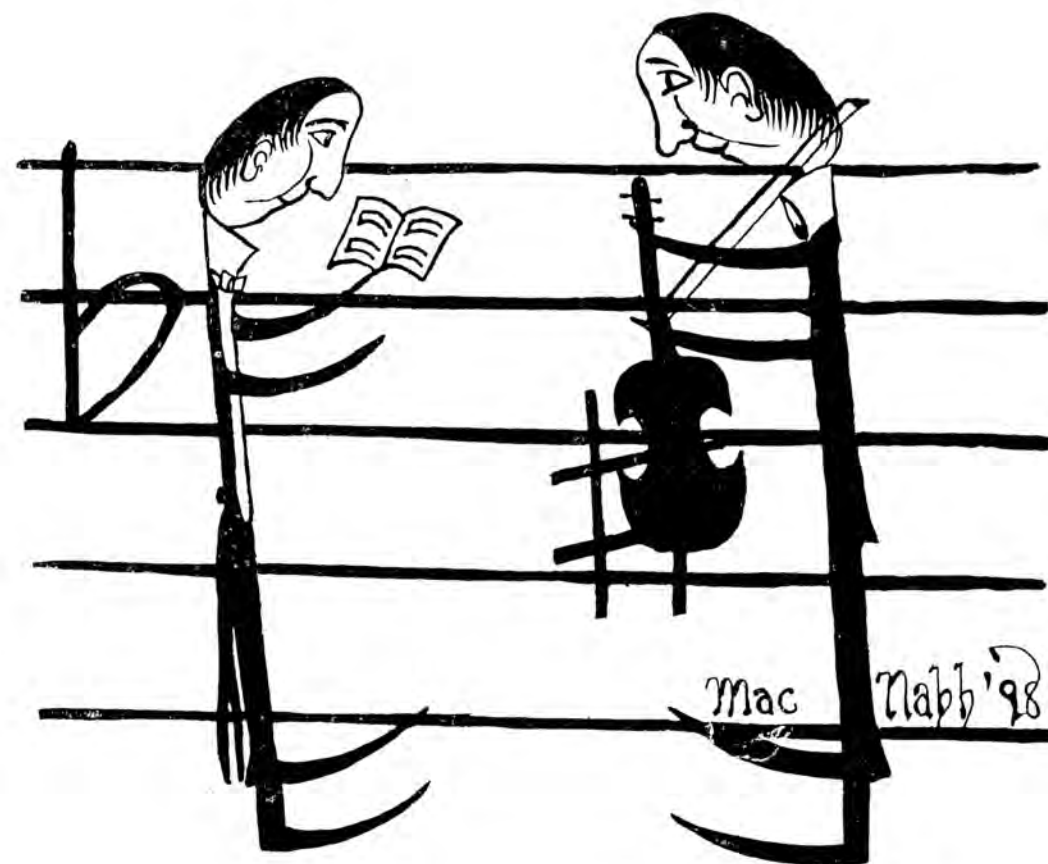
FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

THOMAS FELL, Ph.D., LL.D.,
BYRON VERNON CECIL, M.A.,
AMOS WALTER WOODCOCK, M.A.,
ROLAND HOPKINS, B.A.

FRATRES IN URBE.

EUGENE IGLEHART,
JOHN GREEN,
ARTHUR DE TALMA VALK.





Mandolin and Glee Clubs.

Officers.

A. L. ARNOLD.....	President
J. G. SHANNAHAN.....	Secretary
H. T. RUHL.....	Treasurer
J. P. McMAKIN.....	Business Manager

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Leader, A. R. LANEY.

First Mandolin.

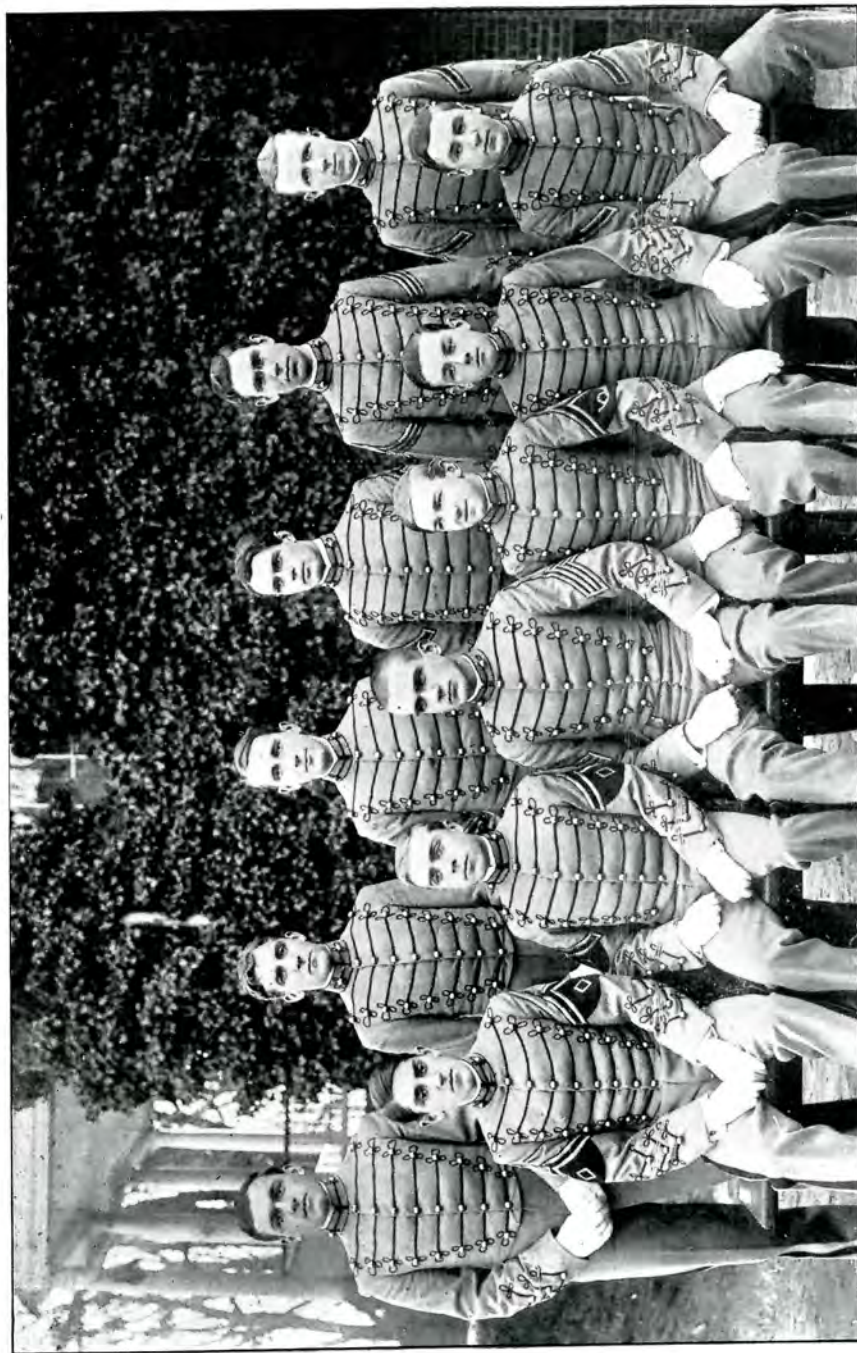
U. S. DOWELL,
C. R. HALBERT,
A. R. LANEY,
W. E. HAUVER,
J. G. SHANNAHAN,
J. P. McMAKIN,

Second Mandolin.

ELLICOTT,
B. S. BULLARD,
M. CARROLL,
C. L. WEAVER,
SHERWOOD,
JOHNSON.

Guitars.

PROFESSOR CECIL,
E. H. McBRIDE,
F. A. PINKERTON,
M. CRAWFORD, JR.,
E. R. BEARD,
R. M. JONES.



GLEE CLUB.

Glee Club.

Leader, A. R. Laney.

First Tenor.

A. R. Laney.
A. L. Arnold.
G. Ellicott.

Second Tenor.

R. E. Stone.
P. H. Harrison.
W. E. Hauver.

First Bass.

A. G. Bowers.
A. C. McBride.
N. F. McDorman.

Second Bass.

J. P. McMakin.
F. A. Pinkerton.
H. T. Ruhl.



MANDOLIN CLUB.

Facts of College Life.

Immediately after College opened you could see many of last year's lovers calling on their lady friends and renewing those old acquaintances where they left off last year.

One case especially I will speak of, which was so serious as to demand the attention of F.F.L.L.H.H. during the entire summer. One night after lingering too long telling the idol of his affection "Good Night," he overstayed his time and had to run all the way from Duke of Gloucester Street to the hall. He made the time in fifteen flat, so Mex holds the record for quick pacing after 10.30.

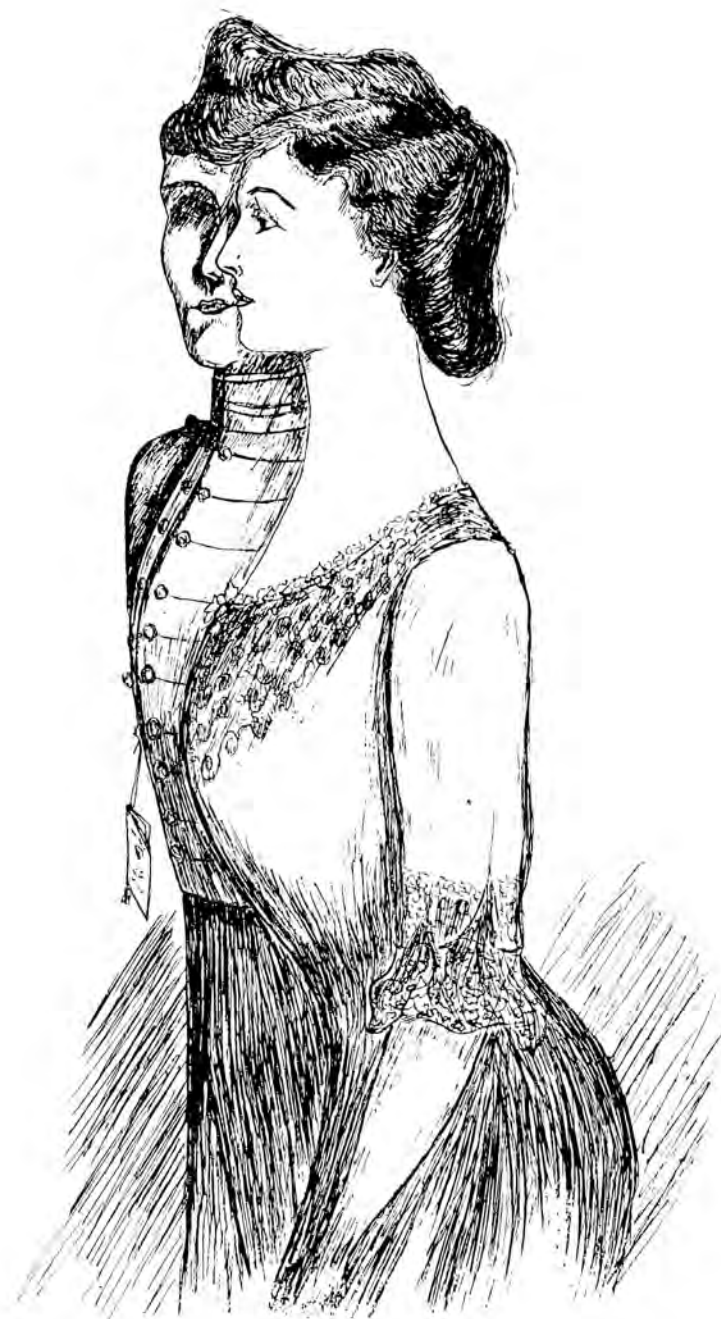
A number of the Cadets showed their dramatic talent by producing the play entitled "The Deacon" in McDowell Hall. The performance was very highly commended by a crowded house.

The series of hops this season were very largely attended and many kind congratulations were received on the attractive and enjoyable manner in which they were given. But the height of social ambition was reached during June week, when the Society Dance and the Farewell Ball were given. The Society Dance was given on the night of June 17, which marked the beginning of a week of pleasure. The hall was decorated with palms, College colors and banners. Mrs. J. C. Johnson and Mr. E. C. Hearn received.

On June 21 the Class of 1907 gave the Class of 1906 a Farewell Ball. The Gymnasium was never more beautifully decorated than on this occasion. All along the walls and ceiling were streaming the colors of the two classes meeting in the center in a star, while at the far end was the College flag crossed by Old Glory and above these were drooping the colors of the two classes. The ball began with a grand march, which ended with the couples arranged along the walls, facing each other; then Major Clark gave over his sword to Sergeant H. A. Coulbourn and informed him of his appointment as Major.

The dance was in every way the most enjoyable one in the history of St. John's.

Although great was the anticipation of summer vacation, we did not once lose sight of this pleasure, which marked the close of 1906.



Cotillion Club.

OFFICERS.

J. T. HARRISON.....	President
H. A. COULBOURN.....	Vice-President
M. N. BORDLEY.....	Secretary
W. NEILL.....	Treasurer

HOP COMMITTEE.

J. T. HARRISON, '07 (Chairman),	J. G. SHEARER, '07,
M. W. BORDLEY, '07,	A. R. LANEY, '08,
I. P. KANE, '07,	F. E. CAULK, '08,
B. GWYNN, '07,	P. H. HARRISON, '08,
H. A. COULBOURN, '07,	W. NEILL, '08,
A. McSTEVENS, '07,	E. WARFIELD, '09,

SERIES OF HOPS, 1906-07.

December 7, 1906,	April 5, 1907,
January 11, 1907,	April 19, 1907,
January 18, 1907,	May 3, 1907,
February 8, 1907,	May 10, 1907,

MEMBERS.

1907.

HARRISON,
BORDLEY,
KANE,
GWYNN,
COULBOURN,
MCSTEVENS,
BOWEN,
BELT,
HANCE,
MELVIN,

MAGRUDER,
SMITH,
TERRY,
RUZ,
BENNETT,
THOMPSON,
MUDD,
SHEARER,
RUHL,

1908.

HARDINGE,
CAULK,
HARRISON,
NEILL,
LANEY,
McMAKIN,
AUSTIN,

SHUGART,
SHANNAHAN,
PHILLIPS,
BRISCOE,
CARPENTER,
HARRELL.

1909.

BEAN,
CAULK,
CRAWFORD,
WARFIELD,
BURWELL,
WRIGHTSON,

CARROLL,
BULLARD,
BOSLEY,
WILKINSON,
DAWSON,
CLARKE.

1910.

WILMER,

COATSWORTH.

Y. M. C. A.

The most important by far of college organizations, yet sad to say, often the most neglected and unsupported of all, is the College Y. M. C. A.

When a young man leaves home and all those dear and restraining home ties to go to college, he finds himself suddenly in a new world, as it were, where everything is novel and strange to him. Unfamiliar yet friendly faces greet him on all sides. Everyone seems eager to have him join their own particular set and make himself one of them. It is just at this stage of a man's life that the Y. M. C. A. has an opportunity of doing an infinite amount of good. When a young man is thus undecided whom he shall make his bosom friends and how he shall direct his steps let him first seek the companionship of truly alive Y. M. C. A. men, who are always only too glad to welcome him as a friend and companion. Let him from the beginning make the Y. M. C. A. the beacon light of his college career; and let him follow it unhesitatingly and it will lead him to the noblest manhood and to the highest citizenship in after years.

In college life very frequently the unwise student consumes the whole of his time in the strengthening of the body and mind. The class-room ever reminds him of the necessity of diligent study. And the athletic field and his natural inclinations invite him to exercise the body and make it robust and strong. It is well that he does thus build up his physical strength and develop his brain; for what is more to be desired than a healthy, stalwart man with a bright, talented intellect. But how sad it is to think that such a person has totally neglected his soul—that most important and most sensitive of the threefold natures of man.

When a student first comes to college, almost invariably his conscience, being trained in a Christian home where God's spirit dwelt, is tender and easily distinguishes between right and wrong. But he very often finds that those around him are doing wrong, and, although he knows that it is wrong, he thinks that he must do as they are doing and joins in their wrongdoing. The expression, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," is so often thoughtlessly uttered as an excuse for having done some wrong. Nothing can be more dangerous and foolish than taking such a saying for a motto and living according to its unprincipled spirit. A person who does so is like the chaff wafted hither and thither by the wind. He has no stability of character who does certain things which are wrong just because his comrades do it, and his weakness will soon lead to his temporal and eternal destruction.

His soul may have been very much alive when he first entered college and he may have enjoyed the Y. M. C. A. meetings and the Bible classes. But by negligence and non-attendance upon these meetings, which would help so much to keep alive in him the spark of God's love, he starves his soul and hushing its whispers finally forgets that he is constituted of more than a body and mind. The result is we have a college man who is a fine athlete, perhaps, and a good student, but, alas, a doubter of God's word and a despiser of his goodness, one who is drifting on the sea of uncertainty and disbelief close to the awful whirlpool of infidelism.

The Y. M. C. A., standing for all that is good, noble, and manly, endeavors to prevent such a catastrophe in a man's life. It seeks to develop those of weak characters and make them strong and useful men in this world. And it needs most urgently those of strong character to keep up the organization and to assist in the preservation and development of moral courage in the strong and weak alike, so that all may stand up fearlessly for the truth and right.

The College men who have mounted to the highest position of honor and trust are those who in collegiate days were staunch supporters of the Y. M. C. A. And it behooves us as College men, searching for the best and noblest in life to take an active interest in the Y. M. C. A., and thus secure that well-developed, all-around education that is so essential to make a success of life.

PRESIDENT.

Young Men's Christian Association.

Officers for 1907-08.

C. H. SCHUSTER, '08.....	President
G. L. MILLER, '08.....	Vice-President
W. E. HAUVER, '08.....	Secretary
A. N. ST. CLAIR, '09.....	Treasurer
T. DAWSON, '09.....	Corresponding Secretary

Advisory Board.

DR. THOMAS FELL,	PROF. C. W. STRYKER,
	PROF. A. W. WOODCOCK,
REV. G. S. BELL,	REV. T. P. HOLLOWAY.

Committees.

MEMBERSHIP.

A. C. QUIMBY, Chairman,
R. E. JONES,
C. CORDREY,
T. DAWSON,
C. WEAVER.

MISSION STUDY.

R. E. JONES, Chairman,
A. H. ST. CLAIR,
U. H. TARBERT,
L. C. BARTGIS.

BIBLE STUDY.

G. L. MILLER, Chairman,
W. S. BLADES,
S. SHANNAHAN,
A. C. QUIMBY,
C. DEAN.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

C. R. HALBERT, Chairman,
SCHAFER,
LOVE,
SHUGART.



Military Department.

Commandant of Cadets.

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

Commissioned Staff.

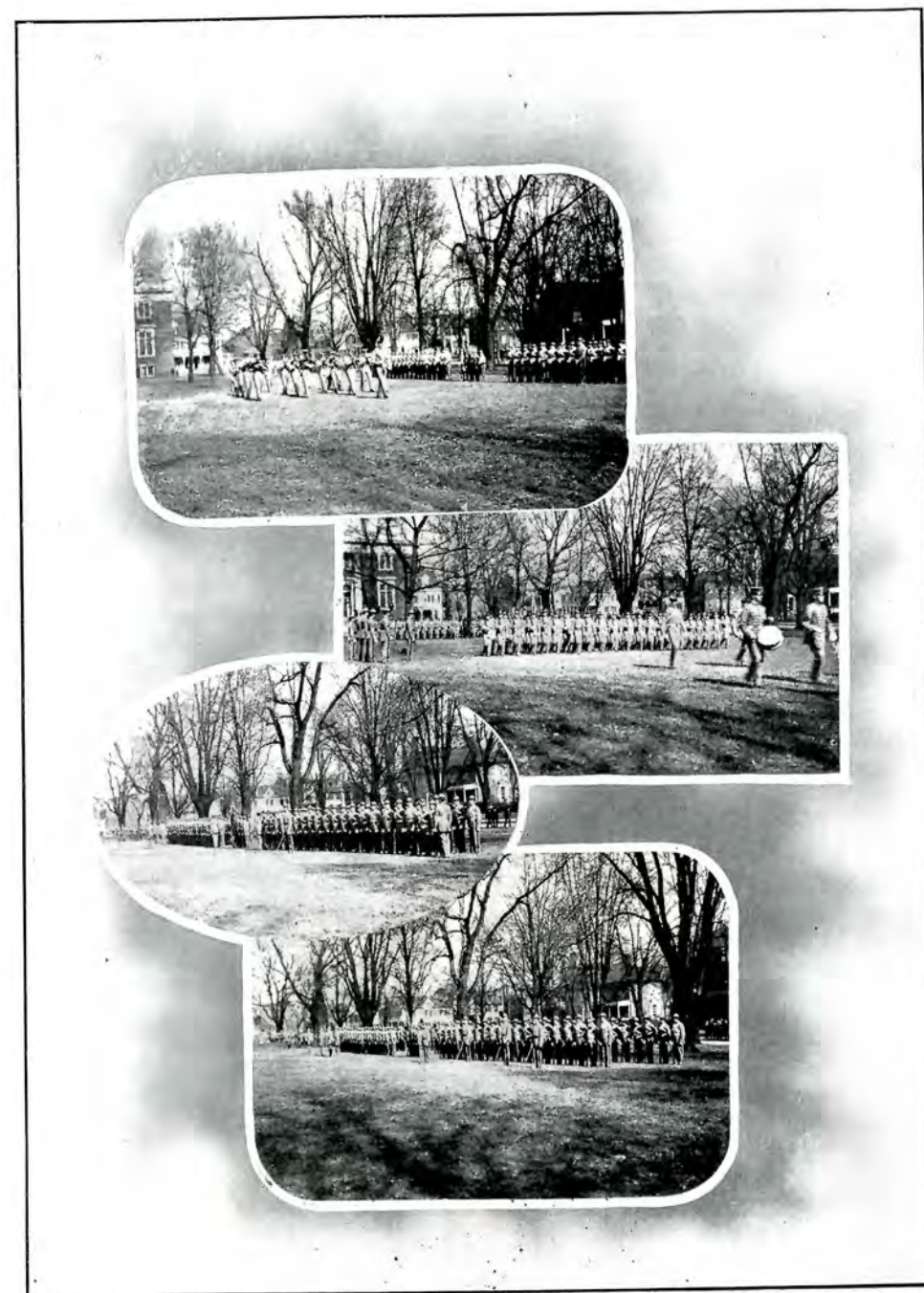
Cadet Major H. A. Coulbourn.....	Major
Cadet Lieutenant N. A. Belt.....	Adjutant
Cadet Quartermaster R. Anderson, Jr.....	Quartermaster
Cadet Commissary B. Hance.....	Commissary
Cadet Lieutenant W. M. Bordley.....	Ordnance Department
Cadet Lieutenant E. E. Bennett.....	Ordnance Department
Cadet Lieutenant A. R. Smyth.....	Ordnance Department
Cadet Lieutenant W. C. Childs.....	Ordnance Department
Cadet Lieutenants L. Bowen, E. McBride.....	Chiefs of Signal Corps

Non-Commissioned Staff.

Cadet Sergeant-Major C. C. Cathcart.....	Sergeant-Major
Cadet Quartermaster Sergeant C. Tilghman.....	Quartermaster Sergeant
Cadets Color Sergeants L. I. Hecht, J. C. Collinson.....	
Cadet Sergeant B. W. Logan.....	Chief Bugler
Cadet Corporal M. Crawford.....	Assistant Bugler



STAFF OFFICERS.



DRESS PARADE.



THE BATTALION.

COMPANY A.

Captain.

JOHN T. HARRISON.

Lieutenants.

R. C. BRADY (1st), F. B. GWYNN (2d), A. M. STEVENS (2d additional).

Sergeants.

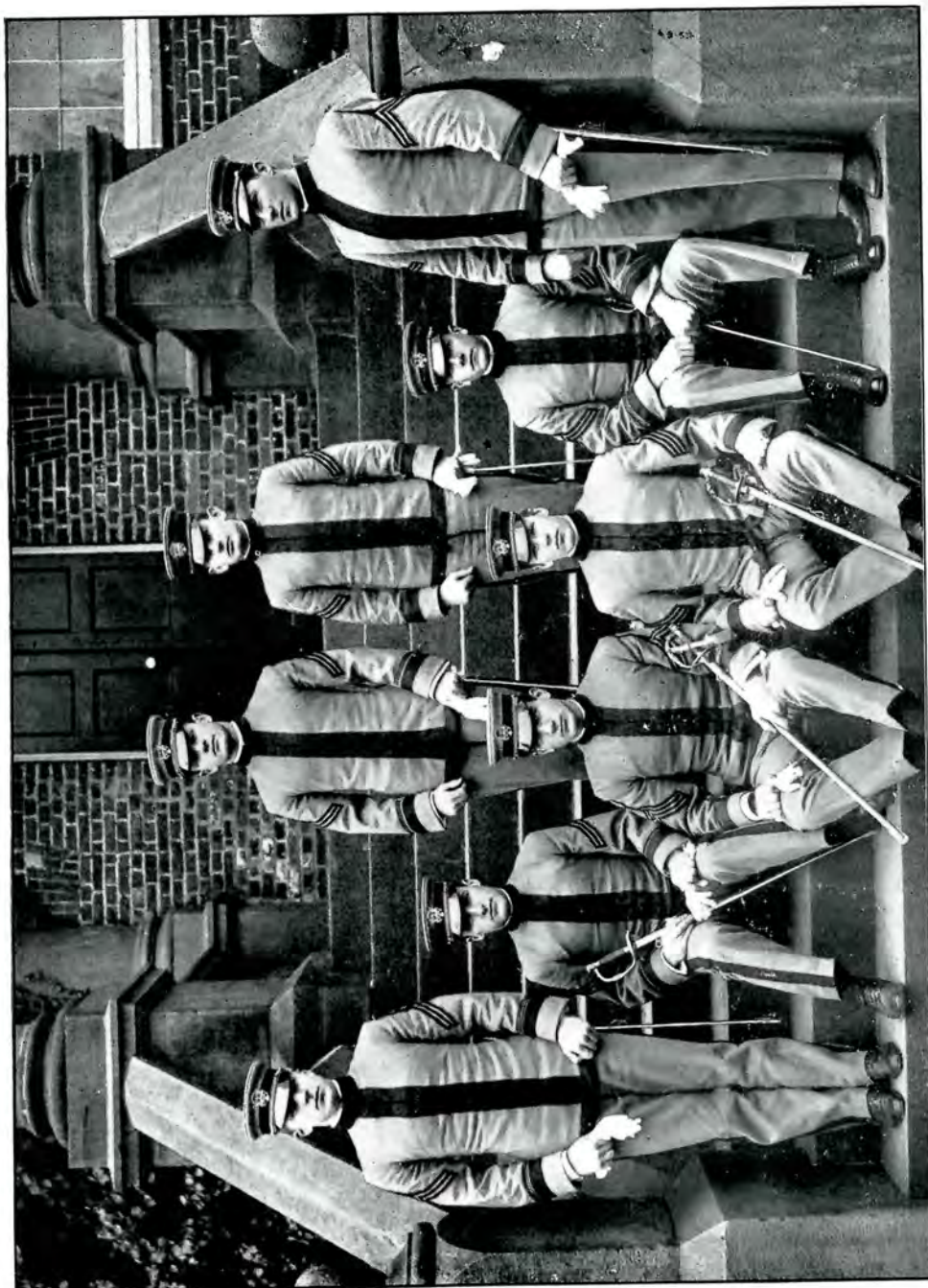
R. STONE (1st), J. P. McMARIN, M. A. MELSON,
F. E. CAULK, P. H. HARRISON.

Corporals.

U. S. DOWELL, A. C. MCBRIDE, H. L. CECIL, J. G. SHANNAHAN,
L. M. BRISCOE, W. C. MUNROE, W. M. POWELL.

Privates.

BEARD,	DRIEFUS,	MCALPINE,
BURNS,	ENNIS,	MCABEE,
BOWERS,	EISENHAUER,	MUDD, T. B.,
BOSLEY,	FINK,	MUDD, W. L.,
BROOKS,	FINKBINE,	MELVIN,
BROADRUPT,	GLADDEN,	PARLETT,
BULL,	GROSS,	ROBINSON, W.,
BULLARD,	HALBERT,	STANSBERRY,
CLARK,	HOWARD,	STEWART, J.,
CARROLL,	HOPKINS,	SULLIVAN,
CAREY,	JONES,	SMOUSE,
CORDREY,	JAMISON,	SHERWOOD,
COATSWORTH,	KENDRICKS,	TARBERT,
COHEN,	KING,	TRACEY,
CUTLER,	LUTZ,	WILSON,
COLLINSON,	LEVERING,	WOOLEY,
CUETARA,		



LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY B.

Captain

A. L. ARNOLD.

Lieutenants

I. P. KANE (1st Lieut.),

E. W. MAGRUDER (2d Lieut.),

R. J. RIZ (2d additional).

Sergeants

J. G. SHEARER (1st Sergt.), G. M. AUSTIN,
F. L. L. HARRELL, A. C. QUIMBY.

H. HARDINGE,

Corporals

W. H. TARBERT,
WM. NEIL, JR.,

R. A. STERNBERG,
C. T. SHUGART,

P. D. PHILLIPS,
W. H. TOWNSEND.

E. WARFIELD,

Privates

BAYNE,
BARGIS,
BROWN,
BROADWATER,
BURTON,
BURWELL,
CLAUDE,
CARPENTER,
COOK,
CARROLL, E.,
CAULK, J.,
COUNCILMAN,
DASHIELL,

DAWSON, T.,
GALLIGHER,
HARRINGTON,
HARTLE,
HOOGHWORTH,
HASTINGS,
JIMINEZ,
JONES, I. B.,
JUSTIZ,
KERR,
LINTHICUM,
LOVE,
MILLER,

NELSON,
O'ROURK,
OWENS,
ORRISON,
PARSLEY,
PULOS,
RUHL,
REPELADO,
ROBINSON,
RULLMAN,
SCHAEFFER,
SCHUSTER,
SHERRIDAN,

SHELL,
STARLING,
STRANGE,
ST. CLAIR,
TERRY,
VILLAFRANCA,
VANSANT,
WILMER, P.,
WILMER, H.,
WILSON, R.,
WILSON, K.,
WILKINSON,
WRIGHT.

The Band.

Instructor

PROF. SIMS (Naval Academy Band).

CADET CAPTAIN W. A. STROHM, Cornet.

First Lieutenant and Drum Major
A. C. THOMPSON.

Second Lieutenant
H. T. RUHL, Trombone.

First Sergeant
A. R. LANEY, Baritone.

Second Sergeant
H. HUTSON, Bass.

Third Sergeant
N. F. McDORMAN, Cornet.

Fourth Sergeant
F. H. GAUSS, Cornet.

Corporals

W. E. HAUVER, Clarinet.

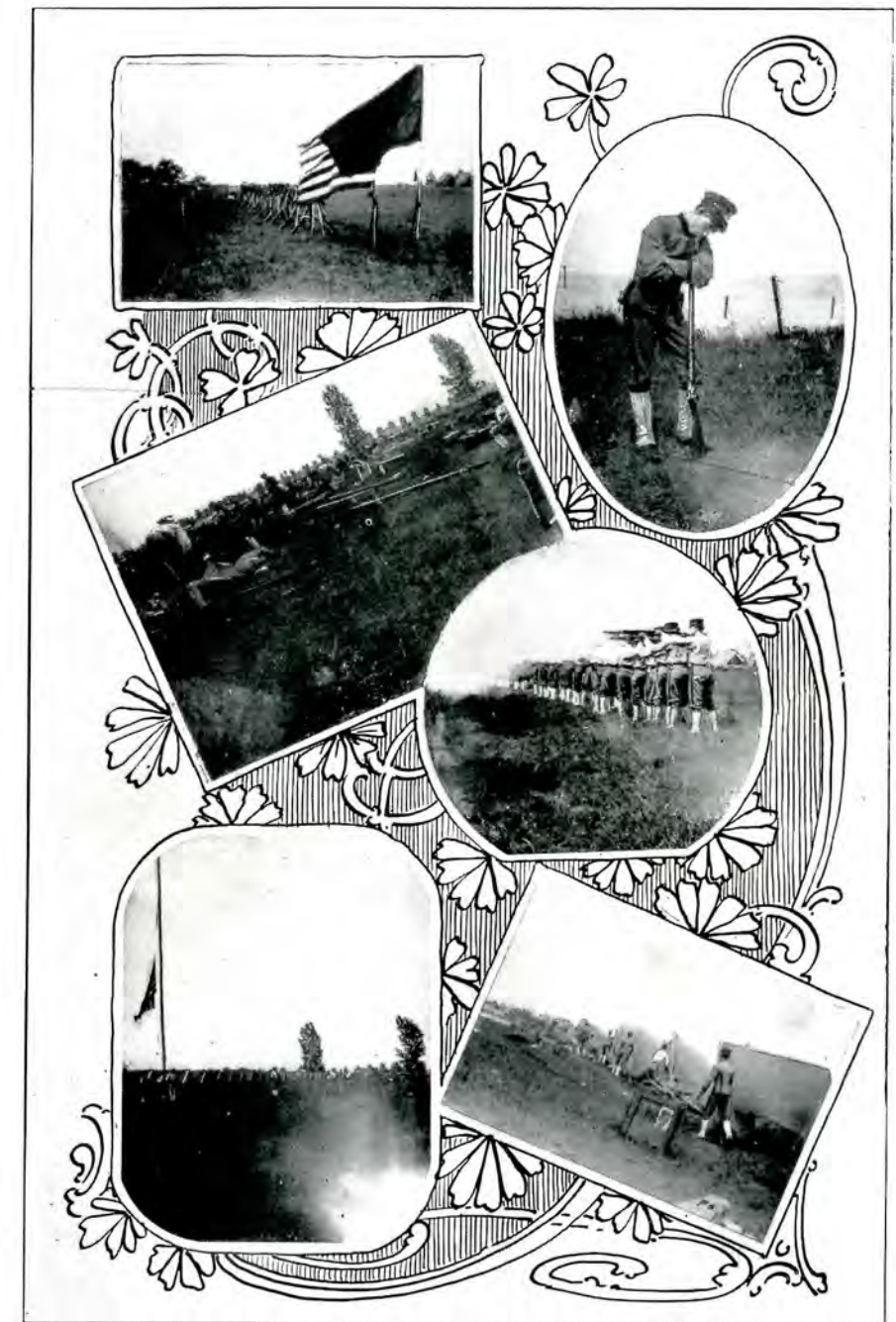
L. ALLEN, Bass Drum.

F. A. PINKERTON, Trombone.

Privates

BLADES Cornet
DEAN Cymbals
ELLCOTT Alto
JOHNSON Alto
KOENIG Bass

SELLMAN Cornet
STEWART Piccolo
STREET Alto
WEAVER Snare Drum
WIGLEY Clarinet



SCENES IN CAMP.



THE PICKET'S DREAM.

Camp "Thomas Fell,"

Tolchester Beach.

Our encampment at Tolchester in June, 1906, was, as usual, a great success so that at the opening of College this year we found a large number of new students enrolled; in fact, more than in previous years.

On the 4th of June last year, after all examinations had been completed, there was a great hustle in College to get ready the equipments for camp. Everything being ready, at four o'clock our battalion was mustered in, about two hundred strong, all "diked out" in leggings, white gloves and shining buckles, and under the command of Major Clark was marched, with the band playing "Number 11," to the wharf at the foot of Prince George street. After arriving at the wharf, we waited but a short time for the "Emma Giles," which we boarded at 4.35 o'clock. After a pleasant two hours' ride on the Bay, we came in sight of Tolchester, and all crowded to the bow to get a glimpse of the place that was to be our home for the next eight days. As we neared the wharf, we got a full view of the place. Situated on a high bluff was the summer resort; to the left of it, in a large field, were long rows of tents, which had been set up by the advance guard, sent to Tolchester a few days before, to have everything in readiness for the arrival of the battalion.

On reaching the wharf, the battalion was formed, and marched up the long hill to the camp grounds. After we had been assigned to our tents, the Quartermaster gave each man a cot. By this time our baggage had arrived and each one made a scramble to get his possessions. There being plenty of cots, all were soon ready for the first night at "Camp Thomas Fell."

The first night was a beautiful one. The moon peeped up over the low, rolling hills of the Eastern Shore about eight o'clock, casting streams of golden rays over the camp, making it an ideal spectacle to the eyes of the imaginative youths. At half-past ten everyone was in his bed trying to enjoy this new mode of life.

It seemed that we had hardly touched the bed before the sound of the bugle was heard, calling us out. It was not necessary to dress for roll-call, so some of the costumes were extremely primitive. After roll-call men could be seen wandering over the parade ground with wash-basins in their hands and towels thrown across their arms to the nearby pump for a morning splash. We then had breakfast at seven o'clock.

The first thing in the military line was the cleaning, rolling up, and inspection of tents; then hospital call, and guard mount at nine o'clock, when the old guards were relieved and the new ones posted. A squad was then de-

tailed to dig a rifle pit in a nearby field. The drilling was not so hard as in previous years, as the drill periods were given up almost entirely to target practice, with exception of the period set apart for Dress Parade at 6 P. M. Supper was served at 7 P. M., and when taps sounded at 10.30, which ended the day, it was a tired lot that tumbled into bed to spend the night in repose.

The Dress Parades were reviewed by large crowds of excursionists from Baltimore, who spoke very highly of the efficiency of the military department of St. John's College.

Every afternoon, as soon as target practice was over, the fellows could be seen strolling through the park, enjoying themselves, and each spending his money as suited him best. Some rode the merry-go-round, where they spent hours in a fruitless effort to capture the brass ring, which entitled the holder to a free ride. Some rode the Huhu-Zulu, others Pike's Peak, and many wandered over the dancing pavilion, where they spent quite an enjoyable afternoon "tripping the light fantastic toe" with some pretty girl who had come down from Baltimore for a day of pleasure.

For the first few days nothing occurred to break the monotony of camp life, with the exception of football practice and the grand rehearsals of Captain Rouse's Band each morning in the Park.

Many evenings we would entertain ourselves by tossing Freshmen and Preps. in a blanket, which is an ancient custom in camp life. Other amusements were reading "Tip-tops," gaming and singing. Allen, the famous St. John's comedian, would often entertain us with his rag-time songs.

On Thursday afternoon and night there arose a furious storm,—so great, indeed, that we thought every moment our tents would be blown away. The rain came down in torrents, but, fortunately, trenches having been dug around each tent, we were dry on the inside.

Saturday afternoon we were visited by Governor Warfield, and Colonel Crawford, U. S. A., who viewed the dress parade of the battalion, and highly praised us for the showing we made. Our dress parades were usually the best part of camp; the spectators were free in their applause.

We had no drills on Sunday, except guard mount and dress parade, target practice having been completed on Saturday.

Company A kept the flag she had won the year previous, as there was no competitive drill this year by which to determine the flag company for the next year.

On Monday, our last day at camp, the forenoon was spent in preparations for breaking camp. At 2.15 P. M. we broke camp, boarded the "Emma Giles" and steamed back to Annapolis, proud of the fine showing we had made.

Although all were pleased at camp, we were much more pleased when we had prepared ourselves for rest, knowing that we had completed another year successfully at St. John's College.

A Tribute to the French Soldiers.

With simple but impressive ceremonies Miss Amelia de Pau Fowler, of Baltimore, a direct descendant of Admiral De Grasse, who commanded the French fleet at the fall of Yorktown, laid the cornerstone of a monument which the patriotic citizens of Maryland will erect to the soldiers and sailors of France who died for this country during the Revolutionary War and are buried on our Campus.

The place was suitably decorated with French and American flags. The battalion of cadets in full dress uniform was drawn up in line to render the military honors.

The order of exercises was as follows:

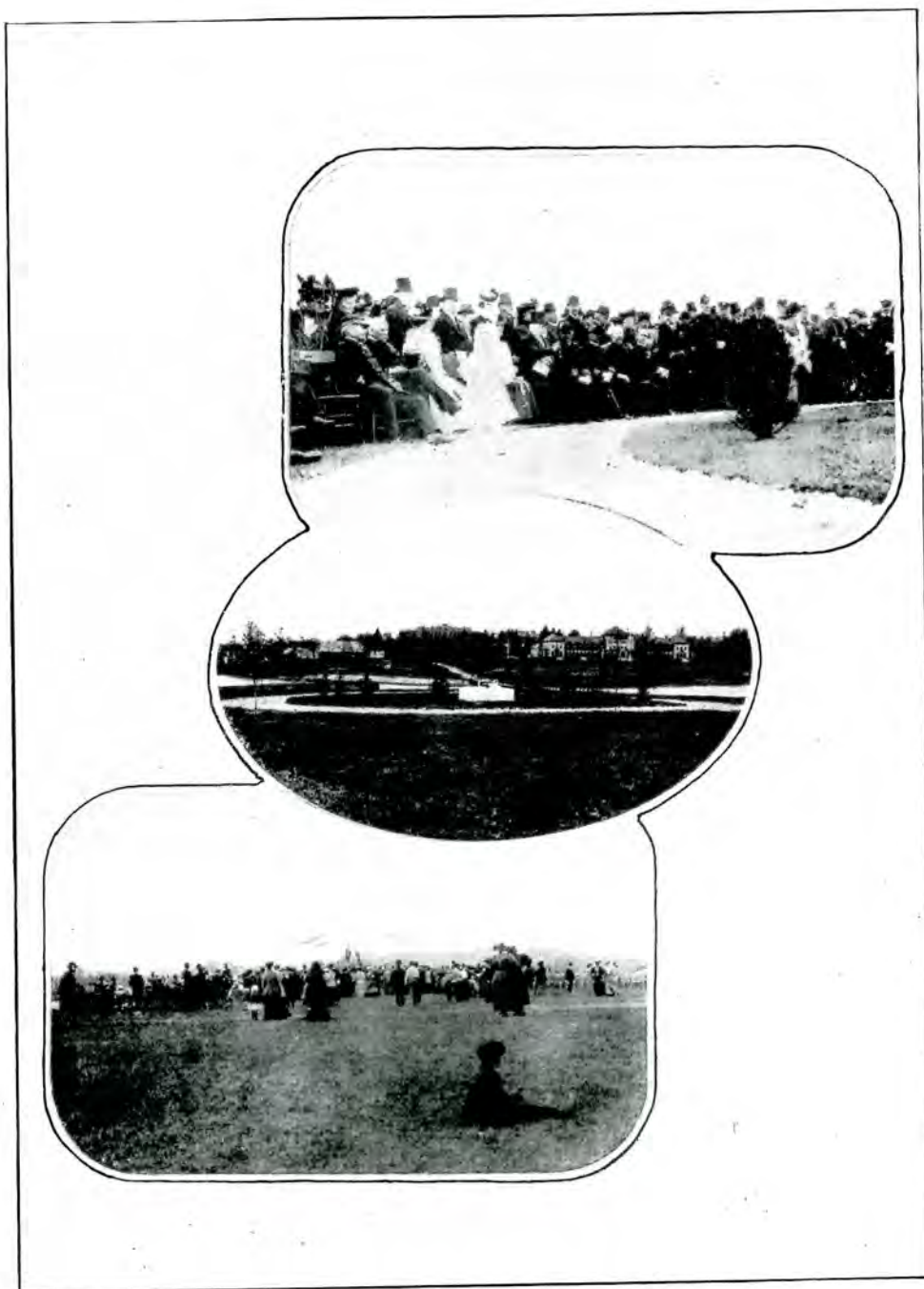
Prayer, Father Thomas Hanley, rector of St. Mary's R. C. Church.

Introductory address, Colonel Oswald Tilghman, Secretary of State of Maryland.

After welcoming the distinguished audience, Colonel Tilghman said, in part: "We have met here today on historic ground. On this St. John's College Campus, in the spring of 1781, just one hundred and twenty-five years ago, were encamped the French troops, commanded by the Marquis de Lafayette. The harbor of Annapolis was then blockaded by British sloops-of-war. The presence here at that critical moment of these our French allies undoubtedly saved the city of Annapolis from pillage and destruction, and our grand old State House, then but seven years old, from being laid in ashes. Many of these brave sons of France died here from fever and other diseases incident to hardships and were buried on this very spot. Now, in appreciation of this service and as an evidence of our lasting gratitude to France, we here today dedicate this spot to the sacred memory of those who lie buried here. And may the friendship now existing between the two greatest republics of the world be as enduring as the granite shaft to be erected on this spot."

Ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, in his address, dwelt upon the friendly relations which existed between the two nations from the very beginning and which found even expression in the life of Annapolis at the end of the eighteenth century.

M. Jusserand, Ambassador of France to the United States, thanked in behalf of his country the Marylanders for their grateful recognition of the services rendered by France to the State and pointed to the unbroken friendship in which the two countries had lived for more than a hundred years.



VIEWS OF THE FRENCH MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The foundation stone was laid by Miss de Pau Fowler, assisted by Governor Warfield.

Admiral Compion, of the French fleet, beginning his address in English, stated that he could far better express his feeling of gratitude in his native tongue, which he did with true French enthusiasm, ending with three cheers for America, in which the French Ambassador and French officers heartily joined.

Governor Warfield then delivered his most genial address. After paying very fine compliments to the French and American ladies in general and to Miss de Pau Fowler as representing both types in particular, he invited the whole audience to his hospitable home, where an informal reception was held and an excellent punch with ice cream and sweets was served.

No more suitable place could have been chosen for the monument than our beautiful Campus, and the cadets of St. John's College for generations to come will always be reminded by it of the generous France, which so largely helped the Americans to win their independence.



Athletic Association.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

R. P. MELVIN, '99..... (Alumni)
 PROF. B. V. CECIL, '90..... (Faculty)
 ROBERT ANDERSON, '07..... (President of Association)

OFFICERS FOR 1906-1907.

ROBERT ANDERSON, '07..... President
 G. M. AUSTIN, '08..... Vice-President
 A. C. QUIMBY, '08..... Secretary
 HOWARD HUTSON, '08..... Treasurer

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907.

A. M. STEVENS, '07..... Captain
 J. G. SHEARER, '07..... Manager
 F. E. CAULK, '08..... Assistant Manager

BASEBALL TEAM, 1907.

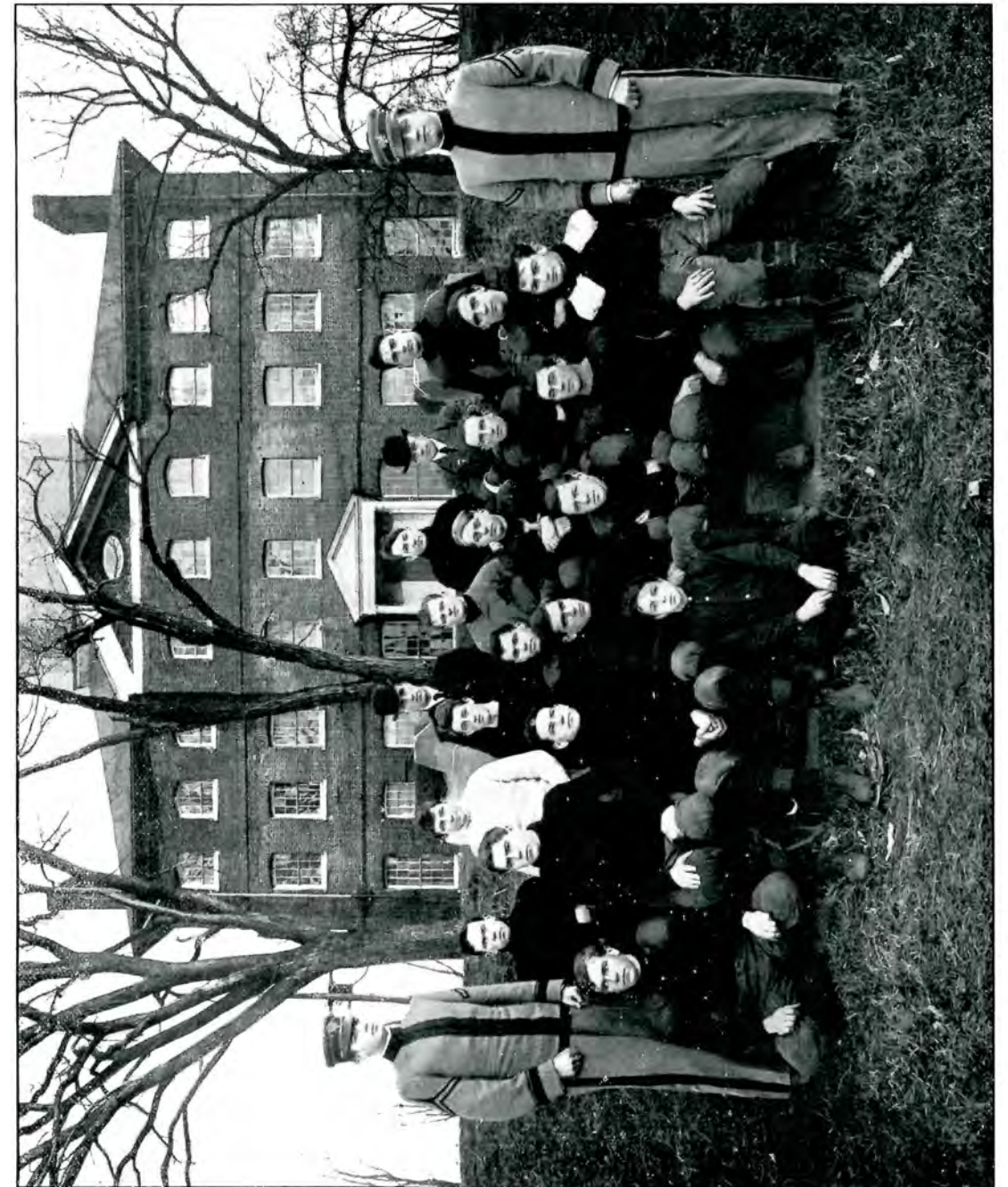
EDWARD CARROLL, '09..... Captain
 LEE I. HECHT, '07..... Manager
 A. C. QUIMBY, '08..... Assistant Manager

TRACK TEAM, 1907.

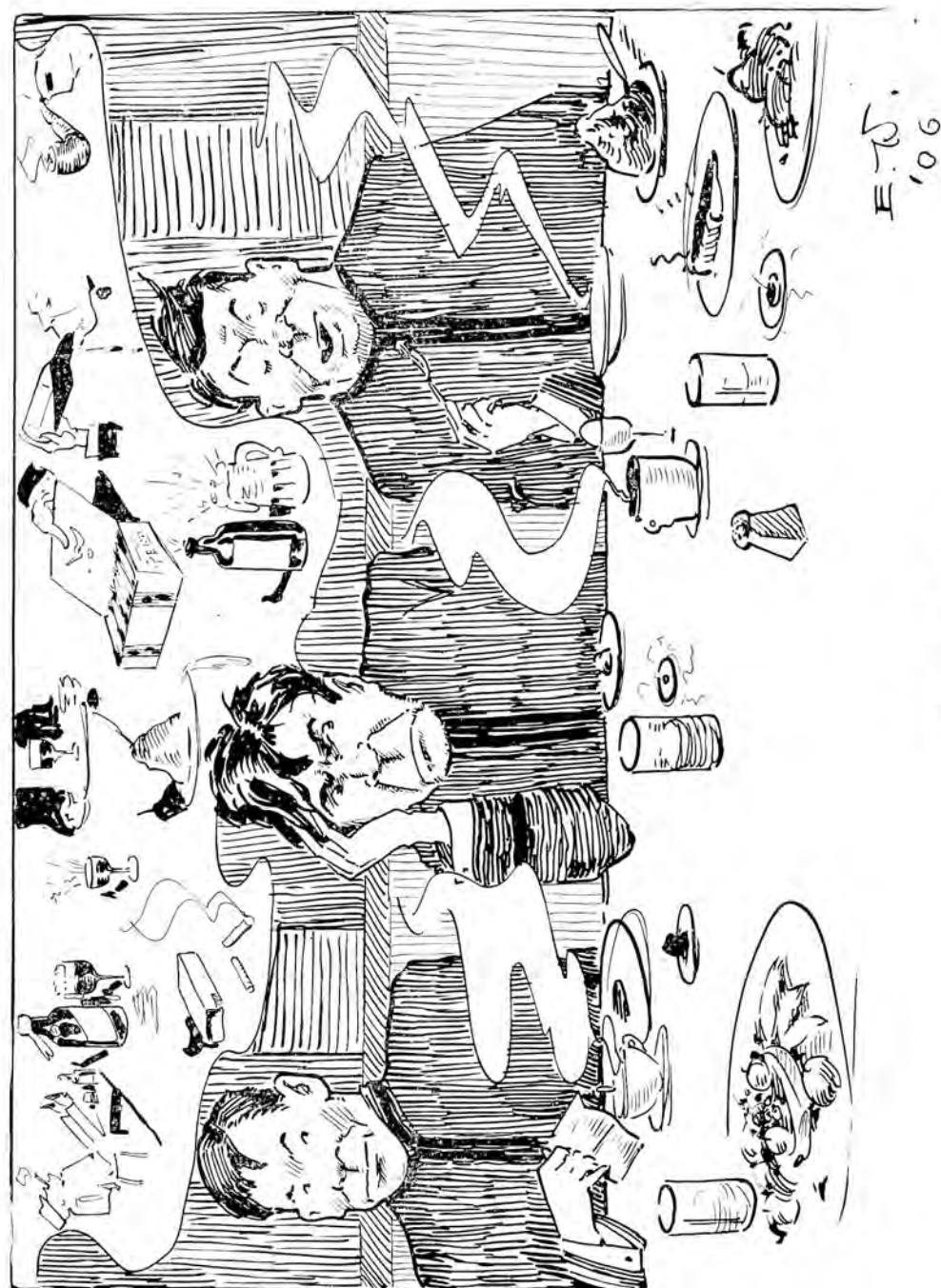
J. T. HARRISON, '07..... Captain
 A. M. STEVENS, '07..... Manager

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907.

A. C. QUIMBY, '08..... Captain
 F. E. CAULK, '08..... Manager
 T. R. DAWSON, '09..... Assistant Manager



FOOTBALL TEAM.



TRAINING TABLE.

Football Season, 1906.

At the opening of College in 1906 all of the old men found themselves looking around anxiously to see what kind of football material had arrived (especially the new material), in spite of the fact that it was generally known that we had sufficient material from the previous football season to turn out an excellent team.

In particular, we had Captain Stevens back in his old position at half-back and Anderson, the other half, who was equally good as a running mate, and Quimby at full-back. Bordley and Melvin, who both had some experience at half-backs and quarter-backs; Gwynn, who had ably substituted at tackle the previous season; Jones, a sub-guard; Bowen at end, on the Scrubs; Arnold at sub-guard and centre, and Bennett, a man who was not able to come out last year because of RAT-TAT work. Besides these, Brady, at his end, and Magruder completed the list of old men.

In addition, however, such men as Ruhl, Johnson, Schaefer, Bosley and a few others soon began to attract attention, not because of weight, but because of speed and the admirable way in which they conducted themselves upon the gridiron; and they are now looked upon as the backbone of next year's team. together with some of the older Scrub men, as Tarbert, Harrell, Hauver, Warfield and McAlpine, who developed very encouragingly during the past season.

We secured A. W. Smith, a graduate of St. John's in the Class of '05 and an ex-West Point man, as field coach, and with Prof. B. V. Cecil, who has always been our chief friend and counselor, as head coach, we began work with bright prospects ahead. These were made still brighter in a few days, when there arrived an alumnus of whom every St. John's man is proud and of whom every old St. John's man has heard. E. Berkley Iglehart had come in all the way from Alaska to assist in coaching our team. Right here let us take this opportunity of thanking him for the wonderful interest he took in the team and the splendid efforts he put forth to turn out a winning team. Let us also take this opportunity of thanking Cates, the '05 Yale end and Navy coach, for helping us to win the Hopkins game, and also Howard, the former Navy Captain and St. John's man, as well as Professor Hopkins, for their assistance to the team.

Here also let us extend our thanks to that noble band of workers, the "Scrub Team," for without them we could have done nothing. Every man in College surely appreciates their work, and we wish them success in the highest degree that they may in the near future nobly fill the places of those they have so earnestly helped.



FOOTBALL SQUAD.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1906.

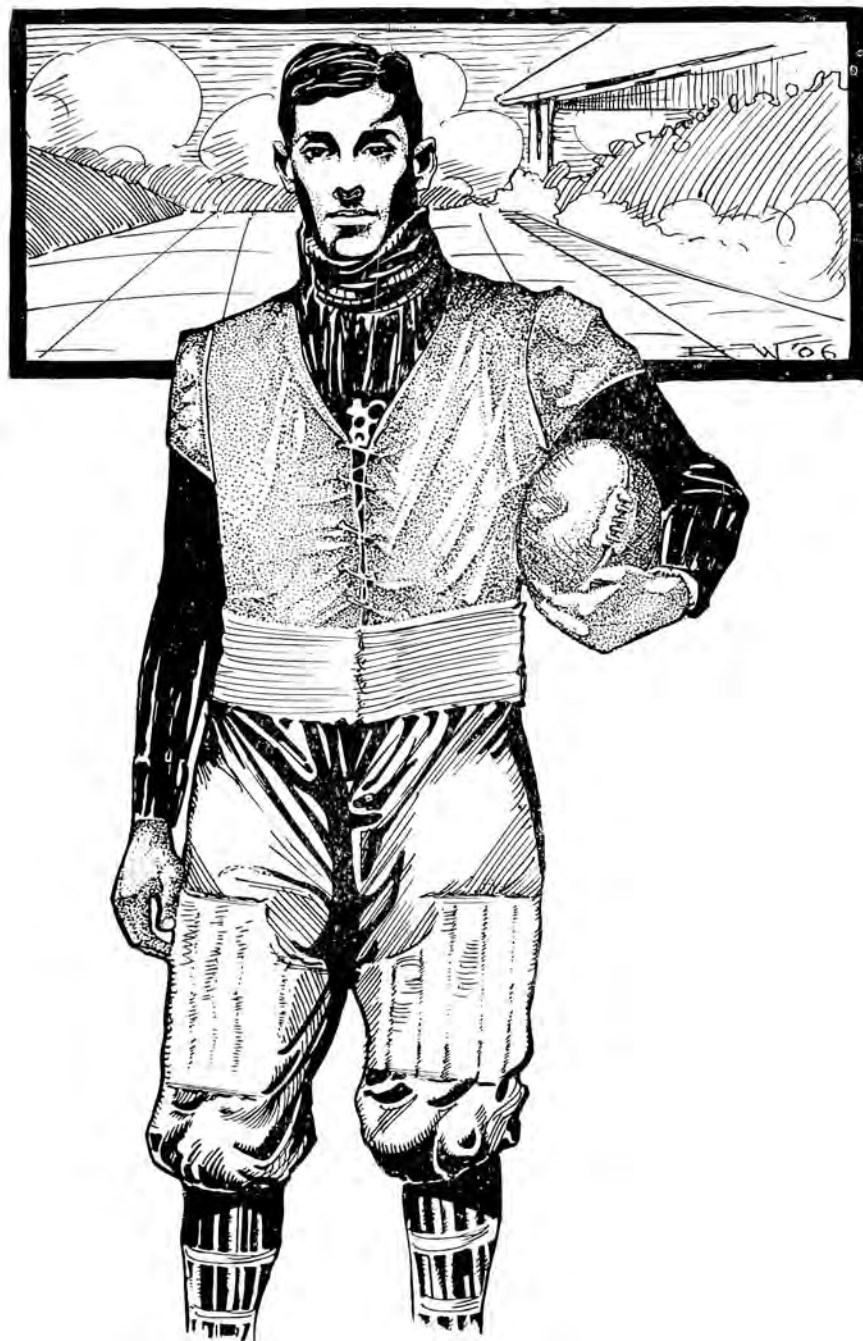
R. C. BRADY, '07.....	Right End
F. B. GWYNN, '07.....	Right Tackle
J. R. CLARK, '09.....	Right Guard
A. L. ARNOLD, '07.....	Centre
E. E. BENNETT, '07.....	Left Guard
R. E. JONES, '09.....	Left Tackle
BOSLEY, '09; BOWEN, '07.....	Left End
BORDLEY, '07.....	Quarterback
R. ANDERSON, '07.....	Right Halfback
A. M. STEVENS, '07.....	Left Halfback
A. C. QUIMBY, '08.....	Fullback

SUBSTITUTES.

WARFIELD, Half,	RUHL, Half.
MAGRUDER, Half and Full,	MELVIN, Half and Quarter.

FOOTBALL SCORES.

St. John's.....	0	University of Virginia.....	11
St. John's.....	6	Virginia Military Institute.....	15
St. John's.....	0	Washington and Lee University....	14
St. John's.....	0	United States Naval Academy....	28
St. John's.....	6	Franklin and Marshall College....	0
St. John's.....	17	Gallaudet University.....	12
St. John's.....	15	Washington College.....	0
St. John's.....	4	Maryland Agricultural College....	20
St. John's.....	2	Western Maryland College.....	11
St. John's.....	2	Johns Hopkins University.....	0
St. John's.....	0	Pennsylvania Military College....	9



Games of the 1906 Season.

Sept. 29, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

University of Virginia, 11; St. John's College, 0.

St. John's was defeated by Virginia University in her first game of the season, but we are justly proud of the showing which we made against the Southern champions, when we consider that both of Virginia's touchdowns were made within three minutes of the close of each half, and also that they had the advantage of a week's training more than we had and possessed superior weight, because they averaged about eighteen pounds to the man more than we did. It was an especially clean and hard-fought game, even more so than the score indicates, and there was very little fumbling, considering the condition of the field, which had been soaked by an all-day rain. Stevens was easily the star for St. John's, as was Johnson for Virginia, although Randolph, Anderson and Bordley did some fine work.

Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va.

Virginia Military Institute, 15; St. John's College, 6.

On October 6 our team lined up against Virginia Military Institute after an interesting but rather tiresome Southern trip to Lexington, Va.

V. M. I. kicked to St. John's and Bordley was downed on the twenty-yard line. On the very first play Captain Stevens made the best run of the season by circling V. M. I.'s left end for a touchdown. It looked as though the only thing to do was to run up the score, but V. M. I., backed by excellent rooting (because of the keen rivalry between the two institutions), settled down to hard work and mainly by line-bucking made two touchdowns. Another touchdown was made shortly before the close of the game on a well-executed forward pass. Final score, 15 to 6.

Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

Washington and Lee University, 14; St. John's College, 0.

We stayed over in Lexington until Monday, October 8, when we lined up against the fast and plucky team of W. & L. U. Although slightly outplayed in the first half, we succeeded in holding them without a score. But St. John's had lost Captain Stevens from the game in the second half, as well as Magruder and Bosley, and W. & L. scored two touchdowns and forced Brady to make a safety when he was trying to kick out from behind our goal line, which adjoining a bank made him stand up the mountain side. The four days down South were too many for our team and we could not expect to win from W. & L. under such circumstances.

United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

United States Naval Academy, 28; St. John's College, 0.

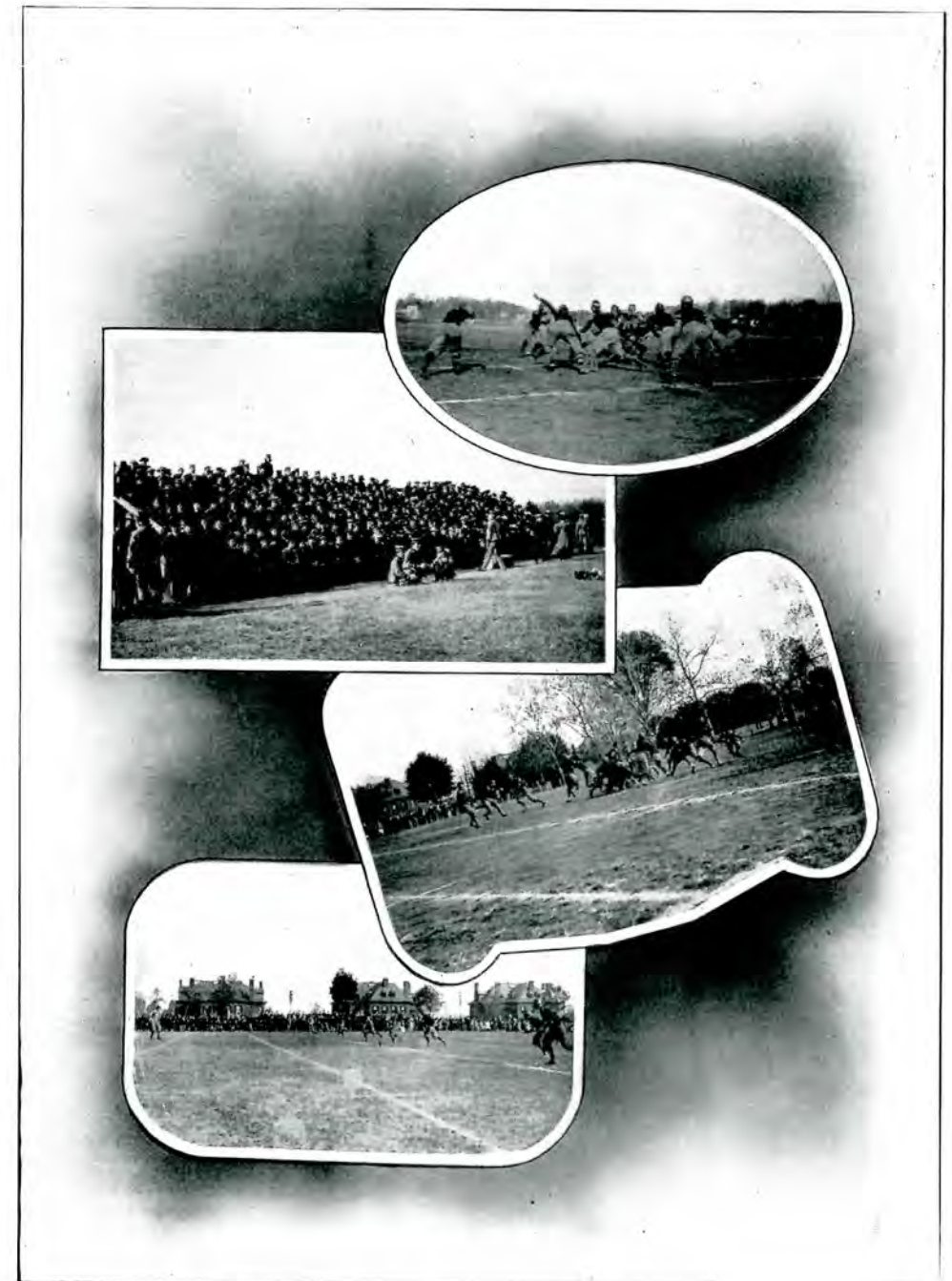
After a twelve days' rest and practice, on October 17 St. John's met the U. S. N. A. on their field in Annapolis. The game was much closer and much more interesting than the score indicates. St. John's rallied several times, held the Navy for downs and forced them to kick time after time, and we also succeeded in making first down several times. Navy scored two touchdowns in the first half, and, when our team was considerably weakened by substitutes in the second half, they succeeded in scoring three more and kicked three goals from touchdowns, making the final score, Navy, 28; St. John's College, 0.

Franklin and Marshall, 0; St. John's College, 6.

On October 20 F. & M. journeyed to Annapolis, confident that they were going to repeat the defeat of the previous year. They were, however, clearly outplayed at almost every stage of the game and time only saved them from a worse defeat.

In the first half, Lentz for F. & M. circled our right end for a long run, but was brought to the earth by a double tackle.

In the first half S. J. C. kicked off, and F. & M. tried a short kick, but one man fell on the ball. The field was in a very soggy condition, but S. J. C. did some good rushing in both halves, especially in the second. At the beginning of the second half Warfield, aided by almost perfect interference, circled F. & M.'s left end for a sixty-yard run and touchdown. The game was exciting throughout and the cheering from the side line for St. John's was excellent.



Gallaudet, 11; St. John's College, 17.

On October 27 we met Gallaudet on our grounds, but did not strike the cinch we were expecting. We were clearly outplayed in the first half, but nevertheless we started in to win at the beginning of the second half and scored a touchdown and goal from the field, which, added to the touchdown we had made in the first half, made the final score of seventeen points against two touchdowns and one goal for Gallaudet in the first half, or eleven points, and no score in the second.

The game was clean throughout, except for a little holding by the visitors. St. John's loafed in the first half, which made the visitors confident of victory the second half, but the old St. John's spirit was revived in us and we showed what a well-coached team could do under the "New Rules."

Washington College, 0; St. John's College, 15.

Our team, with substitutes, left on Friday evening, November 2, for Chestertown and had a very enjoyable ride up Chester River. We were joined by the entire College the next day, a little while before the game. St. John's spirit could not be kept down, and a special boat was chartered to convey the College directly from Annapolis to Chestertown. It was the first game of the Maryland Intercollegiate Championship Series and we were anxious to win it.

Soon after the opening of the game, Fullback White, of W. C., was forced to score two points for S. J. C. by making a safety on an attempt to kick from behind his own goal line, caused by a bad pass from centre.

The game was both interesting and exciting throughout and full of spectacular runs and plays. Captain Stevens' kicking was a feature for S. J. C., as well as Anderson's short-end runs and Bordley's handling of punts. White, the usual star for W. C., failed to gain through our line. St. John's, although not at her best, made first down almost at will, and had it not been for penalties, the score would have been considerably larger.

Maryland Athletic Club, 20; St. John's College, 4.

The next game was with M. A. C. on our grounds, and, notwithstanding how badly we wanted to win it, broke our winning streak. The songs and yells which our loyal band of rooters had been practicing for a week or two were rendered almost perfectly throughout the game, but something was wrong. We had the spirit and the coaching, but M. A. C. got the jump on us

and it seemed to prove our downfall. A few minutes after the game opened Captain Cooper, of M. A. C., caught one of Captain Stevens' heavenly punts and ran to within about five yards of a touchdown, where M. A. C. got up spirit and pushed him over for a touchdown after a rush or two.

After exchanging punts considerably, and after much rushing by both sides, Byrd got loose and scored a second touchdown for M. A. C. St. John's then rushed the ball down the field and Bosley kicked a place-kick from an extremely difficult angle.

In the second half Quimby and Clark were disqualified and M. A. C. managed to score two more touchdowns, by our team being weakened by substitutes.

Western Maryland College, at Annapolis, Md., November 17.

Western Maryland College, 12; St. John's College, 2.

Handicapped by the loss of Captain Stevens and Quimby, St. John's lined up against Western Maryland College, at Westminster, Md., and were defeated by the score of 12 to 2. W. M. C. won on their merits, notwithstanding the rally S. J. C. made in the second half. S. J. C. saved herself from a shut-out when Turner, juggling the ball behind his own goal line, was tackled by Anderson, thus scoring a safety. The outside kick, worked successfully by the visitors, was almost entirely responsible for their victory.

In the second half, we took a decided brace and rushed the ball to the visitors' five-yard line, where the safety was made. St. John's again rushed the ball to their ten-yard line, but all in vain, for St. John's spirit could not score. We were held for downs and Turner kicked out of danger. Anderson and Bowen played a star game for S. J. C., while Turner and Adkins excelled for the visitors.

Hopkins, 0; St. John's College, 2.

Next came our biggest game of the year—the annual match with Johns Hopkins University. It was the most interesting and exciting as well as the best-played game of the season. November 25 was an ideal football day, and so confident of victory were Hopkins that odds of 2 to 1 were given.

At the very beginning of the game Hopkins got a slight jump on us, but Captain Stevens' excellent kicking held them at bay until we found ourselves, when we rushed the ball down to within their five-yard line just as the half closed. The only score was a safety made by the Hopkins quarterback, who, in catching one of Captain Stevens' punts, stepped back of his own goal line

and touched the ball down. We rallied time and again in the second half and several times rushed the ball very close to Hopkins' goal line, but only to lose it on downs and with the wind against us, to have it kicked well down the field. However, Hopkins were lucky to get off with such a low score, considering the manner in which they were outplayed. Michael was Hopkins' best man, while Bowen and Anderson were stars for S. J. C. Had Bosley been in the game for S. J. C., the score would undoubtedly have been much larger on account of his ability at place-kicking, because four goals were missed by different members of our team and all at fairly easy angles.

Pennsylvania Military College, 9; St. John's College, 0.

The next game was played at Chester, Pa., against Pennsylvania Military College. It was a loafing contest for the members of the St. John's team and that alone accounts for our defeat. P. M. C. were well coached and well trained and were alert to take advantage of our many mistakes and fumbles. It was the last game of the season and the fellows seemed to lose their nerve and judgment also. The place-kick was made in a peculiar manner; the ball, being kicked too low by the P. M. C. fullback, struck on a St. John's player's back and bounced over the bar; their touchdown, however, was made by working well-coached tricks. We braced in the second half and rushed the ball close to their goal line, only to lose it. The game was loosely played and void of special features, and P. M. C. deserved to win.

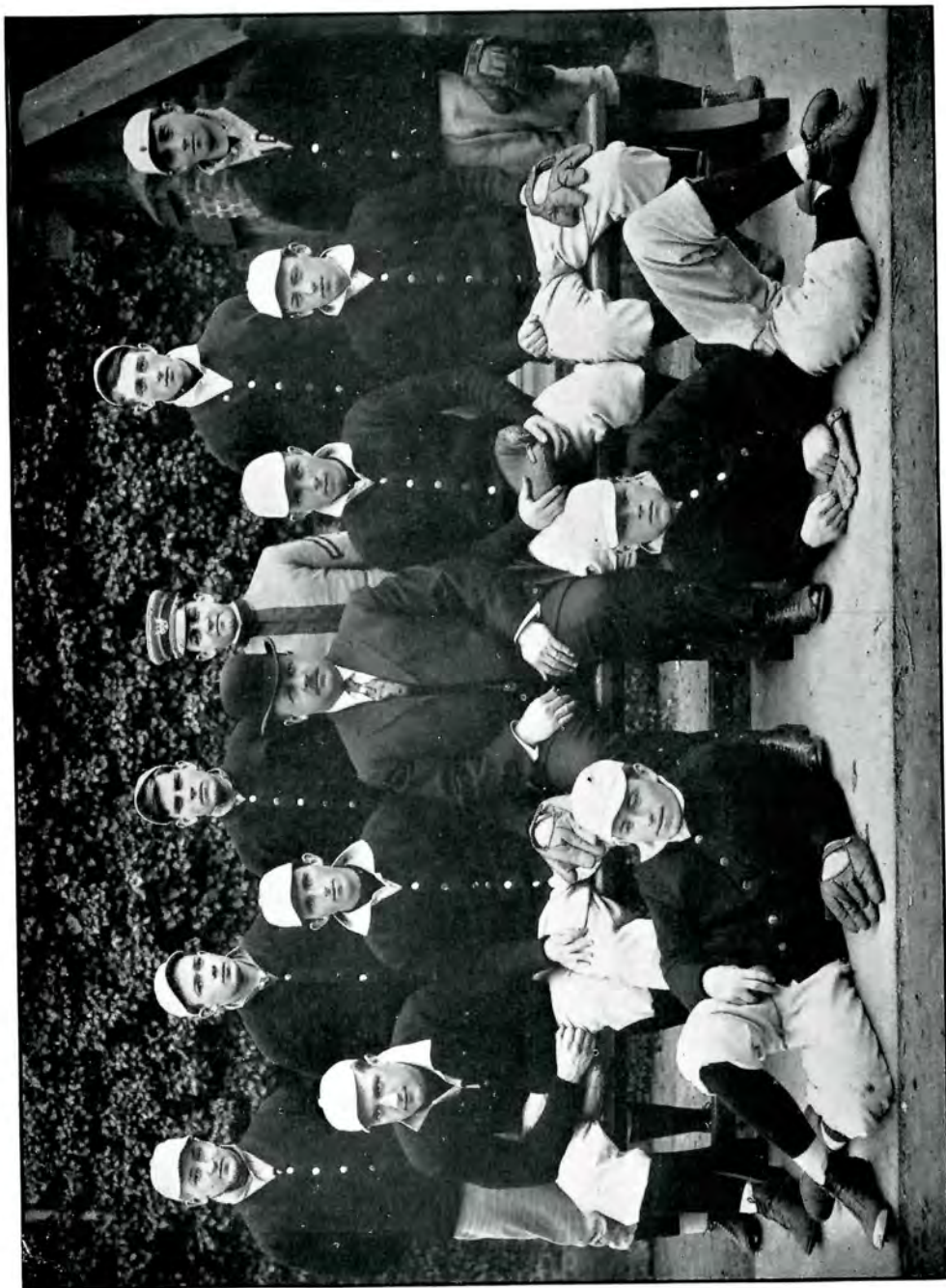
Football Schedule for 1908.

- Oct. 5—University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.
- " 12—University of Maryland, at Annapolis.
- " 16—Navy, at Annapolis.
- " 19—Franklin and Marshall, at Lancaster, Pa.
- " 26—Mount St. Mary's College, at Emmitsburg, Md.
- Nov. 2—Washington College, at Annapolis.
- " 9—Western Maryland College, at Westminster.
- " 16—Maryland Athletic Club, at College Park, Md.
- " 23—Hopkins, at Baltimore, Md.
- " 28—Penn. Military College, at Chester, Pa.



Baseball Schedule, 1906.

		S. J. C.	Opp.
March	28—United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.....	2	2
"	30—Pennsylvania State College, Annapolis, Md.....	4	3
April	5—University of West Virginia, Annapolis, Md.....	3	2
"	9—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.....	Rain.	
"	10—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.....	0	5
"	11—Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.....	0	5
"	12—Lynchburg Club, Virginia League, Lynchburg, Va....	2	8
"	13—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.....	7	2
"	14—Roanoke College, Roanoke, Va.....	7	2
"	16—University of North Carolina, Winston-Salem, N C...	7	7
"	17—Guilford College, Guilford College, N. C.....	6	7
"	18—Agricultural and Mechanical of North Carolina.....	8	3
"	19—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.....	4	3
"	20—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.....	3	1
"	21—A. M., Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va.....	4	1
"	21—P. M., Norfolk Club, Virginia League, Norfolk, Va..	2	8
"	24—Baltimore Eastern League, Baltimore, Md.....	1	4
"	26—University of North Carolina, Annapolis, Md.....	5	1
"	27—Bucknell University, Annapolis, Md.....	5	8
"	28—Maryland Agricultural College, Annapolis, Md.....	4	5
May	1—Washington and Lee University, Annapolis, Md.....	20	4
"	2—Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.....	3	8
"	5—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.....	Rain.	
"	8—Dickinson College, Annapolis, Md.....	5	14
"	10—United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.....	1	5
"	17—United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.....	1	9
"	18—Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.....	3	4
"	19—Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md.....	14	8
"	23—Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.....	Canceled.	
"	26—Washington College, Chestertown, Md.....	10	3
"	30—Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.....	5	3



BASEBALL TEAM.

Baseball Team.

L. I. HECHT.....	Manager
HARRISON, P.....	Left Field
CARROLL (Captain).....	Third Base
SHEARER	First Base
AUSTIN.....	Right Field
ROBINSON, W.....	Shortstop
MUDD, W. G.....	Second Base
SCHAFER.....	Center Field
JOHNSON	Catcher
BOSLEY.....	} Pitchers
SALTERY.....	

Substitutes—WILMER, WILSON.

Baseball.

Navy, 2; St. John's, 2.

Our season opened with an eleven-inning game with the U. S. Naval Academy. Our team was composed almost entirely of new men and was probably one of the strongest teams we have ever put in the field. This game with Navy was one of the most interesting of the season. It resulted in a tie score—2 to 2. St. John's scored both of her runs in the first inning while the Navy pitcher, Ladphier, who was in the box, gave three men bases on balls. Needham was then put in the box and no more runs were scored by St. John's. The Navy scored her runs in the first and second innings while Wrightson was in the box; he was a little wild at first, but soon settled down to business. He pitched very good until the sixth inning, when he was relieved by Reynolds, who pitched an errorless game for St. John's.

The most exciting part of the game was in the eleventh inning. When the Navy had three men on bases and only one out, Reynolds succeeded in striking out the other two. Every man on both sides worked hard and few errors were made. Not only does the score tell that the teams were well matched, but also the scarcity of errors.

It was now getting dark and the game was called after the eleventh inning.

Reynolds, Rouse and Carroll distinguished themselves by extremely good work.

St. John's, 4; Pennsylvania State, 3.

The next game that St. John's played was with P. S. C. in a hard rain. It was a very close game. On account of the bad weather, it was concluded that only five innings would be played. St. John's team was somewhat different from the one that faced the Navy in the game before. McCardell pitched the game, while Austin caught. This battery seemed too much for the Penn team, as but few hits were made. St. John's did not score until the fifth inning, while Penn State scored one in the first and two in the fifth.

Although a bad day, many people attended the game. In the fifth inning Austin was hit and took his base. McCardell got his base on balls; then Hoover drove a long hit to left, bringing in Austin, and McCardell then came in, scoring two runs. McIlvane, Penn's crack pitcher, came in and relieved Nutting, who had pitched a beautiful game. He gave Carroll and Mackie base on balls; then by a wild throw over the catcher, Hoover and Mackie came in, winning the game, 4 to 3.

St. John's, 3; West Virginia University, 2.

Old St. John's won her third game against W. V. U. by a score of 3 to 2. It was a fine day and a large crowd attended. St. John's did not score till the ninth inning, in which she made all three runs. W. V. U. made one run in the sixth inning and one in the ninth. By a number of bunched hits in the ninth inning St. John's won her game.

Gay pitched a splendid game all through for W. V. U., while Reynolds still held up his record for St. John's. The game, though not void of errors, was interesting.

Mackie, Hoover and Carroll did good work.

THE SOUTHERN TRIP.

The team, with substitutes, left Annapolis for a two weeks' Southern trip during the Easter holidays on April 9 under Manager Gosnell and were found playing Southern colleges and League teams here and there every day until April 23.

FIRST GAME.

The first game was scheduled to be played with the U. of Va., but rain prevented Reynolds from trying his southpaw, which was trained into excellent condition.

SECOND GAME.

Washington and Lee University, 5; St. John's College, 0.

April 10, St. John's lined up against W. & L., but Porter, the W. & L. twirler, was in fine form and did a little short of marvelous, striking out thirteen of our batsmen and allowing but two hits. W. & L. also played an errorless game in the field as well as doing fine work with the stick.

THIRD GAME.

Virginia Military Institute, —; St. John's College, —.

On the following day we crossed bats with Virginia Military Institute in the same town; but right here we might say that on the first part of the Southern trip the team played their worst ball of the season and toward the close of this trip they played their best. The game was lost partly on account of Wrightson, W., hitting one man four times, each time he came to the bat, and Wrightson, D., misjudging flies in the field, and also on account of a general slump of our players.

April 12—Lynchburg, 8; St. John's College, 2.

After the game with V. M. I. our team went to Lynchburg and played the Lynchburg (Va.) League team, losing by the score of 8 to 2. In the field our boys did almost perfect work, putting out sixteen men at first, but they were unable to solve the delivery of the Lynchburg pitchers. Lynchburg, 13 hits, 3 errors; St. John's, 6 hits, 1 error.

April 13—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 5; St. John's College, 7.

The next day a game was played with Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va., and our nine played most excellent ball, winning by the score of 7 to 5. Hoover made two home runs and Reynolds struck out ten men.

April 14—Roanoke 5; St. John's College, 7.

The game scheduled to be played with Roanoke College at Roanoke, Va., was canceled, as Roanoke was unable to secure the grounds where the game was to have been played. Manager Gosnell secured a game with Roanoke Virginia League team and our team defeated them by the score of 7 to 5. Only seven innings were played, the game being called at the end of the seventh on account of rain.

April 16—University of North Carolina, 7; St. John's College, 6.

On Monday our team played the University of North Carolina a tie game, but a dispute arose and the umpire declared it 7 to 6 in favor of N. C. However, we settled the dispute in the next game with them.

Guilford, 7; St. John's College, 6.

Tuesday, April 17, our team was defeated in a very close and well-played game by Guilford College. Duvall pitched for St. John's, and his slow ball kept the Guilford men guessing. Lindsay, for Guilford, starred in left field, and Carroll, for St. John's, held the laurels on the third sack. Double plays were made by Mackie, Carroll, Hoover and Wrightson. The Guilford men pronounced the St. John's team the best they have played this year. Guilford made eleven hits and four errors and St. John's made four hits and four errors.

Wednesday, April 18—A. & M., 8; St. John's College, 3.

We were defeated by the Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina by the score of 8 to 3. McCardell started in pitching for S. J. C., but was soon knocked out of the box and was replaced by Wrightson, who did very little better. This, together with the inability at batting of our team, caused the defeat.

Trinity, 3; St. John's College, 4.

On Thursday, April 19, we turned the tables and administered a hard blow to Trinity, as they had won games from very strong teams, and only a few days previously had defeated Harvard. Hoover and Duvall batted very well.

Trinity, 1; St. John's College, 3.

We had another game with Trinity on Friday and they were anxious to defeat us by a heavy score, so as to even up matters. But they were unable to fulfill their wishes and again went down to defeat to the tune of 3 to 1. Wrightson struck out five men, and double plays were made by Carroll and Duvall. Hoover continued his good batting by making a three-base hit.

April 21—Artillery School at Fortress Monroe; St. John's College.

We continued our winning streak by defeating the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, Va., on Saturday morning. Reynolds was again in the box for St. John's College, and kept up his good record by striking out eleven men. Our team both fielded and batted well, and this with Reynolds' good work in the box tells the story of victory.

April 19—Norfolk (Va.) League, 8; St. John's College, 2.

In the afternoon we crossed bats with the Norfolk Club of the Virginia League. Our men, being weary of a two weeks' trip, did not expect to win, but nevertheless played a much better game than the score indicates, as the runs were kept well scattered. The game was called at the end of the eighth inning, so that our team might meet the boat. The team arrived at Annapolis Sunday morning, April 22, and as I have before intimated, they were greatly fatigued and much worn out.

Baltimore Eastern League, 4; St. John's, 1.

After a few days' rest, on Monday, April 24, the team went to Baltimore and played the Baltimore Eastern League team. They made a very creditable showing against the professional team that had so overwhelmingly defeated Columbia University the previous week. They scored only four runs on us, all of which were fairly well scattered, and we were successful in scoring on them. Shearer batted well, and had it not been for stupid base-running St. John's would probably have scored more than one run.

St. John's College, 5; N. C., 1.

St. John's walked away with N. C. by a score of 5 to 1. The visitors made their only run in the first inning, when they succeeded in getting three men on bases by good batting, followed by an error by S. J. Reynolds soon pulled himself out of the hole, and the visitors were retired after being able to make only one run. Patterson, who pitched for N. C., allowed many hits to be made. Rouse and Hoover distinguished themselves in batting, while Haines and Rogers excelled for N. C. Duval also played an excellent game for St. John's on first.

Bucknell, 8; St. John's College, 5.

By good batting and taking advantage of her opportunities, Bucknell defeated S. J. C. by a score of 8 to 5. Most of the opponents' hits were good, and aided by errors of the S. J. team, runs came in easy. In nearly every inning Bucknell made one or more safe hits. S. J. made one strong batting rally in the seventh, when a two-bagger by Hoover, singles by McCardell and Austin, aided by errors, brought in four runs. Parsons pitched a fairly good game for Bucknell.

St. John's College, 4; Maryland Athletic Club, 5.

The first game of the Maryland Intercollegiate Championship was played on April 28. It was a fine day and many attended the game. Dixon pitched a fine game for the M. A. C., while Reynolds did fine work for S. J. On account of having played a game the day before, the S. J. team did not put much life in the game at the beginning, but did better work toward the last. The FARMERS made eight hits, most of which came when they were needed. S. J. got men on bases many times, but could not succeed in getting hits just at that time.

M. A. C., after having led the score throughout the entire game, almost saw victory turned into defeat in the ninth inning, when she got two runs and two men on bases; then, however, Shearer knocked a high fly into right, which Evans caught and ended the game—5 to 4.

Dickinson, 14; St. John's College, 5.

In a loosely and stupidly played game St. John's went down to defeat at the hands of Dickinson College to the tune of 14 to 5. The mistake was made by substituting Reynolds for Wrightson. Wrightson had been doing very effective work, but Reynolds was substituted, and the Dickinson batters were accustomed to a left-hand delivery, so they hit Reynolds heavily. McCardell was later substituted for Reynolds, but did very little better. A single to left by Shearer and two errors and a wild pitch allowed four S. J. C. runners to cross the plate. However, both teams fielded sharply for the first seven innings.

Washington and Lee University, 4; St. John's College, 20.

St. John's more than repaid Washington and Lee University for the defeat which we received at their hands while on "the Southern trip" by overwhelming them on our diamond by the score of 20 to 4. In the first inning our team started a "merry-go-round" and kept it going until they had scored ten runs. The scoring continued in the other innings throughout the game until we had rolled up twenty runs. W. & L. managed to bring in four runs off Wrightson's delivery. In the first inning six singles and a home run, with errors and bases on balls and a batsman hit, netted the ten runs. Shearer, Mackie and Carroll batted well, Carroll's home run being a feature, as well as his handling of hot ones on third.

Franklin and Marshall, 8; St. John's College, 3.

On May 2, our team, having journeyed to Franklin and Marshall College, met defeat at their hands by the score of 8 to 3. Our defeat was partly due to the excellent batting of the Lancaster boys and partly to our errors and stupid base-running. McCardell started in to pitch, but was relieved later by Reynolds. Poor fielding was probably the greatest fault, for which our team had no excuse whatever. Carroll played a very good all-round game for St. John's.

May 5—Johns Hopkins—Rain.

On May 5, the team, accompanied by almost the entire College, went up to Baltimore to play Johns Hopkins, but great was the disappointment because just as the preliminary practice was completed a downpour of rain came and forced them to give up the game. A useless rain-check was all that the large number of Annapolitans and other enthusiastic St. John's rooters received, and the team was extremely anxious to unfold what they had in store for Hopkins.

Navy, 5; St. John's College, 1.

We played our second game with the Navy on Thursday, May 8. Both teams had a determination to win, as the former game had been a tie, 2 to 2, in eleven innings.

Navy made one run in the first inning by an error after two were out. Thibault batted a grounder which was thrown to first and dropped, thus allowing Gill to score. St. John's scored in the second by Shearer's single and Austin's three-bagger. Navy scored another run in the second inning. Symington knocked a hard line drive to left field, which the left fielder did not stop, and before the ball was recovered Symington had crossed the home plate. By bunching hits in the seventh inning and three errors the Navy succeeded in scoring three more runs. We made another rally in the ninth, but were unable to score.

Navy, 10; St. John's College, 1.

Navy won the series of games by overwhelming St. John's in the final game by the score of 10 to 1, taking the lead of three runs in the first inning and increasing it throughout. Needham pitched a very steady game for the Midshipmen and allowed only five scattered hits. Reynolds and Wrightson pitched a fair game for St. John's, but were given weak support. The batting of Theobald, Gill and Symington, with the errors of our men, were mainly responsible for the Navy's runs. In the sixth inning St. John's scored its only run, when Duvall singled, Mackie sacrificed and Carroll and Hoover followed with singles. Austin's batting and Carroll's fielding were features of the game.

Mount St. Mary's College, 4; St. John's College, 3.

On May 18 our team journeyed to Emmitsburg, Md., and played one of the best games of the year with Mount St. Mary's College. Duval pitched a very good game for S. J. C., but the star of the game was Connelly, of Mount St. Mary's, who, besides pitching a very fine article of ball, won his own game in the tenth inning by knocking a home run. The fielding of our boys was very good, and a decided improvement over the few preceding contests.

Western Maryland College, 8; St. John's College, 14.

After the game at Emmitsburg our team journeyed to Westminster and defeated Western Maryland College in a poorly contested game. McKinley started in to pitch for St. John's, but was later replaced by McCardell. Hanks pitched the entire game for Western Maryland, but was wild and gave many men bases throughout the game. There was very little hitting until the ninth inning, when our boys came to the bat determined to win and batted out ten runs, aided by the excellent rooting of Western Maryland. Austin excelled at the bat.

Georgetown University canceled on us a few days before their game on account of examinations, so May 23 was left open.

Washington College, 3; St. John's College, 10.

On May 26 our team secured a launch and journeyed to Chestertown, where they defeated Washington in a loosely played game. Several of our players were protested and not allowed to play in either this or the Western Maryland game, but this did not seem to hinder our run-getting. The batting of Austin, Clark and Carroll was very good. McCardell pitched for St. John's and White handed over easy ones for W. C. In fact, the main reason for us winning was that we simply outclassed W. C. in both the field and at the bat.

Gallaudet, 3; St. John's College, 5.

Our season closed with Gallaudet University in Washington, D. C., on May 30. Clark excelled at the bat, while Duval and Carroll played a good all-around game. St. John's never was in danger of losing from the first, although the game was exciting throughout.



TRACK TEAM



Track Team.

Our track team went to the University of Virginia on the 21st of April to take part in the field meet. Washington and Lee University forfeited to St. John's, and St. John's ran against the University of North Carolina. In the relay race the first three runners lost about fifteen yards, but Harrison, J., won out in the last lap by about two yards. This was the prettiest event of the day. Time, 3.40. The three other runners in the relay race for St. John's were Captain St. Sinclair, Crawford and Warfield. Stevens won second place in the 220-yard dash in 23 seconds and also won the 100-yard dash in 10 2-5 seconds.

On the 28th of April the team went up to the University of Pennsylvania. The following men ran in the relay race: Stevens, Sinclair, Warfield and Harrison. The other colleges represented in this meet were Western Maryland, Gallaudet, and Franklin and Marshall. St. John's succeeded in winning second place in the fast time of 3.35.

The Inter-Class.

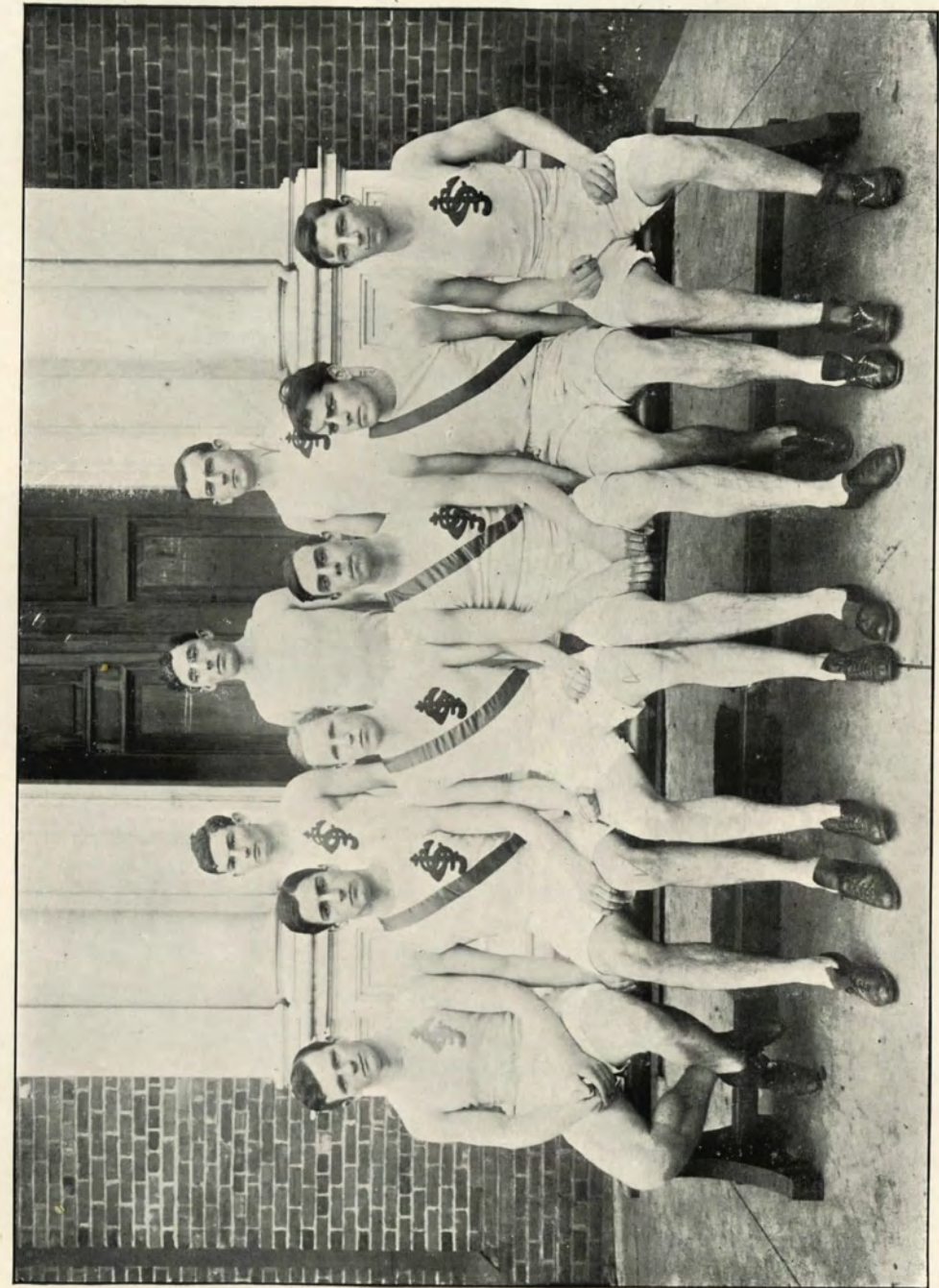
The annual field and track meet was held this year on May 12. Below are the names of the men winning places in the different events:

440 Yards—Harrison, J., '07; time, 55 2-5 seconds.
50 Yards—Stevens, '07; time, 5 2-5 seconds.
100 Yards—Stevens, '07; time, 10 1-5 seconds.
880 Yards—*Hutson, '08; time, 2.93/4.
220-Yard Hurdle—Warfield, '09; time, 29 seconds.
220 Yards—Stevens, '07; time, 24 1-5 seconds.
One Mile—Hutson, '08; time, 5.37 1/2.
Shot Put—Crawford, '09; distance, 32 ft. 5 in.
High Jump—†Sturdy, '06; distance, 5 ft. 4 1/2 in.
Broad Jump—Sinclair, '06; distance, 19 ft.
Pole Vault—Bowen, '07; height, 9 ft.
Hammer Throw—Perkins, '08; distance, 78 ft.

The number of points made by each class is as follows: Senior, 20; Junior, 38; Sophomore, 16; Freshman, 34. Total, 108.

*Broke College record by 3 seconds.

†Broke College record by one-half inch.



TRACK TEAM.

The Inter-Collegiate League.

The first annual track and field meet of the Inter-Collegiate League of Maryland was held here on Saturday morning, May 12. Maryland Agricultural did not make any entries in any of the events. Western Maryland College entered all events, and Washington College also entered several events.

The winners of the first, second and third places are given below:

50-Yard Dash—Harrison, J., S. J. C.; Sinclair, S. J. C.; Stevens, S. J. C.; time, 6 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdle—Warfield, S. J. C.; Treadway, W. M. C.; time, 29 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—Harrison, J., S. J. C.; Sinclair, S. J. C.; Stevens, S. J. C.; time, 10 3-5 seconds.

880-Yard Dash—*Tarbert, S. J. C.; Hutson, S. J. C.; Sanderson, W. M. C.; time, 2.09.

Pole Vault—Beane, W. M. C.; Bowen, S. J. C.; Hutchinson, S. J. C.; Hitch, W. C.

220-Yard Dash—Stevens, S. J. C.; Harrison, S. J. C.; time, 23 2-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Turner, W. M. C.; Warfield, S. J. C.; Marcus, W. M. C.; time, 53 seconds.

Hammer Throw—†Fooks, S. J. C.; Perkins, S. J. C.; Thompson, S. J. C.; distance, 93 ft. 11 in.

Broad Jump—Adams, W. M. C.; Treadway, W. M. C.; Sinclair, S. J. C.; distance, 20 ft. 2 in.

Mile Run—Whiteford, W. M. C.; Hutson, S. J. C.; Martin, W. M. C.; time, 4.50.

High Jump—Sturdy, S. J. C.; Adams, W. M. C.; Rouzer, Elderdice, W. M. C.; height, 5 ft. 4 in.

Shot Put—Cooling, W. M. C.; Adkins, W. M. C.; Crawford, S. J. C.; distance, 34 ft. 3 in. Relay, W. C., and W. M. C. forfeited to S. J. C.

Total number of points..... 111.

St. John's College..... 69½.

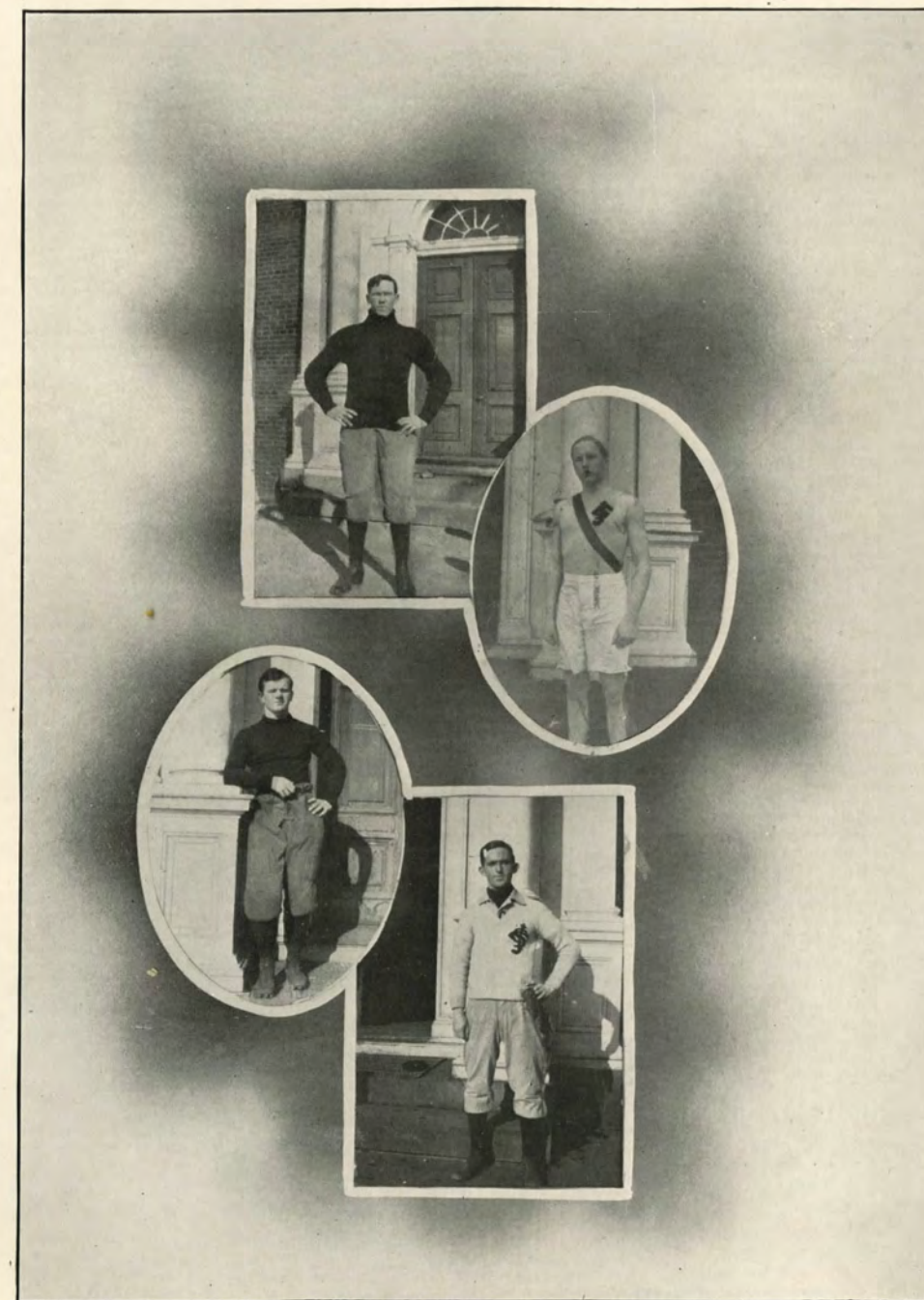
Western Maryland College..... 41.

Washington College..... ½.

Altogether the team won twelve cups, two banners and two medals.

*Broke college record.

†Broke college record by 17 inches.

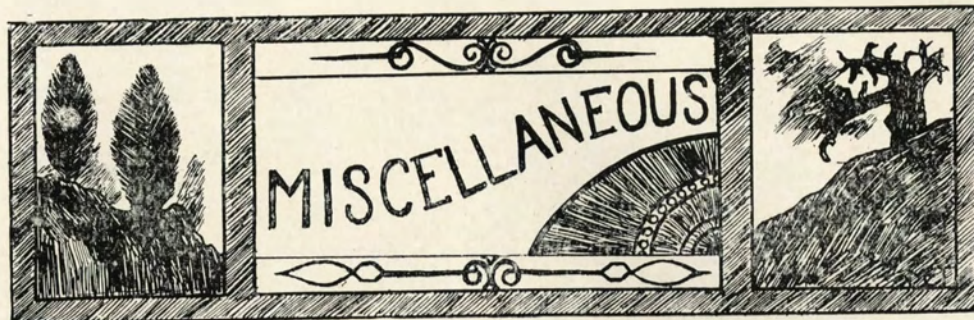


A. C. QUIMBY, Capt. '07.

A. McC. STEVENS, Capt. '06.

J. T. HARRISON, Capt. '07.

E. CARROLL, Capt. '07.



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Assistant Editor,

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Editorial Board of 1908 Rat-Tat.

PUBLISHED BY CLASS OF 1909.

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A Literary Love Tale.

A girl whose name was "Maud Muller" (Whittier) is the heroine of our story. She was born in "The Deserted Village" (Goldsmith) and was as good and beautiful as a "Fairy Queen" (Spenser). For the purpose of educating their daughter, her parents left their native town for a large city, where they rented "The House of the Seven Gables" (Hawthorne).

Here they hoped their daughter would eventually become "The Betrothed" (Sir Walter Scott) of some worthy man and so be able to furnish them with plenty of "Hard Cash" (Charles Reade). However, "She" (Haggard) refused to carry out their wishes, and the family for awhile had "Hard Times" (Dickens) instead of having their "Great Expectations" (Dickens) realized.

Her most intimate friend was a girl by the name of "Jess" (Haggard). As they both had some talent, they decided to keep "A Sketch Book" (Washington Irving). This afforded them much amusement, as it did also a young man whom they styled "Our Mutual Friend" (Dickens). Now our heroine became suspicious that the young man was more attentive to her friend than to herself and so began to play "The Spy" (Cooper) upon him. "Put Yourself in His Place" (Reade) and you can understand how he felt. Her worst fears were realized, for she saw the young man give her friend "A Rose and Ring" (Thackeray) and heard the young lady give him permission to call in "The Little Minister" (Barrie).

As they lived in a seaport city, the couple took one of the "Ships That Pass in the Night" (Harraden) and started "Westward Ho" (Kingsley). Meanwhile the parents of our heroine were compelled to keep "An Old Curiosity Shop" (Dickens) for a livelihood and to toil from "Dawn" (Haggard) till night and finally to return to their native "Hamlet" (Shakespeare).

The girl was often "In Varying Moods" (Harraden). But one evening she heard someone at her window singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud," (Tennyson). She went, and being very much taken with the singer, was not long in marrying him.

He afterwards "Fell in Love With His Wife" (E. P. Roe). They purchased a fine home, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Ye Ancient Order of Conglomerated Bums.

Greaser Harrell's Shack,
Swell Head Hall,
Date—obliterated.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—

Be it hereby known to ye, that on this day a rough-house was started in ye shack of Francis Heavyfoot Mexicanus Ethiopios Harrell for ye purpose of forming ye order for ye protection of and advancing ye interests of ye most honorary and irrespectable bums of St. John's College.

Also be it known to ye that ye following are charter members of ye order. Also be it known to ye that the following officers and committees have been elected (by graft or a smoke):

Most Exalted Appiflicated High Bum—LOGAN, alias "Bull," "Irish," "Mike."
Most Worthy Custodian of Ye Empty Pocket-book—LANEY, alias "Fickle."
High and Dignified Keeper of Snipes—BRISCOE, alias "Peepy," "Tenor."
Ye Chief Overseer of All Bumming—HARDINGE, alias "Bum."

Committee on Newspapers.

MILLER, alias "Pots" (Chairman), TOWNSEND, alias "Rabbi,"
SHANNAHAN, alias "Blinkey," BOWERS, alias "Brainy."

Committee on Cigarettes.

DOWELL, alias "Herc," "Urk" (Chairman),
BRISCOE, alias "Peepy,"
LANEY, alias "Fickle,"
BULLARD, alias "Swinders,"
HARDINGE, alias "Bum,"
MELVIN, alias "Pip."

We Wonder.

What Schuster does with the Y. M. C. A. funds.
Why the Freshies hazed the Sophs. this year.
Why "Ducky" gave us holiday before the M. A. C. game.
Why Shelton moved to the fifth floor.
If Dowell ever washed his feet.
How much "Tommy" and Hecht will make out of the Jamestown trip.
If König is a Jew.
If Trainer Hance will arrange a bout for "Spedleberger" with Joe Gans.
What size shoes Quimby wears.
If Harrell lives downtown.
Why the choir makes so much noise in chapel.
If Woodcock will be "Tommy's" successor.
When we will get our new gym.
If the Seniors like Calculus.
What is the biggest joke at St. John's (Reamer).
If Weaver belongs to the Barbers' Union.
Why Schuster skins O'Rourke.
Where "Pokey" has gone.
Who insulted "Prof." Woodcock.
When "Jake" Harrison purchased St. John's College.
How to get a grease with Major Thompson.
Who hit Prof. Stryker.
Where Coulbourn got such a swell head.

A PROPOSAL.

U O A O
I O THEE.
O NO O BUT
OH! O ME.

St. John's.

Where Severn's waters mingle with the tide
That seaward sweeps adown the Chesapeake,
And men-of-war at anchor idly ride
As having, happily, no foe to seek.

St. John's looks down upon a varied scene
Of warlike engines, peaceful homes and mart;
At ease upon her gently sloping green;
A part of all, yet fittingly apart.

In decades long, long past she traces first
The well-won trophies of her noble fame:
In learning's New World spring was she immersed
And aptly christened with an ancient name.

Unboastful, yet no humble place she holds
Amid the honored of a later day;
The voice of State her diffidence embolds
To claim a not less strong though wilder sway.

Beside the ermine of the judge, as peer,
Are ranged her scholar's cap and hood and gown,
The sacred vestments of the priest a-near
Hard by the throne, the scepter and the crown.

For Government must rule by wise decree,
Religion sanction faith with human sight,
The eyes of Justice be of barriers free—
And it is Learning that must bring the light.

Thus, mindful of her task and bright with hope,
St. John's serenely molds her lofty fate—
To bring the light to all within her scope
And bless who enter her enchanted gate.

A Comedy of Errors.

A radiant August moon poured its silvery flood over the ruins of Stuyvesant Castle, but discreetly left in half shadow one of the alcoves at the edge of the broad Hudson, the river that has been the rendezvous of so many lovers.

The moon had caught a glimpse of a white arm half covered with a puff of gaudy lace, and a hand shackled with slender gold bangles, beating an unconscious tattoo on the Cyclopean wall with a half-blown rose. Another arm, in rough, gray tweed, rested in an easy, contented attitude very near the white one.

The knowing old planet had witnessed thousands of such scenes in that place before, hence her generous distribution of light and shade.

"Did you ever see such a glorious moon?" said the girl, leaving off maltreating the rose and letting the bangles slip with a tinkling rush to her silky (?) elbow. "See, there comes a soft white rag of a cloud over her face as if somebody was trying to give the bright silver a farewell rub. Surely that gleaming disk does not need any more polishing, do you think?"

"No," answered the man; "the moon is quite right, so long as she gives me light to look at you. She cannot be improved—nor can you."

This last was uttered in an undertone, but the girl's ears were keen to catch the praise she loved to listen to from these particular lips. Carrie Johnson was a sweet, lovable maiden, with the softest brown eyes and bewitching smile that ever made or marred the happiness of man. At her companion's sentimental speech Carrie, of course, drew back provokingly in the shadow.

"Look at the ivy hanging over the wall down yonder there," she said, to change the subject. "When the wind lifts it, it looks like a mass of curls tossed up from the stone forehead of a rock. There are deep lines in the forehead as if the rock was racking his brains over some subject. What do you think it is?"

"There is perhaps a de Plimjour in his case, and he is wondering if the beggar has gotten the inside track," her companion was prompted to reply, but refrained.

John Ferguson, poet and painter of considerable promise, loved Carrie to the exclusion of all other thought and aim, and had staked his happiness on the owner (?) he meant to ask for by and by. Carrie seemed very sweet and kind to him, but then there was de Plimjour—a lanky, washed-out, prosaic sort of fellow, full of schemes for the betterment of his indigestion and avoidance of rheumatism. Not at all the man for Carrie, far too old and fidgety, but he was a count and disgracefully rich.



FAMILIAR SCENES.

Carrie's aunt and guardian was bewitched by him, and, worse, Carrie seemed not to dislike him. "Why torture myself any longer?" Ferguson asked his inner-consciousness. "Time and scene can never be better." The rest of the party had gone to look for a ghost in the tower, and many precious moments might elapse before their undesired return.

"A thousand pities that one must bid farewell to such scenes," Ferguson began, rather unsteadily.

"You're not going away yet, are you?" Carrie exclaimed with a half-hidden tone of distress in her voice, which Ferguson detected with delight. "Yes, I am off in a day or two to make that sketching tour in the Rockies unless"—

"Carrie, Carrie, where are you?" rang with hateful distinctness from the archway to the shores of the Hudson. Ferguson ground his teeth with rage.

"Why can't they leave civilized beings in peace?" he muttered behind his moustache.

The old story which the man was longing to utter, and the woman ever ready to hear, was stifled into silence—well-nigh drowned beyond hope of resuscitation by the indirect influence of Carrie's aunt.

John Ferguson eagerly watched for an occasion to continue the tete-a-tete so rudely interrupted, but the fates seemed ungracious. Carrie was beset with a host of feminine friends and that rascally Frenchman was everlastingly hovering in the background.

Ferguson was idling about alone at the castle, for next best to the actual presence of his goddess was tarrying in scenes sanctified by her frequent visits. He strayed through the arched gateway which separates the Elizabeth Garden from the castle grounds and stood looking over the vine-covered hills.

He started eagerly to take the coveted seat by her side, when, to his surprise, foliage and shadow. In the twilight Ferguson had hardly noticed her, but at a second glance he recognized Carrie, to his great delight. She sat with her back half turned to him and had evidently not seen his approach.

He started eagerly to take the coveted seat by her side, when, to his surprise, he saw himself forestalled. A tall, slender figure, hitherto unseen, advanced and stood before Carrie, who, with a welcome smile, drew away her dress to make room on the seat.

"That good-for-nothing de Plimjour!" muttered Ferguson. "What does Carrie mean by giving him a rendezvous alone in this very secluded spot?"

With jealous fascination, Ferguson, unseen, fell back in the shadow, keeping his eye on the occupants of the garden. He felt that circumstances justified him in playing the ignoble role of eavesdropper for the moment. The

dark-robed figure did not accept the proffered place, but, horror of horrors! stole one arm around Carrie's shoulder, and bending down, kissed her pink cheek with loving tenderness.

Ferguson, white with rage and dismay, was ready to rend his rival limb from limb, but with a great effort he managed to master himself and keep silent.

But the cruelest of all was yet to come. Carrie, not in the least disturbed by this affectionate salute, arose, and putting a hand on each shoulder of her adorer, returned it with equal warmth. Oh, the perfidy of woman! This fawn-eyed girl, who, with her angelic smiles, had started and fanned the flame which raged within him, and had received with sweet, shy favor his looks and half-expressed utterances of love, was as faithless as the worst of her sex.

Unconsciously Ferguson regained his room at the hotel; with feverish haste he tumbled his things into his trunk, paid his bill with reckless indifference to change, and had himself whirled off to the railroad station at break-neck speed three-quarters of an hour before the departure of the train.

Returning from the Elizabeth Garden unconscious of the storm which this innocent bit of self-sacrifice had aroused in the breast of her hot-headed lover, the announcement that Mr. Ferguson had gone, leaving directions to have his letters forwarded to the Rockies, chilled her with heart-breaking surprise. What did it all mean? He who had made her believe he loved her, gone without a word of farewell. His half-uttered vows were merely idle fancies written in sand.

Rid of a formidable rival, Monsieur de Plimjour came forward and asked her aunt's permission to pay court to the young lady. Carrie, wounded by John's desertion, and dreading lest anyone see her suffering, received the count's attentions with a fair show of contentment, and their engagement was soon announced.

As winter approached Miss Lawrence and her niece betook themselves to the Barili at New York. De Plimjour followed as a matter of course, but Carrie did not seem touched with this proof of devotion as she should have been.

"Carrie Johnson doesn't seem half the jolly girl she was a year ago," her friends said of her. She was unhappy and possessed a feverish spirit of unrest and strained after excitement that she might forget the bitter-sweet dreams of the past summer. One person at the Barili seemed to appreciate the attractions of Monsieur de Plimjour. This was a widow, a Mrs. Clinton, who, having outlived her grief, was noted for her tasteful toilet and beautiful feet rather freely displayed.

Carrie had been to a ball. De Plimjour had seen her safely in at the street-door of the Barili and had then returned to the carriage to escort home her chaperon, a lady who lived in a remote part of the city. Carrie opened the second door at the top of the stairs and to her dismay found the corridor perfectly dark. It was long past midnight and she disliked making any disturbance in the quiet house; she crept along in the darkness, trusting to a fair gift of topography to find her room. The Barili was a rambling old place. Its distances were vast, and its way devious even in daylight.

Arriving at what she supposed was the end of her journey, Carrie put out her hand to feel for the handle of her door. It came in contact with a soft, slippery surface like plush instead of the metal latch she was familiar with. The wall which was her guide had vanished and she found herself pawing helplessly about in some unknown space. Her lace caught something which it sent rattling to the floor with a clatter. She fell precipitately into the soft arms of a fauteuil and exclaimed: "What shall I do? But I really must find the door and make another try for my room." Recommencing her perilous journey, her timidly groping fingers swept over the keys of a piano. She upset a bouquet of roses with grave detriment to the vase containing them, sent a spindle-legged table with the articles upon it rolling on the floor, dipped her elbow into something cold and sticky like jam—tinkle, bang, bump followed all her movements. She bumped her head against what appeared to be the end of a tall screen, and then ready to cry with fatigue and vexation, sank down on a low sofa, which had asserted itself with a sharp rap against her knees. She reached a hand in search of a possible pillow, and touched something sleek, warm and soft, which proved to be the house cat. She said, "Now I know where I am—in Barili's private salon."

Miss Johnson was quite right in her guess, but was not aware that that very evening the salon and a small bedroom adjoining had, on account of the overcrowded state of the house, been given to a young Englishman arriving unexpectedly. This gentleman returned home an hour or more after Carrie, who was then sleeping the sleep of the just. He entered quietly, lighting his way with wax matches, and gazed in astonishment on the chaos which Carrie had innocently created in his room. "Is it a joke or an earthquake? Here's our supper looking as if a cyclone had swept over it, half the things are smashed, and there is scarcely a chair right-end-up in the place."

Shaking the candle with his hand, John Ferguson, for it was he who had the honor of occupying Barili's salon, looked behind the screen and was surprised at what his candle revealed.

It was, in truth, a pretty tableau; a girl in creamy lace drapery, with a blue silk cloak half covering her shoulders, and a white arm embracing affectionately a huge blue-gray cat. Neither sleeper awakened, and Ferguson instinctively stepped back and left the couch in shadow.

He hastily righted the furniture before his friend Wakeham, who was advancing down the corridor, reached the door. Coming in, his friend said, "You remember the pretty girl you were sweet on at Stuyvesant—Miss Johnson? She is here. She is going to marry de Plimjour, the Frenchman, soon. They say he is flirting with a gay widow here, but that is French fashion."

Wakeham did not notice the pallor that overspread John's face. After that cruel scene in the Elizabeth Garden, he wished only to forget her.

Wakeham then left and Ferguson, rising, toppled over his chair, the fall of which awakened Carrie, who started up bewildered from her sound sleep. She, to her profound surprise, met the equally astonished gaze of her faithless lover, John Ferguson. For a few moments she looked in his eyes with all the old tenderness; then, a tide of bitter memories sweeping over her, she uttered some unintelligible sentences to account for her presence there, and fled from the room.

"Miss Johnson!—Carrie!—darling!" cried Ferguson, seizing her arm in the doorway, but she was too agitated to heed him and, breaking away, disappeared without another word.

Neither saw a door a little further down the passage stealthily open at that moment and a hand put out a vase of lilies.

* * * * *

The next morning as de Plimjour was passing the door of Barili's salon, he saw Tionetti, Mrs. Clinton's maid, looking the picture of perplexity, "What is the matter, ma belle?" he asked.

O, Monsieur! Here is the beautiful gold dagger which monsieur gave mademoiselle."

"That is not Miss Johnson's room—what do you mean?"

"No, it is the room of Monsieur Ferguson, an Anglais—a dear friend of Mademoiselle Johnson, I suppose, for she made him a long visit last night after the opera. Monsieur must be a relative, for their parting was affectionate."

* * * * *

An hour later Miss Lawrence's sitting-room was a scene of a violent quarrel. De Plimjour coarsely accused Carrie of faithlessness, and the result was a formal canceling of the engagement.

That same afternoon Miss Lawrence and her niece bade adieu to Barili and took the train for Vermont.

In the shade of the beautiful Green Mountains, Ferguson told the semi-comic story of the Elizabeth Garden which had cost him so much misery.

Carrie then discovered that the man she loved had life-long need of her after all.

Rules for Government of Students.

RULE I. All students are required to be present at College immediately after he thinks he has enjoyed long enough vacation, and no student will be permitted to leave College except at a written request of his lady friend and approved by Phil Harrison.

II. Every student shall on entering College subscribe his name to the following pledge: "I do freely and faithfully swear to do as I please while at St. John's College in all things; attend recitations when I have nothing else to do, and forsaking all other duties to engage in hazing to the fullest extent and under no conditions attend church or drill."

III. Old students will be classified only when they ask to be, and Seniors are allowed twenty hours, Juniors thirty hours, Sophomores as many as they wish, and Freshmen two hours of conditions.

IV. All conduct becoming a gentleman is forbidden and will be punished in conformity to the rules of the College.

V. No card game will be allowed except poker.

VI. All students shall carry firearms or other deadly weapons to protect themselves from bed-bugs.

VII. Any student who does not receive more than one hundred demerits during one day or five hundred for the whole week may be suspended for not longer than four days.

VIII. The above order may be modified at any time without notice by U. S. Dowell, Major; N. A. Belt, Captain-Adjutant.

By order,

G. O. H.

The Old Story.

Dear Pa:

I'm feeling awful blue
And haven't got a blooming sou;
I hate to ask you for the "mon.,"
But, daddy dear, it must be done.

My history mark was ninety-five,
And ninety-nine my mark for "scieve;"
Got ninety-eight in Latin twice—
My Latin teacher's awful nice.

In science I got eighty-three—
It's not as good as it should be;
But, dad, I think this ought to square it,
Two hundred was my first demerit.

All my old books are "up the spout"—
I worked so hard I wore them out;
Please send me coin to buy some more,

Your loving son,

James Theodore.

Dear John:

Your welcome letter came today
When all the folks was gone away,
But that old mailman, Isadore,
Just pushed it under our back door,
So when we came home, it was there,
And Mary read it all with great care.

Your marks were fine, but sakes alive!
Let science drop and plug at "scieve;"
That science was the place you blunder'd—
In "scieve" you might have got two hundred;
If you'd drop Latin, I'd prefer it,
And get three hundred in demerit.

The folks is fine, the crops are good,
We've got a good supply of wood;
Last week I split ten trees in half—
And that old cow she's got a calf.
Good-bye, dear John, my loving son,
Work hard and do not waste your "mon."

Enclosed you'll find a dollar bill,
I can't send more, but love you still.
I'll have to close, it's getting dark,

Your loving father,

E. Z. Mark.

A Football Game.

(STUDENT VERSUS FACULTY.)

This noted St. John's athlete distinguished himself in the first half of the game against the Faculty by passing every obstacle in the way of studies and breaking up all interference which demerits had given him up to this time. In this half he also made a very fine forward pass of his Mathematics, which he had failed to handle properly in three previous trials. Elated at these successes, he became careless and allowed Jack Ripper to run him outside of the lines on the side-line fake and was compelled to take the exam. in Latin. Tommy, too, took a hand in the game and acting as referee, penalized him fifty demerits for gouging his opponents, but this resulted in such a kick that the result was a four in his favor.

In German he buckled down to hard work too late, and Vonney threw him out of the game with a fierce tackle for attempting to cross signals with him. At Major Thompson's class he met with another rebuff when he could not explain the best tactics to use, and Major told him if he was not "partikler" he would not even make the squad. After explaining to him that he was a good guard, he was allowed to go forward, but Davis, a new man in the game who was anxious to win the regard of the coaches, tackled him for a loss of a year in Logic. By steady and careful playing he now passes Psychology, although he was nearly caught in a foul tackle. When he went up against Stryker's Politics, he did not know much about free trade, but by the use of good protection he eluded his pursuers and saved his unused increment for back work.

He now approached his finals on the second down, with three hours to make, but "Turkey," who was always off side, blocked the kick which he attempted and threw him one yard from the goal for the loss of his diploma.

Ye Ancient Classics!

"Arma virumque cano," said Æneas
In his wonderful tale of yore;
But what care we for Orestes
If we can get the mighty four?

Greek, like Latin, is a fake,
Often makes us feel so sore,
And wish that we might forsake
Such a mixture of ancient lore.

Cæsar and Xenophon, playing fools,
Wrote their histories and tales of the Styx,
In a language for our Ph.D.'s (Darn Phools))
To fiddle, and diddle, whenever they please,
While we get the unpleasant end of the stick,
The Profs. sit back and enjoy it at ease.

Chemistry.

Ram, cram, jam,—Chemistry,
Into our heads so thick.
Oxygen, Hydrogen, and such humbuggery,
Oh! How long with us will it stick!

Mix, fix (Z! Z! Z!)—potions,
As if we knew it all;
But occasionally we go for notions
To keep from Humpty Dumpty's fall.

Precipitate, filtrate, nitrate, analysis,
All this nonsense undergo,
Until we stop, with lazy paralysis,
And our eyes filled with H₂O.

Methanes, Ethanes, Parafines,—Propanes
We with horror perceive,
They're the pains that worry the brains,
And try their best to deceive.

The following is a copy of a letter found in possession of one of the members of the Junior Class after returning from his summer vacation:

Sept. 10, 1906.
Maryland.

DEAR ARTHUR:

You cannot regret more than myself that we had not more time to spend with each other.

I am sorry that your ride was such a tiresome one.

I received a postal from ——— and it came just when your letter did. I was most afraid to open it because if it had not been from you I am sure there would have been tears instead of smiles, because I waited so patiently for this letter that my disappointment would have been beyond measure.

There is something in this letter I almost worship—it is the promise of your picture. Please, O please don't make me wait a whole long week for it. Can you not get one completed at once just for me? Try.

I am going to Hagerstown Thursday evening and will be there until Monday, and you will receive this may be tomorrow and may be not until Thursday, for sure, and address it to 304 North ——— St., Hagerstown. I cannot wait that long for an answer and with your letter I will expect picture (at Hagerstown). Now if you only knew how happy and proud it will make me you will send it, I feel sure (to Hagerstown).

I am going to ask you to do something for me that I know you will do if you can, that is to come (to Hagerstown) on Saturday and go to the dance and, of course, stay over Sunday, because it may be a long time until we see each other and you are having your vacation now. Why don't you make my visit (to Hagerstown) pleasant? I am sure I will be about as blue as indigo if you fail to come (to Hagerstown). If you cannot make up your mind in that short time to come (to Hagerstown) please send me a special delivery so that I may get it on Saturday (at Hagerstown) of course. Tell me on what train you will come (to Hagerstown) and I will meet you.

Now please ————dear, grant me this and I will look for your picture Friday. Send it (to Hagerstown). Will look for a long letter, too. Don't fail to write me at once.

Your devoted

Lo,
Hagerstown, Md.

P. S.—If you come (to Hagerstown) just bring your photo along; if not, send it, but try, please try, to come (to Hagerstown).

L.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow! mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now;
But think, in one revolving day,
How earthly things may pass away.

Today, while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
Tomorrow, and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

Today thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, on bird and beast;
Tomorrow, spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

Tomorrow! mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now;
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

- S Is for Senior, whose greatest ambition
Is to rival the Gods, in his position.
A Is for Allowance, both great and small,
Which never expands, but collapses like a ball
I Is for Initiation, by the G. O. H.,
Which the Freshies enjoy and the Sophs. so hate.
N Is for the class of Naughty-nine,
Our brothers just down the line.
T Is for Tackling, which is done the best
By St. John's men, who are forever blest.
J Is for Junior, who never flunks his exams.,
And always obeys his superiors' commands.
O Is for Opening a can, you know,
Of beans, swiped from the kitchen below.
H Is for H—, that place below,
Where the Profs. and Sophs. will be sure to go.
N Is for Naughty-seven, the year
Which is, to the Seniors, most dear.
S Is for St. John's, whose honor and fame
May we ever uphold who bear thy name.

REPORT FOR TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1906.

NAME.	OFFENSE.	EXCUSE.	DEMERITS.
FOOTBALL TEAM.	Not beating M. A. C.	100
H. T. RUHL.	Shoes not polished.	No money.	10
G. M. AUSTIN.	Absent from chapel.	Trying to prove an axiom.	15
G. L. MILLER.	Late for class.	Had "Charley Horse."	40
H. A. COULBOURNE.	No cuffs.	Left them on other shirt.	5
A. C. QUIMBY.	Making noise after taps.	Putting shoes under bed.	20
C. H. SCHUSTER.	Absent from church.	Playing poker.	50
F. L. L. HARRELL.	Absent, 7.30-10.30, inspection.	Out "loving."	200
W. H. KERR.	Disorder in hall.	Barking.	25
T. MELVIN.	Absent from drill.	"Bumming" a smoke.	60
J. T. HARRISON.	No hat at drill.	Hat too small.	Excused.

Contrast.

Two fools with but a single chair.
Four lips that meet as two—
The future seems so wondrous fair
While we two woo and coo.

Tonight alone—it is the rule,—
She views her fancied heaven:
Two chairs with but a single fool,
Two kids that bawl like seven.

Student Sentiments.

What is your favorite song?

"I'd Rather Be on the Outside Looking In Than on the Inside Looking Out" CARPENTER
"Love" CAULK
"Give My Regards to Broadway"..... McDORMAN
"Sing Me to Sleep"..... HARDINGE
"Down on the Farm"..... CECIL
"Keep a Little Cozy Corner in Your Heart for Me"..... PHILLIPS

When are you going to get married?

As soon as I graduate..... MELSON
She has gone back on me..... LANEY
Never PROF. WADDELL
As soon as I get rich..... AUSTIN
When she says she will have me..... HARRELL
Not yet, but soon..... COULBOURN

What are you going to do after you graduate?

Nothing if I have to wait that long to get a job..... HARRISON, P.
Chaffeur for W. K. Vanderbilt..... CARPENTER
Lead a sporting life..... BELT
Keep the same old job (loafing)..... SHEARER
Live off of my income..... HALBERT
Don't know..... TERRY

What is the easiest thing at St. John's?

Vonny EVERYBODY
Getting up for reveille..... HARDINGE
All the Profs..... MILLER
Harrell HIS GIRL
A grease with Major Thompson..... COULBOURN
For Tommy to work a graft..... PREPS

"1906 Shirt-Tail Parade Orders."

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

Attention to Orders.

1. That Private H. Tarbert be put in an ice box to keep his head from bursting.
2. That Sergeant Burton be given fifty demerits for skipping French to study Latin.
3. That Corporal Kerr be ordered to refrain from disturbing our peace by his barking.
4. That Private Cohen be confined to the guard house for disowning his nose.
5. That Sergeant Koenig be expelled for holding prize-fights in his room.
6. That Colonel Reamer be dismissed for overfeeding the students.
7. That Major Dowell be given fifty demerits for not changing his socks.
8. That Private McDorman be promoted to corporal for being a heart-breaker.
9. That Sergeant Schuster be reduced to ranks for playing poker.
10. That Private Miller be notified to stop using quills.
11. That Corporal O'Rourke be promoted for his excellent military figure.
12. That all privates be ordered to throw H²S and limburger cheese in Vonnie's room.
13. That Commander-in-Chief Fell be reduced to ranks for skipping chapel.
14. That Privates Laney, Hardinge and Melson be known as the "Black Cat" Club.
15. That Sergeant Harrell be ordered to have a telephone in his room.
16. That Commissary Powell be discharged for non-support of Dowell.
17. That Private Crawford be hereafter recognized as the St. John's Glee Club.
18. That Mudd be given a door mat.
19. That Corporal White be given thirty days in guard tent for ponying in class.
20. That Sergeant Hecht be allowed a furlough to study Prep. Latin.
21. That Lieutenant Ruhl be notified to have a "butting-in" license.
22. That Sergeant Woodcock be ordered to make a noise like a woodpecker.
23. Skidco.

Yells and Songs.

Tune—"Why Don't You Try."

We've a team that's strong and steady,
It's a corking crackerjack;
Right through J. H. U. they're breaking,
As they did in years gone back,
And the touchdowns they're making,
Which will make old Hopkins cry;
Don't you see old St. John's winning,
And we will yell, and yell like Hell.

Tune—"Shame on You."

Hopkins, Hopkins, shame on you;
What's the matter with the Black and Blue?
You do your best, but what's the use,
The St. John's team will cook your goose,
You'll get what you're looking for,
You'll be lucky if you ever score,
And when it's over we will roar,
"Shame on You."

Seven Ra Yell.

St. John's! St. John's! St. John's!
Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!

S-A-I-N-T J-O-H-N-'S!
St. John's! St. John's!

Tune—"My Merry Oldsmobile."

We will beat you, J-H-U,
'Tis an easy victory,
We will go right through your line,
As we did in olden times;
We will bet our coin galore,
That we will win by such a score,
'Twill be a shame to own the name
Of poor J-H-U.

Tune—"Yankee Doodle"

We will do up Johnny Hopkins,
Johnny Hopkins, Black and Blue,
Their line is nothing but a paper one,
Made for our backs to go through.
We've got a team that's strong and steady,
A corker and a crackerjack,
O rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
St. John's the Orange and the Black

Hooray Yell.

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
S. J.! S. J.! S. J.!
St. John's! St. John's! St. John's!

S. J. Yell.

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

Orange and Black Yell.

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

Tune—"Bright Eyes."

Hopkins, good-bye, Hopkins, don't cry,
Wait till the game is o'er;
We will knock you so high
That your rooters will sigh,
So good-bye, old Hopkins, good-bye.

Humorous.

PROF. WADDELL—Now, Mr. Quimby, what are the poles of a circle?
QUIMBY—The ends of a circle.

PROF. WHITE—Mr. Allen, suppose that I should walk around here dressed up and act like a millionaire. What would you call that?
ALLEN—An awful bluff.

SHELTON—My girl is one of the Daughters of the Revolution.
HUTSON—How old is Mrs. Diggs anyhow?

PROF. V.—Mr. Tarbert, where are you going?
TARBERT—Have a conflict.
PROF. V.—What with?
TARBERT—Dinner.

NEILL—Burton, why do you write so small?
BURTON—To save ink.

CRAWFORD—I can't remember that king's name.
PROF. STRYKER—Very simple one, indeed.
CRAWFORD—Charles the Simple.

DOWELL got a job in the S. J. C. Menagerie. 'Twas as easy as could be. His duties were to feed the animals, and when feeding time came round, then started in the fun. He went into Prof. Stryker's room and fed upon his buns. Prof. White smiled and "Turkey" went wild and his day's work was done. But what had that to do with the price of "Duck?"

PROF. S.—What meaning must I take from your statement?
MCDORMAN—The right one, sir.

HUTSON—I wonder what Hirshel Halbert is doing?
ALLEN—Draughts clerk, closing doors and opening windows in a bank.
HUTSON—I wonder what he gets?
ALLEN—Hot air.

ARNOLD (in tactics)—Austin, how many commands are there?

AUSTIN—Four.

ARNOLD—What are they?

AUSTIN—Dunno.

LOGAN (in Logic)—Prof., this subject seems like a Chinese puzzle to me.

PROF. D.—Yes, it seems as though it is a numerical one, too.

HUTSON (shaving)—How did I cut myself?

JOHNSON—With the razor.

PROF. D. (reading from "Paradise Lost")—Where have we come across another allusion to opening gates?

CLASS—The gates of Hell.

HARRELL—They are always open.

PROF. D.—Just like some people's mouths.

MELVIN (trying on Prof. Von S.'s hat)—I have a larger head than you, Professor.

PROF. VON S.—Yes, Mr. Melvin, on the outside.

PROF. D. (quoting from Shelley)—The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance.

PINKERTON—Have you studied much, Professor?

HARDINGE (in Elocution, waxing eloquent over Cataline's Defiance)—Come, concentrated liquors, from your throne.

TOWNSEND—Doctor, may I be excused to go home; my brother-in-law is dead?

DR. F.—Is he your sister's husband?

PROF. C.—What is electricity?

MUDD—I knew last night, but I can't remember just now.

PROF. C.—Ye gods! The only man that ever knew has forgotten.

HARRISON, P.—Why, I could marry most any girl I wish.

AUSTIN—You've got that wrong. You mean you wish you could marry most any girl.

Important Events.

Sept. 19—Prodigals returning home.

" 20—Freshies look home-sick.

" 21—Sophs. learn that "Pokey" has skipped.

" 22—Great celebration of "Pokey's" departure.

" 23—Freshies entertain Sophs. in Gym.

" 24—"Cue" makes his debut as Major.

" 25—Harrell's trunk is sent down on Gloucester street.

" 26—Meeting of Athletic Association.

" 27—Belt is O. D. "Turkey" buys extra supply of report sheets.

" 28—"Cue" gets a hair-cut.

" 29—University of Virginia, 11; St. John's, 0.

" 30—Harrell's trunk wanders home.

Oct. 1—Nothing doing.

" 2—"Pots" Miller extracts square root of —9.

" 3—Freshies entertain Sophs. in old 35.

" 4—H——l in Pinkney Hall.

" 5—Team leaves for Virginia.

" 6—Virginia Military Institute, 15; St. John's, 6.

" 7—Juniors anxious about appointments.

" 8—"Rabbi" and "Mex." disappointed in commissions.

" 9—Bordley complains of his arm.

" 10—Bennett complains of his ———.

" 11—Hance cautioned not to talk back to a lady.

" 12—Freshies have midnight track meet.

" 13—"Pots" Miller complains of his "Charley Horse."

" 14—Seniors go chestnut hunting.

" 15—St. John's spirit again revived.

" 16—"Jew" Hecht O. D. (Sophs. buy him over.)

" 17—Furnish amusement for Navy.

" 18—Collinson puts a roller on his sword.

" 19—Juniors flunk chemistry test.

" 20—St. John's, 6; F. & M., 0.

" 21—Seniors skip church to play poker.

" 22—Poker Club disbands.

" 23—Skidoo's birthday.

" 24—Ruz makes debut as Acting-Captain.

" 25—Tommy Fell plays tennis.

Oct. 26—Fireman McBride goes to the rescue of Woodward Hall.
 " 27—St. John's, 16; Gallaudet, 11.
 " 28—Hartle eats a quart of molasses.
 " 29—Nothing doing.
 " 30—Scrubs down first team.
 " 31—Phillips and Miller show cold feet.

Nov. 1—Cathcart has "lump-jaw."
 " 2—Race war breaks out on back campus.
 " 3—St. John's, 15; Washington College, 0.
 " 4—Keep up the good work, boys!
 " 5—Dowell takes his annual bath.
 " 6—Prof. Toby explains axioms to "Turkey III."
 " 7—Tommy soaks Sophs.
 " 8—Everybody skips classes.
 " 9—Ready for the "Aggies."
 " 10—"Aggies" take the money.
 " 11—All sick and broke.
 " 12—Kraggs arrive.
 " 13—Hurricane Bill says "be pertikler with the new guns."
 " 14—Sophs. slat Freshies.
 " 15—Snowing. ("Bill" Neill goes in for the winter.)
 " 16—Will we beat Western Maryland?
 " 17—W. M. C., 12; St. John's, 2.
 " 18—Well, I guess we didn't.
 " 19—Schuster wins five dollars playing poker.
 " 20—Coach Cates, of U. S. N. A., extends helping hand to football team.
 " 21—Howard and Fink display their abilities as pugilists.
 " 22—Seniors move Belt and Deacon Ruhl to fifth floor.
 " 23—All betting on game.
 " 24—J. H. U. is "hoodooed."
 " 25—Great rejoicing.
 " 26—"Tommy" congratulates team.
 " 27—Sergeant Caulk bums a smoke from Peele and then reports him for smoking.
 " 28—Team off for Chester, Pa.
 " 29—P. M. C., 9; St. John's, 0. (Too bad.)
 " 30—"Tommy" bets forty cents on Army.

Dec. 1—"Tommy" borrows a quarter from "Bob" White.
 " 2—Turkey Buzzard for dinner.
 " 3—Reamer arrested for killing buzzards.
 " 4—"Vonny" threatens to flunk Sophs. in French.
 " 5—Sophs. turn over new leaf. (All get 5.)
 " 6—Allen lost his teeth.

Dec. 7—Miller finds equation of "vocal chord" in Analytics.
 " 8—"Tom Thumb" Austin throws "Giant" Miller.
 " 9—All go to church (except "Tommy").
 " 10—Monograms are delivered to football team.
 " 11—Battalion takes a "hike" in the country.
 " 12—Sophs. bombard Belt. (O. D.)
 " 13—Martial law in Pinkney Hall.
 " 14—All's well in old Pinkney.
 " 15—"Phil" Harrison goes to French.
 " 16—"Rabbi" makes a "hit" on Charles street.
 " 17—Allen finds his teeth in his wash-bowl.
 " 18—Logan eats a peck of potatoes.
 " 19—Home-sick Freshies start for "mamma."
 " 20—Sophs. have semi-annual G. O. H. meeting.
 " 21—Good-bye books. (Holiday is here.)

Jan. 8—Prodigals returning to College.
 " 9—Sellman spends afternoon on Murray Hill.
 " 10—Shearer honors "Lab." with his presence.
 " 11—Sophs. decorate telephone wires.
 " 12—Captain Carroll calls out baseball candidates.
 " 13—Major Coulbourn reported for wearing "cits."
 " 14—Coulbourn whips O. D.
 " 15—Orrison breaks his finger beating the "Dago."
 " 16—Prof. Toby and "Turkey III" have a scrap.
 " 17—R. Wilson loses his room-mate.
 " 18—Owen slatted for flirting with an old lady.
 " 19—Lieut. Hance dances at Naval Academy with his trousers turned up.
 " 20—Dowell goes to church.
 " 21—J. R. Clarke attends faculty meeting.
 " 22—Coach Jennings takes charge of baseball squad.
 " 23—Quimby gets the mumps.
 " 24—He is moved to the College Hospital.
 " 25—Freshies rough-house Sophs.
 " 26—Semi-annual exams. begin.
 " 27—Powell and Dowell open lunch-room in Senior Hall.
 " 28—Business brisk.
 " 29—"Irish" and "Zipp" wend their way out West street.
 " 30—Nothing doing.
 " 31—Bartgis' pony throws him.

Feb. 1—He decides to use mental telegraphy.
 " 2—Ground Hog sees his shadow.
 " 3—Belt reported for wearing "cits."
 " 4—"Liz" falls out with Gloucester street girl.

- Feb. 5—Exams. are over.
 “ 6—Sellman takes overdose of quinine.
 “ 7—“Rabbi’s” girl stops writing to him.
 “ 8—“Bill” Bailey returns to College.
 “ 9—Track team wins meet at Fifth Regiment Armory.
 “ 10—“Pip” Melvin deserts us.
 “ 11—“Still Lill” is stung.
 “ 12—“Doc.” Garver reported for being absent from drill.
 “ 13—Senior “Butters” have their heads shaved.
 “ 14—Major Thompson admires bald-headed men.
 “ 15—Sellman sells tickets for “Ruth.”
 “ 16—Cooke sends a lemon to “Mag.”
 “ 17—“Mex.” Harrell prevaricates to O. D.
 “ 18—Shearer goes to Chapel.
 “ 19—“Still Lill” stung again.
 “ 20—Bishop Coleman delivers address to students.
 “ 21—Harrell admits his desire for Major.
 “ 22—“Fats” Powell makes a “hit” on the ice.
 “ 23—Track team wins relay in Federal Games.
 “ 24—Seniors and Juniors have snowball battle.
 “ 25—Allen takes a tumble down the steps.
 “ 26—Dr. Laws gives very interesting lecture in Chapel.
 “ 27—Laney and Harrison open pool for races.
 “ 28—Tommy gives talk on procrastination.
- Mar. 1—Stryker attends Chapel.
 “ 2—Weaver’s trunk goes down to Cornhill street.
 “ 3—John Shearer sings a solo.
 “ 4—“Horse” Clark kicks a hole in Belt’s derby.
 “ 5—Y. M. C. A. buys a piano.
 “ 6—Stevens lives in laboratory.
 “ 7—Baseball team gets ready for the Navy.



Uncle Josh Sees Dress Parade at Tolchester.

Well naow, Mariar, ye know that we promised son Harry we'd be up thar at camp for that dress perayed drill, he sets such a store by—Hurry! Thar goes that ere trumpet naow. Run, Mariar, run! Dod blame it! I told you not to buy them durn peanuts. I knowed that the gol durned poke 'ud bust. This is the last time I'm a'goin' with you on a picnic. Ye're always a-loading yourself up with a mess of durned bundles of stuff and then, by gum, want me to help you to lug 'em along. I don't care a good gosh hang if I am a-swearing and if I do be a deacon in the Methodist Church.

No, I ain't a bit excited, not by a blame sight, but do hurry! Thar goes the other trumpet. Well, hyar we are! Gosh darn my grandmother's greyish-green cats! If that ain't the purtiest sight I ever clapped my eyes to. Look at them boys with white sashes on! And them fellers with the roosters' tails in their hats! I wonder what they be? Captains, ye say? I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut thar nothin' less than generals, by gum! But whar in the kingdom is that boy Harry? Thar he is, mother! Look! Right thar in the front line! By Godfrey! Don't he look fine in that coat! As neat, by gum, around the waist as a girl with corsets on! But, begee! Why ain't he got on one of them hats with chicken feathers in it instead of that one with the shoe brush? I want to know! Ain't he the best-looking feller in the line? I'll see the chief tomoraw an' ask him! I will, by gum!

But what did that little feller that just come around the corner say? Just look at him struttin' up to the chief in front! Durn me, if he don't walk just like that ere little banty rooster we uster have! Ain't he cute! An' I swear if he ain't got buttons on his coat as big as cherries! I bet they cost a mint o' money.

Thar goes the band! Is that one of them military bands? They must be goin' to leave the lot. No, they ain't! Look at 'em! They are all mixed up! No, they ain't neither, the' are comin' back; changed their minds and stand whar they did before. Purty cute, ain't they, Mariar? Just foolin' and trying to make the chief mad. How now! That little feller that walks like our little banty just said something and them two are trying to blow their brains out on them trumpets. Thar goes the band again! Playin' “Yankee Doodle,” be gee! Look at them fellers pullin' down the Amarikan flag! Ye chief, ah chief, look at them fellers trying to steal your flag. Hurry! They have got it purty near down! Oh! I guess that is supposed to be part of the show. Well, who are them fellers coming up to the chief? Look like they own the whole durn pasture. What was that the chief said? Anyhow, it must 'a'

made 'em all mad for the' are all a' goin,' with the band leading the percession. Well, mother, it's all over. Here comes Harry, be gee! The policeman with the musket won't let him come. Look! He's a-waving to us! Good-bye, son! Now, mother, we'll have to hurry to catch the boat. I'll bet two glasses o' Hiram Bing's cider I've spent nearly two dollars, but, by gum, I've enjoyed myself. I have, I swear!

A Condensed Novel.

Vol. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather:
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk,
Together!

Vol. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious:
A merry "miss,"
A stolen kiss,
Delicious.

Vol. III.

You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure:
And both repent,
This rash event,
At leisure.

An Affectionate Tribute.

The "pony" is my helper; I shall not flunk.

He maketh me to have good translations and leadeth me beside the fountains of knowledge.

He raiseth my grades and leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.

Yea, though I plod through the valleys of Latin and Greek, I fear no exam., for he is with me.

His words and his truths, they comfort me.

He prepareth my lessons for me in the presence of my teachers.

He crowneth my head with glory and my grades run high.

Surely, applause and greatness shall follow me all the days of my life and the pony shall dwell in my house forever.

The pony and the knowledge thereof is my own.

The class and they that recite them use him.

For he works single or double and in the class-room as well as in my own room.

Who can plod through the weary lines of Latin and Greek without his help, or who can take his honored place?

He beareth correct translations and a generous heart.

He hath not consigned his soul to selfishness nor translated wrongly.

He shall receive my blessing for his usefulness and my everlasting protection for his fidelity.

This is the generation of them that use thee, that seek thy aid, O Pony.

Lift up thy head, O Pony, for thou hast not been ridden too hard.

Lift up thy head, O Pony, for thou, my king of translation, shall prove thy usefulness.

Who is this king of translation? It is the pony, finely printed and interlined, so useful in the time of need.

A Daily Occurrence.

A Student and His Girl Over the Phone.

SHE—"Hello—I am so glad you made 10.30 inspection.

"Yes, please do come. I am so anxious to see you.

"O, Lightfoot, you don't mean it. Do you?

"You say you phoned to me this morning at six?

"I really think it's awful for those boys to bring your trunk down here.

"I would like to go very much, but mamma says I must stay in tonight and study.

"Yes, to the dance.

"You certainly can. I would cut every dance for you.

"O, it was fine. You played a 'dandy' game.

"I know you will be Captain of the team.

"Sergeant of Company B—that is great.

"Do you really think you'll be Major next year?

"Your letter was grand. Are you going to write another today?

"I know, but you have such beautiful eyes."

HE—"O please sen"—

(Here Central severed the connection, so that makes it impossible for us to give the conversation any further.)

Pants.

Pants are made for men and not for women.

Women are made for men and not for pants.

When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last long.

Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold.

Men are often mistaken in pants. Such mistakes are "breeches" of "promise."

There has been much discussion as to whether pants are singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural and when they don't it is singular.

Men go on a tear in their pants and it is all right. When the pants go on the tear it is all wrong. If you want to know how to make the pants last, make the coat first.

Minutes of the Loafers' Club.

SUNDAY EVENING, JAN. —.

The members were kicked into the meeting-room by Vice-President "Pip" Arnold. Everybody was found to be either present or not present except the quorum, which consisted of Norman Belt.

The first business on hand was the election of new officers. "Mex" Harrell objected on the grounds that it was too much trouble and that the quorum was not present. Just then Belt came in and elected himself treasurer. No other officers were necessary, according to his ideas. He then collected all the dues he could, and ordered the retiring treasurer to turn over all the money on hand, which consisted of twenty-three cents, and withdrew to attend a meeting of the "Swillers' Association" at the "Madame's." Next was the admittance of new members. Everybody had been a member for some time except "Phil" Harrison. After grave consideration it was decided that his head was in such a swollen condition as to be in serious danger of explosion. The matter was laid on the table for further consideration, regarding the contents of said head, which was believed to consist either of a substance of the formula CO_2 , or not anything at all. It was demonstrated that in the first supposition the gas escaping by reason of the explosion would cause suffocation of the other members. In the latter supposition the influx of air might jar hell loose.

As no new resolutions had been adopted for several moons, it was deemed advisable to get busy and do something in that line. Accordingly these resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved,—That every member who attends more than three classes or one formation weekly must set up the crowd to first-class "swills."

That the president of the G. O. H. and such assistants as he may deem necessary may be excused from all meetings to correct the faults of their youthful charges—the Freshmen.

That members having selected one room must loaf around in it, spit on the floor and chuck furniture around until the room is completely "on the bum." Then, and only then, may they select another.

That any member doing any more than the required work be deprived of his scalp and forced to walk guard duty until his freight is dragging.

That Sophomores must refrain from crockery practice in Pinkney Hall during study period.

That anyone who does not like these resolutions knows what he can do.

It was moved and carried that "Potts" Miller must stop losing flesh or give up those girls he met in Robbins' Circus. "Potts" seriously objected, but was at last forced to submit. He secretly determined to patronize the "Chesapeake," and so conformed to the first part of the provision rather than the last.

There being no other business on hand, it was decided to attend to the most important part of the program. Accordingly, at a signal from the president (pro tem), ten dozen bottles of Schlitz were brought forward. "Goliath" Schuster and "Rev." Thompson tried to hog the game, and got into a rough-and-tumble fight. When they were tired out, they found that the others had taken advantage of their scrimmage and drained off the refreshments. Thereupon "Goliath" went sorrowfully off to hunt up members for the Y. M. C. A. and "Rev." went to his little nigger church across the river. Everybody being sleepy, the meeting then adjourned to meet the day after H— freezes over in the month of "Bustification."

(Signed) J. I. BURTON, Secretary.

A Man Came Back to Annapolis.

A man came back to Annapolis
Who had for years been dead:
A century of grass in heedless
Bliss had grown over his head;
He checked himself on "Severn's Hill"
And gaped and looked amazed,
For what he saw was quite enough
To make him awed and dazed.

'Tis night! he sees a thousand arcs
Electric in St. John's,
Which the entire country fill
With glory which she dons;
A magnificent new gym
This long-dead man does see;
A grand library crowns the hill
In gorgeous majesty.

He saw ten railway trains that shot
Like lightning 'cross the plain,
An airship station, 'lectric cars
That rushed with might and main;
O'er Annapolis a mighty light
Lit up the azure sky;
Two thousand smokestacks reared their heads
And roared their flames on high.

Lo! every street was cement-paved
And thousands walked thereon,
Great traction cars ran everywhere
From morn till set of sun;
A lofty building met his gaze,
Full twenty stories, sir;
"Oh yes," he cried, "there's where they print
The Evening Capital."

He silent gazed, this long-dead man,
To him 'twas like a dream;
For when he left, a village stood
Hard by the Severn's stream;
But now the stream had widened been,
And near the harbor bar
In majesty and grandeur lay
A mighty fleet of war.

"I must be dead;" he pinched himself,
But he was wide awake,
And all the more surprised to see
That he'd made no mistake;
"'Tis not the old Annapolis,
The one I used to know,
She's got a move on her at last
And can't be counted slow."

He shook his head, this long-dead man:
Slowly turning, said he:
"I'm going back to slumber through
Another century."
Then quickly down from "Severn's Hill"
A silent figure sped;
The ghostly, pale-eyed, aged man
Who had for years been dead.

Logic.

What a project to behold,
From times of old,
When Aristotle
O'er his battle,
Fussed and fumed,
And self-assumed,
Such as, conversion
And reversion,
Suppositions
And propositions.

We've had enough
Of such stuff;
There is no sense,
Nor recompense,
For lessons to prepare
And knowledge declare,
To other work neglect
And our minds inflict,
With this pestilent project,
Logic!!!

Then comes syllogisms
And other mysticisms,
Until our forms are racked,
And our heads are cracked.
Oh! Oh! Prof. Davis,
Will you save us
Above the water-mark of four?
Then we'll bother you no more.

Football.

Say, whither go these fellows
With hair so very long,
Their muscles indicating
That they are very strong?
Their suits are thickly padded,
With pride their faces glow;
Some objects queer they carry—
Say, whither do they go?

These chaps with bulging muscles
And Paderewski hair,
With pads of large dimensions
In clothing that they wear—
Why, they're the season's heroes,
Who bravely strive for fame,
And proudly they are going
To play a football game.

Whence come these tattered fellows,
With hair so badly torn,
While some, all cut and battered,
Are by their comrades borne?
And here and there is limping
A chap with bandaged shin,
And some have both eyes blackened:
Whence have these victims been?

They have not been in battle,
Although it looks that way;
Their wounds were not inflicted
By men in deadly fray.
Ah, no! these tattered fellows,
Some cut, some bruised, some lame,
Are heroes who've been playing
A college football game.

They don't regard the bruises,
They never shrink at mire;
For laurels they are striving,
To glory they aspire.
They're now the season's heroes,
These chaps of grit and brawn,
So call the ambulances
And let the game go on.

Mathematics.

With Mathematics is our battle,
And our fight with X Y Z's,
Until our brains do fairly rattle,
Of so strenuous questions as these.

Algebra—Prof. says is nice,
But to us it is a bore,
And Geometry, harder by thrice,
Makes us wish to see it no more.

Then comes Trig. and Analytics,
Myteries upon mysteries of lines and AS,
When a "zip" we get from our critics
We feel lie saying, "Well (? ? ?) d—n us.

"I wish you all,"—Prof. would say,
Study this "Cacklus" and learn to draw
The figures you have from day to day.
But "Oh! my! 'tis the slowest class I ever saw."

Then the bell rings, but not too soon
For us to escape this torture of Math.,
And Prof. assigns us to another doom,
As we rush out booming with wrath.

What is the Happiest Time at St. John's ?

When I get ten from home.....CLARKE
Vacation time.....BORDLEY
When we beat the Navy in baseball.....TEAM
Senior year.....CLASS
When the RAT-TAT is completed.....EDITORIAL BOARD

September.

Mornings frosty grow and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear,
Where the rustling corn grows sere;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall;
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet.

Noons are sunny, warm and still:
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill;
Amber sun shines on the floor,
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak,
Never found, though long we'd seek;
Oft comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun.

Evenings chilly are, and damp;
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in their blue rings;
On the bed the students lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long.

—G. L. M.

Tune.—"Auld Lang Syne."

Should all our victories be recalled,
Of now and long ago,
You'd surely find we always keep
A team that's far from slow.
We play the game and win great fame
Wherever we may roam, and then
Right back to old St. John's
We'll take the victory home.

The Chapel Bell.

We listen to the Chapel bell
Across the fields afar.
Beyond the din of city and
The roaring of the car;
And every echo falling soft,
It calls us back again
To shady trees and sunny rooms
Of campus and of hall.

We see the (quiet) students stroll,
And hear their passing feet,
Again we see the Chapel old
That fronts the College street.
The friendly pews they beckon us,
The organ overhead,
And all the wooden shields above
Of living and of dead.

Again in fancy leaning there,
Within the corner pew,
We look upon the faces of
The old-time friends and true.
We hear the lowly murmurs of
The softly whispered prayer;
Again we see the President
With his crown of silver hair.

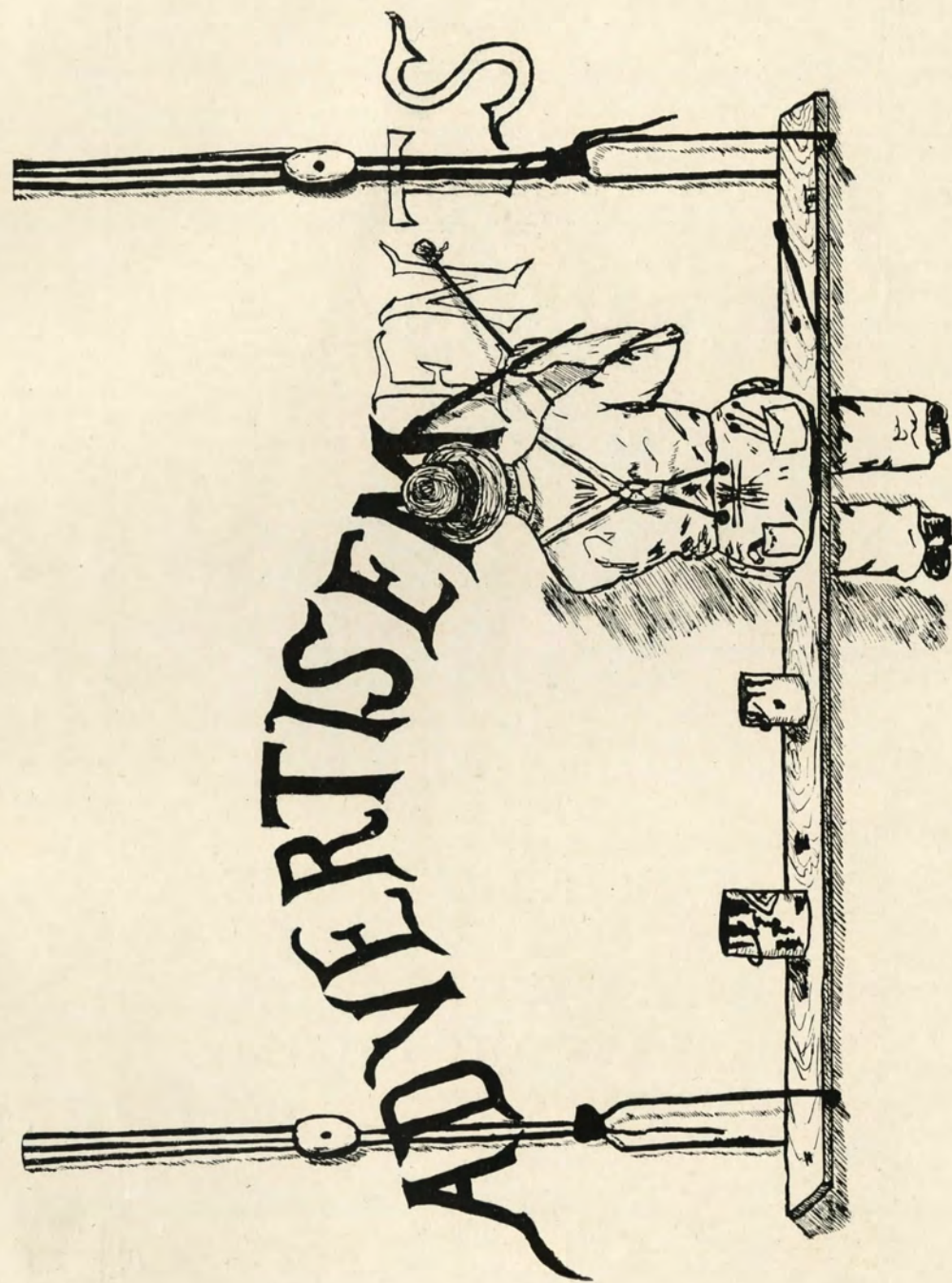
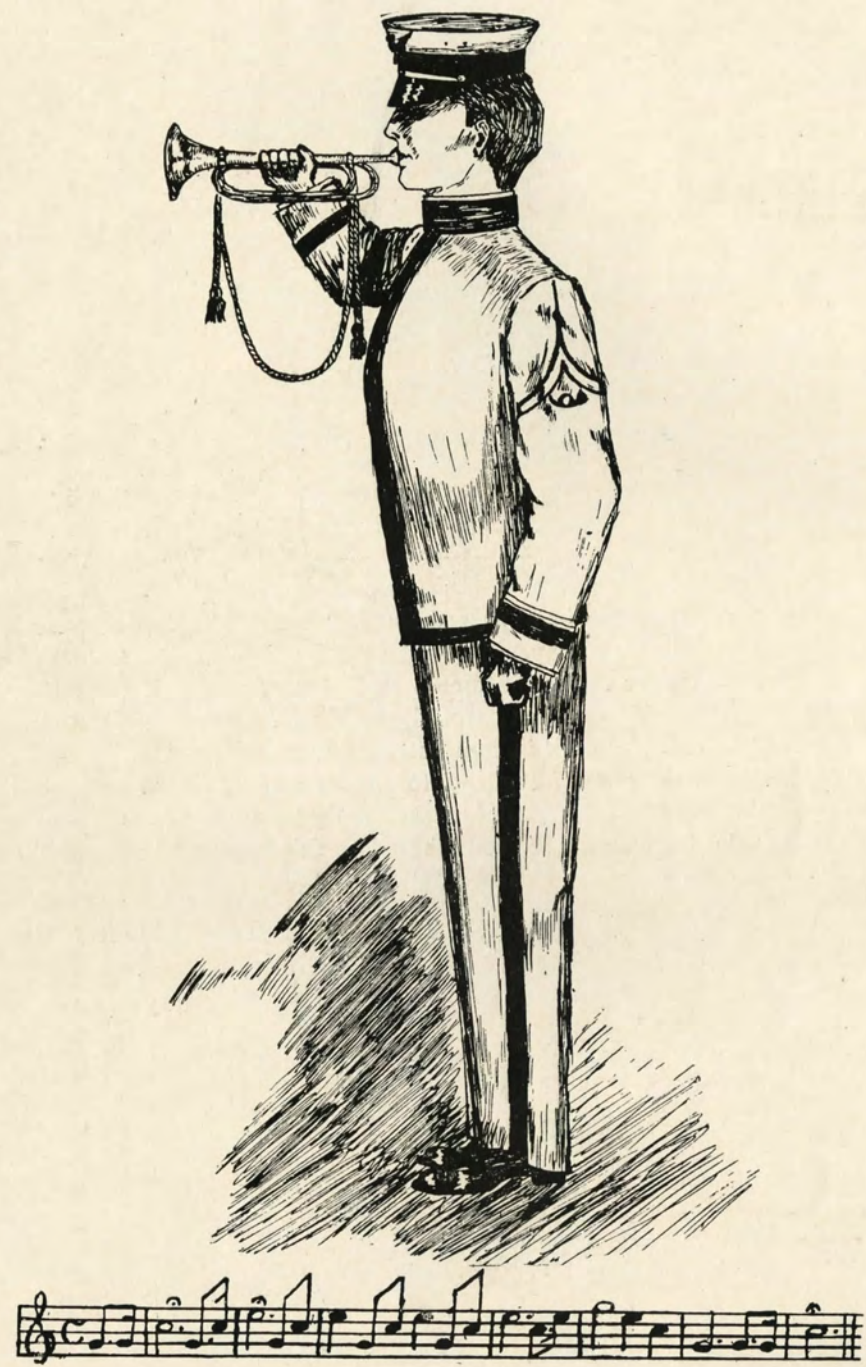
The lilac bushes laden with
Sweet censers, they distill
Perfume, and shower petals o'er
The broad campus, at will.
And O, the echoes softly fall
On valley and on plain!
And O, the bell it call us to
The Chapel old again. —G. L. M.

Conclusion.

Just how many weeks have passed since we wrote the first manuscript for this book we are unable to say.

An account of the disappointments and shortcomings that we have met with while writing this RAT-TAT would alone fill a volume twice the size of this one, but at last the task is completed after many long and weary hours of labor, and now the face of every editor wears a smile of joy and relief as it looks upon this our last effort. Before we finally lay down the pen we heartily thank those who have so kindly contributed to this book, and extend our very best wishes to the succeeding Board.

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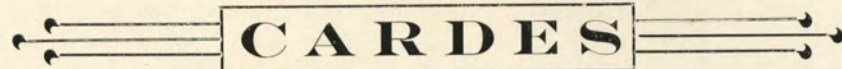
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