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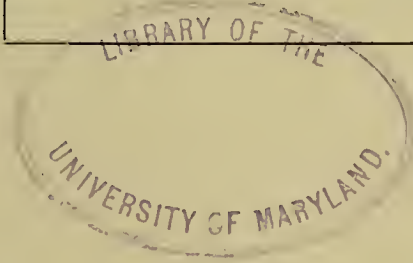
THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.



# TERRA MARIAE

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VOLUME 1



PUBLISHED BY  
THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND  
1905

Archives

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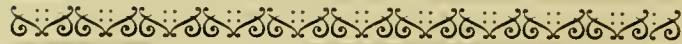
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1905

## To Dr. Charles Caspari, Jr.

As an expression of our appreciation of his fidelity to the interests of the University of Maryland, this, the first volume of *Terra Mariæ*, is dedicated.





86669

## CHARLES CASPARI, JR.

**I**NSTITUTIONS, however proud or creditable, and professions, however learned or honorable, may be personified in their abler representatives. Fortunate, indeed, is the representative who has become conspicuous enough to fitly do such service; equally fortunate is the institution or profession that can claim one who, in his personality, represents the best for which either stands.

The dedication of this volume to the Dean of the School of Pharmacy seeks to, at once, kindly recognize the new department of the University, pay graceful tribute to Pharmacy, and feelingly honor its chief exponent in Maryland, if not in this country.

Caspari is a name long and creditably associated with pharmacy in Germany, and the elder American representative, Charles Caspari, who immigrated to Baltimore in 1811, quickly became the leader of the German pharmaceutical element in this city, where Edmund Ducatel and his pupils had ably represented the French school. This combination of French and German teachings gave Baltimore a number of representatives who, early, became peculiarly conspicuous in the pharmaceutical world.

The subject of this sketch, Charles Caspari, Jr., was born in Baltimore, May, 1850. His primary education was secured in private schools and his academic studies were pursued in the Department of Arts and Sciences of this same old University of Maryland, during the years 1861 to 1865, when that school was under the direction of the late Dr. E. A. Dalrymple. The untimely death of his father effectually thwarted his well formed intentions and earnest desire to secure a degree from the University of Goettingen, from which the elder Caspari had graduated. This same unfortunate deprivation compelled him to remain in the drug business which he had entered in 1865. He graduated from the Maryland College of Pharmacy in 1869, and engaged in business on his own account in 1871; successfully conducted the pharmacy at the corner of Baltimore and Fremont streets until 1891, when he gave up business that he might devote more time to teaching, having been elected to the Faculty of the Maryland College of Pharmacy in 1879, where he soon afterwards instituted one of the first pharmaceutical laboratories, for teaching purposes, that this country owns. Professor Caspari was elected Vice-President of the American Pharmaceutical Association in 1893, and has been a most acceptable and efficient General Secretary of that Association since 1894, as is evidenced by the following, extracted from a recent issue of a prominent pharmaceutical journal:

"It is all but impossible to think of the American Pharmaceutical Association without thinking also of Professor Caspari, the general secretary. The two are almost inseparable. The Professor became secretary in 1894 at the Asheville meeting, and any pharmacist who has ever attended a convention since, is familiar with his short but wiry figure, his quick movements, his incisive and positive manner, his virile strength in debate, and his ready method of despatching and expediting business. Secretary Caspari is a bundle of energy, and although he likes a good story and is fond of social intercourse, he has no time to waste with the dawdlers and the stragglers who never get anywhere."

The work for the American Pharmaceutical Association includes the active editing and publication of its annual proceedings, averaging over 1,000 octavo pages per volume. Besides doing this stupendous literary work, he has, in the same time, since 1893, been one of the editors of the National Dispensary and has written "A Treatise on Pharmacy," a popular text-book, the third edition of which is in preparation. He is one of the most active of the working members of the committee authorized to revise the U. S. Pharmacopœia, and, during the last four years, has given much of his time to this very important and exacting work.

He has an interesting family of four girls and two boys. The elder son, Charles Edward, graduated from the Johns Hopkins University and was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, by that institution in 1900, for post-graduate chemical work done in its laboratory. He is now Professor of Chemistry in the St. Louis College of Pharmacy.

"The Dean," as he is familiarly called by his associates and students, wins popularity, not through diplomacy and *finesse*, but by straightforward, kindly positiveness and through the respect that his broad attainments command.



# FOREWORD

**I**N THIS BOOK, we, the Board of Editors, in conference assembled, present to an appreciative public and our admiring friends the unofficial record of the doings of the School during 1905, now for the first time called "TERRA MARIAE." The name is symbolical of a truly united college. "Terra Mariae," Maryland first, last and all the time; in right or wrong; in prosperity or poverty; in victory or defeat—stand by Old Maryland, and swear by "Terra Mariae!"

It is a new book with a new name, and in the seductive words of the circus poster of other and better days, "Bigger and better than ever before." Bigger it certainly is; we have added a new department to the school. Better? Well, we hardly like to say.

We feel disposed to take the dear public and our friends into the sacred editorial confidence in this matter, and instead of the labored and flowery apologetics usually found in this place to dispense some hard, cold facts. Now, our work being done, is hardly the time to scold and berate and complain; yet our little fling now may gild the labors of the next set of innocent unfortunates, who attempt to carry on this monumental work.

At the beginning, our idea of the editorial function was an exalted one. We pictured our noble selves blue-penciling and rejecting manuscript with a lordly and superior air, right and left. But the reality! It was daily, manual labor—nothing less—to extract from the various departments material enough to cover decently our three hundred blank and staring pages.

All this however, is done and over with, and the book, such as it is, is finished. It is a wonderful work. The wonder is, not that it is not perfect, nor better than it is—but that it is published at all. The uninitiated know little and care less about the labor involved in an undertaking of this kind; we are initiated—now—and while we have no desire to appear otherwise than as the modest and retiring gentlemen we really are, we beg leave to think to our private selves that for the work done, all hands deserve great credit.

"Terra Mariae" is meant to be a record and a remembrance for days to come, of our checkered careers in the old Varsity—the happiest and best days, so we are told, of all our lives. This is the function of a college book; this is the essential thing, its *raison d'être*; when it is accomplished, all else is superfluous. How well we have done the one thing needful, we leave to those for whom we have done it, to say.

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The Maryland Girl







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JOSEPH C. FRANCE.

# THE EXAMPLE OF AN EMPEROR

BY JOSEPH C. FRANCE.

A MAN who is entering upon his career with the natural and laudable hope of reaching therein at least a low degree of fame and fortune, needs a stout heart,—and much besides. He must have, in the first place, a clear conviction of his fitness for the struggle; *possunt quia posse videntur*, is a pithy saying. In the second place, there must be an increasable measure of actual fitness; the man whose self-confidence has no other basis than ignorance, is but as a sounding brass. Finally, there must be opportunity; but opportunity will profit a man nothing unless, by systematic and patient training, he keeps himself ready to kick the ball when it shall come to his feet.

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It may very well be objected by the candidate for success, that these ideas lack both novelty and vitalizing power; and that what he needs is something more definite and practical. How may a man acquire a just confidence in himself? In what way can he increase his native capacity and learn, if not to create, at least to find and recognize opportunity? To such and similar questions, I believe that there is but one answer fairly adequate. In the larger sense, these things must be self-taught; and the lesson will never be learned until the student has, by a thorough self-examination, discovered his own particular limitations and deficiencies. Know Thyself, is a maxim old as Egypt, and we are all ready enough to give it a formal assent; but in a modern scheme of education, the practice of the maxim has but a small place. Lack of mental concentration, and of the power to hold on to an idea until you have seen through it; the habit of letting the tongue act in advance of the brain; indulgence in slovenly and disjointed speech,—ignoring the rule that every sentence, spoken or written, should contain a thought and be aimed as a bullet is aimed at a target; the inability to draw legitimate inferences and to see things in their true proportions; the distrust of your own final conclusions and an exaggerated conformity to prevailing opinion; a shrinking from the downright No—these are failings which we see and deplore, frequently enough in others. Not however, until a man has discovered his own deficiencies; and not until self-knowledge has awakened a healthy, and not a morbid, dissatisfaction, will he be in the way of improvement and likely to command success because he deserves it.

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We read in Rabelais that his hero, Panurge, had every faculty except reason; and there will always be men whom no amount of introspection can improve. The present purpose, however, is not to deal with the numerous successors of Panurge, but to give a brief account of an emperor who formed his life upon the principle of daily self-examination; who tried "to learn his true self and live it;" and who found his philosophy sufficient for the needs of an exciting and tempestuous career.

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During the twenty years which followed the death of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 161, the rule of the vast and unwieldy Roman Empire was in the hands of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Associated with him, for a part of the time, was Lucius Verus, who, like Marcus, was an adopted son of the late emperor. Verus appears to have been a mere man of pleasure,—weak but not vicious; and he had the good sense to recognize the superiority, and defer to the judgment, of his associate. A clear picture of the two men is afforded by the correspondence between them, touching a budding conspirator named Cassius, who was at the head of the Roman troops in Asia. Verus wrote: "Keep an eye on him; whatever we do dissatisfies him; he takes care to collect friends and resources and seeks to make us ridiculous in the eyes of his soldiers by calling you a philosophizing old woman, and me a dissolute boy and a frequenter of gaming houses." Marcus Aurelius replied: "Your complaints are worthy neither of an emperor nor of our government. If the Gods destine the empire for Cassius, we shall not be able to get rid of him; for you know the saying of your grand-father: 'No prince ever killed his successor.' If on the other hand, Heaven abandons him, he will be caught in his own snares without our exhibiting cruelty in enticing him into them."

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What then were the principles which, as the emperor thought, ought to govern a man's life? We learn them from a little diary, found after his death,—which occurred in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and while he was in camp near the present City of Vienna. The book is commonly known as the *Meditations*; it contains reflections jotted down from time to time as occasion offered; and it is clear from internal evidence, that the entries were made for private use, and not with any view to publication. The teachings are largely those of the Stoic philosophy,—but with a difference. The old state religion of Rome, with its pantheon of gods, known and unknown; with its sacrifices and burnt offerings;—this religion was disintegrating, much as dogmatic theology is disappearing to-day. And just as men to-day observe outward forms of worship to which they give no intellectual assent, so the emperor, who was essentially religious, gave formal observance to the public worship, and, at the same time, was working out his own plan of salvation. It is hard to epitomize this plan; and probably no two readers of the *Meditations* will agree upon what they see in them. In broad outline, as it seems to me, the lessons, most useful if not most original, are these: that a man ought not to perplex himself about the future life, because the present order of the universe makes it worth while to do one's best,—irrespective of whether death be an end or a beginning; that in every man is a "divine part," which can be kept alive or killed, as the individual wills; that the only light which can guide a man into the way of truth, is within him; that nothing which befalls a man is really evil unless it injures his character, and not merely his reputation, person, or estate; and therefore a man can be really hurt only by himself; that every man can, in a true sense, be the master of his fate and the captain of his soul; and that it is a mark of true religion, not to say more about God than you really know.

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The following extracts from the *Meditations* are taken from the translation of a very eminent scholar, the late George Long. The selections have been casually made; but they are sufficient to show the emperor's view of how a life should be lived,—whether it be a simple life or a strenuous one.

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"From Maximus, (a Stoic philosopher) I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances, as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity, and to do what was set before me without complaining. I observed that everybody believed that he thought as he spoke, and that in all that he did he never had any bad intention; and that he never showed amazement and surprise, and was never in a hurry, and never put off doing a thing, nor was perplexed or dejected, nor did he ever laugh to disguise his vexation, nor, on the other hand, was he ever passionate or suspicious. He was accustomed to do acts of beneficence, and was ready to forgive, and was free from all falsehood; and he presented the appearance of a man who could not be driven from right, rather than of a man who had been improved."

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busy-body, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil."

"Every moment think steadily as a Roman and a man to do what thou hast in hand with perfect and simple dignity, and feeling of affection, and freedom and justice, and to give thyself relief of all other thoughts. And thou wilt give thyself relief if thou doest every act of thy life as if it were the last, laying aside all carelessness and passionate aversion from the commands of reason, and all hypocrisy and self-love, and discontent with the portion which has been given thee."

"The soul of man does violence to itself when it allows any act of its own and any movement to be without an aim, and does anything thoughtlessly and without considering what it is, it being right that even the smallest things be done with reference to an end."

"A man should use himself to think of those things only about which if one should suddenly ask, What hast thou now in thy thoughts? with perfect openness thou mightest immediately answer, "This or That."

"And further let the Deity which is in thee be the guardian of a living being, manly and of ripe age, and engaged in matter political, and a Roman, and a ruler, who has taken his post like a man waiting for the signal which summons him from life, and ready to go, having need neither of oath nor of any man's testimony. Be cheerful also, and seek not external help nor the tranquillity which others give. A man then must stand erect, and not be kept erect by others."

"Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, or to desire anything which needs walls and curtains; for he who has preferred to everything else his own intelligence and daemon and the worship of its excellence, acts no tragic part, does not groan, will not need either solitude or much company, and what is chief of all, he will live without either pursuing or flying from (death); but whether for a longer or a shorter time he shall have the soul enclosed in the body, he cares not at all; for even if he must depart immediately, he will go as readily as if he were going to do anything else which can be done with decency and order; taking care of this only all through life, that his thoughts turn not away from anything which belongs to an intelligent animal and a member of a civil community."

"Make for thyself a definition or description of the thing which is presented to thee, so as to see distinctly what kind of a thing it is in its substance, in its nudity, in its complete entirety, and tell thyself its proper name."

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity, according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."

"Remember Antoninus Pius, and his efforts to understand things; and how he would never let anything pass without having first most carefully examined it and clearly understood it."

"That which does not make a man worse than he was, also does not make his life worse."

"Look within. Within is the fountain of good and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig."

"It is thy duty to order thy life well in every single act; and if every act does its duty as far as possible, be content; and no one is able to hinder thee so that each act shall not do its duty."

"Practice thyself even in the things which thou despairst of accomplishing, for even the left hand which is ineffectual for all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more effectually than the right hand; for it has been practiced in this."

"Either there is a fatal necessity and invincible order, or a kind providence, or a confusion without a purpose, and without a director. If then there is an invincible necessity, why dost thou resist? But if there is a providence which allows itself to be propitiated, make thyself worthy of the help of the divinity. But if there is a confusion without a governor, be content that in such a tempest thou hast in thyself a certain ruling intelligence. And even if the tempest carry thee away, let it carry away the poor flesh, the poor breath, everything else; for the intelligence at least it will not carry away."

"Man thou hast been a citizen in this great state, the world; what difference does it make to thee whether for five years or three? For that which is conformable to the laws is just for all. Where is the hardship then if no tyrant nor yet an unjust judge sends thee away from the state, but nature, who brought thee into it? The same as if a praetor, who has employed an actor dismisses him from the stage—"But I have not finished the five acts, but only three of them"—Thou sayest well, but in life the three acts are the whole drama; for what shall be a complete drama is determined by him who was once the cause of its composition, and now of its dissolution; but thou art the cause of neither. Depart then satisfied, for he also who releases thee is satisfied."

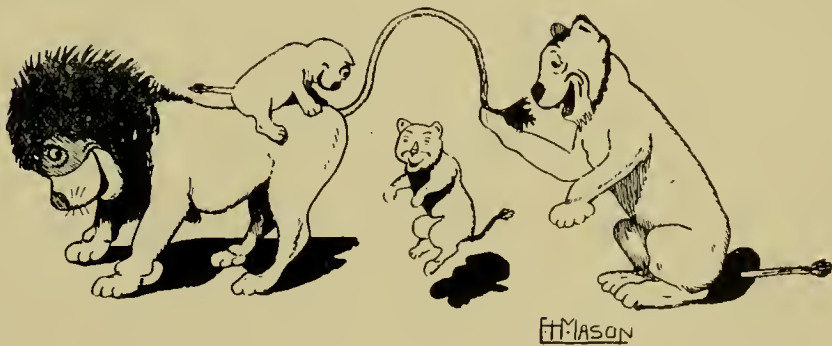
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It would be unjust to the author of the *Meditations* to forget that they are the innermost thoughts of a man who made no pretension to perfection; who was describing his aspirations rather than his attainments; and who, amid perplexities and perils, such as few of us will be called upon to encounter, never turned the back upon his ideals. The lessons of self-examination, self-control and self-reliance and self-reverence, which the *Meditations* breathe, are not easy to practice; but the mere effort will, at least, enable a man to keep his face in the right direction. And this, after all, is the main thing. "For," quoting again the words of the Translator, "a man's



greatness lies not in wealth and station, as the vulgar believe, nor yet in his intellectual capacity, which is often associated with the meanest moral character, the most abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to the poor and lowly; but a man's true greatness lies in the consciousness of an honest purpose in life, founded on a just estimate of himself and everything else, on frequent self-examination, and a steady obedience to the rule which he knows to be right, without troubling himself, as the emperor says he should not, about what others may think or say, or whether they do or do not do that which he thinks and says and does."



## TO THE CLASS OF NINETEEN FIVE

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Come, fill up your glasses, and drink with me  
To the Health of the Class of Nineteen Five,  
The Prince of Classes, the Peer of all  
That have gone before, or yet that thrive.

Come Doctors, come Dentists, come Lawyers all!  
We'll pledge our troth in this foaming brew,  
While the heart beats warm, and the pulse runs high,  
With a hearty and cheery "Here's to you!"

To the Past, its follies and escapades,  
The girls we have loved—and lost, alas!  
To the Present—bright, the Future—glowing;  
To each of these let us quaff a glass.

To the Doctor's skill, the Lawyer's logic,  
The Dentist's alleviating art;  
To such powers as these for wielding good  
We'll drink a Toast with all our heart.

Our lives are before us, Ambition calls;  
The ultimate outcome who can foretell?  
Dear Alma Mater to thee adieu,  
Viva! D.D.S., M.D., Phar.D., B.L.





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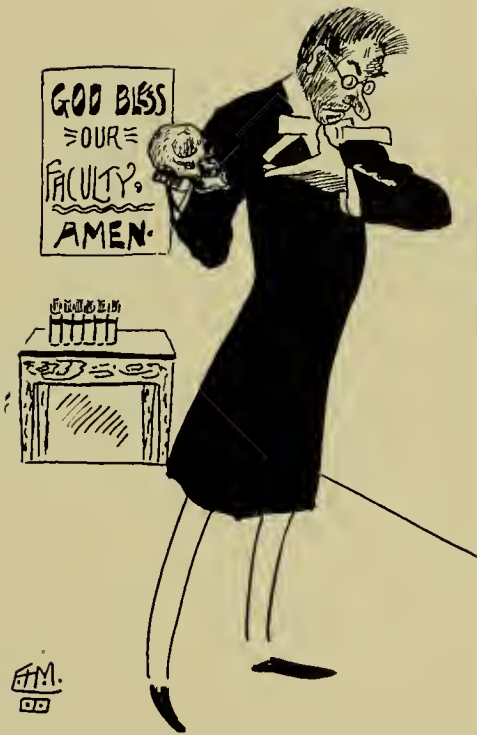
## PHYSIOLOGY

A key to Nature's once-sealed door:  
Behold, how every page is filled  
With wonders culled from learning's store,  
With draughts from Wisdom's fount distilled.

Drink deep, and let thy eager mind  
Absorb, transform, revivify;  
Break from the thralldom that doth bind  
The narrow souls that round thee lie.

In lonely state great planets shine,  
To crowded throngs the weak are driven;  
The will to do and dare is thine,  
The battle to the strong is given.

—*F. M. Kelly.*





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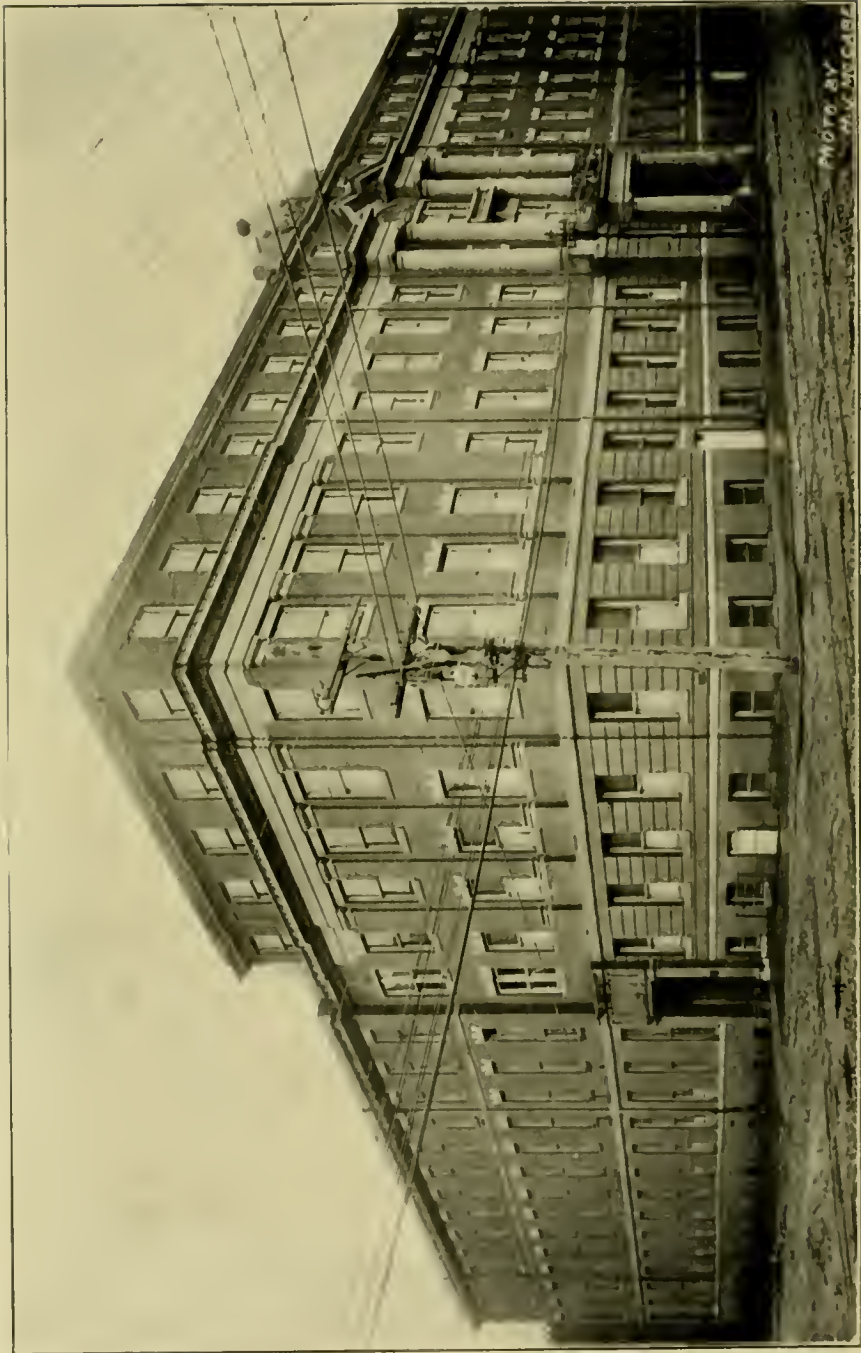


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ALVIN B. LENNAN.....	<i>Resident Surgeon.</i>
M. D. SCOTT.....	<i>Resident Surgeon.</i>
CHARLES BAGLEY.....	<i>Resident Physician.</i>
WILLIAM GASSAWAY.....	<i>Resident Physician.</i>
ÉMILE B. QUILLEN.....	<i>Resident Pathologist.</i>
ÉJNAR HANSEN.....	<i>Assistant Resident Surgeon.</i>
A. L. WILKINSON.....	<i>Assistant Resident Gynecologist.</i>
É. T. OWENS.....	<i>Ambulance Surgeon.</i>



CLINICAL ASSISTANTS.

## CLINICAL ASSISTANTS—1905

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E. H. ADKINS,

S. L. BARE,

R. P. BAY,

J. S. BILLINGSLEA,

V. W. BRABHAM,

B. U. BROOKS,

R. C. CARNAL,

A. W. DISOSWAY,

M. R. GIBSON,

J. I. GOLDBACH,

G. B. HARRISON,

H. C. IRWIN,

F. W. JANNEY,

H. E. JENKINS,

O. O. KAUFER,

N. KENAWY,

E. B. LEFEVRE,

G. W. MAHLE,

J. G. MATTHEWS,

G. S. McCARTY,

R. C. METZEL,

R. L. MITCHELL,

J. W. PIERSON,

S. T. R. REVELL,

W. J. RIDDICK,

A. G. RYTINA,

E. M. SALLEY,

S. B. SHERARD,

J. H. SMITH, JR.,

J. A. STONE,

B. F. TEFFT, JR.,

W. B. WARTHEN.





# RESOLVED!

CLASS OF 1905

COLORS: ROYAL PURPLE AND HELIOTROPE

MOTTO: NE QUIDEM JUPITER OMNIBUS PLACET

## OFFICERS

R. L. MITCHELL..... <i>President</i>	R. C. CARNAL..... <i>Editor</i>
W. H. SMITHSON..... <i>Vice-President</i>	W. W. HALA..... <i>Poet</i>
A. W. GRAHAM..... <i>Secretary</i>	J. J. CARROLL..... <i>Historian</i>
W. B. WARTHEN..... <i>Treasurer</i>	W. J. PARVIS..... <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
B. S. SHERARD..... <i>Faledictorian</i>	

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

E. H. ADKINS, *Chairman.*

M. R. GIBSON,

S. R. CLARKE,

E. B. LEFEVRE,

R. P. BAY,

J. A. STONE,

J. W. ASHBY.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—1905.

# SENIOR CLASS ROLL



ADKINS, ELMER H.

Southport, N. C.

"Nor am I e'en the thing I could be."  
 Age 23, Wt. 147, Ht. 5.9. Clinical assistant,  
 Chairman Class Executive Committee '04-'05.  
 Cape Fear Academy.



ASIBY, JULIAN W.

Culpeper, Va.

"A meek face, a crafty tongue, will one's suspi-  
 cions stir."  
 Age 27, Wt. 145, Ht. 5.9½, ΦΣΚ. Class Execu-  
 tive Committee '04-'05. Va. Midland Academy.



BARE, S. LUTHER.

Westminster, Md.

"He hath eaten me out of house and home."  
 Age 22, Wt. 193, Ht. 6.1½, ΦΣΚ. President  
 "House" organization, assistant Editor-in-Chief  
 Annual '04-'05, Varsity basket-ball '04-'05, class  
 baseball '02-'03, clinical assistant. A. B. Dickin-  
 son College, '02.



BAY, ROBERT P.

Pylesville, Md.

"Tall, slim, graceful (?), with a lean and hungry  
 look."  
 Age 21, Wt. 160, Ht. 6.1. Class Executive Com-  
 mittee '04-'05, clinical assistant. Pylesville  
 Academy.

BEATTY, JAMES S.

Winnboro, S. C.

How doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
 From every opening flower.  
 Age 22, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.10½, ΚΨ. Clemson Col-  
 lege, '00.



BENNER, C. M.

Libertytown, Md.

"Ye gods, what have we here?"

Age 27, Wt. 120, Ht. 5.5. Artist for Annual, '04-'05. Roanoke College.



BILLINGSLEA, JAMES S.

Baltimore, Md.

"Thou cream-faced loon, where got'st thou that  
goose look?"

Age 21, Wt. 160, Ht. 5.11, ΔΩΩ. Clinical assistant. Baltimore City College.



BLACKWELL, FRED. A.

Elberton, Ga.

"Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber."

Age 23, Wt. 156, Ht. 6, ΚΨ. Elberton Institute.



BRABHAM, VANCE W.

Bamberg, S. C.

"I know the gent to be of worth and worthy estimation."

Age 21, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.7 1/2, ΣΑΕ. President of Y. M. C. A. '03-'04, vice-president "House" organization, clinical assistant, A. B., Wofford College '02.



BROOKS, BAIRD U.

Nashville, N. C.

"Harmless."

Age 21, Wt. 125, Ht. 5.6. Clinical assistant, B. S., University of N. C., '01.



BURDEN, FRANK.

Capon Bridge, W. Va.

"A faded flower, once bright and fair."  
Age '36, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.9½. Thanet College,  
England.



BURNS, IRA V.

"Life is real, life is earnest."  
Age 23, Wt. 148, Ht. 5.9. Havre de Grace High  
School.



CARNAL, ROSCOE C.

Waddington, N. Y.

A sadder and a wiser man, he woke the morrow morn.

Age 23, Wt. 177, Ht. 5.11, KΨ, ΘNE. Clinical  
assistant, class historian '01-'02, editor '03-'04,  
Editor-in-Chief Annual '04-'05, chairman Execu-  
tive Committee Athletic Association '03-'04, class  
baseball team, 'Varsity football '04-'05, 'Varsity  
basket-ball '04-'05, manager track team '04-'05,  
manager basket-ball '04-'05, Potsdam Normal  
School, New York.



CARROLL, J. J.

Worcester, Mass.

"See how he laughs and starts and crows,  
Heaven bless the merry child."

Age 27, Wt. 120, Ht. 5.6, KΨ, ΘNE. Class ser-  
geant-at-arms '03-'04, prophet '04-'05, vice-presi-  
dent Musical Association '04-'05, treasurer N. E.  
Club '04-'05, Worcester High School.



CASEY, EDWARD L.

Somersworth, N. H.

"Nose, nose, nose, nose,  
And who gave you that jolly red nose?"  
Age 23, Wt. 145, Ht. 5.9. Dartmouth College.



CHAPPELIER, F. D.

Hughesville, Md.

"It were better to be eaten to death by rust than  
to be scoured to nothing by perpetual motion."  
Age 23, Wt. 190, Ht. 5.9½. Charlotte Hall Military Academy.



CLARKE, SYDENTHAM R.

Baltimore, Md.



Age 28, Wt. 167, Ht. 6.3. Roland Park Academy.



COPELAND, EDWARD V.

Round Hill, Va.

"I'll make assurance doubly sure and take a bond  
of fate."  
Age 21, Wt. 129, Ht. 5.6½. University of Va.



CROOM, ARTHUR B.

Maxton, N. C.

"We are men, my liege."  
"Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men."  
Age 21, Wt. 110, Ht. 5.10. Maxton High School.



CROUSHORE, CHAS. C.

Jeanette, Pa.

"And then to breakfast with what appetite you  
have."  
Age 29, Wt. 138, Ht. 5.7. Jeanette High School.



DEBLOIS, SETH.

Newport, R. I.

"It is not good that man should be alone."  
Age 23, Wt. 155, Ht. 5.8. Class president '03-'04, Varsity baseball '03-'04, class baseball '03-'04. Rogers' High School.



DE VANNEY, DAVID A.

New York City.

"Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same."  
Age 22, Wt. 139, Ht. 5.8, *ΒΠΔ*. St. Francis Xavier College.



DISOWAY, ALPHEUS W.

New Berne, N. C.

"Tell the truth and shame the devil."  
Age 22, Wt. 138, Ht. 5.9 $\frac{3}{4}$ , *ΠΚΑ*. Clinical assistant, University of N. C.



DUENO, MANUEL.

Baymoir, P. R.

"Not a word, not one to throw at a dog."  
Age 24, Wt. 131, Ht. 5.9. Instituto Provincial, San Juan, P. R.

DULANEY, HARRY K.

Baltimore, Md.

"A bolt of nothing shot at nothing."  
Age 25, Wt. 115, Ht. 5.9, *ΣΧ—ΚΨ*. A. B. Randolph-Macon College, '00.



DWYER, JAMES E.

Oil City, Pa.

"Not pretty, but massive."

Age 27, Wt. 185, Ht. 6.1½, ΦAE. Corps Academy.



ELDERDICE, JOHN M.

Mardela Springs, Md.

"The laborer is worthy of his reward."

Age 25, Wt. 148, Ht. 5.9. Western Maryland College.



ELLIS, OLIVER J.

South Royalton, Vt.

"Blessed are they that hunger for they shall be filled."

Age 23, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.9. Keene High School, New Hampshire.



FELTON, HARRY M.

Pittsburg, Pa.

"He might have a mind, who knows."

Age 22, Wt. 165, Ht. 5.8. Pittsburg Academy.



FENNER, EDWIN F.

Halifax, N. C.

"Sighed and looked and sighed again."

Age 23, Wt. 115, Ht. 5.11. A. and M. College, North Carolina.





FISHER, W. HARRY.

Princess Anne, Md.

"Fine by defect and delicately weak."

Age 23, Wt. 130, Ht. 5.6. Princess Anne High School.

FLEISCHMAN, J. C.

Catonsville, Md.

"Nothing in this life would become him like the leaving it."

Age 26, Wt. 130, Ht. 5.4. Catonsville High School.



GIBSON, JOHN S.

McCall, S. C.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."

Age 25, Wt. 138, Ht. 5.10½. University of N. C.



GIBSON, MILTON R.

Gibson, N. C.

"Unwept, unknown and unsung."

Age 22, Wt. 160, Ht. 5.8. Clinical assistant. Varsity football '03-'04—'04-'05, manager of football '01-'05, Class Executive Committee '04-'05. Clemson College.



GOLDBACH, J. LEO.

Baltimore, Md.

"He aims at nothing and hits his mark."

Age 22, Wt. 155, Ht. 5.9, ΦΣΚ. Clinical assistant, Class Executive Committee '02-'03. Calvert Hall College.



GRAHAM, ARCHIBALD W.

Charlotte, N. C.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Age 25, Wt. 169, Ht. 5.10. Class secretary '04-'05, Varsity football '03-'04, Varsity baseball '03-'04—'04-'05, A. B. University of N. C. '01.



HALA, Wm. W.

New York City.

"Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical."

Age 23, Wt. 170, Ht. 5.8 $\frac{1}{2}$ , KΨ, ΘNE. Varsity football '02-'03-'04, captain football '03, Varsity basket-ball '04-'05, captain basket-ball '05, vice-president Athletic Association '04-'05, class poet '04-'05.



HAMMOND, SAMUEL W.

Branwell, W. Va.

"For even though vanquished he could argue still! while words of learned length and thundering sound amazed the gazing rustics ranged around."

Age 30, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , ΑΩΔ. University of Kentucky.



HARRISON, GEO. B.

Fredericksburg, Va.

"When he's not seeking news, he's spreading it."

Age 21, Wt. 125, Ht. 5.5, ΦΣΚ, ΘNE. Clinical assistant, president of Virginia Club '04-'05, class secretary '02-'03, treasurer '03-'04. Fredericksburg College.



HARRISON, LOUIS M.

Monticello, Fla.

"Above the pitch, out of tune and off the hinges."

Age 25, Wt. 160, Ht. 6. Jefferson Collegiate Institute.



HODGIN, HENRY H.

Red Springs, N. C.

"Still water runs deep."

Age 24, Wt. 135, Ht. 5.9. North Carolina Military Academy.



HOUCK, HENRY C.

Snow Hill, Md.

"Poor Pratler, how thou talkest."

Age 26, Wt. 135, Ht. 5.10½. Class president '02-'03, Executive Committee '03-'04. Snow Hill High School.



HUGHES, J. H.

New York City.

"To all outward appearances a man, but acts suspiciously like a woman."

Age 39, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.8½. Cornell University.



IRWIN, HAMNER C.

Charlotte, N. C.

The weather was bitter as he stood on the corner enjoying his Xmas toot, but he pulled out his bottle, then opened his throttle, and cried: "Well, ain't I a beaut."

Age 26, Wt. 155, Ht. 5.11, IKA, ONE. Clinical assistant, A. and M. College, North Carolina.



JAMISON, BROOKE I.

Walkersville, Md.

"A lad of mettle, a good boy."

Age 21, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.10. Notre Dame Academy.

JANKIEWICZ, L. P.

Utica, N. Y.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world loved me."

Age 22, Wt. 148, Ht. 58. St. Jerome's College,  
New York.



JANNEY, FRANCIS W.

Brighton, Md.

"Mark the opinion he cherished of his own importance."

Age 22, Wt. 155, Ht. 6.1. Clinical assistant.  
Friends School, R. I.



JENKINS, HARRY E.

Norfolk, Va.

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

Age 24, Wt. 147, Ht. 5.10,  $\Phi\Sigma\K$ ,  $\Theta\Xi$ . Clinical assistant, president athletic association '01-'05, class secretary '01-'02, vice-president '03-'04, treasurer Virginia club '01-'02. M. A. St. Mary's College College '00.



KAFER, OSWALD OTHMAR.

New Berne, N. C.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

Age 24, Wt. 155, Ht. 5.8½,  $\Pi\K\Lambda$ ,  $\Theta\Xi$ . Clinical assistant, president N. C. Club.



KATZOFF, EMMANUEL.

Savannah, Ga.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Age 23, Wt. 125, Ht. 5.6. Savannah High School.



KENAWY, NAGIB.

Alexandria, Egypt.

"Vessels large may venture out, but little boats  
should keep near shore."

Age 22, Wt. 110, Ht. 5.2. Clinical assistant.  
Khedivich College.



KERR, EUGENE.

Baltimore, Md.

"When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not  
think I should live till I were married."

Age 30, Wt. 135, Ht. 5.6½. Friends School,  
Baltimore.



KNEISLEY, HERBERT L.

Woodstock, Va.

"Sir, my reputation will not from me a lie sus-  
tain."

Age 26, Wt. 179, Ht. 5.8. Medical Dept., U. S.  
Army.



KNELL, WM. A.

Irvington, Md.

"Dost thou love life, then do not squander time;  
for that is the stuff life is made of."

Age 21, Wt. 158, Ht. 5.11½. Captain class base-  
ball '02-'03. Mt. St. Joseph's College.



KOURY, KALEEL MAKINA.

Lebanon, Syria.

"O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! What a name."

Age 27, Wt. 160, Ht. 5.6. Syrian Protestant  
College.



LEFEVRE, EDGAR B.

Bunker Hill, W. Va.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness."

Age 24, Wt. 110, Ht. 5.8, KΨ. Class executive committee '01-'05, vice-president '02-'03, president West Virginia Club, class baseball '03-'04, clinical assistant. University of West Virginia.



LEVIN, JULIUS.

Hartford, Conn.

"The man recovered from the bite.  
The dog it was that died."

Age 27, Wt. 153, Ht. 5.7. B. S. Trinity College '01.



MAILE, GEO. W.

Baltimore, Md.

"Much ado about nothing."

Age 23, Wt. 120, Ht. 5.5. Clinical assistant. Baltimore City College.



MATHESON, JAMES P.

Taylorsville, N. C.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

Age 27, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.10, ΒΘΠ, ΑΒ. Davidson College '00.



MATTHEWS, JAMES G.

Dulaney's Valley, Md.

"Use and importance not yet discovered."

Age 22, Wt. 160, Ht. 5.11, ΦΣΚ, ΘΝΕ. Clinical assistant, Class treasurer '01-'02, secretary '02-'03, executive committee '03-'04, Varsity football '01-'02, class baseball '02-'03. Unionvale Academy.



McCARTY, GEO. S.

Sandersville, Ga.

"Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle  
that covers all human thoughts."

Age 22, Wt. 160, Ht. 6.3. Clinical assistant, class  
executive committee, secretary "House" organi-  
zation. Spring Hill College, Ala.



McCARTY, HARRY D.

Baltimore, Md.

"To think that one small head could carry all he  
knew."

Age 23, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.7. Class historian '03-  
'04, executive committee '03-'04. Baltimore City  
College.



McGUIRE, JOHN P.

Pittsburg, Pa.

"An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man."

Age 29, Wt. 147, Ht. 5.8½, AΨΔ. St. Michaels  
College, Canada.



McGUIRE, WM. C.

Pittsburg, Pa.

"A man whom there were none to praise and very  
few to love."

Age 27, Wt. 165, Ht. 5.9. Class president '02-  
'03, vice-president athletic association '02-'03.  
St. Jerome's College, Canada.



METZEL, ROSCOE C.

Baltimore, Md.

"I am weary and overwrought with too much  
study."

Age 25, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.6¾. Clinical assistant.  
Maryland State Normal School.



MINER, HAROLD E.

Holyoke, Mass.

"Which was not so before."

Age 23, Wt. 145, Ht. 5.9,  $\Phi$ X. Holyoke High School.



MITCHELL, ROBERT L.

Elkton, Md.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

Age 23, Wt. 197, Ht. 6.3½,  $\Sigma\Sigma$ N. Clinical assistant, class president '01-'05, Varsity football '01-'02-'03, captain Varsity football '02, Ph.D. Delaware College.

MITCHELL, WM. M.

Homellsville, N. Y.

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

Age 26, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.10. Class executive committee '03-'04. Homellsville High School.



OWENS, OSCAR S.

Manchester, Va.

"Not great in deeds, not loud in words and ways  
quite unassuming."

Age 25, Wt. 165, Ht. 5.10½,  $\Phi$ X. Manchester High School.



PARKER, JOHN W., JR.

Morrisville, N. C.

"Give me men, men who can their own affairs  
attend."

Age 25, Wt. 130, Ht. 5.7½. Morrisville Academy.



PARLIN, A. E.

Barton's Landing, Vt.

"What thou art we know not."

Age 28, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.9. Barton University.



PARVIS, WM. A.

Baltimore, Md.

"'Tis dogs delight to bark and bite, for God has made them so."

Age 25, Wt. 152, Ht. 5.10½. Class sergeant-at arms '04-'05, secretary athletic association '02-'03. Baltimore City College.



PIERSON, J. WILLIAM.

Baltimore, Md.

"A gentle ass whose bray is seldom heard."

Age 21, Wt. 160, Ht. 6.1. Clinical assistant. Baltimore City College.



REMSBURG, DANIEL E.

Middletown, Md.

"Good wine needs no bush."

Age 31, Wt. 160, Ht. 5.7. Class historian '03-'04, A.B. Franklin and Marshall '98.



REVELL, S. T. R.

Arnold, Md.

"Not all the pumice of the polished town can smooth the roughness of the barnyard clown."

Age 24, Wt. 176, Ht. 5.11. St. Johns College.



RIDDICK, WM. J.

Gatesville, N. C.

"Behold the Senior, by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with whiskey straight gurgled through  
a straw."

Age 24, Wt. 138, Ht. 5.11,  $\Phi\Delta$ ,  $\Theta\Sigma E$ ,  $N\Sigma N$ .  
Chemical assistant. University of N. C.



RILLA, WM. W.

New York City.

"The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

Age 23, Wt. 200, Ht. 6,  $K\Psi$ . Morris School,  
New York.



RILEY, JOHN L.

Girdletree, Md.

"I am Sir Oracle—  
When I ope' my lips, let no dog bark."

Age 29, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.7 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Class executive com-  
mittee '02-'03, historian '04-'05. Snow Hill High  
School.



ROOKS, JOHN E.

Memphis, Tenn.

"Lady give me your hand, and as we walk  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk."

Age 30, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.9. North Texas Univer-  
sity.



RYTINA, ANTON G.

Baltimore, Md.

"Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote."

Age 23, Wt. 152, Ht. 5.9. Clinical assistant. A.B.  
Loyola College '00.



SALLEY, E. MCQUEEN.

Orangeburg, S. C.

"A lie to some is a sweetmeat—  
Thy tooth is sweet."

Age 24, Wt. 145, Ht. 5.10, XΦ. Clinical assistant, A.B. Wofford College '00.



SANDERS, ALBERT L.

Baltimore, Md

"God helps them that help themselves."

Age 35, Wt. 135, Ht. 5.5½. Deichman's School.



SHERARD, S. BASKIN.

Iva, S. C.

"He was a man who stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in."

Age 25, Wt. 140, Ht. 5.8, KA, ΘNE. Clinical assistant, class vice-president '01-'02, valedictorian '04-'05. Davidson College.



SMITH, J. HOLMES, JR.

Baltimore, Md.

'Be not merely good but good for something.'

Age 22, Wt. 155, Ht. 5.11¾, ΦΣK. Clinical assistant, class treasurer '02-'03. Calvert Hall College.



SMITH, PAUL B.

Lowellville, O.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Age 26, Wt. 165, Ht. 5.11½, ΦX. Grove City College, Pa.



SMITHSON, Wm. H., JR.

Pylesville, Md.

"O life, thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough and weary road—  
To wretches such as I."

Age 26, Wt. 138, Ht. 5.9. Class vice-president  
'04-'05. Delta High School, Pa.



STONE, JAMES A.

Shallotte, N. C.

"Why then do you walk as though you had swal-  
lowed a raurod."

Age 24, Wt. 168, Ht. 5.11, KΨ, ΘNE. Clinical  
assistant. Oak Ridge Academy, N. C.



TEFFT, BENJ. F., JR.

Anthony, R. I.

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

Age 28, Wt. 156, Ht. 5.8 $\frac{3}{4}$ , ΔΩ. Clinical assist-  
ant, president of Y. M. C. A. '04-'05, class editor  
'03-'04, sergeant-at-arms '01-'02. Cranston High  
School, R. I.



TYSON, Wm. ELLICOT ELISHA.

Laurel, Md.

"Physician heal thyself."

Age 29, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.7 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Laurel Academy.



VON FLATERN, ERNEST F.

Blackstone, Mass.

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a  
man."

Age 33, Wt. 134, Ht. 5.7, ΑΣΣ. Blackstone High  
School.



WAAS, FREDERICK J.

Ferdinanda, Fla.

"Fatigued with life yet loath to part."

Age 23, Wt. 130, Ht. 5.8, AΨΔ. Ferdinanda High School.

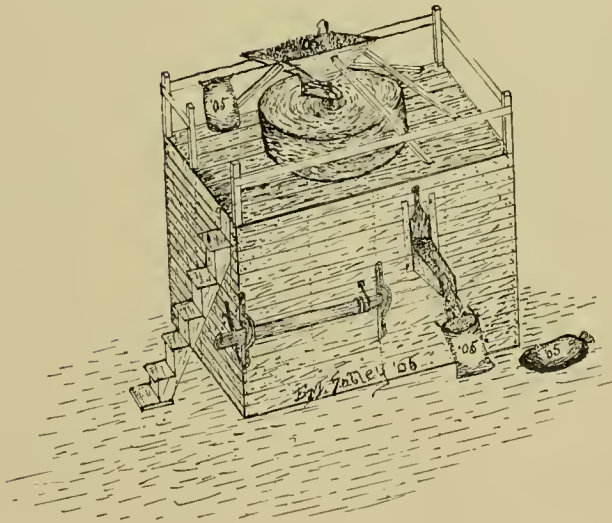


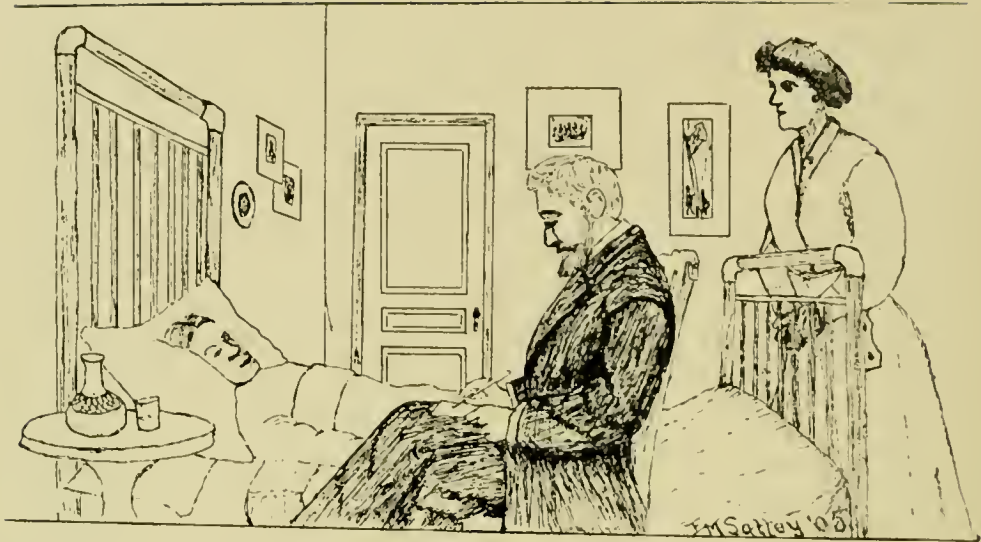
WARTHEN, Wm. B.

Barlow, Ga.

"The loud laugh that spake the vacant mind."

Age 24, Wt. 150, Ht. 5.8½, NΣN. Vice-president Y. M. C. A. '03-'04, treasurer Y. M. C. A. '01-'05, class treasurer '04-'05. Georgia Military College.





## HISTORY — 1905

**K**IND and expectant reader, I as historian of the Class of 1905, do feel most keenly my inability to write an interesting history or one abounding in fine diction. No pen of mine can e'er reveal to the public and the world at large in such a limited space as the confines of this book, the record of such a Class as ours. A Class that has had no superiors and few if any equals, and one that is destined to become famous for the men that it contained, some of whom will some day have their names flashed from city to city, from state to state, and from country to country, and hailed as the discoverer of some of the mysteries that now lay hidden in medicine, and by so doing immortalize our Class and our dear old Alma Mater.

You I know will agree with me that it would be much more interesting to write the history of each man separately, but that would require volumes and a Macaulay. Consequently I am compelled to treat the Class as a conglomerate body, and become personal only when necessity demands it.

Permit me then to turn backward the wheels of time, and direct your attention to the first days of October, 1901, when some of us fresh from the country, with the scent of new mown hay on our clothes and oats in our hair and a healthy coat of sun burn on our cheeks, some from the white pine forests of the north, others from the land of flowers, from the Cuban shores, from the tar pits of the south, and various other places both at home and abroad, making up as varied a set of animals as went into Noah's ark, had decided to change from home comforts to bowery hash, and began to assemble from both ends of Lombard and Greene streets. As we approached we gazed in open-eyed wonder and admiration at our old school, with its massive pillars, pure

and white, fashioned after the old pantheon at Rome, and surmounted by the dome that shut out the elements from the immortal Lafayette, when he received his LL.B., and saw bunches of students standing around as we supposed for the express purpose of hazing us. Nothing happened, however, till we matriculated, then the fun began (for the other fellows). At that time we wondered how it was they could tell a Freshman so easily, now we know. For a more nervous set of boys was never seen. Afraid to speak to anybody for fear he was a Sophomore, knowing not where to go or what to do, and expecting every minute to be our last, we stood around in bunches of twos and threes thinking of mother and home until a "Soph" would yell, "There is a Freshman," and then we proceeded to faint away.

One poor little innocent black-haired fellow from Harford County remarked one day, "I just tell you what boys, there is no place like home, because you can go into the kitchen there and press your pants whenever you want to." Some of us tried to pass for Juniors by having note books marked "Obstetrics," "Practice," etc., and assuming a dignified air, but it was no go, for we were spotted and in due time rounded up and put through the stunts. As soon as Thursday came we attended the Freshmans' clinic and began to get on our sea legs. But Georgie could not gaze on the face of Uncle Tim and inhale the fumes of ether without turning over and fainting, but he was soon revived and ever since has been not only able to face the music, but at the time of writing this article bids fair to become a renowned surgeon.

One thing that worried us was holding a Class meeting. When, where and how it was to be done no one seemed to know, till Willie and Jimmie, our twins, suggested a plan. So one dark night with no lights burning and Perry bribed, we stole in one by one, only to be halted at the door by the twins who stood guard and asked for our credentials before we were admitted. When the last one had come, the meeting was called to order and noses counted, when it was found that about twenty had resolved to do or die, and stood ready to dislocate a Sophomore's mandible if he bothered us.

After a lot of discussion, interpretation of parliamentary law, etc., temporary officers were elected and we adjourned. One of our most oratorical classmates was Hellman, who in four weeks married his landlady, and we have not heard of him since. Whether living or dead doubtless he is visiting his namesake, unless he is a widower. Another was our curly haired treasurer, who committed suicide, but the most of us survived the affair. Some of our officers were so popular the next day with the "Sophs" that they were called on for speeches and given a free ride. Then our indignation began to rise and we attempted to inform our oppressors as politely as the occasion permitted that they would have to stop, when the first thing we knew, they decided to give us all a ride but found they had calculated on too much. During the scrimmage, Jimmie, one of the twins, turned himself into a mowing machine and the opera chairs suffered.

Things quieted down in a few days and we settled down to work, and dry work it was. Still with Johnnie Turner showing us hundred dollar checks, telling us how to diagnose a breech presentation, the functions of the gracilis muscle, about the woman burying her jackass and other yarns of like character, we managed to worry along. When we were admitted to the dissecting room we felt like doctors for sure. We used to swell with pride when we boarded a street car and saw the ladies turn up their noses while they whispered to one another, "I'll bet he is a medical student."

It was while working here that the bond of friendship was more securely welded. It was here we came to know one another better and to feel the ties that bound us together. Time passed swiftly and I too must hurry along. While it was cold we did not mind working on our "stiff." For while the winds howled on the outside, and the atmosphere was filled with rain and snow, and pedestrians were bumping their glutens maximus against the ice covered streets, Bobbie would read us extracts from "Reddie's" letter and fall into a reminiscent mood now and then, and relate how when he was a boy he would "box" till his fists were as raw as beefsteak, and every time he would stop to catch his breath, Knell would ask somebody if they knew little Harry Smith, the fellow with curly hair you know, and had a sister named "Jinny." But when the gentle zephyr from the south began to be wafted in at the windows, when the grass peeped forth and the birds began to sing, that tired feeling came to us that calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we longed to escape. So we hurried a little faster, studied a little harder, and soon left John Brown's body to moulder in the grave, while we went marching on. During the year a few fell by the wayside, but when examinations rolled around, the most of the Class was there to answer to their names and to face the ordeal. Of course some failed, but those who were successful were happy to know that one mile stone was passed, and we were that much nearer our goal. After they were all over we said a hearty farewell all round and departed for our respective homes. So here I must ring down the curtain on the first act, because it is not in the province of the historian to record things that transpired during the summer. Neither could he do so if he wished to, for who can describe the changes which take place in a man while he is being transformed from a Freshman into a Sophomore? Suffice it to say that when October rolled around again we were found in our places ready for work. We had lost a few members for various reasons, but the loss was more than made good by the new men who joined us. Another pair of twins were added to our Class. They came from New York, and have remained with us to the end. Fine fellows they are and a credit to our Class, both in the classroom and on the gridiron. I cannot take the space to name every man who came in, but cannot refrain from saying that at this time "Little Egypt" was added to our list. To know him is to love him, because a kinder hearted lad never lived. Always jolly and ready for a "fight," he was fondled and petted by us all until he came to fill such a large part of our hearts that we find it hard to think of his going away from us so far. And it is the desire of the historian that this will ever serve as a reminder to him that he was beloved by all, and the best wishes of the entire Class follow him to his far away home; so when his step begins to falter and his eyes to grow dim, he can take his little grandchildren on his knee and in the translation of these lines they can see their grandfather was a perfect gentleman, a talented man, and one of whom every one is glad to say, "I knew him."

As Sophomores we felt the dignity of our position and took upon ourselves the duty of teaching the Freshmen some manners, and to remind them of the fact that we were "It" with a capital I. Poor fellows it did look like a sin to bother such an innocent and humble set of children. But a few of them were too gay and had to be taken down a buttonhole. They didn't seem to know that the cry of "a Freshman on the third row" was a sign for the performance to begin, but one by one they found out, for after once a fellow has taken a trip on the aerial railway, or has ridden on the merry-go-round, he is not likely to forget it. He is content ever afterward to go way back and sit down. For a few days we had circuses and concerts galore, and the way they could dance and sing was a caution. Herbert was our most talented artist and he painted them up in fine



shape; with striped legs, mustaches and an unspeakable motto on their foreheads, they certainly did look stunning. If one failed to swallow his medicine he was strung up till he repented, and in this Sydenham was our right hand man. It reminded one of the days out west when Judge Lynch sat upon his throne. One day things came to a climax in the anatomical hall when the Freshmen showed fight. It was no use though, for before they knew what had happened, we pounced down on them and if our corpulent dean had not appeared on the scene, there would not have been a Freshman left to tell the tale. As it was he quieted things and incidentally spotted Rush. After that there was no further trouble, and we have since been living like David and Jonathan. This was an eventful year for us. The chief thing was the visit of Adolph. Adolph, you know, was the big man with long whiskers who went around the country pulling legs. Of course during a big show like this admission was by ticket only, and if a Sophomore didn't have the price he couldn't get in. The price was for a Sophomore not to be a Sophomore (at the University of Maryland). If he was a "Soph" somewhere else, all well and good, and if he was an Osteopathic crank, or the janitor's wife, he got a whole bunch of tickets so he could take even his baby carriage and nursing bottle in.

Everybody was there except us, we were there but we weren't there, because some policemen wanted to get in and we were detailed to keep them out. To everybody else the tickets were free, and the dean's door was resplendant with such signs as "Get tickets here free," "Only a few more left," and as fast as a Sophomore would come in, several of his friends (?) would tell him they had their tickets and if he wanted one he had better hurry into the dean's office and get it (in the neck), which he accordingly did; but he would take it good naturedly, and take upon himself the duty of fooling the next man. The next day was chemistry day, and when R. Dorsey came in we gave him an enthusiastic greeting. It certainly was a trying time for him, but he showed the man he was by taking it all good naturedly, and although we felt rather sore about the affair we tried to forget it, and to-day our dean does not have more ardent admirers than the Class of 1905. Tefft wrote a piece of poetry on the occasion, but the editors concluded it would be a shame to bring it out in such a poor book as "Bones, Molars and Briefs," so advised him not to waste such good literature in that manner.

Examinations were upon us again before we knew it (Anatomy) and we were compelled to buck up against the genuine article, for if there is anything nicer than Gray's Anatomy we have never found it. We loved it so well that we simply studied it all the time, some slept on it and I suppose some slept in it, for they had anatomy cribs, and if cribs are not made to sleep in what were they made for? Jean said it was a "cinch," I don't know whether a "cinch" is good to eat or not, if it is, several of us got very hungry during vacation, and when the invitation came in the fall to come in to the feast, we went in and got some more "cinches." A lot of us felt important now because we could take the State Board examination, and here we found still more "cinches," for what we told the examiner about milk was enough to turn him into a creamery. You laugh at the idea, do you? Well, that can be so just as easy as the story of Bill Nye's goat. Did you ever hear of him?

He got on a rampage one day and among other things ate a fine game rooster, and when they milked him the next morning he would give nothing but cock-tails. It is a good thing he was not owned by a medical student, for they would have milked him to death.

After spending our vacation with "ye old folks at home," and filling our best girls' ears full of bugs and trying to impress them with the idea that we knew it all, we returned once more. Of one thing we felt proud, Dr. H. K. had gone the way of Johnnie I., and we were happy. But alas! all our joy was turned to sorrow when we missed the face of our beloved professor Francis T. Miles. I would that I could pay an adequate tribute to him, but no mortal hand will e'er be able to wield the pen that will faithfully portray the sterling qualities of this good man. I can only say with the poet, "None knew thee but to love thee, none named the but to praise."

This year our work was more pleasant and more interesting. Dissecting, anatomy, chemistry, histology, embryology and several other bug-bears were a thing of the past, and we went to work with a will. At this time our Class was materially enlarged by several University of North Carolina men. Every year she sends us a goodly quota, and our tar heel friends are O. K. It has come to be a natural thing for the Junior Class to expect this addition, and is always ready with open arms to receive their companions in misery. During the first month every one was talking on the subject of tuition, and a movement was on foot to pull up stakes and go elsewhere, but some backed water and we staid, paid the extra twenty-five, remained from the theatre, and quarreled with our sweethearts so as to get rid of buying American beauties for them. Now if any of us are sued for breach of promise it will be the fault of the faculty.

This was no sooner settled than Class politics loomed up, and then we naturally drifted into State politics, and the battles for U. S. Senator were fought as fiercely in the Y. M. C. A. room as in Annapolis.

Nothing of importance happened this year till the end, and then Dr. Neale paralyzed us. At the battledore we met our Waterloo. It was a very appropriate name because it is derived from batyldoure, which means a bat for beating clothes, and it certainly was the bat that beat the pants clear off of us, but it still had a "velementous" appearance. At the beginning we realized the gravity of twins and especially a "velementousbattledore" pair. We waited for internal rotation to take place but our levater ani got exhausted and relaxed and when that takes place you know rotation is not likely to occur. Podalic version was next tried, but we couldn't get hold of the head or tail of it, so that could not be accomplished. Then we tried force (ps), but only found a battledore is a battledore. Every method failed and Dr. Neale finally did a decapitation (on us), and invited us to come around the following fall to partake of a dish of Jean's obstetric "cinches."

During the performance there was "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" as will be seen by the following appendix, which one of the boys tacked on to his little book. "During this examination I have neither given nor received any information whatever, which, God knows, I sadly needed." Any man could have said that, but how many could have said, "I have neither asked nor been asked for any information, etc.?" When we went home this time we went as mecker and wiser men, for we began to realize that we knew nothing, and as long as a man feels that way there is some hope for him.

#### ATHLETICS.

In athletics our Class has been very prominent, and has done perhaps more than any other one in putting out a good football team. We have furnished Hala, Riha, Mitchell, Revell, Carnal, Graham, Gibson, Matthews, and several others, all of whom are excellent players. Graham and DeBlois are our star baseball players but there are other good ones too numerous to mention. A

basket ball team and track team were organized by Carnal and Hala, and are the strongest in the State. After defeating all the local teams they obtained games with numerous strong teams elsewhere and came off with flying colors. .

The boys are all back now and we must speak of them as Seniors. Again many new men joined us, most of them coming from Jefferson. Miner, with his big pants, Cronshore, with every hair in position, Fisher, with his bald head, Felton, with his repartee, and the two love-sick swains, Smith and Ellis, made up a sextette of industrious and congenial fellows. Count DeVaney from "Thoity-thoid" street and "Sunny Jim" Dwyer also made a pair never to be forgotten. This is the year when we learn to hold crying babies (of course the married members knew this before, but we are not all married) and use Credes method. Now we must learn to apply germ soap and bichleride, permangate and oxalic to people total strangers to such things. Now we learn how to sit on a one-legged stool throughout a cold stormy night in a dirty hovel and catch cimex lectularius. Here we learn to carry out an asipsis more perfect than is possible in the best equipped operating room. This is the year when we go to bed and have just begun to dream of our sweethearts, when with a start you awake to hear Dr. Zepp trying to kick your door down. That settles it, you must go.

One of the most exciting periods was a week or two before the election. Teddy and Alton were ignored and forgotten. It was not "Whose a democrat," but "What is the latest political news?" Every man was besieged by friends of each candidate and the whole situation was explained to him, the direful results of the other man's election were painted in black on a background of ruin, lost prestige and humiliation, and to help the good work along he was given a pocketful of tickets to hand to his constituents. As time wore on and the election drew near, the house men became warmed up so that a sign had to be posted, declaring positively that no electioneering was to be allowed between that point and the poles. Harford County seemed to develop quite a number of politicians, Bobby and Harry taking the lead, and when they go home, I tremble for the Hon. Fred. Tallbot's prestige as a leader. On November 2, at 8 P. M. we all assembled in the anatomical hall to cast our ballots for our favorite candidate. Every body was there, even Tyson. After awhile the meeting was called to order and everything passed off in double-quick time until it came to the election of sergeant-at-arms. There were several men in the field but the race narrowed down to "Egypt" and "Bill," and ended by "Bill" winning out by a small majority.

Of course it is a natural sequence that a crowd of men, shut up in a hall heated by furnaces, gas and politics would be thirsty, and the newly elected officers knowing such, invited the whole Class to "The Cascade" to quench their thirst, where they drank to their hearts content. Some got at tables, some in chairs, some stood up and some laid down, some got under the Anheuser-Busch, some helped to make Milwaukee famous, while others yelled G. B. S. (Give Benner Some) but Benner said, "Gosmans is strong enough for me." It was the most enthusiastic turnout the Class ever knew, and a lot of talent that had been hidden under a bushel became apparent. Nobody knew before that Jerome would ever make Joe Jefferson look like thirty cents, Spanish money with a hole in it, but now nobody doubts it. We are sorry but he is bound to forsake medicine and become the most famous actor the world ever knew. Others turned waiters and the way they slung the amber fluid was enough to turn you dizzy. One of the features of the blow-out was the singing and playing of Joe. As all good things must come to an end so this one had to

do the same, and when the time for departure came, Col. Kneisley lined them up and away we tramped until the order came to halt and turn "The Cascade" into "A Waterfall." After which we marched to Tommy Welch's and paid him our respects. Tommy is a good friend of the boys so we could not neglect him. After leaving there we all went to our barracks by different routes, in different conveyances and in different shapes. One weary Willie with a limber appearance, his hat mashed in, and a cigar hanging to his lower lip, marched down Baltimore street, owning the whole city and not caring who knew it, so Herbert said. Some people can't stand success. Another sporty elk (?) hired a cab, but instead of getting inside propped himself up on the seat so the cabby could hold him in. He was afraid he would fall out if he got inside. Everybody agreed that the election was a howling success.

After this, time sped more quickly than ever before, and I am at the end of our history; and as this manuscript must go to press before the year is over, the latter half of the doings of this noble class must remain unrecorded. My work is finished, but I am loathe to lay down my pen. I might say as the historian of the previous year did, let us bury all dissentions and banish all differences, but there are no dissentions to bury and no differences to banish. We are a united class, bound together too strongly by love to be rendered asunder by differences and dissentions. Let us ever remain so in future years; let no discord ever arise when we are chasing the filthy lucre. Let each and every one of us do his duty and leave success to take care of itself. Remember the words of our departed friend and teacher, "There is one thing better than success, and that is to desire success." No calling is greater or more noble than relieving the sufferings of our fellow man, and may none of us ever bring reproach to his chosen profession, but strive to hold it aloft unsullied as our predecessors have done, and when at last we shuffle off this mortal coil, may it be said of each and every one of us, "The world is better by his having lived in it."

RILEY, HISTORIAN

#### "THE HOUSE-MEN."

JUNE 1, 1904, marks an epoch in the history of the "House." One by one, the men began to respond to the notice that had been given that the mantle of Clinical Assistant had now fallen upon their shoulders, as in beginning any work with which one is not familiar, the first that is done is to find out how and what, likewise what not to do; so in this case "His Majesty," Dr. Shipley called us together in the amphetheatre and explained the work that we were to do, concluding with a few "don'ts," saying that he would be very severe in his criticisms, and if any of the rules were broken suspension would be the result. The biggest "don't" was the one as regards our attitude towards the nurses. Don't ever go into the hospital without stopping and talking to the nurses at least fifteen minutes. Several nurses must be talked to each day. Don't go out with the same nurse more than twice a week. You must attend all the dances given by the nurses. Always remember the dignity of your position and "don't" address the residents as doctors. Gentlemen, I insist upon this.

Modesty, or probably expressed by the trite but yet expressive term tameness, seemed to be the predominating type of man. The true nature of things was, however, revealed on the night of the "House Warming." Gathered together in the back "Court" around a few tables with a keg of Anheuser and a bowl of claret, each one slowly but surely began to reveal himself, and in the wee small hours of the night the clink of the glasses and the strains of "Moon, Moon, Silvery Moon" could still be heard.

It is to be hoped that the reputation of the Class of "05" is not dependent upon the thirty men living in the "House" under the name of Clinical Assistants

The men appointed this year, like the ones who have preceded us, are a jolly, indolent set of men (with a very few exceptions) who don't care for anything but a check from home and somewhere to get rid of it; who can get along on less sleep than any people in the world and who are always ready to go when some one says the word.

It would be considered a joke were I to say that out of the thirty voices we did not have plenty of sweet music to drive dull cares away. This music would easily "sooth the savage cats." Very few nights went by that from four to twelve men wouldn't collect either in the hall or in some one's room, and sing all the latest music singable. It was not long before everyone in the "House" and even the nurses in the hospital were humming "We are tar-heels born."

Those nightly serenades would never begin before 11.30 P. M., and would continue until every mother's son of "them" had blown out his flues. This music was anything but enjoyable to Dr. Shipley, the superintendent; the medical staff, Moses, and inmates of the hospital, and so frequently the harmonious sounds would suddenly come to an end long before it was expected by those not engaged, by the sudden appearance of Dr. Shipley upon the scene of action. Or if he didn't dare venture out, we would find a little notice on the bulletin board the next morning—which, by the way, was not an infrequent thing—reminding some one to be on the lookout for others were anxious to have the places that we were enjoying.

The greatest fun we have had—I say "we," because I have often heard the men say none had equalled this—was when Revel went home for his vacation. He hadn't been away long before he sent us six large water-melons, all of which were good and ripe. We decided to have a feast that night and so invited the Medical Staff over to help us out. (It is needless to say they all came). To make things more enjoyable, also to have something to distract our minds so that we wouldn't realize how much melon we had eaten, we hired an organ grinder to play for us. All this happened in the "back Court" of the "House"—beginning about 8 o'clock—but with some it has never ended. The music seemed to get the best of some of us—about thirteen—so we decided to go around to the Cascade and drink one glass of beer—just one. But who ever heard of thirteen fellows getting together all in good "spirits"—I mean around them—and stopping after one glass. This is not the sad part of the story which is all but too true. We soon tired of the "caves" at "Buddie's" and decided to look for something more exciting. We did not have to wonder very far before we had more excitement than we had bargained for. We had visited several places and some of us had been fortunate enough to pick up a few souvenirs. The other fellows becoming jealous decided they, too, would have a souvenir. So the next place we tackled two pictures were quickly removed. We had not been in this place long before some one suggested moving. As the crowd moved out Rytina, "Foetus" Harrison and myself were detained to answer for a match-safe that had mysteriously disappeared. Our arguments were of no avail. "Things began to warm up, and the next thing I knew I had some one against the wall choking "it" for dear life. Some one opened the door and yelled police—police—murder, etc. !!! Rytina seeing a good exit quickly made his escape, leaving "Foetus" and myself to answer for all damage done. To make a long story short, I will say that a tall man with a blue uniform quickly appeared upon the scene and seizing me by the arm, said, come with me. Had it not been for the good argument "Foetus" put up I would undoubtedly have spent the night—or better the remainder—in the Western. When we

were finally released from our embarrassing position and had joined the men on the outside we found one of our number, one Reddick, in a trembling condition and very anaemic. When asked what it meant the men pointed to the sky and in the distance we saw what we thought was a shooting star, but upon inquiry were told that it was the match safe, for it was he who had taken it, and fearing being caught had quickly let it leave his hand. Strange to say Reddick has never regained his natural color, and to mention that night to him brings on a convulsion.

On our way home we were told that some young man had been seen going down towards the hospital at such a rate that it took three men to see him. Rytina's explanation to us for his sudden leave of absence was, that he wanted to get enough money from the boys to go on our bond, for he realized that we were in serious trouble.

With all of this some of our men did not profit by our mistakes, and so it wasn't long before another of our number was so unfortunate as to be "asleep at the switch," and so was rescued by one of the "blues." It is needless to say that from now on he swears that he has the best and cheapest bed in the world, for his bed cost him \$11.45 that night—and only one in the room.

Christmas found ten men who were to be led with a bottle, namely, Sherard, Donnelly, Hume, Gibson, Kafer, Jenkins, Carnal, Riddick, Adkins and Irwin, who took upon themselves the name of "Kerukes," and so organized a temperance club with quarters in Sherard's room. The requirement for membership was each man should have a capacity of at least three quarts, and should always be at roll-call, which took place at 2.30 A. M. Our motto was "Drink and the 'Kerukes' drink with you, swear off and you are no true 'Keruke.'" It is needless to say that no one resigned, but many a true "Keruke" would sing the next morning "Ain't it funny what a difference just a few drinks make."

The ball, which rolled all during the holidays, was started along its course Sunday, Xmas night. We were not selfish so invited the medical staff over to see that everything was fixed according to the laws. No doubt things would be going along smoothly now, but for the fact a notice suddenly appeared on the bulletin board which read as follows: "It is time all drunkenness and disorder was at an end." So realizing what this meant we did not lose much time in getting on our feet again.

One of the main attractions for a man to apply for the "House" is the many fair nurses that he is constantly thrown with. Many's the man who has not only lost his heart, but his head and money in this way.

"Bob" Mitchell, the most attractive one of our number, is to be seen at all hours carrying club-sandwiches up the back-stairs to his innumerable friends. Brabham, Jenkins and Waltham, who, by the way, are very modest in their actions, left everything to Xmas and made things good in a material way.

It was Brabham who wanted to know where the men took the nurses when they went out with them at night. Gibson—better known as "Topsy"—well, he just can't be contented unless he is with a nurse or neglecting his work to see one. One of the fellows was telling him on one occasion where he could take his friend for a quiet evening. "There is a French restaurant in the northern part of the city" on a certain corner. But Gibson didn't exactly understand where it was, and before the man had finished explaining the situation, Gibson blurted out—"Is that the Dutch tea room?"

"Foetus" Harrison thinks he is a regular Sherlock Holmes—knows everything that ever happens and even where every student and nurse goes. Foetus, like several of the others, did not lose much time in laying his heart bare to a very attractive member of the school. He is certainly indebted to Disosway for saving his life, when he was neglecting his own. It seems that the little boy had imbibed too freely of the "red eye" and in consequence, thereof, was d—n sick. After Disosway had arraigned him nicely in bed with a basin near his head he proceeded to rob the ice-cooler of ice and an ice-poultice was applied to his abdominal region, and remained there all night. Morning found the unfortunate badly in need of a massage. After receiving this and a cold plunge (to say nothing of the quantity he took internally) he was himself again—swearing never to leave home again. Brooks, the most unassuming "House man" we have, doesn't believe in breaking a girl's heart, just because he can, so doesn't even give one a pleasant look. It was Dr. Scott who said one morning after Brooks had passed by that, "He is the quaintest man I ever saw." To pass by without mentioning McCarthy—George—wouldn't be exactly right. George, poor boy, is working hard for a place on the *jui-e-kal-o-je* side, and the way things are going now worries him very much, so he says. George is all to the good, but it seems that it requires a special effort for him not to lie down even while on an operation. He has even been known to be sleeping against a radiator during the wee small hours of a cold winter's morn, dreaming "of the world and all the wonder that would be" (when he got his appointment). Poor Billingslea and Pearson, the two heavenly twins—the inseparables—are always on hand with a smile and ready to do some one's work. "Bob" Bay, better known as "Beef Steak Bob," has come to the conclusion that he doesn't want an appointment, so he has given up making "rounds" in the hospital. In consideration of this sacrifice he demands he shall be relieved of the title of "student." A title most glibly spoken by the nurses.

Probably the most affectionate man of our number is Carnal who showed his affections during the wee small hours of a summer's night, by stoutly pounding one of his own "frat" mates—Hala—to prove his love for Revel. Perhaps the most pathetic part of it was Hala's ragged shirt, Carnal's demented condition, and the discovery by the nurses of Revel's and Brabham's false claims to sobriety.

LeFevre, Janney, Disosway and Mathews, all strong men upon most occasions, but on an operation (which is not bloodless) they, too, seem to lose blood in sympathy for the patient, especially from their heads and faces, and on innumerable operations have had to call for help, fresh air, and the "Keruks" beverage to tide them over.

No one in the "House" can understand why Bare, the six-foot five-inch giant, was so foolish as to leave a \$51.00 coat around so carelessly, or how Dr. Bagley can tell Stone from the "D. T." man when they are both in the same bed sleeping soundly. Or why it is Kafer never complains when he is posted to "sit up" after 12. Likewise, they wonder if Dr. Shipley didn't make a great mistake in his man when he said Irwin was drinking hard this year.

Revel, the best-hearted man of our number, has but two faults only one of which can be mentioned here, for fear of embarrassment, and that is his profanity. This habit has so grown on him that he can't sleep at night without using a few oaths after saying his prayers at night, and during the day when in a conversation every other word is a d—n. "Sherry" was so unfortunate this summer as to get night and day mixed up. It seems that he had spent the night on a "med-

ical case," and I did not get to sleep until after breakfast. On arising about 7 o'clock in the evening he came out on the street and met "Poetus," asking him if it was night or day. "Poetus" catching on at once (something unusual) told him it was morning. "Sherry" then wanted to know why so many people were on the streets and why were the electric lights lighted. After walking him around and visiting several "drug stores" he was able to tell the difference.

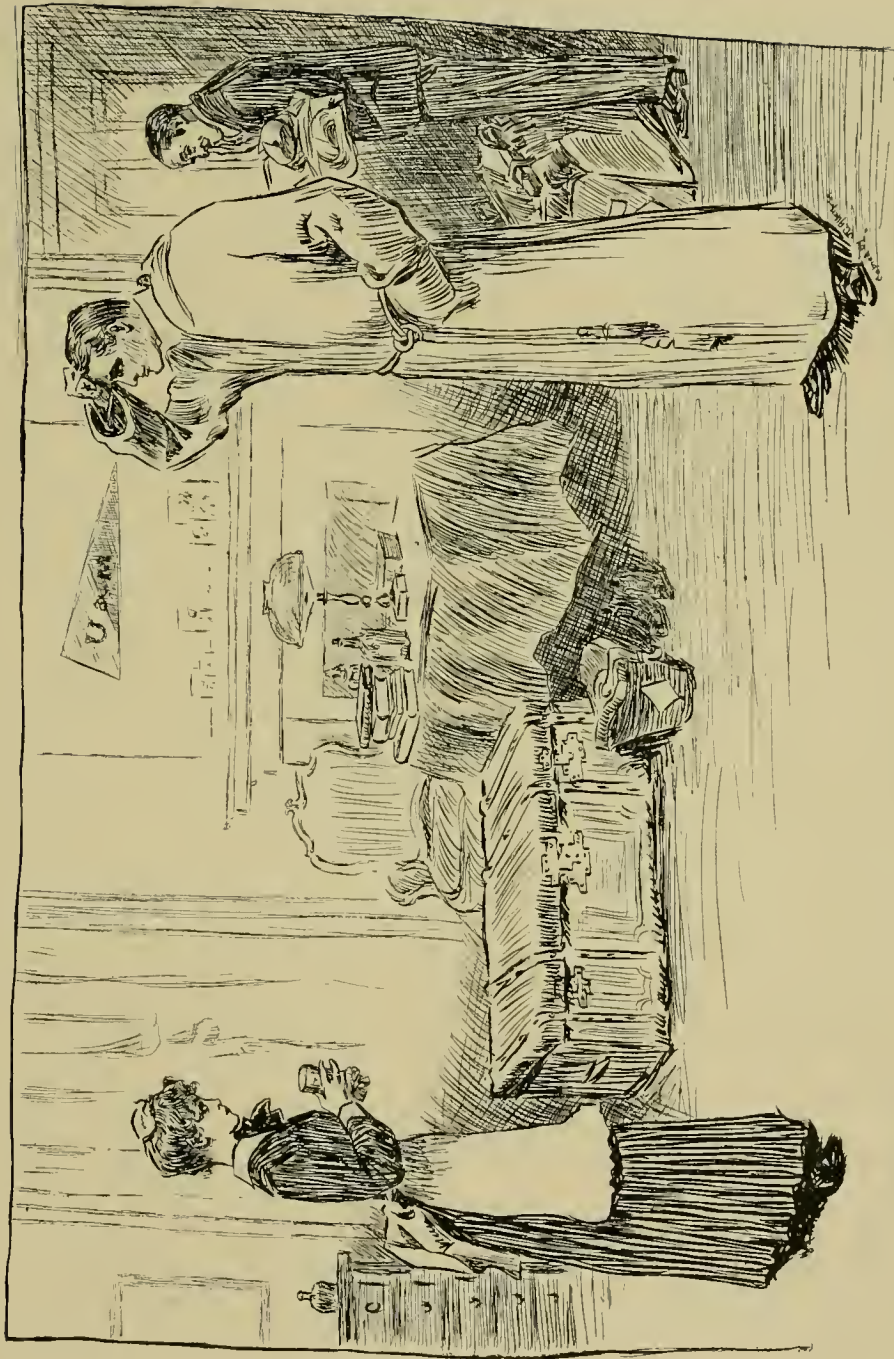
Mathews was not a "House man" long before Dr. Shipley had to call him down in anything but a gentle way. It seems that he was taking too much responsibility upon his hands, and was interfering with things he had no business. So he was told if he would attend to his own business as well as he did to other people's he would get along better and in the end would be liked. He is the only man who knows he has an appointment, and so he wears his "little" white coat all the time that he may be accustomed to the white uniform next year.

Hume, the ex-druggist, who occupies a room with us, although not a "House student," deserves mentioning with the rest, for his name is among the first on the roll of fame. Becoming lonesome he was secretly married to one of the Puerto Ricans early in the fall. He never—no never—gets over board, but loves dearly to handle the "papers," and is one of our greatest leaders in singing.

Other things could be written, and there are things that it is better they should not appear in print. Never was there a more congenial crowd than we "House-Students," and it is with a sadness that I realize our time to leave here is near at hand and that the good times we have had together are at an end. We will always try to live up to the motto—"Vivimus viramus," and will never forget the way to go home.







AFTER GRADUATION.



## PROPHECY

*With malice toward none and charity for all.*

College! College!  
Teacher! Teacher!  
Ra-a-a-h!

I STOPPED, looked wildly about for a moment and then made a lunge for the nearest lamp post, and embraced it as though it were a long lost child. Then and there I swore a solemn oath that it was to be the "benzine wagon for mine" from that moment onward.

I had been working hard for five years without taking a vacation and made up my mind that it was up to me to partake of a little of the "spice of life," so had started for New York three days before in search of variety. Early in the afternoon I had visited the sanitarium of my former classmate, Dr. Wm. Mitchell, and had taken dinner with him. In response to his earnest entreaties I had relinquished my seat on the water wagon and I regret to say that before I left him I had accumulated quite a respectable load.

I had heard of people in my condition "seeing things," but here I was all alone in a strange city "hearing things." It was twenty years since I had heard that yell and my mind wandered back to the old days at the University of Maryland, and the many pleasant memories that were associated with them. I pictured the old Anatomical Hall with its seats filled with the boys of '05—Oh Lord, there it was again.

College! College!  
Teacher! Teacher!  
Ra-a-a-h!

This time it seemed to come from around the corner, and I made up my mind that I would walk right into it and if I were in for a touch of D. T.'s I was going to have 'em right. I got myself together and made a break in the direction from which the sounds came, and as I turned the corner I saw a sight which held me spellbound and went a long way toward sobering me up.

Surrounded by a crowd of men and boys there stood a fakir's wagon, with the usual gasoline lamps around it, and on the seat with a bottle in each hand stood Benjamin F. Tefft, Jr.

Once more came the sounds.

College! College!  
Teacher! Teacher!  
Ra-a-a-h!  
Doctor Tefft!

Involuntarily two more words which rightfully belonged on the end of the yell, came to my lips, and I had to exert considerable will power to hold them back, but naturally, I shouted them to myself with a vigor that I had not felt for many a day.

I now saw that the yelling was being done by some ten or twelve boys who were standing on the wagon immediately behind the "DOCTOR," who wore the well-known "book-selling smile" now augmented by a silk hat and prince albert coat.

My first impulse was to get away from the place as quickly as possible, but this desire finally gave way to my curiosity and I remained to see what was to follow. I learned that the "DOCTOR" had for sale a preparation that would cure rheumatism, gout, cough, sore throat, corns, malaria, boils, and at the same time by the addition of a little water would remove grease spots and stains from clothing.

It pained me more than I can tell to see an alumnus of old Maryland engaged in such degraded work and I quietly withdrew and went back to my hotel to think the thing over. I lit a cigar and sat pondering over what I had seen. From Tefft my thoughts wandered to some of the other fellows and I commenced wondering how they were faring. The more I thought the more my interest and curiosity became aroused, and I made up my mind then and there to visit as many as possible, and renew old acquaintances.

The next day I went to Baltimore and upon visiting the University I found it a far different institution from that which I knew during my course. It now covered about three times the area that it did in the old days, and the hospital is one of the finest in the country. The dispensary is in charge of E. M. Lalley, who is probably the one man in this broad land of ours who knows "how to run a dispensary and run it right." As I stood on the corner I heard the gong of a descending air-ship and as it landed I saw the tall, lanky figure of old Sid. Clarke get out. Under his arm was the usual volume of anatomy, although instead

of Gray it was the work of J. S. Beaty. I certainly was glad to see Sid, and was not in the least surprised to learn that he now occupied the chair formerly filled by Dr. J. Holmes Smith, Sr. I say "not surprised," because during our school days, particularly those of the first two years, he studied anatomy, not only during the hours that the other boys devoted to study, but on the street cars, during his meals, between lectures and I've heard it whispered that on several occasions he had even been found in the rear room on the first floor of the laboratory building, with Gray's Anatomy on his knees, studying the branches of the aortic plexus. He asked me when I left home, and I told him. "Why," he said, "You must have left before the notice arrived then." I asked him what he was driving at and he told me that the Class of 1905 was to hold a reunion in Baltimore two weeks from that very day, and that he had sent a notice to that effect to every member on the day that I left home; so this accounted for my not having heard of it. This was indeed a stroke of luck for me, and would enable me to accomplish my object without being obliged to endure the monotony of traveling from one place to another in order to see the fellows.

In response to my question as to how the world had been using him, he sprung the vilest pun that I had heard since I left the "Bowery." He said, "I was getting along Kneisley until about five years ago when I discovered I had a Stone in my bladder and I'd have Benner gone had not Holmes Smith come along and held death at Bay until Houck arrived just in time to save my life by performing a cystotomy, which laid Bare the cause of the trouble, and the sexton is still waiting for a chance to ring the death Knell for me."

I looked at him in astonishment and fearing that he was about to hand another one out to me I said, "Sid, I always did enjoy a good joke, but I'll be blamed if I Kafer any more of that stamp, and if you start to spring another I'll Hala policeman and have you put back in the Riha, where you belong." He started in to tell me that he Waas only fooling, but I jumped aboard a passing car and made my escape.

The following two weeks I spent between Baltimore and Washington, simply killing time until the day of the reunion. One evening at my hotel in the latter city, I rang for some "ice water" before retiring, and when the bell boy brought it up I was struck by the resemblance he bore to some person I had seen before—who it was I could not for the life of me think. He was about to go out again when I hailed him. He was rather stunted in size but his face was wrinkled and he looked like an old man. Now that he came nearer and stood close to me I was more than ever impressed by his extremely low stature, and his head seemed to barely come above my waist. "Boy," said I, "There is something strangely familiar in your appearance and it seems to me I must have seen you some where before. What is your name?" "G. Blight Harrison, sir," was the answer. "Great Scott! not 'Foetus'!" I said. A look of pain shot across his face for a second, followed by one of pleasure. "I knew there was something familiar about your face, sir, but couldn't just place you, but I know you now, you are Joe Guns—NO, I mean Joe Carroll." I asked him to tell me how it happened that he was serving as a bell boy, and he sat down and told me his sad story.

"After graduating, I served a year in the University Hospital, and then went back to "Ole Vagina" to practice. I opened an office and for five long years I barely kept from starving. Everybody seemed to look upon me as a Hell of a good joke, so I finally became

discouraged, sold out and ten years ago came to Washington and got a job in this hotel washing dishes. I have worked myself up by degrees, and now, (this with a look of pride and about eight inches increase in his chest measurement) "I am head bell boy."

I felt awfully sorry for the poor fellow, but his family had put a Blight upon his poor young life soon after he entered the world, and it had stuck to him like grim death ever since.

A few days later in Baltimore, I started out to find a laundry, and finally wound up in a Chinaman's wash shop. The fellow who waited upon me scrutinized me rather closely and after learning that my package would be ready "Fliday," I started for the door, but was stopped by "Hey Mlister, you know mlee?" I looked back at the pig tail and long mustache and said, "No, of course I don't know you—who the devil are you?"

"Mlee know you allee samee—mlee Flank Blurden," I looked again and I'll be blamed if he wasn't telling the truth; it certainly was Frank Burden. In the Fall of 1905 he had gone back to China to resume his missionary work, but his efforts among the heathen had not been crowned with success, and after fifteen years' of hard work trying to plant the flower of Christianity in the Far East, he had come back to Baltimore. During his absence he had forgotten nearly all he knew of the English language, and had such a hard time upon his return trying to convince people that he was not a Mongolian; that he finally gave it up in despair and opened a laundry.

As I left Frank's collar and shirt emporium I thought I'd like to visit some of the old haunts, where we all had so many good times in the old days and so I headed for the place that was dear to so many of us, namely, the Cascade. I'll never forget the night of our Senior Class election, and the two hours following the adjournment of that memorable meeting, that we spent at "Buddie's." In my imagination I can still see the long row of tables, placed end to end, and little Benner, God bless him, at the head acting in the capacity of toastmaster, with a glass of ginger ale in front of him, the songs, speeches and yells which later nearly tore the papier-mache rocks from their sockets. How industriously our newly elected president served the gang with the foaming goblets, aided by the man he had just succeeded.

It certainly was a great night, and the enjoyment would have ben complete were it not marred by just two incidents—the first being a song which Hall, a Senior dental man, insisted upon singing, and the second, when one of our number so far forgot himself as to think it would be a good joke to spill a glass of beer down the collar of our meek little toastmaster.

But my reverie is broken by the discovery that I have nearly reached my destination. A modern and up-to-date hotel now stood on the site, but a huge brass sign proclaimed that it was still the Cascade, and—was it my imagination playing me a trick?—No, for there stood Buddie himself as big as life (which in his case was not very big). He was considerably aged but still the same jovial fellow. When I first extended my hand he didn't recognize me, but after closely scrutinizing my face he saw who it was. Almost his first words were: "I've got an old friend of yours tending bar for me now, come in and see who it is." There between the bar and the long row of shining glasses stood Roscoe Carnal,

attired in the usual white coat and apron. When he saw me he didn't wait to go around the end but vaulted over the middle of the bar, and hugged me till I was afraid they'd be obliged to break a few Amyl Nitrite perles under my nose in order to start my respiratory centre to work again. We sat down at one of the tables to talk things over and he told me he had tired of medicine and had been employed as a wine clerk (we used to call it "booze slinger" but he said "wine clerk") for twelve years now, but had been in his present situation only about three. He said, "I suppose you read of our old classmates, the 'Siamese twins.'" Upon my replying in the negative he seemed surprised, because at the time, the newspapers and medical journals all over the country were publishing articles upon it. He said, "You remember the case of Carl Hohmann, which Prof. Ashby mentioned in his book, who masqueraded part of her life as a man—well Pierson proved to be a parallel case and about five years ago married Billingslea and they are now the happiest couple in Baltimore. They are practicing here in the city, and their sign reads: 'Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Billingslea.'"

Roscoe told me that several of the boys had been in to see him within the past few months. Chappellear had been in a few days before and was as lazy as ever. We both had a good laugh at the mention of the day that Chap. while attending a ward class had climbed into the bed adjoining the patient's, and lay stretched out there during the whole hour. He asked me if I had been up to see the show at the "Maryland" yet, and insisted upon me going with him that afternoon as he had a surprise in store for me and it certainly was a surprise, for when I looked at my programme it read:

THE EMINENT COMEDIAN

MR. R. L. MITCHELL,

In his one-man comedy, entitled "Fifteen Minutes in the Amphitheatre, or Who Stole the Overcoat?"

We saw Bob after the performance, and he told us that he had no engagement booked for the coming week and would remain in Baltimore and meet the fellows who came to the reunion.

That night Clarke, Mitchell and myself decided that we would have Carnal arrange things so we could have our banquet in the main dining hall of the Cascade, and we left the matter entirely in his hands.

When the eventful night arrived I was somewhat delayed and when I reached the meeting place I found everybody seated. After a general handshaking we started in to bombard the menu, which had been prepared for us, and by the time the cigars were brought on everybody was in the best of humor and ready to relate to the others his experiences since we parted in May, 1905.

First, the letters and telegrams from those who were unable to attend were read. Prominent among the former was one from our old friend Tyson. He informed us that he could not consistently attend as he had lost all faith in medicine and was now the pastor of the "First Church of Christian Science," of Laurel, Md. Metzell told us why and how this change had come about. It seems one night Tyson had been out in the country on a

case and during the long drive home had repeatedly opened the well known, and now, much worn satchel, and taken several large doses of "Cawn liker" from a bottle therein. When he arrived home Mrs. Tyson and all the little Tysons were sound asleep. The doctor dived down into his pocket for his key, but discovered that he did not have it with him. For a moment he didn't know just what to do, as he didn't want to arouse his wife and have her see him in his present condition, but being a man equal to any emergency his face lighted up almost immediately. He opened the satchel and removed a jar of Unguentum Belladonnae and applied a liberal smear to the keyhole, and with an air of confidence and assurance turned the knob and pushed, but the door refused to open. He seemed surprised but did not give up and went around to the side of the house until he came to a small round window, about eight inches in diameter. He daubed the margin of this with the ointment, but it failed to dilate and he became discouraged. He began to worry now and offered up a silent but fervent prayer as he replaced the jar in his bag. Just at this moment he heard something drop with a clink on the ground beside him. He struck a match, and lo! there lay his key. It probably had been caught in his clothes in some manner and dropped just at the critical moment, but Tyson firmly believed that it was the prayer which brought it, and couldn't be made to believe otherwise. Here was a case where prayer came to his rescue, and his old standby—the ever faithful Unguentum Belladonnae went back on him. This is how he lost all faith in medicinal agents, and became an advocate of Christian Science.

Rytina told us that he had been fairly successful in his practice for his first ten years, and at the present time was devoting himself solely to surgery. His modesty forbade him telling how really successful he had been, but we all knew that he had long since attained great fame because of his ability as a "prepupectomist."

At this point Chairman Mitchell arose and said, "Gentlemen, it is with extreme sorrow and regret that I make the announcement of the death of two of our number—Dr. Geo. S. McCarty and Dr. Samuel W. Hammond.

Mac was thrown from his horse shortly after his graduation and the high standing collar so familiar to us all and so becoming to poor George, was forced in through the muscles of his neck, completely severing his carotid artery, and he bled to death before aid could be summoned.

Hammond had been practicing in the mountains of West Virginia, and was one day called out to see a woman who had been suddenly taken ill. She had been in perfect health and had served her husband his dinner, but about an hour after the husband left she was taken with violent pains in the region of her appendix. Hammond arrived shortly after six, and was examining the patient when the latter's husband came into the room. Now he did not know Hammond, neither did he know that his wife was ill, and naturally was somewhat taken aback when he saw a man in his wife's room. "Who are you sir, and what are you doing here?" he said, addressing the Doctor. The latter was somewhat surprised, but calm and collected, and started in the slow, deliberate manner so well known to all of you, to explain matters to the now somewhat excited husband. "Well-er-ah-er-now-er-er-ye see-ye see-'twas-er-this way. Yes-er 'twas just like er-ah-er this-just-er like this-yes.

Your er-er—Unfortunately the husband was a mountaineer and one of that class who shoots first and thinks afterward, and never having heard Hammond answer in a quizz, he mistook the halting speech for embarrassment and put a bullet through his heart."

Mahle told us that he had contracted the habit of loaning money during his year's service in "the house," and had tried hard to break himself of it, but was unsuccessful, and finally opened a broker's office and was now doing a thriving business.

Sanders is meeting with well deserved success and has a tremendous practice. If ever a man deserved to succeed it was "Sandy." During our course at the University most of us considered that we had a prett tough road to travel, and that we worked hard, but he was doing all that we were, and over and above this he put in eight hours every night in Uncle Sam's mail service, and supported his wife and family.

During their term in the clinical laboratory, Levin and Ham Irwin became fast friends and after graduating, took a post-graduate course from Harry Adler, "A.B., M.D." After finishing they opened up an office together and are considered as two of the cleverest and most thorough stomach specialists in Catsville.

If one were to visit Rochester, Minn., and inquire for the Mayo Brothers they would learn that these two worthy gentlemen had long since shuffled off this mortal coil, but that their successors could be found doing business at the old stand. Above the door of aforesaid old stand is an immense sign bearing the names of Revell & Fleischman.

Hughes was asked what he had been doing to kill time for the past twenty years, and replied, "Really fellows, during my fourth year I became so thoroughly disgusted with medicine that I made up my mind that I just could not stand it. My goodness, I never had the slightest idea of what was in store for me until I had two obstetrical cases among those horrid, vile, filthy negroes, and I just put my foot down good and hard, and said: "I positively cannot stand it, so there." Later on I took up manicuring and have just the sweetest and cutest little manicuring parlor in New Jersey, and do just the dearest little business. My gracious, but I would dearly love to have any of you visit me whenever you happen to be in that part of the country. He was going to say more but Smithson, who up to this time had been very quiet, hit him squarely in the ear with a handful of mashed potatoes, thereby showing that his aim still retained considerable of the accuracy which made him one of the top notchers with the "pins" at the Palace bowling alleys.

Directly to the right of Chairman Mitchell were the well-known faces of Parvis and Casey, who had probably accumulated more wealth than any ten of our number. Little did I think in my fourth year when Bill one day told me of a "great" headache cure which he had formulated, that this same remedy was in a few years to attain a prominence that Bromo Seltzer never knew, even in its palmiest days, but such was the case. The Omega Oil, Quaker Oats and Force advertisements were never distributed so widely or were so familiar to the general public as are those of "Casco-Parvine," at the present day, and thousands of poor devils have bestowed a silent benediction upon the heads of Ed. and Bill "the morning after." Parvis personally supervises the compounding while Casey is business manager. As an evidence of the latter's Yankee enterprise, each man found at his plate a bottle of "Casco-Parvine," and attached to it by a maroon and black ribbon was a card bearing the inscription, "Give me a trial tomorrow morning."



Jenkins informed us that he was conducting a private insane asylum somewhere in Virginia, and that Jim Matthews was the star boarder of the institution. Jim always was subject to hallucinations during his college days, when he would at times imagine that the school or hospital could not exist without him.

Kenaway when called upon, said that considering his size he had met with very fair success, and that he now had a harem of twenty-three wives and the Lord only knows how many children, as their fond papa had never found time to count them all. I certainly agree with him, only think he was a trifle modest in declaring that he had met with *fair* success, only because I consider that a man four feet seven inches in height that can flash a family like that on his friends—Well, to say he had met with *phenominal* success would be putting it mildly. (This from personal knowledge of such matters, as I am several inches taller than him, and I've never had the courage to take unto myself *one* wife, and I've been fairly successful in accumulating a parcel of this world's good at that.) He gave quite a lengthy speech about everything in general and nothing in particular, and I noticed that he still retained many of the peculiar little mannerisms which had in former days caused him to be looked upon by each and every one of us as the pet of the class.

Dr. Blois proved to the satisfaction of all that he was not a believer in the doctrine of race suicide, by boasting that he was the proud father of a few children himself, and although he was not the adept that Kenaway was, yet he had four girls and nine boys who called him "Papa." Riddick broke in on him at this point with, "Say, Seth, that's a bad total; you know thirteen is a dangerous number to fool with—I'd advise you to make it fourteen even if you have to go to an orphan asylum and adopt one." Seth retaliated with, "Sour grapes; Riddick, my boy, sour grapes." (Possibly this was the case with Riddick, because of some reason best known to himself had never married.) Seth seemed very proud of his family and told us that he never was so happy as when in his own home with his wife and children climbing all over him, and pulling his hair out by the fistfuls (I don't mean his wife was climbing all over him and pulling his hair out—only the children). If Seth devotes as much time to his family now as he did during the first two months of 1905 I fail to see where he ever got enough money to buy even the *chair* that he sat in while the children climbed over him.

Rensburg said he had been giving demonstrations of his knowledge of the art of healing in the wilds of Maryland for twenty years. He related an interesting experience he had had about two weeks previous to his visit to Baltimore. One night about twelve o'clock his bell rang and upon opening the door he saw a man who was somewhat under the influence of "That's all." The stranger said, "Shay Doctor, how mush will you charge to go out to——?" (Naming a village some five miles away) The Doctor said, "Is it absolutely necessary that I go out there tonight, or can you wait until morning?" The answer was, "No, uh mush start right off—can't get there a minute too shoon—how mush yuh goin' t' soak me?" Now it was a very disagreeable night and the rain was pouring down in torrents, but Rensburg sized his caller up as a poor fellow who was obliged to work hard for his living and so decided to let him down light, and said, "Well, I'll go out there for three dollars." "It's a go—I'll help yuh hish up horsh." They went to the stable and soon harnessed the horse and were ready to face the elements. Rensburg got in and the

fellow climbed up beside him and they started. They had not gone a quarter of a mile before the stranger had fallen into a sound sleep, from which he did not waken until the Doctor shook him up upon reaching the outskirts of the village. The man was asked where he lived and upon their arrival at the house climbed out, and as Rensburg started to do likewise said, "Don't get out Doc.—here ze money." Now the Doctor didn't quite understand this and said, "I don't want the money now, wait until I see the patient, as I may have to make several visits before I'm through."

"There ain' no pashun 'tall."

"What's that?"

"I shimibly said, there ain't no pashun 'tall."

"Then what the devil did you bring me out here for?"

"Well, I didn't wan' t' walk, so I wen' t' see th' feller tha' keeps th' liv'ry shtable an' he wan't t' shoak me five fer a team an' man t' drive me home an' then I ashked you how mush yuh 'd charge an' yuh said 'three,' zo I tho't I'd give yuh th' job, an' here ze money an' don' make such a fuss 'bout it."

At this point a horrible noise was heard to issue from under the table. We all looked at one another and it was then that we discovered that Sherrard's chair was vacant. Again came the noise and upon investigating we found "Sherry" had fallen asleep and quietly slid off onto the floor, and it was his snore that had disturbed us. We aroused him and sat him up in his place, and when the laughter and kidding had subsided Rooks was called upon.

"Gentlemen," he said, "No doubt some of you will be surprised to learn that ten years ago I realized the folly of the life I had been leading and determined to turn over a new leaf. I joined the Church and have since been engaged in active missionary work among the negroes of Louisiana."

This proved too much for Revell, who gave vent to an emphatic and extremely expression, "Oh Hell," which was resented by Rooks and in the "free-for-all" which followed. I saw a cuspidor coming straight for my head. I tried to dodge but some unknown force held me immovable, and it landed squarely over my left eye. The entire "Solar System" was as a tallow candle, when compared to the heavenly phenomena which was revealed to me at that moment, and then all became dark.

When I opened my eyes I was sitting in a rocking chair and my first impulse was to feel of my head and I felt no lesion of any sort. I rushed to a mirror which hung on the wall and sure enough there was not the slightest sign that any thing had struck me. As I rose a note book dropped from my knees and now I picked it up and saw that it contained notes on "State Medicine." This was something I could not quite understand until I looked about me and recognized my old room on Columbia Avenue—and there sound asleep lay my roommate—the hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of three. For a moment I stood as one dazed and then I remembered that I had been reading up State Medicine; that I must have fallen asleep and it was all—a dream.

CARROLL.



JUNIOR CLASS.



He came to "town" to study. (?)

## CLASS OFFICERS '06

CLASS COLORS  
OLD GOLD AND ROYAL PURPLE

### MOTTO

"Legete;" "Multum legete;" "Multum admodum legete."

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BRENT, W. L., ΑΩΔ.....Virginia	HEIGHE, R. G.....Maryland
BROOKS, A. G.....Maryland	HERSHNER, N. W., ΚΨ.....Maryland
BUCK, C. C., ΚΣ.....Virginia	HILL, H. P., JR., ΚΨ ΘNE.....New York
BYRD, N. E., ΚΣ, ΦNE.....North Carolina	HILL, J. C.....South Carolina
BURROUGHS, L. G.....Maryland	HOPE, J. H., ΚΨ.....Maryland
BURRUSS, C. O., ΑΩΔ.....Virginia	HOWARD, O.....New Brunswick
CAMPBELL, W. D., ΚΨ.....Maryland	HUDSON, J. H.....North Carolina
CANTWELL, H. A.....Maryland	HUME, R. C., ΦΣΚ.....Virginia
CARLTON, R. L., ΠΔΥ, ΝΣΝ..North Carolina	INFANTE, J. M.....Cuba
CARROLL, V. C.....Maryland	JAMES, O. V.....Delaware
CHANEY, I. D., ΚΨ.....Maryland	JARRELL, K. McC.....West Virginia
CHANEY T. M., ΠΔΥ, ΝΣΝ....Maryland	JENNINGS, C. L., ΝΣΝ....South Carolina
CHIPLEY, B. L., ΧΖΧ.....South Carolina	JOHNSON, T. B.....Maryland
CLARKE, A. B., ΚΨ, ΘNE.....Canada	KANELLY, G. C.....Egypt
COLLENBERG, G.....Maryland	KARLINSKY, L.....Maryland
COSTER, E. S., ΔΜ.....Maryland	KEELER, J. W.....New York
CRAWFORD, R. W., ΣΧ.....Virginia	KELLEY, LE. A.....Canada
DANIELS, W. H.....Maryland	KNOX, J. JR.....North Carolina
DEES, R. E.....North Carolina	KOSMINSKY, L. J.....Arkansas
DEES, R. O.....North Carolina	LAKE, LAF., ΧΖΧ.....New York
DONELLY, J.....North Carolina	LAMONTAGUE, H. J.....Connecticut
DUNCAN, H. JR.....North Carolina	LIESENFELD, A. I.....New York
FREILINGER, M. C., ΚΨ.....Missouri	LYNCH, S. H.....Delaware
FRYER, N. E.....Maryland	MCLEAN, P.....North Carolina
FULLINGS, W. F., ΚΣ, ΘNE.....New Jersey	MITCHELL, L. M.....Pennsylvania
GEATTY, J. S.....Maryland	MOODY, W. C., ΚΨ.....Virginia

JUNIOR CLASS.—Continued

MOORE, G. S.....	Maryland	SOLER, A. R.....	Porto Rico
NUGENT, A. J.....	Massachusetts	SOWERS, W. F., XZX.....	Maryland
OLIVE, W. W., NΣN.....	North Carolina	STONESTREET, W. W.....	Maryland
PASTOR, L. M.....	Maryland	STUART, G. R.....	Maryland
PEARLSTINE, K.....	South Carolina	SULLIVAN, E. M.....	Massachusetts
PLUMMER, A. L.....	North Carolina	TAWFIK, M.....	Egypt
RICE, M. M.....	South Carolina	THOMAS, B. O., KΨ.....	Maryland
ROBBINS, H. B.....	New Jersey	TITLOW, H. B., KΨ.....	Maryland
ROBERTS, C. W., ΗΔΥ, NΣN.....	Georgia	DEL TERO, J.....	San Juan
ROWE, E. H., KΨ.....	Maryland	TUTTLE, A. D., ΗΔΥ, NΣN.....	South Dakota
RUTLEDGE, H. A.....	Maryland	UPCHURCH, C. G.....	North Carolina
SCOTT, E. L., ΣΑΣ, ΘNE.....	Florida	WHITE, E. W., ΗΔΥ, NΣN.....	Maryland
SHERIDAN, C. R.....	Maryland	WILLIAMS, J. W.....	North Carolina
SLOAN, C. H., KΨ.....	South Carolina	WINSLOW, F. R., ΦΣΚ.....	Maryland
SMITH, J. G. F.....	Maryland	WRIGHT, A. H., XZX.....	New York
SMITH, J. W.....	North Carolina	ZAKI, A. H.....	Egypt
SNUFFER, D. W.....	West Virginia	ZEIGLER, C. L.....	Maryland





## HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1906

**T**O UNDERSTAND the unique position occupied by the Junior Class, we have only to refer to the history of our preceding years, as chronicled in the Annuals of '02-'03 and '03-'04. Through these lines run a seeming prophecy of greater achievements. There is manifest among us a fulfillment of this dormant prediction, in the success that has attended our every undertaking.

Talent drawn from all parts of our own great country, her northern neighbor, the isles of the sea, and the Orient as well, have combined to make us the class of promise. When we take an inventory, and realize our present pre-eminent position, we marvel that our college life began in the ordinary way of College Classes. You could not possibly recognize any features of the verdant Freshman of '02 in the grave and reverend Junior of today. You would more likely think the Faculty had just created a Junior Class, modeled after its own idea of perfection.

It would not be like us to claim that the boys of 1906 go to make up the most brilliant class ever enrolled in the University; our modesty forbids, but if any man would know it, we say to him, consult the records where our work is tabulated.

The characteristics that have made possible the foregoing remarks, we claim to be unity of purpose and combined effort. No individualism has been tolerated among us. As a class, we have faced manfully the problems of preceding years, conquered, and shared together its honors. With this idea in view, my readers will not be surprised when the happenings of this, our third epoch, are read.

October 3rd, 1904, witnessed the reassemblage of the fellows of '06, on the historic campus, where a few months previous we had bid each other good bye with a hearty "college handshake," and best wishes for a joyous vacation. This opening scene of our third epoch, was a revival of the fraternal feeling which had united us during the earlier sessions. Having successfully passed Sophomore examinations, and enjoyed a well earned vacation, we turned our thoughts to the problems of the third year.

The opening days were spent in greeting here and there a familiar face, and in extending to those who had come from other institutions to cast their lots with us, whom by the way, constituted an addition of which the Class feels justly proud, a hearty welcome among us. It is with deep regret that we chronicle the absence of two of our classmates, those whose smiling faces and cheerful greetings, have been snatched from us by the unresistant hand of death. Together, we bear the loss, which to us is inestimable.

Death robbed us of them and their promising future, but not of their memories, which shall always bring back to us their virtues, and demonstrate the fact that indeed the worthy shall live again in the hearts of men.

Lured onward by the star of hope and past success, we zealously began the work of the third year, in which our time has since been fully occupied. At this writing we are looking forward to the arrival of the closing scene of the third epoch. Past attainments have made us strong in confidence, and we expect nothing less than a continuance of this which, by the way, is not the result of chance or luck as some would say, but of honest and diligent effort. At various times during the year our fellows have turned aside to participate in allied college pleasures.

A goodly number represented us at the Y. M. C. A. reception early in the session. Several are identified with the Musical Association of the University, which organization was from the first warmly supported by our fellows without whom it would have appeared with difficulty. Others have entered with the same zeal into athletics, displaying their executive ability as officers, managers and skill as players, by actual participation in its victories. Indeed, in every movement whatsoever, affecting the student body, the Class of '06 has contributed its quota, both of talent and energetic work.

It seems hardly necessary to make special reference to the one class event of the session. You will interpret my reference to be directed to the theatre party and banquet, held at the Academy of Music and Entaw House, respectively, on the evening of January 23, 1905. This gala occasion was participated in by a large majority of the class, and is remembered as the banner event in our history. Flowing banners of old gold and purple, maroon and black, hovering over eight boxes filled with pleasure-seekers, spreading tables of York Rivers, salmon culetts and turkey olio, resting under the thundering voices of silver-tongued sons of Demasthenes, and almost audible strains of "I'm on the Water Wagon Now," as it fell from the lips of peerless Mr. Daniels, loom up in our memories of this well spent evening. In making special mention of untiring efforts, sacrifices, and in contributing much to the success of this undertaking to our deserving President and co-workers, the Historian feels that he voices the sentiments of the class.

The Historian acknowledges, too, an apology due the class for having so incompletely narrated its past, but space will not permit of further dilation. Each man is a living history within himself. Take us together and we constitute a chain rightly deserving the envy of our competitors.

We look forward to the future of our Class with that confidence that bespeaks even greater achievements. When the rapidly approaching threshold has been crossed, as it shall be soon, and greater opportunities afforded our fellows, we believe they will prove their claims. Unrecognized powers will manifest themselves. New(?) faculties will grow into action. Greater possibilities will dawn, and heretofore unsurmountable obstacles will crumble under our trained powers of conquest.—*Historian.*



# In Memoriam

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## John Cromatí Blake

Born October 18, 1875, in Leon County, Florida

Died July 15, 1904, Baltimore, Md.

## Joseph Spangler

Born 1881, at Kane, Pa.

Died June 4, 1904

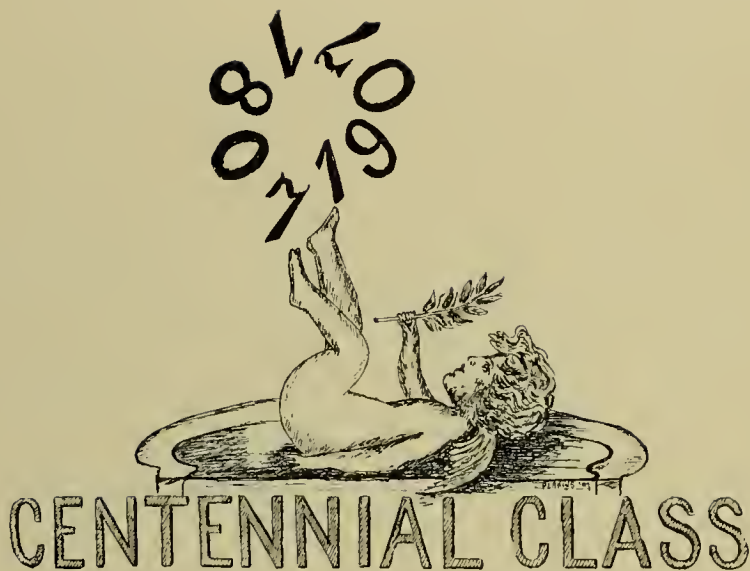
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Nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.



FRESHMEN CLASS.



CLASS OF 1907

MOTTO: NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM

COLORS: BLACK AND BLUE

OFFICERS

HARRY H. RIGHTON..... <i>President</i>	GILBERT J. MORGAN..... <i>Treasurer</i>
J. B. PIGGOT..... <i>Vice-President</i>	FRED. H. C HEISE..... <i>Editor</i>
J. HUBERT BATES..... <i>Secretary</i>	MORRIS B. BOINE..... <i>Historian</i>

CLASS ROLL

AGRABRITE, O. PAUL....Blaken Mills, W. Va.	CARMINE, W. M., C. B.....Ridgley, Md
BATES, J. HUBERT, ΦΣΚ.....Baltimore	CROSS, G. D. E.....Baltimore
BENSON, B. R., JR.....Cockeysville, Md.	DEAN, THOS. J.....Stallings, N. C.
BIRD, J. W.....West River, Md.	DELTCHER, H. A.....Baltimore
BOSTITTER, H. J.....Hagerstown, Md.	DIFFENDERFER, C. A., ΚΣ.....Baltimore
BOWEN, R. C.....Parran, Md.	EGAN, JOHN JOSEPH.....Waterbury, Conn.
BOWIE, M. R.....Gallup, N. Mexico	ELGIN, EUGENE.....Brunswick, Md.
BROWN, M. J., ΝΣΝ.....Sylman, Md.	FLOWERS, CLAUDE J. B.....Harrisburg, Pa.
BRYER, H. BARTON.....Newport, R. I.	FOX, J. S., ΦΓΔ, ΝΣΝ.....Batesburg, S. C.
BURWELL, NATHANIEL.....	FRANKLIN, R. C., ΦΣΚ.....Adabelle, Pa.

CLASS ROLL.—Continued.

GULFANI, DUTEIL S. . . . .	San Juan, P. R.	MORGAN, G. P., ΦΣΚ. . . . .	Baltimore
GLIDDEN, E. W., JR., ΑΚΚ. . . . .	Savannah, Ga.	MORISON, G. P. . . . .	Martinsburg, W. Va.
GOVE, HORACE S. . . . .	New Brunswick, Canada	O'MALLEY, A. W. . . . .	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
HARBAUGH, H. V. . . . .	Old Town, Md.	NORRIS, L. D. . . . .	Baltimore
HAYLEY, J. A. . . . .	Jersey City, N. J.	PERRINS, E. S. . . . .	Baltimore
HEISE, FRED. H. C. . . . .	Baltimore	PERRY, A. H. . . . .	Hickory Grove, N. C.
HERLMANN, F. H. . . . .	Baltimore	PIGGOTT, J. B., ΝΣΝ. . . . .	Hamilton, Va.
HOSMER, CULBERT L. . . . .	New York City	RIGHTON, HARRY Y., ΦΣΚ. . . . .	Savannah, Ga.
HUGHES, GEO. S. . . . .	Baltimore	ROOP, WILLIAM O. . . . .	Harrisburg, Pa.
JAMISON, F. E. . . . .	Hughesville, Md.	ROWAN, A. L. . . . .	Beverly, W. Va.
JOYCE, J. C. . . . .	Arnold, Md.	SCHIERSON, H. J. . . . .	Baltimore
LYNN, FRANK S., ΦΣΚ. . . . .	Baltimore	SCHOENRICH, H., Ph. G. . . . .	Baltimore
LYON, W. C., ΦΣΚ. . . . .	Newburg, N. Y.	SCHWARTZ, W. T. . . . .	Baltimore
MACK, THOS. F. . . . .	Syracuse, N. Y.	SMITH, E. B., ΝΣΝ. . . . .	Baltimore
MASSONETT, C. L. . . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y.	SMITH, J. A. . . . .	Hamilton, Md.
MCCUTCHEEN, R. O., ΝΣΝ. . . . .	Bishopsville, S. C.	STONER, H. W., ΚΨ. . . . .	Baltimore
McELROY, SYLVAN. . . . .	Orlando, Fla.	SWAIN, CLEMENT, A. B. . . . .	Boston, Mass.
M'KEE, JOHN. . . . .	Raleigh, N. C.	VALENTINE, JOSEPH. . . . .	Baltimore
MITCHELL, A. C. . . . .	Monkton, Md.	WARREN, R. A. . . . .	Hot Springs, Va.
MOORE, A. D. . . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y.		



## HISTORY

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Some are born with honor, some inherit honor and some have honor thrust upon them. The last seems to be my case, for I have had the honor of writing the history of the Centennial Class of the University of Maryland thrust upon me, which I consider a task beyond the scope of my humble ability. As you know, some histories are no more than some man's fertile imagination stretched to its limit, while others are no more than a traversity of realistic ideas. As I am not possessed of a good imagination and my sense of humor is correspondingly limited, I will stick to the word history in its truest sense and give you no more than some of the most important events that have happened during the so far short career of this class.

It was born October 1st, 1903, its members representing many states and countries.

I dare say that few of our members appreciated the fact, when they were selecting some suitable institution to go through the ordeal of earning an M.D., that they were to be one of the one-hundredth or centennial class of our already well known Alma Mater. However all of us were overjoyed to find that such was the case and after the Sophomores finished instructing us how to conduct ourselves, all entered into the spirit of work with a determination that bespoke of the future career of a Centennial Class.

In the latter part of October, a class election was held, and the class organized. Later class pins were selected and one was purchased by nearly every member of the class.

March 17th, 1904, is a date that will be long remembered by all 1907 men, for it was on that memorable night that our most worthy and honorable president Albert H. Carroll, now attending Edinburgh University, had the Class assembled at Northampton Hotel to "feed." A most palatable menu was served, and a very pleasant and enjoyable night was spent by all. There were some good as well as witty impromptu speeches made during the course of the "feed" by the eloquent members of the Class. Some of the fellows "lamps" were not exactly in working order and it was with some difficulty that they said "good night" to Carroll. It would not do for the historian to record some of the incidents that happened on the journey to our various residences, so he will leave that to the Class, as individuals, to tell to their children and their children's children.

October 3rd, 1904, found most of the fellows back at the old stand although some did not get back till later and a few not at all. In place of the few who did not return we found a greater number of new men from other colleges, all of whom are bright, good looking and healthy chaps, who have entered in our grand old school with the spirit of the Class. It must be noted in this connection, that last year we had only a roll of 47, his year we have one of 62, showing that when we graduate we will not only be great in mind but great in numbers.

Of course we took care of the Freshmen and taught them what and what not to do. It was a hard proposition, but they finally came to know and understand their duties as aspirants to the honors of "the" most honored profession. They were all shown the places of most importance in Baltimore in groups of ten and fifteen, with all decorations necessary to identify them as Freshmen, should one in any way become separated from the flock.

Among some of the most notable attainments of the Class must be mentioned the fact that we were the promoters of an international peace congress, held at the University of Maryland, in October, 1904. As a result, Japan and Russia kissed and made up, and the former enemies Cuba and Spain clasped each other in a very fond and sincere embrace, and are now going through the formalities essential to life in the medical world.

We finally decided that Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry called for a little more attention; so we again settled down to our work with an earnestness and determination that means success. After we had fallen into our regular routine of work, a class meeting was called by the Vice-President, October 7, and an election of officers for the ensuing year was held. At this meeting we decided to have a box party.

The Class assembled in the lower boxes of Ford's Grand Opera House, Monday night, October 10, to witness the musical comedy "Red Feather." A very pleasant evening was spent, and as a result, some of the fellows got so enthusiastic about musical comedies that they tried to go on the stage.

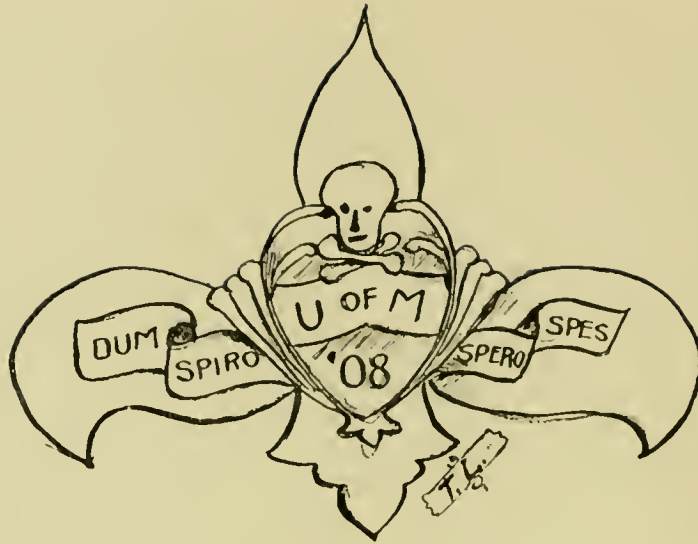
In athletics, 1907 has contributed the foot-ball coach for the seasons 1903 and 1904. It is very probable that next season's coach will be furnished by us. Our Class is well represented on the basket-ball team also.

This is no more than a brief sketch of the official and unofficial doings of the Class of 1907, and will seem more complete to the members of the Class as they read and recall the many pleasant incidents omitted here for want of space.





SOPHOMORE CLASS.



## CLASS OF 1908

MOTTO.—*Venitas nihil veretur.*

COLORS.—Light green and dark green.

### OFFICERS.

WILLIAM COLEMAN . . . . .	<i>President</i>	HENRY L. SINSKEY . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
WILLIAM DEW . . . . .	<i>Vice-President</i>	J. K. INSLEY . . . . .	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
HOMER U. TODD . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>	J. L. ANDERSON . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>

### MEMBERS.

J. L. ANDERSON, A. B. . . . .	South Carolina	W. C. DAVIS . . . . .	Virginia
J. H. BAY . . . . .	Maryland	D. FRANKLIN . . . . .	Maryland
M. D. BEGGS . . . . .	Maryland	C. M. GOODHART . . . . .	Pennsylvania
W. R. BENDER . . . . .	Maryland	W. D. HAMMOND . . . . .	Maryland
C. I. BENSON, KΨ . . . . .	Maryland	M. J. HANNA . . . . .	Maryland
R. F. BLUNDON . . . . .	Maryland	E. H. HEMMING, Ph. G. . . . .	Maryland
G. C. BOLIN . . . . .	South Carolina	J. H. HODGES . . . . .	West Virginia
S. CHERRY . . . . .	Maryland	W. M. HOLLYDAY . . . . .	Maryland
W. COLEMAN, KΨ . . . . .	Connecticut	J. P. INSLEE . . . . .	New York
C. B. COLLINS, KΨ . . . . .	Florida	J. K. INSLEY . . . . .	Maryland
F. G. COWHERD, XZX . . . . .	Maryland	F. KISTLER . . . . .	Maryland
WILLIAM DEW, ΦΣΚ . . . . .	Virginia	L. KOLB . . . . .	Maryland



MEMBERS—Continued.

J. A. KOLMER.....	Maryland	R. L. RODRIGUEZ.....	Porto Rica
L. C. LABARRE, XZX.....	Pennsylvania	H. J. ROSENBERG.....	South Carolina
THOS. E. LATIMER, B.S., A.M.....	Maryland	L. ROTHENBERG.....	South Carolina
W. LEAVITT.....	New York	W. H. RYAN.....	New Hampshire
A. D. H. LITTLE, KΨ.....	Georgia	L. G. SHENRICK, A.B.....	Maryland
P. L. LOCKWOOD.....	Connecticut	F. G. SHULTE, B.S.....	Maryland
J. E. MACKALL, A.B.....	Maryland	S. SILVERBERG.....	Maryland
H. B. MESSMORE, ΑΩΔ.....	West Virginia	L. F. STEINDLER.....	Maryland
J. L. MESSMORE, ΑΩΔ.....	West Virginia	H. L. SINSKEY.....	Maryland
J. S. MIRANDA.....	Cuba	J. THOS. TAYLOR, XZX.....	North Carolina
E. NATHASON.....	New York	H. U. TODD.....	Maryland
V. NOLT.....	Indiana	E. S. UPSON.....	Georgia
F. J. PATE.....	North Carolina	Z. F. WEST.....	Delaware
R. W. PILSON, KΨ.....	Maryland	E. H. WILLARD.....	Maryland
J. POREMBSKY.....	Maryland	A. L. WRIGHT.....	Maryland
L. A. RISER, A.B.....	South Carolina	W. E. WRIGHT.....	South Carolina
S. J. PRICE.....	Maryland	A. S. WILSON, ΦΣΚ.....	Maryland
R. W. RAYNER.....	Maryland	Z. F. YOUNG.....	Louisiana
G. H. RICHARDS, KΨ.....	Maryland	J. E. ZEIGLER, XZX.....	Maryland





## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1908

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**T**O NARRATE the history of a class that has existed only for the brief period of three months would, at first thought, seem to be quite an easy task; but how much history can we reasonably expect to be produced in so short a time? 'Tis true, the doings of a single day have often filled volume upon volume; but let us remember that, as a general rule, someone has been toiling day by day, month by month, and maybe year by year, in order to bring about what may have happened in the twinkling of an eye. So it is with a class of men. That they may produce real history, they must have time and, as the class of '08 has been in existence for a short time only, the history she has produced would not fill volumes; yet she has a history, and about this, with your kind indulgence, I shall attempt to tell you.

On an ideal Autumn day, October 3, '04, the Class of 1908 came into existence, and continued to grow until December, when it was found to have a roll of sixty-five, composed of a handsome lot of fellows from various parts of the U. S. and representatives from Cuba and Porto Rica. During the first month there was really very little accomplished by the class in the line of study; but it had gotten itself together as a temporary organization, the Sophs being absolutely ignorant of the meeting, which was held in an upper room of the Eutaw House, on October 8th, twenty-one members being present. After much enthusiasm had been manifested, William, the coal man, of Connecticut, was elected our temporary leader; the Mountain (?) Dew, of Virginia, falling as our Vice-President; a Maryland Cowherd taking charge of the cold cash, and with J. K. Insley to protect us from all mental harm, leaving it to each individual to ward off all bodily injuries that might be inflicted by the Sophomores. The wily Sophs soon learned of our meeting, and at once set about ascertaining whom we had elected. The President of our class, upon entering the Chemical Hall, was accosted by a group who were seemingly, for some purpose unknown

to him just at that moment, anxious to hear the result of the recent election. It was up to Coleman to acknowledge, with nerves unstrung, that the honors of the class had been thrust upon him, not dreaming of the fact that he was so soon to mount Dorsey's desk as the silver-tongued (?) orator of the Fresh. class. My! My!! The hot air the President shot at the Sophs, and with a most marvellous result. It was really astonishing to see the beautiful effect that Freshman flattery had on the Sophos Moros.

Vice-President Dew, the gentleman from Virginia, was next put upon the stand as the second speaker of the morning, but his oration was abruptly ended by the very welcome intrusion of Dean Dorsey, whose rosy countenance was illumined by "the smile that won't come off," and who seemed somewhat astonished on finding that he was about to be superseded by a fresh lecturer on chemistry. With becoming dignity Mr. Dew then requested Dr. Coale to resume his position for the day, and at once retired to the rear of the room.

On October 29 the class convened in the Anatomical Hall for the purpose of electing permanent officers. After some spirited speeches on the part of different members of the class in behalf of their favorites, the ballots were taken, with the following result: President, Mr. William Coleman, of Connecticut; Vice-President, Mr. William Dew, of Virginia; Secretary, Mr. Homer U. Todd, of Maryland; Treasurer, Mr. Henry L. Sinskey, of Maryland; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. J. K. Insley, of Maryland.

From the first it was very evident that the men of '08 were, in their own estimation, well versed in parliamentary law, for whenever an opportunity presented itself, one or more of the B. C. C. boys were ready and waiting to argue that business was not being conducted just exactly according to Roberts' Rules of Order. No matter how insignificant the point at issue might be, the Solomons, just as the Pharisees of old, would try to follow the letter of the law when they were absolutely ignorant of the law itself. As a result, there was a class meeting every week, it requiring an hour to transact the business that could just as easily have been done in fifteen minutes. Really class meeting came so regularly that Dr. Coale once thought of getting out a new schedule, including in it periods for class meetings. Not meaning to discourage anyone, but I think some of our men should have aspired to a judgeship, as they are now walking Gazettes or "Roberts' Rules of Order."

In the field of athletics the Class of 1908 has by no means been unrepresented, the Messmore brothers playing magnificent ball throughout the season, seldom being out of the game. It was with comparative ease that these Giants won their "M," and they proved themselves a most invaluable addition to the team. May our class be as well represented on the base ball field in the Spring as she has been on the gridiron.

On the twentieth of November thirty-seven of the class met at Trainor's Studio for the purpose of having the picture taken. These men had to wait for at least an hour confidently expecting the other members of the class to come in at any moment. It was afterwards learned that the absentees spent the whole day getting themselves ready for the picture and met at ten o'clock that night at the studio, when Mr. Trainor informed them that he would prefer to have a picture of them taken in the dark, but would take one by flashlight provided they turned their faces to the rear. Several attempts were afterwards made to get the whole class to meet at a studio and pose for a picture, but the pretty boys were thoroughly confident that no photographer would risk his camera on them, consequently only half of the class appear in the annual. The absent ones have a most valid excuse.

Mr. Blundon was the first member of the class to detect his blunder in taking up the study of medicine. It is reported that this gentlemen was desirous to embark on the sea of matrimony and, upon learning that his fiancée had a tender spot in her heart for professional men, he decided to take a profession, for pastime. That the path of the medical student is not strewn with roses Dr. Blundon soon discovered, so he determined to find some easier method to win a fair maiden's heart. Love has been Blundon's ruin, for since giving up medicine he has become financially embarrassed, so he has taken his failures as ill omens and will now remain in "single blessedness."

Of the prize fighting type we have developed two, Messrs. Silverburg and Little. The former very heroically managed to dislocate several seats in the anatomical hall at the hands of the Sophs. While the latter covered himself — with dirt one day as a result of having gotten on the fourth row.

Mr. Bolin, of the Palmetto State, is now making an experiment to see just how long a man can live on cereals alone. This gentlemen seems to be a firm believer in Prof. Hemmeter's Darwinian theory of natural selection, and has attained such a degree of perfection in adapting himself to his surroundings that he now eats anything in the grass line, but seems to relish whisk brooms more than anything else, eating three at each meal. It seems that others have noticed a change in his outward appearance, in consequence of the adaptation to environment, for the janitor misplaced his broom one day and was just about to use Bolin as a substitute when Pate came rushing up with the danger signals on his pedestals, and Howard at once beat a hasty retreat. It was a source of much regret that we found Mr. Price, the ever-reddy athlete, debarred from playing on the University team, on the grounds of professionalism, owing to the fact that he had played sub on every scrub team in Baltimore. This was quite a blow to the team, but more especially to Price, for he had expected his head to be the shining light of the team.

Among the prominent news reporters of the city are to be found two members of the class, Messrs. Todd and Steindler. Anyone desiring to have his life written up in a Baltimore paper at slight cost will do well to call on *one* of the gentlemen. I say one because where one is there you will find the other also.

As every class must have its lady's man, so the Class of '08 is no exception. Among others is found Mr. Taylor, of the Old North State, and he it is that has captured the palm as the greatest heart breaker, having played sad havoc with the hearts of East Baltimore. Had I time and space I would like to speak as highly of the other members of the class as I have of those already mentioned, but as I have neither I will refrain from further personal remarks.

The critical point of our life came when we had to decide what should be our part in this strenuous age. We that have made the choice and have set our faces toward the goal of our lofty aspirations with a determination that knows no defeat, could have selected no grander or nobler profession, and now, that we have taken the initiatory step, let us strive earnestly to uphold the high standard of our time honored institution, keeping ever before our minds the class motto: "Dum Spiro, Spero, Spes." (While there is life there is hope).

J. L. ANDERSON, *Historian*.



## THE "HOUSE" RHYME

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ADKINS—

Of all the men in all the world  
Seen early or seen late,  
There's not a man that can be found  
So foxy and yet sedate.

BARE—

It's a worry in the morning  
When he's getting out of bed,  
The only thing that really worries  
'Mong the worries in his head.

BAY—

A graceful thing and great renown  
Among the nurses has he,  
A "butter-in," indeed 'tis true,  
And a face that's all but pretty.

BILLINGSLEA—

He has the size of a man,  
His age, it is sufficient,  
But in common sense and manliness,  
Something certainly is deficient.

BRABHAM—

Here's a fellow who keeps so quiet  
He was never known to raise a riot,  
He goes to church and Sunday-school  
And flirts with the nurses as a rule.

BROOKS—

Here's a good fellow, awful small, it is true,  
Has old-fashioned ways, but altogether he'll do—  
Is a trifle contrary, but he's not to blame,  
For the way Kneisley kids him is certainly a shame.

CARNAL—

I'm the editor-in-chief of this book you see  
And it's utterly impossible to get a knock in on me.  
I'm a liar I know, and a grafter I swear,  
But if you're roasted too hard take your spite out on Bare.

DISOSWAY—

This man will talk you blue in the face,  
Beats Munchausen two miles in a one-mile race.  
Lifts booze, smokes cigarettes, and does lots of things bad,  
And when he's asleep there's not one that's not glad.

GIBSON—

An ignoramus of "sand-lapper" birth  
His face a disgrace to any part of th earth,  
He's lazy, he's crazy, has wheels in his head,  
Don't do anything but loll in his bed.

GOLDBACH—

Some say that Goldbach's a dreamer;  
He is, and the cause is not a whim,  
He gave all his cigars to Dr. Neale,  
And is "hitting the pipe" with a vim.

HARRISON—

He's a mite of a fellow  
Who loves his "booze,"  
Has often a jag on  
But never the blues.

IRWIN—

This is the man who does all the swearing;  
His room in the morning needs quite an airing.  
The sulphurous fumes he emits are a bane  
To the "House" atmosphere and the Bowery Lane.

JANNEY—

He's breezy in the morning,  
The same way every night;  
To hear him tell his stories,  
You'd really think he'd fight.

JENKINS—

Just look at my cheeks and my clothes, oh! how neat,  
But don't overlook the size of my feet.  
If I cannot be "It," well then, I won't play,  
For I'm the only child and must have my way.

KAFER—  
Wander down Lombard at three in the morning,  
A wonderful laugh sounds loud without warning;  
It pierces your ears and makes you quite sure  
That Kafer is coming; he needs Keeley Cure.

KENAWY—  
One who came from Egypt's strand  
His studies to persue,  
He's quite a dapper little chap  
But thinks that green is blue.

LE FEVRE—  
Oh, tiddle-winks! Oh, fol-de-ral!  
What have we come upon?  
The most entirely disagreeable man  
The sun ever shone upon.

MAHLE—  
We know that Mahle's timid  
And afraid of his little brother,  
But why does he always go with a nurse  
Old enough to be his mother?

MATHEWS—  
He came from the country  
As green as grass,  
Four years at college,  
Oh, what an ass.

MCCARTY—  
He's tall and quite slender  
And very stubborn they say,  
Plays poker all night  
And sleeps all the day.

MITCHELL—  
A great big hulk with pounds of flesh,  
A beautiful boy, but a trifle fresh.  
He'd run from the least thing requiring nerve,  
Five years in a nursery he ought to serve.

METZEL—  
This man does his work,  
About his own he's busy,  
But he bothers his head a bit too much  
About a country girl named Lizzie.

PIERSON—  
As the better half of the Siamese Twins  
This young man drinks in knowledge,  
But everyone thinks he'd be in his right place,  
If at the Woman's Medical College.

REVELL—

Some people are prone to flatter  
And smear the oil on thick,  
Friend Revell does this little stunt  
In a way that's pretty slick.

RIDDICK—

Well, what's the matter with Riddick,  
He's turned as pale as a ghost,  
Oh, he's just been treated to egg-nog,  
Shame on the wicked host.

RYTINA—

To run and not be caught  
Will be my motto ever,  
For he who's scared and runs away—  
Well, I think he's rather clever.

SALLEY—

If telling lies were healthy  
And wealth to one would bring,  
This man would live forever  
In a palace like a king.

SHERARD—

Why is woman always roasted  
For incessant talking?  
Well, the roaster has never heard Sherard  
When he comes in from WALKING.

SMITH—

He's nervous, timid and very good,  
Will not sign petitions and never would.  
He's also quite learned, but this rhyme's not complete  
Until we mention the size of his feet.

STONE—

His gait was a bit unsteady  
And sense from his brain had fled,  
When he reeled on the Halls at 3 A. M.  
And with a "D. T." went to bed.

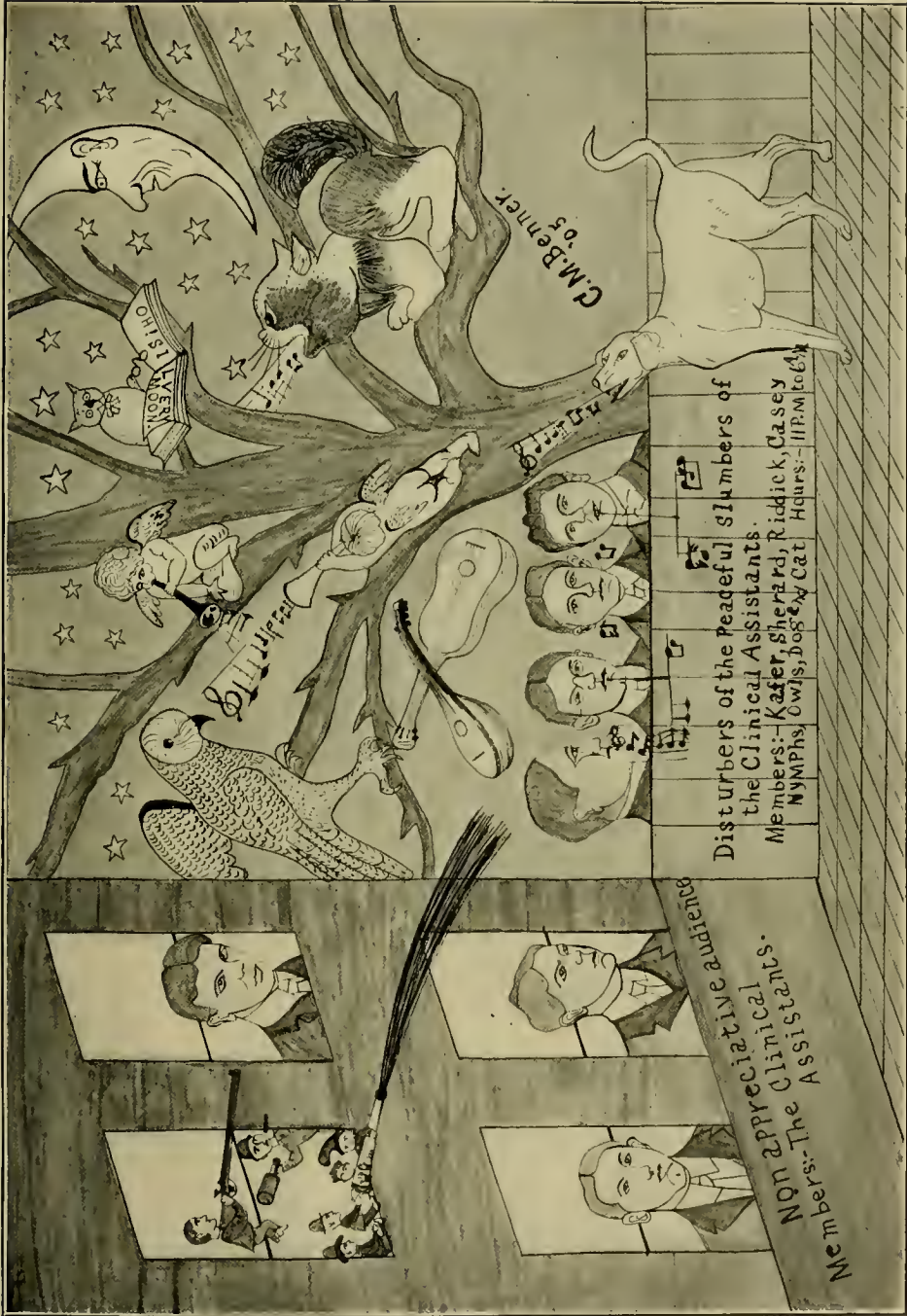
TEFFT—

This man would sell Eternal Life  
But students do not use it,  
So he sells everything else in the medical line—  
Poor thing, why do THEY so abuse it.

WARTHEN—

He has a loving disposition  
And a right good set of brains,  
But we often ask ourselves the question,  
Does his beauty cause him pains?





TERRA MARIA PICTURE PUZZLE.

## SENIOR STATISTICS

Average age—Twenty-four.

Height—Five feet ten inches.

Weight—One hundred and fifty-three pounds.

Size Hat—Seven.

Size Shoe—Seven and one-half.

Smoke—Yes, 68 per cent.; no, 32 per cent.

Chew—Yes, 9 per cent.; no, 91 per cent.

Drink Intoxicants—Yes, 57 per cent.; no, 1 per cent.

Use Profanity—Yes, 45 per cent.; no, 55 per cent.

Wear Glasses—Yes, 27 per cent.; no, 73 per cent.

Time of Retiring—Eleven-thirty P. M.

Favorite Study—Practice of Medicine.

Most Boring Study—Anatomy.

Favorite Style of Literature—Fiction, 40 per cent.; poetry, 30 per cent.; romance, 20 per cent.; history, 10 per cent.

Favorite Author—Edgar Allen Poe, 40 per cent.; Shakespeare, 30 per cent.; Scott and Page, 15 per cent. each.

Favorite Professor—Mitchell, 40 per cent.; Chew, 35 per cent.; Bond, 25 per cent.

Ugliest Man—Fleishman, 100 per cent.

Wittiest Man—Carroll, 100 per cent.

Biggest Loafer—Gibson, 40 per cent.; L. M. Harrison, 35 per cent.; Bare, 15 per cent.; Hala, 10 per cent.

Laziest Man—Chapelier, 79 per cent.; Riddick, 21 per cent.

Most Influential Man—Jenkins, 40 per cent.; McCarty, and Harry, 30 per cent. each; Mitchell, 25 per cent.; Fleishman, 1 per cent.

Best Man Morally—Brotham, 65 per cent.; Burns, 30 per cent.; Burden, 5 per cent.

Best Football Player—Hala, 50 per cent.; Carnal, 40 per cent.; Revel, 10 per cent.

Biggest Lady Killer—Rooks, 79 per cent.; Mathewson, 21 per cent.

Greatest Bore—Tefft, 89 per cent.; Levin, 11 per cent.

Biggest Liar—Salley, 98 per cent.; Bare and Goldbach, 1 per cent. each.

Biggest Eater—Bare, 98 per cent.; Benner, 2 per cent.

Greenest Man—A. Wood Disosway, 90 per cent.; Lefevre, 10 per cent.

Most Boastful Man—Smithson, 45 per cent.; Salley, 30 per cent.; Irwin, 15 per cent.

Cheekiest Man—Tefft, 60 per cent.; Mathews, 35 per cent.; Brooks, 5 per cent.

Most Popular Man—Mitchell, 60 per cent.; Carnal, 20 per cent.; Sherard, 20 per cent.

Most Intellectual Man—H. D. McCarty, 44 per cent.; Carnal, 34 per cent.; Remsburg, 22 per cent.

Best All-Around Athlete—Hala, 65 per cent.; Graham, 35 per cent.

Best Baseball Player—Graham, 90 per cent.; DeBlois, 10 per cent.

Biggest Wire Puller—Mathews, 75 per cent.; Bay, 25 per cent.

Most Conceited Man—Lefevre, 44 per cent.; Mathews, 38 per cent.; Irwin, 21 per cent.

Handsome Man—Bare and Fleishman, each 50 per cent. Two votes—each voting for himself.

Hardest Student—Mahle, 60 per cent.; Metzel, 40 per cent.

## A FEW HOBBIES

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RANDOLPH "MAYO".....	Antiquated jokes.
"UNCLE TIM".....	Easing his conscience.
"DR." SAMUEL C.....	Elevation of students' morals.
"CHILDREN" CHARLIE.....	Milk.
"AT-OUR-LAST-LECTURE" DAVIE.....	Advising Freshmen.
"PUGGIE".....	Flunking Juniors.
J. MASON "MAYO".....	Practical (?) methods.
JOHN C. "EGO".....	Tooting his own little horn.
"OLD MARYLAND" EUGENE.....	A greater University.
THOMAS C. G. "M. R. C. S.".....	Sarcasm.
"PATHOLOGICAL" JOSE.....	Showing students things they can't see.
"JOJO" JOS. J.....	Repetitions.
"LABORATORY" HARRY.....	Thinking up a new don't for lab-rules.
"COLONEL" DORSEY.....	Collecting money for the University.
"SHERLOCK" JOHNSON.....	Collecting money for Dorsey.
"UNCLE" HIRAM.....	Giving hard examinations.
"G. W." S. B. B.....	Cultivating student acquaintances.
"ORTHOPAEDIC" TUNSTALL.....	Pulling legs.
"BOUNCING BOBBIE" LANIER.....	Raising spirits.
"TIFFANITIS" SHIPLEY.....	Warning "House" students.
"RAT" WRIGHT.....	Making a diagnosis.
"GYNEPOD" BRENT.....	Asepsis.
"TOGO" WILKINSON.....	Expressing his opinion.
"BILLIDOD" SCOTT.....	Taking a night off.
"DOTTOR" HANSEN.....	? ? ? ? ?
"KISSING-BUG" BAGLEY.....	Ejecting "drunks" from hospital.
"BENEDICT" GASSAWAY.....	Doing things up "Brown."
"GROUCHY" LENNAN.....	Reporting students and nurses.
("DOCTOR" OWINGS, M.D.).....	Hasn't any.
HALA.....	Cutting lectures.
KNEISLEY.....	Lying and lying.
ROOKS.....	Looking for a woman.
LEFEVRE.....	Telling his troubles.
MATHEWS.....	Fainting on operations.
MITCHELL, R. L.....	"Bootlicking" with the nurses.
HARRISON, G. B.....	Attending to the affairs of others.
GRAHAM.....	Midnight walks.
CARNAL.....	"Blue-penciling" jokes on himself.
BARE.....	Imitating Carnal.
BRABHAM.....	Telling the truth.

## A FEW HOBBIES.

RILEY	.....	Writing "cribs."
GIBSON, M. R.	.....	Holding hands.
RYTINA	.....	Enlightening his classmates.
TEFFT	.....	Protecting his beard.
IRWIN	.....	Combing his hair.
SMITHSON	.....	Making a whipping finish.
CARROLL	.....	"Eating" tobacco.
FLEISCHMAN	.....	Making friends (?).
MCCARTY, H. D.	.....	Tennis.
DEBLOIS	.....	Breathing in.
CROON	.....	Breathing out.
ADKINS	.....	Women.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

We submit the following list of new publications, the authors being among our student body:  
FROM—

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.—

- "The Model Man—As Seen by Himself." By Harry E. Jenkins.
- "Peculiar Manifestations of Booze on the Nervous System." By Oswald O. Kefer, assisted by H. C. Irwin and B. S. Sherrard.
- "Side-lights on the Life of Hoyle." By Julian W. Ashby.
- "Biographies of Well-Known Liars." By E. B. Salley, also editor of last edition of "Ananias' Short Stories."

LEA BROTHERS—

- "Meta-Physics of Profanity." By H. C. Irwin.
- "Woman—As I Have Seen Her." By J. E. Rooks.
- "A New Elixir of Life; or, How to be Everlastingly a Kid." By R. L. Mitchell.

LIPPINCOTT & Co.—

- "Single Blessedness." By C. M. Benner.
- "Self Appreciation Versus Intrinsic Worth." By McGuire Brothers.

D. APPLETON & Co.—

- "Ain't It Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make?" A Poem by Antonio Rytina.
- "A Talk to the Boys." By H. L. Kneisley.
- "Why Is An Onion?" By Sam. Luther Bare.

## CALENDAR 1904-'05

- October 3—University of Maryland opens for business.  
October 4—Fresh. Lyon introduces himself to Dr. Chew.  
October 6—The Freshmen are initiated into College life.  
October 7—Irwin begins to swear.  
October 9—Mathews makes himself superintendent of hospital.  
October 10—Dr. Shipley reads one of Jimmy's histories and appoints Dr. Linnan to take charge of Mathews.  
October 19—M. R. Gibson, arrested, and fined \$6.70 for ignorance.  
October 20—Disoway found in a demented condition grazing upon the campus.  
October 29—Kafer writes R̄ for insomnia.

R̄

Sodii Bromidi, gr. *j*.

Morph. Sulph. gr. *iv*.

M. ft. chart No. 1

Sig. Take at bedtime.

- November 1—Seniors grinding for Obstetric Exam.  
November 3—Dr. Criaghill: "Mr. Bare, what is dose of Gelsemium?"  
Bare: "Four or five oz."  
November 5—Sherard joins the Kerukes.  
November 12—Carnal and Hala engage in a shirt-tearing contest.  
November 20—Pharmacy men continue hazing.  
November 24—College goes bankrupt after betting on U. of M.—Hopkins game.  
November 25—No school.  
December 2—5th, 6th and 7th acts of Parsifal—Room No. 9, "House."  
December 2—Kerukes celebrate—Insomnia.  
December 10—Irwin still cussing.  
December 11—Ashby buys more hair-restorer.  
December 15—Gibson falls in love for 121st time.  
December 23—Great exodus.  
January 3—2 A. M., Jenkins makes his maiden speech on hospital steps.  
January 5—Great influx.  
January 10—Mathews finds conventional attire too warm and starts to wear a sleeveless coat.  
January 21—Hopkins beats U. of M. at basketball.  
January 28—Irwin still swearing.  
January 30—Seniors are complimented (?) by Prof. Gilchrist.  
January 31—Sherrard, Fleishman and G. S. McCarty caught napping in Surgery.  
February 4—Hala and Carnal Dramatic Company give a histrionic exhibition at Tommy's.  
February 11—Relay team wins at Hopkins' games.  
February 13—Rytina starts another poker game.  
February 15—Irwin has an apoplectic fit at 4 A. M. due to excitement of enunciating sulphurous words.

## CALENDAR 1904-05.

- February 20—Smithson on a raid.  
February 22—Maryland beats Hopkins at basketball  
February 25—Casey asks Fatty Bare to jump through a diminutive ring. Bare declines to be a circus wonder.  
February 27—Bare tells the same joke for the 150th time.  
February 28—Rytina re-establishes his reputation as a sprinter.  
February 29—Extra! Extra! Beatty studies for 55 minutes.  
March 2—Maryland wins basketball championship from Hopkins.  
March 4—Inauguration. For particulars see G. B. Harrison. Gibson and Harrison wear inauguration souvenirs—(Bloody.)  
March 6—Mathews pulls Tefft's whiskers.  
March 7—Vogel (07) wants to amend U. S. Constitution. He's going to put up Warfield and Rayner in 1908.  
March 10—Prof. Winslow: "Graham."  
Some one in back: "Absent; he's in the dissecting room."  
Prof. Winslow: "What room is Hala in?" Mystery of the hospital—who broke Dr. Shipley's window.  
March 12—Hammond enhances his reputation as a medical man.  
March 15—Gibson and Rooks make a dodge for good looking girl—Gibson wins by a hand.  
March 18—Carnal sings "Nearer, My God, to Thee," at 3 A. M. revival.  
March 19—Tefft asks Matthews for an apologie.  
March 20—Tefft succeeds in sticking Freshmen with book remnants.  
March 21—Tefft and Matthews have a fight in the hall of fame. Tefft knocked out in fourth round.  
March 22—Dorsey Johnson is still looking for McKee and Hala.  
March 25—Dental Seniors on "qui vive."  
March 26—Irwin and Levin still hob-nobbing.  
April 1—Carnal fools Gibson by impersonating a girl—Gibson becomes enamoured and asks her (Carnal) to name the day.  
Disosway and Sherrard become more foolish.  
April 10—Medical Seniors go into retirement.  
May 1—An epidemic of Dipsomania.  
May 10—More epidemics.  
May 15—Solemn exercises—Graduation.  
May 16—More dipsomaniacs.

Et Cetera.

## FRESHMEN.

As the train rolled onward a Freshman sat in tears,  
Thinking of the bumps he'll get in all those future years;  
For baby's face brings pictures of a cherished hope that's fled,  
But baby's cries can't take him back to his cherished trundle bed.



## DRINKING

The thirsty earth soaks in the rain  
    And drinks, and gapes for drink again.  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
    With constant drinking fresh and fair.  
The sea itself (which one would think  
    Should have but little need of drink)  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
    So filled that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy Sun (and one would guess  
    By his drunken, fiery face not less)  
Drinks up the Sea, and when he's done,  
    The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.  
They drink and revel all the night,  
    They drink and dance by their own light:  
Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
    But an eternal Health goes round!  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high!  
    Fill all the glasses there! For why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
    Why, Man of Morals, tell me why!

ANACHREON.



## A KERUKE'S REVERIE

I am dying the death of a soul that is damned;  
The light of my life is obscured,  
Oh, leave me to sicken, to pale and to die  
Of a wound that will never be cured.



# A SUMMER'S TALE

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Antonio Rytino.....	A gambler	Bustero Kaferi.....	A clown
Eros Jenkinso.....	A lover	Philario Gibso.....	A fool
Rosco Carnali.....	A hero	Cato Harrisona.....	A legitimate son of Sherradi
Gulielmo Halaro.....	An assistant hero	Racoona Humo.....	A wife of Sherradi
Cleopatra Riddicka....	A beauteous damsel	Cato Sherradi.....	A husband of Racoona
Casca Stonessa.....	A "spotter"	Luthero Bara.....	A judge

## ACT I.

### Scene I—Hallway of Student's House.

PHILARIO—

Hence! ye everlasting idlers; get ye gone.  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not  
That the silvery moon shines bright;  
I must hold hands—I must to my love.

[Exit Philario].

ANTONIO—

Fools ye are that hold such hands,  
As is the wont of mad Philario.  
I would but say some other hands to hold,  
Which bring the shekels; a game is brewing in the air.  
What ho! fellows come up a flight and see,  
I'll deal the cards and e'en open the pot.

[Exeunt Omnes].

### SCENE II—Antonio's Room.

EROS—

I must not tarry long in this Canfield den,  
My love, sweet Cleopatra bid me come.  
I'll stay four deals and then on wings of love,  
I'll fly to her, lest Philario outstrip me there.

BUSTERO—

By my troth, yes; I count but time lost,  
To hear such a foolish thing. List to me,  
My eros-stricken Eros; Philario was never known  
To win a maid; his hands are rough, his embrace  
Like a bear; so fear ye not for your damsel.

[Exit Eros].

ANTONIO—

Forsooth I know not what to do,  
Shall I stay in, and chance a chip,  
It ill becomes me to drop out.

ROSCO—

I would the game was over, Antonio,  
I love you well, and you the rest; so  
Wherefore do you hold us here so long?  
What is it that you would do to us,  
If it be aught for the general good  
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,  
I have a better plan to pass the night.

GULIELMO—

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,  
When the sweet Eros did gently kiss his love  
And she did make no noise, in such a night  
The Kerukes methinks ontstepped the bounds  
And sighed their souls toward the egg-nog bowl.

ROSCO—

In such a night as this, 'tis no more but foolish  
To stay indoors and lose our money to thee, Antonio,  
Let us betake ourselves to Flood's, and there  
Pass the whirling hours as they slip along.

ANTONIO—

By my troth, I would another hand stay  
And yet I'll humor your vices and keep  
Your company. Come gather in the rest.

CASCA—Aside

Ye gods! They're off and suspect me not,  
I'll dog their footsteps and ere the sight of day,  
If but a chance does offer itself  
To gaol they'll wend their way.

[Exeunt Omnes].

SCENE III—House of Cato Sherrardi.

[Bell rings] enter Philario.

PHILARIO—

Ho! Ho! my fine young upstart  
Prithee caust thou not inform me  
Whether your beautiful mistress,  
The sweet Cleopatra, is at home.

SERVANT—

Yea, my master of the "wheels."  
Sit ye down in this pleasant seat  
And bide your time until milady  
Comes to make you welcome.

PHILARIO—

My luck is in the ascendant,  
Surely must I, of all the lovers,  
Been born under a favorable star.  
'Tis thus I will outwit the handsome Eros,  
And claim my just and needed reward  
At the hands of divine Cleopatra.

[Bell rings again—Eros is ushered in].

EROS—[Not perceiving Philario].

It must be—tonight the burning question  
Will I propound; surely the fates will not  
Desert me now; dear Cleopatra's manner  
Has been strangely warm of late.

[Perceives Philario].

Ha!

As usual the face of a fool in seen in places  
Better thou should be the wont; what would'st thou?

PHILARIO—

I came to see the master of this house,  
My business is only with his private self.

EROS—

'Tis well you spake so well, else my heart  
Would have been troubled with a jealous hate.  
The servant has informed me that many a time and oft,  
You asked for Cleopatra, and yet made love,  
A fervent, passionate love, to Cleopatra's maid.  
Out upon thee, Philario, yet stay, I did forget  
Your faculty for making love. You have earned  
Your reputation; for Rumor, flying on the wings of gossip,  
Has branded you as one, who in one short stretch  
Of night, made love to five damsels,  
And with equal fervor in each instance.

PHILARIO—

It is not thus; you lie, you lie;  
I say thou liest, Eros, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout.  
A mindless slave or else a hovering  
Temporizer, that canst with thine eyes,  
At once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both.

[Bustero is ushered in].

BUSTERO—

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place  
For our meeting—well met, gentle sires, well met.

PHILARIO—

What sayst thou clown.

BUSTERO—

There are things in this comedy of life  
That will never please and never draw a laugh,  
Why e'en in old Tarheel State I once saw  
Philario displeased and perforce he has  
Not both hands, but only one, around a lady's belt.

PHILARIO—

Out upon thee, Clown, and state thy business here.

BUSTERO—

I seek but Cato, and would invite him  
At the special invitation of the Kerukes,  
To Flood's.

[Enter Cato].

Most honored sire  
I have the best of news, the Kerukes  
At Flood's do meet tonight.  
By special invitation are you requested  
For oft, anon did you with manner mild,  
Yet spirit lofty celebrate with our genial company.

CATO—

My life of late has boded little good for my  
Enjoyment. I thank you and will gladly  
Accompany you to Flood's—a good resort,  
Where princes of the blood do consort,  
And many Eves are wont to regale their time.

[Enter Racoona].

RACOONA—

Good even, gentlemen; methinks this meeting  
Is held as usual in planning to no good purpose.  
My lord Cato is ever deliberating how and when  
His house to forego; on some pleasure bent.  
To you, O! Cato, I address myself. Let it not be so!  
Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect,  
The unviolated honor of your wife.

CATO—

Nay; you should know fair mistress, mine,  
What I have suffered to bring myself to evil,  
For your good. My will is oft enough  
Sorted with your wish. Muse not that  
I suddenly proceed thus; for what I will,  
I will and thus an end. Come let us go  
And take the foolish Philario along.

EROS—

Yea, take young Philario with you,  
For indeed he swore by his halidom  
That he came to see, not fair Cleopatra,  
But thyself, Oh Cato! Take him with you.

PHILARIO—

I have no doubt you pride yourself;  
Your foresight is so good, but I've changed  
My mind. I'll wait and bide my time.  
Until the fair young maid that you'd call wife  
Doth appear. Since butting in is my forte,  
I will sustain it.

RACOONA—

I had most forgotten  
The reason that did bring me here—I must  
Perforce tell you all; that Cleo is quite ill,  
So go, young sires, follow in the footsteps of my lord,  
For Cato can lead you a strenuous pace.

EROS—

Foiled again, but next time will suffice;  
Art thou coming Philario, or wilt thou stay  
And enjoy the gloom of this empty chamber?

PHILARIO—

Done to death by slanderous tongues.  
Was Philario that here lies.

Death in guerdon of his wrongs  
Gives him fame in paradise.  
Yea, I'll come—let's all to Flood's.

[Exeunt Omnes].

ACT II.

SCENE I—Flood's Resort.

ANTONIO—

A slot machine—a slot machine for me.  
It was ever thus—'tis my fate to win or lose.  
Though poker is my forte—some nickels I will chance,  
In this unlucky place and mayhaps win some.

PHILARIO—

Go to, I see a soubrette fair—to her  
My pensive way will wend, and meet  
Better fortune than was mine tonight  
At Cato's home.

BUSTERO—

You must ever thus,  
Can you not sit in this our company.  
Must you forego these bottles of P'abst—go then  
And may your evil star shine out more brightly.

ROSCO—

The blood is being heated in my veins,  
I feel an Indian wrestler—and can down  
The strongest of you here—yea, even Guliuimo.  
I'll tear his shirt again and laugh aloud  
To see him rolling in the dust with helplessness.

GULJEIMO—

Try it and see—I'll chance your strength  
And if you put me down, I'll treat the crowd.

[They wrestle—the others join in a general fight—  
Casca with a squad arrests all.]

SCENE II—The court room. Judge Bara presiding.

BARA—

Order—order in the court room, or I'll convict  
You all without a hearing. What is the charge  
Against these wicked looking mischiefs?

CASCA—

Your grave and reverend honor, I do propose  
To make their reputation suffer. Know you, then,  
That on a beautiful night—yea, last night,  
This rabble did assemble at the Flood's,  
And proved so quarrelsome that in general strife  
They did engage to make a hideous wreck  
Of Flood's—of others than themselves.

BARA—

What is your plea? Who is your spokesman; Ho!  
Are you all guilty of this serious charge  
Or are you not—I wait for your defense.

ROSCO—

Most honored Judge—mistake us not our motive;  
It is quite true we fought—but disorderly we were not;  
This Casca here, a most unhonorable man is he,  
He came upon us unawares and put us under arrest.  
We did resist until the minion of the law  
O'er powered us—that is the tale, I swear.

BARA—

Who swears to this—if this be true;  
Then Casca shall be fined and his position lose.

OMNES—

We all swear, O! Judge.

BARA—

The prisoners are discharged—but heed ye this,  
Appear not brawlish—keep a peaceful mind,  
And Casca here I fine 500 pieces, and reduce  
Him to a cop—a common cop again.

SCENE II—House of Cato.

CLEOPATRA—

Good sirrah, Philario, my beauty tho' but mean  
Needs not your praise with all its painted flourish;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not uttered by base sale of Chapman's tongue.  
Know you the man to whom my heart is given,  
To dear Eros whose pleading has not been in vain.

PHILARIO—

And so it is—and so it ever must be  
I lose each maiden, my hard luck sticks to me;  
Good bye, sweet maid—I go to drink oblivion.

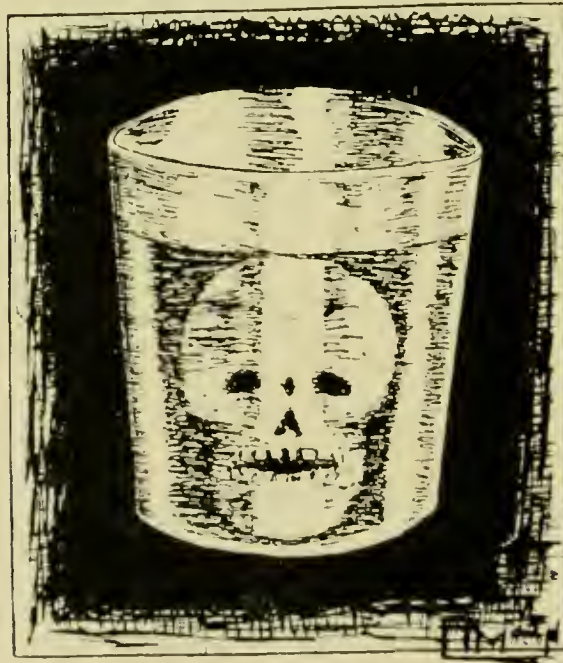
SCENE III—Students' House—Eros' Room.

EROS—

Yea, good fellows my invitation is given to you,  
Yea, c'en to Philario, my one-time rival.  
Tomorrow night—a watermelon feast I give  
And all are invited. There amicable Rosco  
And peace-loving Gulielmo can decide the strife  
With no guardians of the peace to say them nay.  
There Bustero can shake us with his laugh,  
And Antonio play solitaire to his heart's content.  
But more; a wedding takes place next week  
At the sign of the Cascade—come all of you.  
Cerevisia will flow freely. Give me your ears,  
We'll go to Tommy's now—the treats on me.

Hail, hail the noble Eros.

[Exeunt omnes.]





SOME INTERESTING DEDICATIONS SUGGESTED TO THE BOARD OF EDITORS.

We dedicate, most amatively, this nerve-racking book to the rosy cheeks of "Baby Bob" Mitchell and to the faded-blue eyes of "Old Goat" Bay in recognition of the benefits reaped by us in the management of our first Annual due to their untiring "boot-licking."

[Suggested by the Editors of the Nurses' Annual.]

[We also suggest that the efforts of "Butsky" Brabham be duly rewarded.]

To

OSWALD OTMAR KAER.

The "Housemen" heartily dedicate this volume as a token of appreciation of his unselfish, 2 A. M., 20-horse-power, alcoholic laugh.

[Suggested by Elmer A. Adkins.]

To

SAM. LUTHER BARE.

In appreciation of the many d——d foolish suggestions offered by him.

[Suggested by R. C. Carnal.]

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BALTIMORE, MD., January 15, 1905.

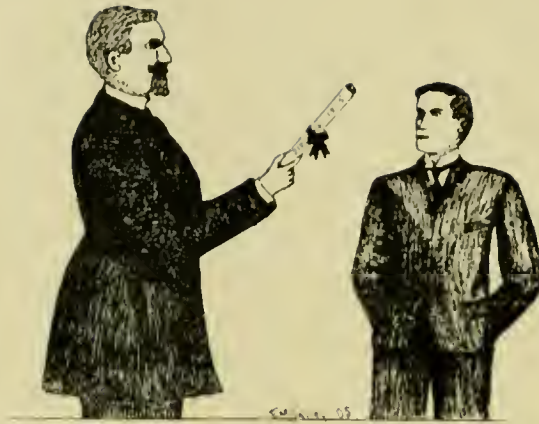
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF 1905 ANNUAL, UNIV. OF MARYLAND, BALTIMORE.

DEAR SIR:—The two letters I have written you remain unanswered, and yesterday I called in person to see you at your office; but found the office closed with crepe on the door. Again I take my pen in hand, being urgently urged by J. Mason, to drop you a third letter, requesting you with all the requestiveness at hand to hastily dedicate your book to the two surgically immortal men—*The Mayo Brothers*. Don't let John Annanias Hemmeter influence your decision, because he is only jealous of our onward strides toward becoming thirty-third degree members of the A. A. E. You can plainly see that Timothy Apple Ashby was not very confident of the truth of his statements or he would have bet more than an apple. I admit that in a joking way J. Mason strained the truth a trifle; but, you know, Mason always was rather inclined to be jocular—and, to tell the truth, I am a little bit so myself.

Hoping you won't disappoint J. Mason and that a fourth letter will not be necessary, I will close this hastily-written note. I remain,

Yours a la Mayo,

RANDOLPH.



## FOUR EPOCHS.

### I.

This well I know—that once that I did wear  
A Freshy's coat, a painted face, and exposed hose,  
With pointed toes.  
Held prisoner by doughty Sophs with care.  
A brave (?) compatriot hung shivering at my side;  
His frightened face was sad to look upon,  
Yet oft anon  
I felt a fear in my own body did abide.  
That was in 1901-1902.

### II.

So after I had reached and climbed over the wall  
Of first year tests, and was a full-fledged Soph,  
The merits of  
My learned head bethought me as the only All.  
I hazed the greeny Freshmen; did it well.  
I made the team; I cut the clinics out.  
I had a bout  
Or two. Alas! the day! on Miles I fell.  
That was in 1902-1903.

III.

Now leaping to the third year, I start to go.  
What's this? The Alkalvidal Clinic? Oh! No Tefft,

You are bereft.

I'd rather spend, to some good purpose, my dough.  
Some clinics I did go to. I tried to conceal  
The fact I was no plugger; it was in vain,

Yes, all in vain.

For think! I was flunked by Dr. Battledore Neal.

That was in 1903-1904.

IV.

This well I ken—that now some study I must undergo;  
I am a Senior. I can distinguish sciatica from a migraine.

It's quite a bane.

It's quite a hardship to remember all I ought to know.

And here I stand; a shiver runs down my spine.

Will I pass? Will they give me a degree?

Is it for me?

Hurrah! Come have a drink; the diploma's mine.

It is 1905.

—*W. W. H.*, '05.



## DEFINITIONS— 1905

- SENIOR—From Lat., *Sens*, meaning "mind" or "sense;" and from Old Eng., or meaning "more." Therefore one who has more sense (?).
- ASHBY—From Eng., *Ash*, meaning "the remains of what is burnt;" and from Old Eng., *Bye*, meaning "by and by" or hereafter. Therefore one who will burn in the hereafter.
- BARE—From Eng., *Bare*, meaning "uncovered or disclosed." An example of a student who discloses a poor joke 'steen times.
- BROOKS—From an Eng. abbreviation, *Bro.*, meaning "brother;" and from Old Eng., *Oks*, meaning "Ox of beast of burden." The donkey is also a beast of burden, a sort of brother to the Ox. Therefore Brooks—a jackass.
- CARNAL—From Eng., *Car*, meaning a vehicle or wagon, and from Russian, *Hual*, meaning "to run after." One who runs after a (water) wagon, but never catches it.
- CARROLL—From Eng., *Car*, meaning a vehicle or wagon; and from Eng., *Roll*, "to push along." One who pushes a (water) wagon along.
- CASEY—From Eng., *Case*, meaning a "receptacle or a case;" and from letter Y, next to the last in alphabet. In applying for anything persons near the end of a list do not have much hope. Hence Casey—a hopeless case.
- HALA—From Sanskrit, *Hayl*, meaning "poet," and *Laor*, meaning poor, bum, rotten, of no good. Therefore, "a bum, or rotten poet."
- KNEISLEY—From Gr., *Tizvoul*, meaning "to know;" and from Old Eng., *Ley*, meaning "to lie, tell an untruth." One who knows how to tell (fish) stories.
- KAFFER—From Gr., ΚΑΤΥΣ, meaning "underneath;" and from Gr., ΦΕΡΩ, "to bring forth or put." One who is put underneath (a table).
- LEFÈVRE—From Anglo-Sax., *Left*, meaning "left;" and from Eng., *Ever*, meaning "always." One who is always left.
- PARVIS—From Lat., *Par*, meaning "equal or as good as;" and from Lat., *Vidco*, "to see." Therefore one who sees things as well as anybody; i. e., knows as much as anybody (?).
- REVEL—One who revels, i. e., indulges in Bacchanalian orgies.
- RIDDICK—From Lat., *Ridiculum*, meaning "a big joke."
- RHHA—From Ρεω (Gr.) "to flow," and Old Eng., "Ha," a laugh. One whose laughs flow i. e., one always laughing.
- RATINA—From Old Eng., *Ryt*, meaning "right, infallible;" and from Gr., *Teta*, meaning "in order that." In order to be infallible, consult Rytina.
- SALLEY—A corruption of Sally, a woman.
- SHERARD—From Eng., "*Sherry*," an alcoholic beverage; and from Lat., *Ad*, meaning "toward or to." One who is addicted to alcoholic beverages.
- TEFFT—From Old Eng., meaning "tough." A tough proposition.
- TYSON—From Gr., *Tizea*, meaning "will pay back." One who will pay back (his classmates for stealing his satchel at lectures).
- KERUKES—From Gr., *Kepds*, a drinking horn; and from Old Eng., *Rukes* (*Rooks*), "birds like crows." Hence, Kerukes are birds flocking around a drinking horn [Egg-nog rushes].

## AND THEY SAY IT'S TRUE

He was a guileless college youth  
That mirrored modesty and truth,  
And sometimes at his musty room  
His sister called to chase the gloom.  
One afternoon when she was there  
Arranging things with kindly care,  
As often she had done before,  
There came a knock upon the door.  
Our student, sensitive to fears,  
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,  
Had only time to make deposit  
Of his dear sister in a closet;  
Then haste the door to open wide,  
His guest unbidden, stept inside.

He was a cherry-faced old man,  
And with apologies began  
For calling, and then let him know  
That more than fifty years ago,  
When he was in his youthful bloom,  
He'd occupied that very room,  
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,  
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view,  
Ha! Ha! The same old pictures, too!"  
And then he tapped them with his cane,  
And laughed his merry laugh again.  
"The same old sofa. I declare!  
Dear me! It must be worse for wear.  
The same old shelves!" And then he came  
And spied the closet door. The same—  
"Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.  
Quick as he could he closed it to.  
He shook his head. "Ah, ha! The same  
Old game, young man, the same old game!"

Would you my reputation slur?"  
The youth gasped; "that's my sister, sir!"  
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh;  
The same old lie—the same old lie!"

## JUNIOR RUB-A-DUB

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Every one is as God made him and often times a great deal worse—*Cervantes*.

CHIPLEY—

Playing "ashman" looking for Herald \$100 bills is not the only game, "ch, boy."

HOWARD—

CANTWELL—

KEELER—

The widow's "might" will fall on this bunch.

OLIVE—

And what did the "dove bring back," you sly old fox?

RUTLEDGE—

Have you got a match?

ROWE—

Give me a cigarette.

HILL, (JR.) H. PHIL—

Learns his anatomy by practical experience.

FREELINGER—

Snap shot diagnostician.

SNUFFER—

"He's such a nice man," and so good to sick actresses.

CHEYNE AND DANIELS—

"Where is my wandering boy tonight."

"Back, back, back to Baltimore."

BURROWS AND RICE—

Moonlight artists charter members of "Owl Club."

HART—

(a la Indian) with his ear to the ground.

"Hlist," methinks I hear the footsteps of the Track Team.

CHEYNE (T. M.)—

Children cry for—"him."

CARLTON—

I was a brave *Chueffure*, now a plain footman.

CAMPBELL—

"Now its this way, and her name was Maud."

WHITE—

Peacefully dreams of when he will get enough to eat (?) and no worries of quinine as a sedative.

CAPT. BRENT—

I am an ardent admirer of yours and I will write a poem of you.—  
"Poeta Pants."

STEWART—

That far away look, is he an astronomer? No, just a plain mental study.

LYNCH—

Auditory Meatus is not the only cavity doctor.

DUNCAN—

Chases the broad arrow. Newspaper ads. "got you."

DEES—

Watch those Vaso Dilators work in a quiz.

HAYES—

Don't "muss" Bobbie's hair he needs "*it*."

HERSCHNER—

Its not prudent to love more than one at a time (and confess it).

BUCK—

"Say Bobbie," were you ever in Winchester?

CRAWFORD—

Well, I guess, yes. Do you know "Maud?" Well, she's the "limit."

HARROL—

Dainty 'ittle sing.

## MY GENTLE NURSE.

Late in the endless, sleepless night,  
When gloom engulfed hospital hall,  
Who hath heard the night bell sound,  
And heeded soon my anxious call?  
My gentle nurse.

When in delirium's fitful dreams,  
The fever racked my throbbing brain,  
Who hath soothed the fever's rage,  
And brought sleep to mine eyes again?  
My gentle nurse.

When fretful convalescence came,  
The leaden-winged hours dragged by,  
Who hath found a means to cheer,  
And turn to smile each weary sigh?  
My gentle nurse.

At length when health and strength return,  
And back into the world I go,  
Who hath bid me kind God-speed,  
Her gracious duty finished so?  
My gentle nurse.

As long as memory keeps her throne,  
As long as gratitude shall live,  
Who shall hold a place alone,  
The tenderest that my heart can give?  
My gentle nurse.





## TROTH

GOOD MARNIN DENNY, Oi see yer busy wid a paper, so oi'll jest bid ye the time a day. "The top of the day till ye, Larry," ye'll not do nothin of the kind; ye'll sit doon and listen till I rade ye the lether me boy Danny sent me from the big scool he goin ta in Baltymore, tis the deel a larnin and fussin the lads been thro; its a dockter he's a goin to be. "Ye tell me so." "I heard ye say he was a warkin at somethin," guess its a good trade as any now a days, but they don't all work at it. What larns it, bad cess tie them—theres a lot of them goes into the insurance business and sesighities. "Egoy yer roit Larry," thars a hape of them phat turns to rale business men, but about the sesighities, me boy Danny is doin somethin wid wan oh them er thar been doin it tiee him, its some sacret order caled the "Elevation of Friends." He says its only them phat has blue blood can get in. He knows a lad he writes has "Methylene Blue" in his veins, and he one of the laders.

Beded Denny yer boy'll climb tiee the top if yer monnie hangs out. Now yer shoutin Larry, tis the monnie end on it phat plays Hell wid a man jimin clubs and struttin around playin jude whoil the ould folks are scratchin holes in their head trion to make end mate. Phat's that sosighitie he's talkin about? He calls it a froturnety, when ye jain they take yer cloths all off and everything from ye, and before yer thro yer confidance and hope in man is goan with them. They made him ate a couple of mostard plassther, a few spanges and wan fellow tried to shove a hair brush down his throate, but their wasent any room fer it, then he fel thro a hole in the fluer, when he woke they grabed him by the fist and said yer a "Royal True Knight." He says a fraternity makes a lastin impreshion on wan. He was at a banquet and saw a lad from Virginia puttin lumps of chase in his coffee, another was coverin his olives wid sugar, he says the singin was mellow, and the spaches tore the air inta ribbons, so ach wan got a pace for a soovener.

He writes home that there was an explosion in wan of his wark shops; a fella was bilin alkehal to get the water out, when he paked in wid a lamp, and the hull thing blowed up. Was he hurt Danny, sure he dident say, but its not the gettin hurt, its the loss of toime and material. They rave about they have overy appliance to patch a fella up if he gets hurt, but when material is destroyed it costs money to replace it. He said he neuer saw so many men of the same moind before, they all wanted to get down to the ground fluer to bring up help. Wan fella took the windy route. There was a brave lad by the name of Stewart who ran before the bunch—to save them. He tells me there goin to have the colger boys from Annapolis wid them be gad; if that the case the Coronel will ave them doin pack drill if they miss lecktures, and the Secretary will have a fierce job kapin the wemen af the "Parade" ground on the courner. Larry there's part of this lether I can't rade you. He writes ten pages to ask me wan thing and if I don't send it to him at onced, I'll have to rade ten more in a couple of dais; so good day, be sure and come again soon, eh.



ONE day a freshman  
to college came,  
who looked so sweet  
and seemed so tame.



Dr. Cozic took in  
his cash,  
and sent him to  
meet the class.



Then Sunday made his  
Maud's Pride  
heart-sick, nose-sick, and  
hallow-iced.



But he soon revives  
when a letter from  
Daisy he strikes.



And soon the students  
to get to see,  
A freshman as fresh can  
be.

NOTICE  
FRESHMEN  
NO FUZZ  
ON FACE.



When upon the bulletin  
board the above notice  
doth appear.



Then he is summoned  
before the court,  
and receives treat-  
ment of his sort.



Mr. Freshman now  
seems to seek  
to be quite modest  
and quite meek.



But what he thought  
to do for over  
once more he seeks  
the college door.



He smokes a pipe  
and much enjoys  
that he is again  
with the boys.



A speech now he makes  
and a ducking takes.



"Great Heavens!" He  
cries,  
and starts out of his  
eyes.



He spies a Baltimore  
maiden fair  
and in the middle  
parts his hair.



His lady love  
he goes to spy,  
and finds him out in the Park.



But the Gods so decreed  
That a Gothamite has him  
treed.



For this offense he hurls  
the bench.



But love knows no  
reason,  
he takes his cane  
and he walks down Gotham  
down.



For his lady love  
present he seeks  
and he walks down Gotham  
down.



In his lady love's yard he stands  
and a kiss demands,  
but her mother spies  
him and she tries  
to get him  
him.



Down the street he retreats  
with the dog at his feet.



All gathered and torn in the  
batter we find him  
with a big police man standing  
behind him.



At the Mayor's command  
behind the bars he stands,  
with his friends  
he celebrates.



When he escapes  
with his friends  
he celebrates.



Alas! he finds that  
sporting does not  
lead to  
his room  
and studies all  
day.



And when the next few weeks are  
over  
he is a full-fledged Gothamite.

C. MENNICK  
1902.

## THE IDEAL PHYSICIAN

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WHEN CASTING about for a suitable subject on which to write I was much perplexed but finally bethought me that perhaps I could not do a better service than to sketch in very brief outlines the characteristics of an ideal physician. Let me write you, therefore, as aspirants for the realizations of this ideal.

Few of us, perhaps, at the close of our lives will be able to say that we have realized our ideal, unless we have a high ideal, the trajectory of our life will never have risen to any noble height. "Hitch your wagon to a star," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "even though you fall, you will more nearly reach the firmament than if you had never made the attempt."

The physician may be regarded from three points of view: First, his personal life; second, his professional life, and third, his public life.

*Personal Life.* The ultimate basis of esteem is personal character. Wealth for a time may lend its glamor; intellectual attainment for a time may dazzle the judgment; power for a time may achieve apparent success; but when the testing time comes, as come it must to every man, when some great temptation to do wrong confronts him, wealth and intellectual power are as if they were not. Character is the one thing that tells in this life-and-death struggle. Having that you will win the fight and be crowned with the laurel of victory; wanting that you will succumb defeated and dishonored. The struggle may be a public temptation, known of all men, and if you fall, your fall will be like that of Lucifer, or may be hidden in your own breast—known only to God and yourself—but if you will win, the victory is just as great as measured by the eyes of Omnipotence, for a character has been saved and strengthened, a true man has attained his growth. It is due, I am glad to say, to this prevalence of high character that our profession has won such a lofty place in the esteem of the public at large. Its purity is almost never impeached. Remember, that every time you are alone with a female patient in your consulting room with every eye barred out, she gives her honor into your hands and in turn you place your reputation unreservedly in hers. A whisper will destroy either of you. In my opinion it is the highest tribute that can be paid to the character of the profession and equally to the credit of our patients that this mutual confidence is so seldom abused, and the tongue of scandal is so seldom busied with noxious tales.

When you remember that there are over 100,000 physicians in this country with daily possibilities of wrong doing, is it not marvelous that this sacred trust is so jealously conserved.

Greatness of character finds its best expression in kindness. To no one are so many opportunities for this fine trait given as to the physician. In the hay-day of health and happiness he is not needed, but when sickness and weariness and woe come, when the bread-winner may be taken, or the loved mother's gentle life may be in peril, or a sweet, little child, in whom is centered all the tenderness of unbounded love, is lying ill, and death seems to dog the doctor's footsteps; then the trusted physician, wise of head and kind of heart, is, indeed, a welcome visitor. Then can his sympathetic voice bring hope, then can the thousand and one acts of thoughtful kindness bind to him for life the anxious hearts looking to him as the messenger of life. Often a kind word is better than medicine.

Manners make the man. The bore has no place among us. The physician should never be the fop but always the gentleman. Never unclean of clothes or speech, but always neatly dressed and so careful of his words that he need not ask, as did one of General Grant's aides, "There are no ladies present, are there?" "No!" was Grant's stinging reply, "but there are several gentlemen." Soiled linen and unclean nails are as much condemned by Antisepsis as they are by decency. The flavor of stale tobacco smoke about his beard and clothes will never characterize the ideal physician, nor will the indulgence in alcohol ever cloud his judgment or disgust his patients.

Make it a point never to let your intellectual life atrophy through non-use. Be familiar with the classics, English literature in prose and verse; read the lives of the great men of the past, and keep pace with modern thought in books of travel, history, fiction and science. A varied intellectual life will give zest to your medical studies and enable you to enter, not unequipped, into such social intercourse as will beget you friends and will relieve the monotony of a purely medical diet. Let music and art shed their radiance upon your too often weary life and find in the sweet cadence of sound or the rich emotions of form and color a refinement which adds polish to the scientific man.

I suspect that the next characteristic of the Ideal Physician will meet with a ready assent. Marry as soon as you can support a wife. But choose wisely and not too hastily. A bachelor doctor is an anomaly. He cannot fully comprehend the hopes and fears and desires of parents. He knows not the lions in the path of childhood. Imagine, if you can, some sweet lassie confiding to him the symptoms of a heart disease that digitalis cannot cure.

The ideal physician is a good husband and a good father, and so will he enter into the lives and hearts of parents and children; not as a stranger, but as one who can partake of all their emotions, because he has felt the same joys, partaken of the same sorrows, loved as they have loved, and it may be, drunk to the dregs the same cup of loss.

But the ideal doctor lives also a spiritual life. You gentlemen will have to deal with the entrance and the exit of life. You must often ask yourself what and whence is this new *ego* that is born into the world; whither goes the spirit when it quits this tabernacle of flesh, which it left to moulder and decay. The tremendous problems of life and death are daily put before you for solution; you cannot avoid them if you would; they are forced upon you by your daily occupation.

As man to man, may I not ask you to give them that consideration which befits the highest problem that can be presented to any human being. That this life, with its hopes and its joys, its diseases and its disasters, its all, is denied alike by common sense, by reason, and by revelation. He is the best physician who takes account of the life hereafter as well as the life that now is, and who not only heals the body but helps the soul. Let your lives, therefore, be thoroughly religious, religious in your inmost soul, though often you may be denied its customary outward observances. Then shall character, which was my first postulate for our ideal physician, find expression in an ideal altruistic life.

*Professional Life.* The ideal physician is a member of a learned guild. He should be above petty jealousies and tricks of trade. True, he lives by his profession, but he who practices for gain is only a hireling and not a true shepherd of the sheep. If you would attain, therefore, to

this professional ideal, you must be a constant student, keeping abreast of their scientific progress of which, in your community, you must be the chief exponent; you must not be satisfied with the knowledge which you now possess, but you must read, especially the medical journals, or you will be left behind in this day of rapid progress. You must know not only your own language, but must be familiar, at least by a reading knowledge, with French and German, and if possible, with other tongues. He who knows two languages is twice the man he was when he knew only one.

You must not only be skillful, but careful. I have observed a few mistakes made by professional men, and in reviewing them I can see that for every one made by lack of knowledge and skill, two at least have been committed by haste or want of care. With all our varied instruments of precision, useful as they are, nothing can replace the watchful eye, the alert ear, the tactful finger and the logical mind, which correlates the facts obtained through all these avenues of information and so reaches an exact diagnosis, institutes a correct treatment and is rewarded by a happy result.

Be careful in your relations to your patients to deal with them conscientiously. In no other calling is the amount of service to be paid for committed absolutely to the judgment and conscience of the person who is to be paid for his services, whether you shall make few or many visits is left to your discretion and honest judgment. Sordid motives may occasionally lead to the giving of unnecessary attention. But again it is a glory of the medical guild that very few physicians betray this trust, and those who do quickly lose their professional standing. Watch yourselves jealously in this and never let the greed of gain dull the fine edge of professional honesty.

You will be the father confessor to many a penitent. Family skeletons will be unveiled to you alone. The conscientious duty of professional secrecy is given, I am proud to say, into not unworthy hands. True, physicians are sometimes too lax in the repetition of petty gossip, but the profession as a whole is worthy of the confidences so freely given. Be careful, even to reticence, of any betrayal of this trust. Better suffer misconception and unmerited blame yourselves than betray your patients.

Be brave men. Your fathers were brave men. When pestilence stalks in the streets and contagion lurks in every chamber of illness, where have the doctors been found? Fleeing from danger with the frightened multitude? Never! If you wish to find them you must seek in the crowded tenements, in the hospitals and everywhere where the danger of disease lies. There you will find them cheerfully tending the sick, facing disease in the midst of its victims and seeking, even in the bodies of the dead, the knowledge that will make them master of the plague.

War has given us many fine examples of personal bravery, but pestilence has bred its many quiet heroes who have gone about their daily duty, simply, fearlessly, devotedly. No granite shaft, no enduring brass may mark their last resting place, but the Recording Angel has dropped a tear, blotting out their faults, and has written their names high in the roll of fame.

In your professional relations never forget to be charitable. The best patients you will ever have will be the grateful poor, and your hearts will often find a sincere and grateful glance better payment than any gold. In your relations with other physicians you will find many opportunities for that same brotherly kindness which is so beautiful a characteristic of our guild. Always

extend to other physicians and their immediate family the courtesy of faithful attendance without pecuniary return. Avoid the petty jealousies which, I am sorry to say, not seldom estrange physicians from each other. Always believe the best motive unless you know the worst is present. Never say an unkind word of a brother doctor when you can utter a kindly one. Try to be just even to those who are unjust to you.

*Public Life.* In most communities, especially in minor towns and villages, the doctor is one of a small circle of educated men. His scientific studies make him familiar with many public problems, especially those concerning sanitation, the water supply, the prevention of epidemics, the preservation of public health, the problems of school life, the fostering of a proper athletic indulgence, the management of prisons, the care of the feeble minded, the insane and the poor. On all of these questions you must make your voice heard in the community in which you live, or else you will give them over to others less qualified than yourself, and only mischief can follow.

No one, perhaps, is more of a leader than the physician in the various philanthropic enterprises of the day. These are closely allied in many respects to the topics just mentioned, and you will be on boards of directors and managers, and trustees, where you must bring your influence to bear for a wise outlay of charitable gifts and civic appropriations and for harmonizing the antagonistic elements which too often produce discord and confusion. If you combine the qualities which I have sketched for the ideal doctor, you will find that men will easily recognize you as wise leaders whom they will be glad to follow.

My best wishes for you is that you may realize in your own lives these characteristics of the ideal physician. It will matter little then whether your life be long or short, for the proper measure is not how long but *how* it has been lived, and if you attain to old age, when the hairs whiten and the crows' feet begin to show, when your natural forces are abated, you will then not be alone in the world, but have honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, and one Friend above all others, the Great Physician; and when you pass from this life into the next, then shall you be greeted, not only by this one great Friend, but by many from whose pathway you have plucked the thorns and briars of this earthly life; many whom, through the devious paths of convalescence, you have led back to perfect health, to home, husband, father, mother, and children; and even if you have not been able to stay the hand of the grim reaper, those, too, will greet you whose last hours you have soothed amid the pangs of death.





## GRINDS

"Write me a grind," the editor said,  
As he sat in his office chair.  
"Write me a grind," again he said,  
To the editor in his lair.

"Write it about some Freshmen,  
Junior or Senior, Sir,  
You know them by the score—  
But without taunt or personal fling,  
For I'll have no one feel sore."

Then each one with his might began  
To fulfill this mandate new;  
But soon, having tired, they each replied:  
" 'Tis a thing I cannot do."

So, kind reader, if within this list,  
Your name, perchance, you find,  
'Tis the fault, not of the editor's staff,  
But merely of the Grind.

## CHEWERS OF THE "WEED"

---

MOTTO—*In hoc signo vincemus.*

YELL:

Chew! Spit! Chew! Spit!  
 Battle-ax! Newsboy! Gravely!  
 Splash!

PLACE OF MEETING—Any old place.

TIME OF MEETING—Most of the time.

DEGREE—Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.

BARE..... <i>Grand Spitter-in-Chief</i>	BLACKWELL..... <i>Accurate Squirter</i>
REVEL..... <i>Great Plug Masticator</i>	HAMMOND..... <i>Never-Hit Spitter</i>
TYSON..... <i>High Tag Collector</i>	PARKER..... <i>Cuspidor Hustler</i>
JAMISON..... <i>Always-Hit Spitter</i>	SMITHSON..... <i>Squirter-at-Large</i>

DEGREE—Ordinary.

DEGREE—Extraordinary.

\*CARROLL.  
 MCGUIRE.  
 DEVAREY.  
 COPELAND.  
 METZEL.

MISOR.  
 ELDERDICE.  
 GOLDBACH.  
 CARNAL.  
 SHERARD.

\*Ex-Spitter-in-Chief.—Expelled from office—paralysis of masseters.



# A TOAST

## I.

HERE's to the stately medicos,  
The Class of Naughty-Five;  
Here's to the future patients  
Their crafts will keep alive.  
Here's to the tiny printed R  
We find upon each sheet;  
Here's that it will ne'er be used  
Save in disease's defeat.

## II.

Here's to the sorry solemn air  
Each pinched and long-drawn face  
That each staid medico must wear  
In carrying the M.D.'s grace.  
Here's to the dreamer, who each day  
Of patients has a score.  
They fill the house from base to top,  
And crowd around the door.  
Alas! 'tis but an idle dream,  
And soon he must awake;  
When rent day comes with rapid strides  
Then he'll new lodgings take.  
Here's to the grim practitioner,  
Who sees a double woe,  
If one should have an angry corn  
He'll sure cut off your toe.

## III.

A tiny scratch is apt to bring  
You lockjaw, fever, chills;  
He'll drown your hopes in bitter stuff  
And fill you full of pills.  
He's harmless, and means well, no doubt;  
You give for charity's sake.  
He's not of that mean temperament,  
A druggist's bread to take.  
And thus we go through all the list.

## IV.

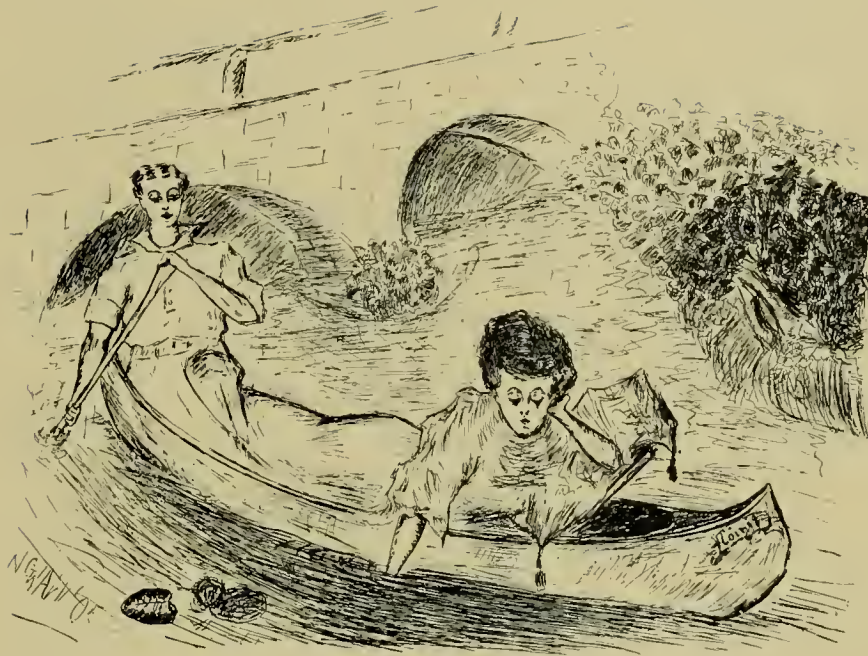
Then tremblingly await  
The hour when one of Maryland's sons  
Will your poor pulses take,  
And with a hammer pound the chest.  
Then listen for your heart;  
And thump and pound you till you think  
He knows the blacksmith's art.  
But someone must be generous.

## V.

So here's to that great soul  
Who like a holocaust is led  
To a "med's" ambitious goal.  
Then here's to each and every "Med"  
Of the Class of 1905;  
May you the fair untarnished name  
Of "Maryland" keep alive.  
May Truth and Hope you all attend  
And guard you every day;  
And now to all the Maryland boys,  
God speed you on your way!

**T**O THERE, O! Alma Mater mine,  
 I ever look with proud-lit eyes;  
 Who dares to say that your fame dies,  
 When thou hast lived such years as thine,  
 The teaching which amply thou hast dealt  
 With almost gratuitous hand for mankind's good,  
 To combat hoary Death in grim shroudy hood,  
 For that alone toward you hearts must melt,  
 The love that loyal sons of thine  
 Bore toward you in years long ago,  
 From each their station, high or low;  
 That love toward you shall ere be mine.  
 But not for this alone art thou so great:  
 To me at least there is another thing,  
 A thought that makes me quite too sad to sing  
 In joyful strains; though jollity's been my fate,  
 I loved to roam with great and bounding steps  
 Along your thoroughfare, to meet a kindred mate;  
 It always caused indescribable force to operate  
 Upon my inward self; those were my precepts,  
 I loved to listen to the eloquence  
 Of Chew and Mitchell and others too; their proesy  
 Was far more potent than any singer's poesy;  
 Their influence over me was immense.  
 I loved to dream of the well-equipped gym,  
 That our reverend Regents would generously give,  
 The dream ne'er came true; it fell like water  
     through a sieve—  
 Yet the thought was, as to angels is a hymn,  
 But now that all these days are past  
 There comes a solemn melancholic sadness,  
 I can ne'er again with daily steadfastness  
 Cut my lectures and *cram* toward the last.

W. W. H., '05.



### VACATION.

Do not worry o'er your failures,  
But dismiss them from your mind;  
And leave troubles' scorching city  
Distanced — miles behind.  
And as you wield your paddle  
When down life's stream you wind  
May the music of Dame Nature  
Be of the Summer kind.

If the rustle of good fortune  
Comes, like the flutter of a wing  
Of a bird that's right above you,  
And just about to sing—  
May you listen to ambition—  
Count the joys that it can bring—  
And never feel the bitterness  
Of regret,—nor of its sting.

—W. G. H.



# FRATERNITIES



PHI KAPPA SIGMA.....	Alpha-Zeta Chapter
KAPPA SIGMA.....	Alpha-Alpha Chapter
PHI SIGMA KAPPA.....	Eta Chapter
KAPPA PSI.....	Delta Chapter
NU SIGMA NU.....	Beta-Alpha Chapter
CHI ZETA CHI...Louis McLane Tiffany	Chapter
XI PSI PHI.....	Eta Chapter
PSI OMEGA.....	Phi Chapter
THETA NU EPSILON.....	Sigma-Tau Chapter



KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.







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CLAY C. CHIDESTER.....	West Virginia	WM. W. RIHA.....	New York
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CALVIN T. YOUNG.....Florida	



WELLS, RAY &  
DETROIT.





NU SIGMA NU FRATERNITY.

CHAPTERS.

ALPHA.....	Marshallton, Del.	EPSILON.	Maryland Medical College, Baltimore
BETA.	University Col. of Med., Richmond, Va.	ZETA...	Georgetown University, Wash., D. C.
GAMMA.....	Columbia University, N. Y. City	ETA...	Phila. College Pharmacy, Philadelphia
DELTA....	University of Maryland, Baltimore	THETA....	Medical College of Va., Richmond
IOTA.....	University of Alabama, Mobile.		

NU SIGMA NU FRATERNITY.  
(MEDICAL.)

FOUNDED:

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN  
1882.

BETA ALPHA CHARTER.

CHARTERED:

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND  
1901.

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PROF. SAMUEL C. CHEW.	ASSOCIATE PROF. L. M. ALLEN.
PROF. JOHN C. HEMMETER.	PROF. J. MASON HUNDLEY.
PROF. D. M. R. CULBRETH.	ASSOCIATE PROF. HARRY ADLER.
PROF. JOHN S. FULTON.	DR. T. HARRIS CANNON.
PROF. ST. CLAIR SPRULL.	

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W. J. REDDICK, North Carolina.		
	1906	
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R. L. CARLTON, North Carolina.		C. W. ROBERTS, Georgia.
T. M. CHANEY, Maryland.		A. D. TUTTLE, South Dakota.
W. L. HART, South Carolina.		E. W. WHITE, Maryland.
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1908

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(Johns Hopkins University.)

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DOCTOR THADDEUS WALKER.....	Detroit, Michigan.
DOCTOR WILL WALTER.....	Chicago, Illinois.

## ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

ALPHA .....	University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
BETA .....	Detroit College of Medicine, Detroit, Michigan.
DELTA .....	Western University of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Pa.
EPSILON .....	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
ZETA .....	Northwestern University, Chicago, Illinois.
ETA .....	University of Illinois, Chicago, Illinois.
THETA .....	University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
IOTA .....	Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
KAPPA .....	Rush (affiliated with Chicago University) Chicago, Illinois.
LAMBDA .....	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
MU .....	University of Syracuse, Syracuse, New York.
NU .....	University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California.
XI .....	University of New York and Bellevue, New York, N. Y.
OMICRON .....	Union University, Albany, New York.
ALPHA KAPPA PHI (Pi)...	Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.
RHO .....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
SIGMA .....	Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
TAU .....	Cornell University, Ithaca and New York, N. Y.
UPSILON .....	Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, California.
PHI .....	University of California, San Francisco, California.
CHI .....	University of Toronto, Toronto, Canada.
PI MU (Psi).....	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.
BETA ALPHA.....	University of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland.

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THE BERLIN CLUB.....	Berlin, Germany	THE NEW YORK CLUB.....	New York City
THE VIENNA CLUB.....	Vienna, Austria		



PHI SIGMA KAPPA FRATERNITY.



PHI SIGMA KAPPA.

ETA CHAPTER—INDUCTED 1896.

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GUY SMITH.	H. W. BRENT.	W. D. SCOTT.
A. L. MALONE.	W. W. GALBREATH.	

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FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

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S. L. BARE.	H. E. JENKINS.	F. W. CRAMER.
L. J. GOLDBACH.	J. G. MATTHEWS.	E. B. POWELL.

1906

R. C. HUME.	J. M. MATTHEWS.	F. R. WINSLOW.
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1907

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1908

WILLIAM DEW.	STANLEY W. WILSON.
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## CHAPTER ROLL.

ALPHA .....	Massachusetts Agricultural College.
BETA .....	Union University.
GAMMA .....	Cornell University.
DELTA .....	West Virginia University.
EPSILON .....	Yale University.
ZETA .....	College of City of New York.
ETA .....	University of Maryland.
THETA .....	Columbian University.
IOTA .....	Stephens Institute of Technology.
KAPPA .....	Pennsylvania State College.
LAMBDA .....	Columbian University.
MU .....	University of Pennsylvania.
NU .....	Lehigh University.
XI .....	St. Lawrence University.
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## CLUB ROLL.

ALBANY CLUB.	NEW YORK CLUB.
BOSTON CLUB.	PHILADELPHIA CLUB.
SOUTHERN CLUB.	



CHI ZETA CHI FRATERNITY.

## CHI ZETA CHII.

**T**HIS fraternity was organized in the year of 1902, at the medical department of the University of Georgia. The idea was first conceived and definite plans laid by several very prominent literary fraternity men, and chief among whom was Brother Jesse Ansley Griffin, who was widely known as a Kappa Alpha. The fraternity soon spread and reached the colleges, and is now in a very flourishing condition. This is a distinctly professional fraternity and only medical men are eligible to membership. It is in no manner antagonistic to literary fraternities. The Chapter here was established in December of 1904 under very trying circumstances, but now has a very bright future before it. From the beginning the fraternity has been very conservative, but always keeping in mind those things which go to make up a good fraternity brother.

### LOUIS McLANE TIFFANY CHAPTER.

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J. A. DIBRILL . . . . .University of Arkansas      LOUIS McLANE TIFFANY . . . . .University of Md.







KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

## KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITIES.

### ALPHA-ALPHA CHAPTER.

Founded at the University of Bologna, Italy, 1100. Organized in America, 1867. Chapter House  
1312 Linden Avenue.

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G. W. DENMEAD,	J. E. MULFIELD,	W. W. WALKER,
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### KAPPA SIGMA CHAPTER ROLL.

#### DISTRICT I.

PSI.....University of Maine	ALPHA-LAMBDA.....University of Vermont
ALPHA-RHO.....Bowdoin College	GAMMA-DELTA...Massachusetts State College
BETA-KAPPA.....New Hampshire College	BETA-ALPHA.....Brown University
GAMMA-EPSILON.....Dartmouth College	



DISTRICT II.

ALPHA-KAPPA.....Cornell University	BETA-DELTA.Washington and Jefferson College
PI.....Swathmore College	BETA-IOTA.....Lehigh University
ALPHA-DELTA....Pennsylvania State College	BETA-PI.....Dickinson College
ALPHA-EPSILON...University of Pennsylvania	ALPHA-ALPHA.....University of Maryland
ALPHA-PHI.....Bucknell University	ALPHA-ETA.....Columbian University
GAMMA-ZETA.....New York University	

DISTRICT III.

ZETA.....University of Virginia	UPSILON.....Hampden-Sidney College
ETA.....Randolph-Macon College	BETA-BETA.....Richmond College
MU.....Washington and Lee University	DELTA.....Davidson College
MU.....William and Mary College	ETA-PRIME.....Trinity College
ALPHA-MU.....University of North Carolina	

DISTRICT IV.

ALPHA-NU.....Wofford College	BETA-LAMBDA.....University of Georgia
ALPHA-BETA.....Mercer University	BETA.....University of Alabama
ALPHA-TAU....Georgia School of Technology	BETA-ETA.....Alabama Polytechnic Institute

DISTRICT V.

THETA.....Cumberland University	PHI....Southwestern Presbyterian University
KAPPA.....Vanderbilt University	OMEGA.....University of the South
LAMBDA.....University of Tennessee	ALPHA-THETA.Southwestern Baptist University
BETA-NU.....Kentucky State College	

DISTRICT VI.

ALPHA-UPSILON.....Millsaps College	SIGMA.....Tulane University
GAMMA.....Louisiana State University	IOTA.....Southwestern University
TAU.....University of Texas	

DISTRICT VII.

XI.....University of Arkansas	ALPHA-PSI.....University of Nebraska
ALPHA-OMEGA.....William Jewell College	BETA-TAU.....Baker University
BETA-GAMMA.....Missouri State University	BETA-OMICRON.....University of Denver
BETA-SIGMA.....Washington University	BETA-OMEGA.....Colorado College
BETA-CHI.....Missouri School of Mines	GAMMA-GAMMA...Colorado School of Mines

DISTRICT VIII.

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ALPHA-PHI.....Wabash College	BETA-EPSILON.....University of Wisconsin
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BETA-XI.....University of California	GAMMA-ALPHA.....University of Oregon



XI PSI PHI FRATERNITY.

## XI PSI PHI FRATERNITY—ETA CHAPTER.

COLORS.—LAVENDER AND CREAM.

NO FRATERNITY man can, upon graduating from his alma mater, repress that feeling of regret—the regret that comes most keenly when separating from friends and classmates, whom he knows are freely sacrificing self for the good of others. Good men, well chosen and living according to the principles embodied in the fraternity emblem, helpful because we are taught to become men, and among troubles and difficulties and obstacles, for “Talent develops itself into solitude; character in the stream of life.”

It is the one great aim of our fraternity to keep the members subservient to the principle she inculcates. In this, harmony is found; from harmony thus founded comes the success of a noble brotherhood.

Previous to the year 1893, there was no Greek letter fraternity at the University, and several attending the dental department during this year felt the formation of such would be a step toward promoting a fellow feeling among dental students while at college, and that much assistance would be rendered during the years of college work—this feeling to be fostered and carried into after professional life, when great benefits must of necessity grow from it to members individually, and to the profession at large.

On the afternoon of December 3rd, 1893, at the office of Dr. Grieves, the nucleus of Eta Chapter was formed by the above gentlemen and a few students of the college. The charter was granted to Eta Chapter of the Xi Psi Phi fraternity, October, 1897, and through the efforts of its officers a diploma plate has been procured and a diploma will be issued to each graduating member of the fraternity.

The Xi Psi Phi fraternity, as well as the local chapter here represented, has passed through a very prosperous year. Many new men have been added to our number, and the combined membership is reaching far into the thousands.

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- ALPHA—University of Michigan, Ann Harbor, Michigan.
- BETA—New York College Dental Surgery, New York.
- GAMMA—Philadelphia Dental College, Philadelphia.
- DELTA—Baltimore College Dental Surgery, Baltimore.
- ZETA—Pennsylvania College Dental Surgery, Philadelphia.
- ETA—University of Maryland, Dental Department, Baltimore.
- EPSILON—University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.
- THETA—Indiana Dental College, Indianapolis.
- IOTA—University of California, San Francisco.
- LAMBDA—Chicago College Dental Surgery, Chicago.
- KAPPA—Ohio Medical University, Columbus.
- MU—University of Buffalo, Buffalo.
- NU—Harvard Dental School, Boston.
- OMICRON—Royal College Dental Surgery, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
- PI—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
- RHO—Northwestern University, Dental School, Chicago.
- SIGMA—University of Illinois, Chicago.
- TAU—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
- XI—University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
- UPSILON—Ohio College Dental Surgery, Cincinnati.



PSI OMEGA FRATERNITY.

PSI OMEGA FRATERNITY.

PHI CHAPTER.

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CHAPTER ROLL.

- ALPHA.....Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
- BETA.....New York College of Dentistry.
- GAMMA.....Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia.
- DELTA.....Tufts Dental College, Boston, Mass.
- ÉPSILON.....Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
- ZETA.....University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
- ÉTA.....Philadelphia Dental College.
- THETA.....University of Buffalo, Dental Department.
- ÍOTA.....Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
- KAPPA.....Chicago College of Dental Surgery.







CHAPTER ROLL.—Continued.

- LAMBDA . . . . . University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.  
 MU . . . . . University of Denver, Denver, Col.  
 NU . . . . . Pittsburg Dental College, Pittsburg, Pa.  
 XI . . . . . Milwaukee, Wis., Medical College, Dental Department.  
 MU DELTA . . . . . Harvard University, Dental Department.  
 OMICRON . . . . . Louisville College of Dental Surgery.  
 PI . . . . . Baltimore Medical College, Dental Department.  
 BETA SIGMA . . . . . College of Physicians and Surgeons, Dental Department, San Francisco, Cal.  
 RHO . . . . . Ohio College of Dental Surgery, Cincinnati.  
 SIGMA . . . . . Medico-Chirurgical College, Atlanta, Ga.  
 TAU . . . . . Atlanta Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.  
 UPSILON . . . . . University of Southern California, Dental Department, Los Angeles.  
 PHI . . . . . University of Maryland, Baltimore.  
 CHI . . . . . North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Ore.  
 PSI . . . . . College of Dentistry, O.M.U., Columbus, O.  
 OMEGA . . . . . Indiana Dental College, Indianapolis.  
 BETA ALPHA . . . . . University of Illinois, Chicago.  
 BETA GAMMA . . . . . George Washington University, Washington, D.C.  
 BETA DELTA . . . . . University of California, San Francisco.  
 BETA EPSILON . . . . . New Orleans College of Dentistry.  
 BETA ZETA . . . . . Marion-Sims Dental College, St. Louis, Mo.  
 BETA ETA . . . . . Keokuk Dental College, Keokuk, Iowa.  
 BETA THETA . . . . . Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.  
 GAMMA IOTA . . . . . Southern Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.

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- |  |   |
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PHI-KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

Fraternity Founded, 1850.

Chapter Founded, 1899.

Chapter House, 1108 McCulloh St.

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PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.



## PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

### CHAPTER ROLL.

<p>ALPHA—1850. . . . . University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.</p> <p>DELTA—1854. . . . . Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.</p> <p>EPSILON—1854. . . . . Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.</p> <p>ZETA—1854. . . . . Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.</p> <p>ETA—1854. . . . . University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.</p> <p>IOTA—1855. . . . . Columbia University in the City of New York.</p> <p>MU—1858. . . . . Tulane University, New Orleans, La.</p> <p>RHO—1892. . . . . University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.</p> <p>TAU—1872. . . . . Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.</p> <p>UPSILON—1872. . . . . Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.</p> <p>PHI—1873. . . . . Richmond College, Richmond, Va.</p> <p>PSI—1891. . . . . Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.</p>	<p>ALPHA-ALPHA—1894. . . . . Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.</p> <p>ALPHA-GAMMA—1896. . . . . University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.</p> <p>ALPHA-DELTA—1898. . . . . University of Maine, Orono, Maine.</p> <p>ALPHA-EPSILON—1898. . . . . Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.</p> <p>ALPHA-ZETA—1899. . . . . University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.</p> <p>ALPHA-ETA—1901. . . . . College of Charleston, Charleston, S. C.</p> <p>ALPHA-THETA—1901. . . . . University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.</p> <p>ALPHA-IOTA—1902. . . . . Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.</p> <p>ALPHA-KAPPA—1903. . . . . University of Alabama, University P. O., Ala.</p> <p>ALPHA-LAMBDA—1903. . . . . University of California, Berkley, Cal.</p> <p>ALPHA-MU—1903. . . . . Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.</p> <p>ALPHA-NU—1901. . . . . Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.</p>
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### ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
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 CHICAGO, ILL.

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### ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

ALPHA.....Wesleyan University, Conn.	UPSILON.....University of Michigan
BETA.....Syracuse University	PHI.....Rutgers College
GAMMA.....Union College	CHI.....Dartmouth College
DELTA.....Cornell University	PSI.....University of Ohio
EPSILON.....University of Rochester	OMEGA.....Swarthmore College
ZETA.....University of California	DELTA-KAPPA.....Bowdoin College
ETA.....Colgate University	DELTA-SIGMA.....University of Kansas
THETA.....Kenyon College	PI-PHI.....University of Virginia
IOTA.....Adelbert College	LAMBDA-LAMBDA.....University of Nebraska
KAPPA.....Hamilton College	BETA-BETA.....Wesleyan University, Ohio
LAMBDA.....Rensselaer Poly. Institute	DELTA-DEL.....University of Maine
MU.....Stevens Institute	EPSILON-EPSILON.....Case School of Ap. Science
NU.....Lafayette College	KAPPA-GAMMA.....College of City of New York
ZI.....Amherst College	KAPPA-TAU.....University of Vermont..
OMICRON.....Allegheny College	ALPHA-IOTA.....Harvard University
PI.....Pennsylvania State College	BETA-GAMMA.....Brown University
PI PI.....Dickinson College	ALPHA-OMEGA.....Columbia University
RHO.....University of Pennsylvania	LAMBDA-SIGMA.....Yale University
SIGMA.....New York University	BETA-UPSILON.....Colby University
TAU.....Wooster College	ZETA-PHI.....Boston University
SIGMA-TAU.....University of Maryland	











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WEST VIRGINIA CLUB.

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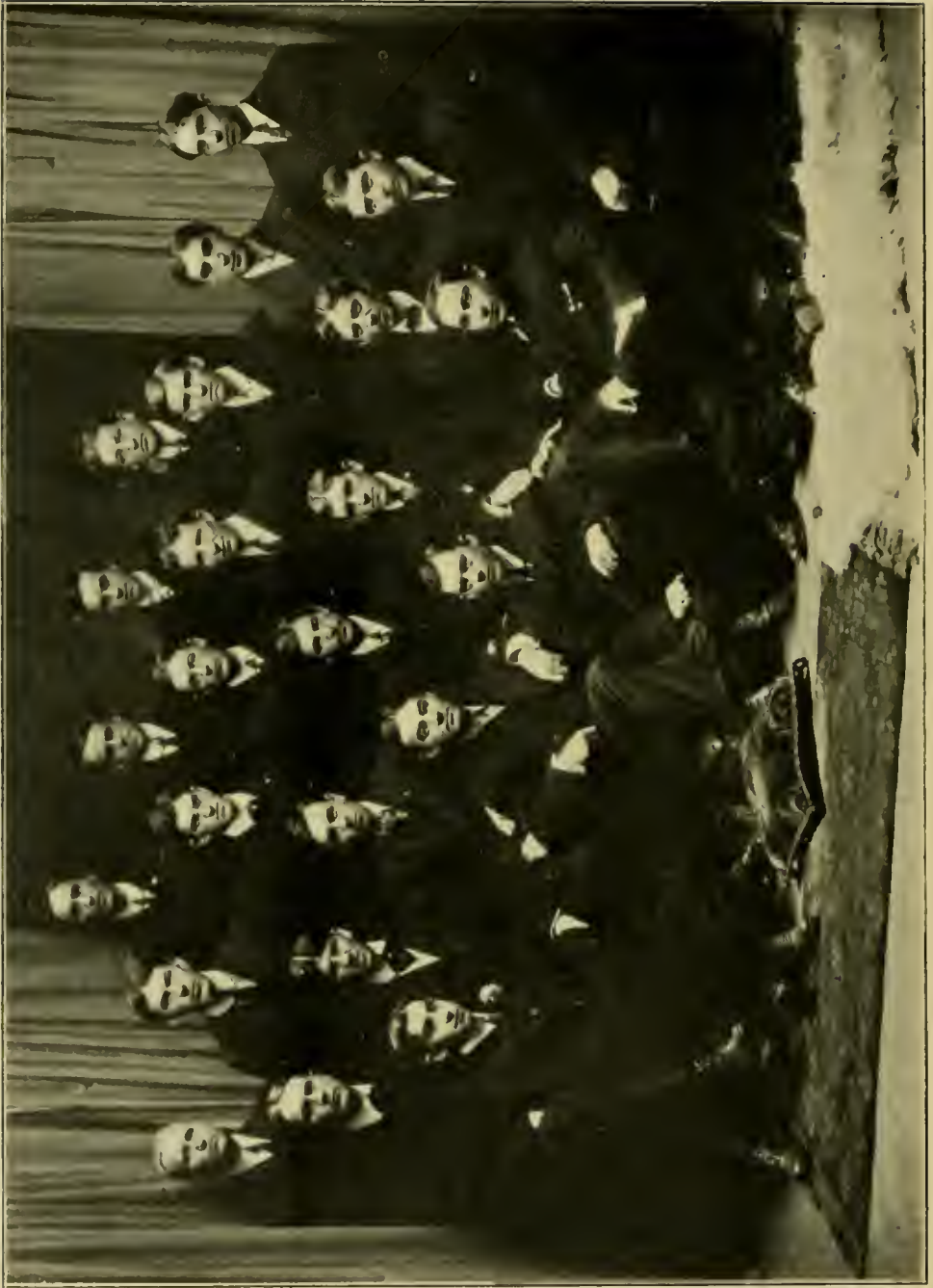
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PENNSYLVANIA CLUB.

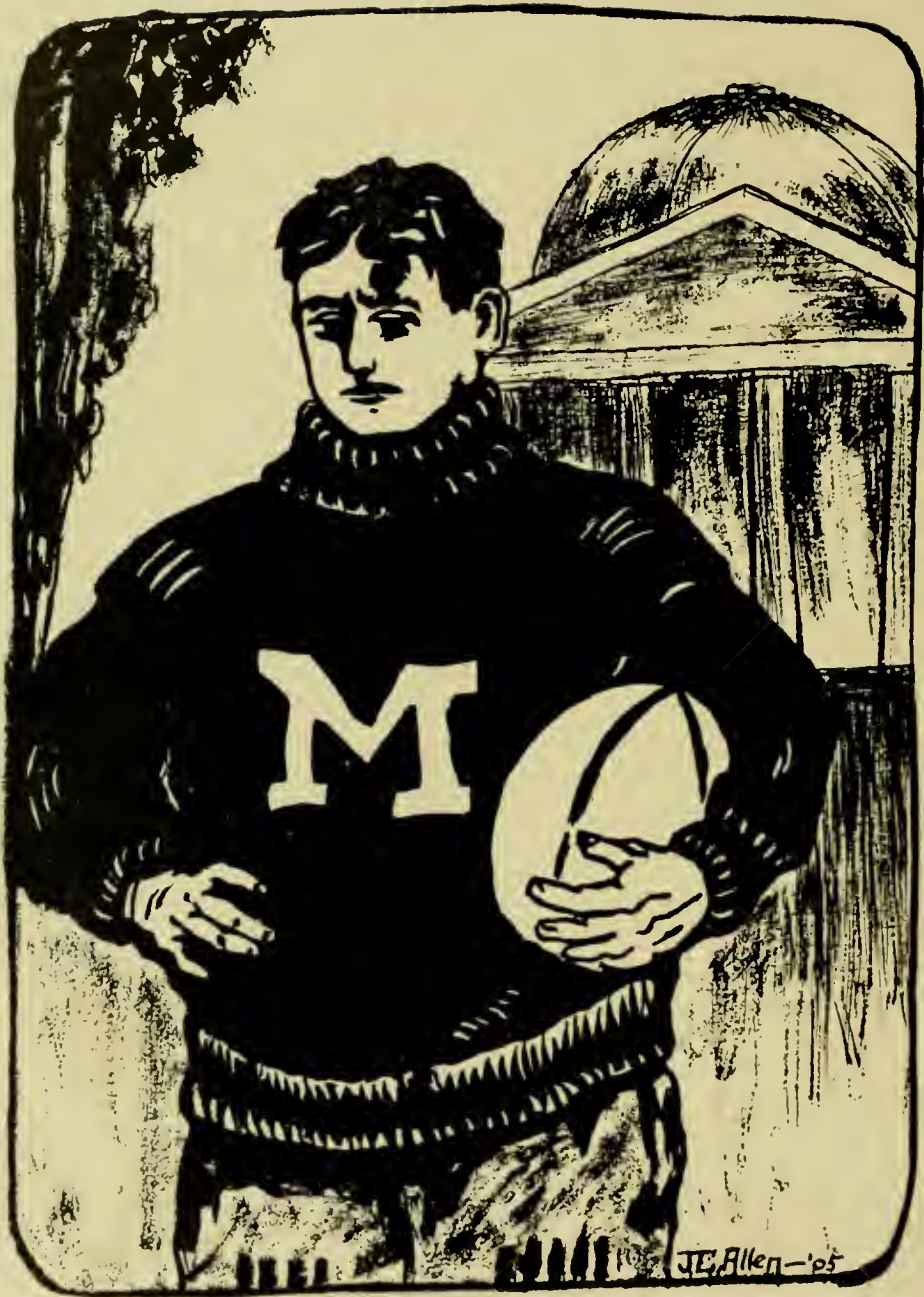
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W. T. BADFORD.

H. P. HILL, JR....Manager of Football Team      H. E. THOMPSON.Captain of Basket Ball Team  
H. BLANK.....Captain of Football Team      J. D. CHANEY.....Manager Track Team  
H. F. WOODWARD..Manager Baseball Team      M. CHANEY.....Captain Track Team  
R. W. CRAWFORD...Captain of Baseball Team      R. C. HUME.....Manager Tennis Club  
J. P. HARRELL...Manager of Basket Ball Team      R. C. HUME.....Captain Tennis Club

## ATHLETICS

IT IS A STRANGE, and yet withal, an incontestable fact that our school has never been able to boast of some very needed facilities. Many younger and less important institutions are outgrowing us on all sides; not because their educational facilities are any better (for our curriculum compares favorably with any), but because we are handicapped by our lack, and a dire lack it is, of all things necessary for that phase of college life which should be encouraged in every school, viz: Athletics.

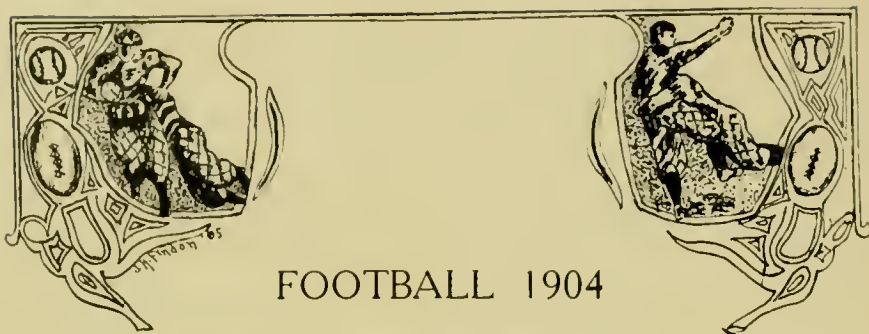
Some day, perhaps, we shall be able to point with pride to a well-equipped gymnasium, to a spacious athletic field and to an athletic association constituting at least the majority of students at our University. We shall not complain of any lack of college spirit and will be proud of the teams sent out to represent our Alma Mater. Athletics, properly indulged in, redound to the credit of the school. What single factor has done more for Princeton, Harvard or Yale, if it be not athletics? More and more attention is being devoted to the attainment of bodily perfection in our best universities; "mens sana in corpore sano" is becoming more and more the trend of modern education, and why should not we share in this good work and expend some part of our energy in innocent sport? We must labor under many disadvantages, we must overcome obstacles that may seem insurmountable; but the consummation of our ambition will bring all the more glory to us.

Having spoken of our crying needs, it seems only consistent to denote how we can, in a meagre way, overcome them. The subject is a hackneyed one, since it has been dilated upon year after year, in our Annual, but evidently with no results. The athletic material in our school is excellent, and one not cognizant with the actual status of affairs wonders why we cannot cope with equal footing against schools of established athletic reputation. We could do this if more interest was exhibited among our students. No one can affirm that an interest promoting pure athletics is detrimental. Let us therefore, have more candidates for our teams, in spite of our lack of proper athletic facilities; more of us should be willing to sacrifice ourselves for the common good and welfare of our Alma Mater. Nothing but good can result. Once we have this increased spirit instilled within us, we need not fear for our athletic prowess. Let our motto be: "BOUTEZ EN AVANT."





FOOTBALL TEAM '05.



This is the most important branch of our athletics, and no doubt the most popular. The past year saw one of the best teams put out by our school despite its disheartening finish. It was a comparatively light team, averaging only 158 lbs., it had to cope against teams its superior in weight and experience, and yet the record it made is one we need not be ashamed of. "Para passu" it is but right to state that we had to travel to reach our practice grounds.

We defeated Gallandet in our opening game and did it so thoroughly that no doubt as to our superiority over the Washington school can exist. Our second game was unfortunate, for although the playing was altogether in our favor, knowledge of the details of the game won the game for St. Johns. This defeat disheartened the team somewhat and in our next game Columbia University tied us. In our next game we easily defeated M. A. C., and that despite the fact that many concessions had to be made. On election day we met the Maryland Medical College and after eliminating most of their bone fide (?) players defeated them. The game proved costly, since several of our best men were injured and at a time when they were most needed; for we were now ready for our Northern trip. We therefore, hardly expected to make a good showing against rivals in the North. The first game was played at New Brunswick, N. J., against Rutgers College. The writer distinctly remembers how apprehensively the team eyed the well built, lusty Rutgers' representatives just before the game. We went into the game with almost no doubt as to our defeat, but with a "do or die" spirit. And this spirit proved potent, for after the final whistle we realized that we had proved victors over an institution proud of its athletic honors. Very much impressed were we after viewing the Rutgers' trophy room, and finding out that we had defeated a team that had often put a feather in its cap by defeating West Point, New York University, Haverford, Swathmore and Lafayette. Our game with New York University having been cancelled by that team at the last moment, we next locked horns with the strong Orange Athletic Club. We were outclassed in weight and experience, for that club is composed of ex-star varsity men, and consequently lost the game.

The most important game of the year was now approaching and we were in a condition that boded little good. For many seasons we had met and defeated Johns Hopkins, but our Waterloo was at hand. If the team had only been as equal to the occasion as our enthusiastic rooters, the result would have been far different. Hopkins put out her strongest team, drawing largely upon its medical department and procuring men who have made their mark in other big schools.

Outweighed, handicapped by injuries, we fought every inch of ground, but it was of no avail—we were beaten by a superior team and beaten fairly. It was a disheartening finish but we cannot win every year.

The following is a summary of games played:

Maryland 23	Gallaudet.....	0
Maryland 0	St. Johns.....	5
Maryland 0	Columbian .....	0
Maryland 18	Mt. St. Joseph.....	0
Maryland 6	Maryland Medical.....	0
Maryland 12	Rutgers .....	0
Maryland 0	Orange Athletic Club....	16
Maryland 0	Johns Hopkins.....	23
Maryland 6	Maryland Athletic Club...	0
—		—
65 vs.		44

The men that constituted the team were well coached by Mr. J. S. McKee, and managed by M. R. Gibson.

#### LINE-UP.

BRENT	CARNAL	REVELL	MESSMORE	DAVIS	J. MESSMORE	BLANK
o	o	o	o	o	o	o
(Capt.)						
SLOAN						
o						
	STONE		BAUGHMAN		HALA	
	o		o		o	

#### SUBSTITUTES.

M. CHANEY.....	Left end	STONESTREET .....	Left guard
ALLEN.....	Left tackle	WILLARD .....	Quarter
F. WINSLOW.....	Left half	I. CHANEY .....	Right tackle
BOWIE.....	Right half	A. BROOKES.....	Right end
J. MATTHEWS.....		Full back	



## A REVERIE

With apologies to Milton.

In hell I was—I swear it is no lie—  
A land of woe, with neither sea nor sky;  
Foul hissing demons from all corners poured,  
And hungry fires from rocky caverns roared.  
Around I saw great sturdy sinewy men  
Stand in a row—grown strong with constant toil,  
From years of standing, on Hell's sublime soil.

The first was Brent, great from his birth,  
Of marvellous strength and wondrous girth;  
And then stood Carnal, he of pondrous weight,  
With body lithe, with brisk and nimble gait.  
The next was younger Messmore, who appeared quite coy,  
He fled to these dismal regions while yet a boy;  
The fourth was Revell, he of "black-eye" fame,  
Accustomed he to hellish fumes and flame.  
Then came Davis, whose uncle forbade  
Him to play; yet a player he made;  
There stood the elder Messmore, he of yore  
A brilliant hero of Varsity lore.  
The seventh, Bank by name,  
Whose smile's always the same;  
The eighth was Stone, he of might and main  
In brawn a giant and of subtle brain.  
Then Sloan came from a southern state  
To miss his lecture was his fate;  
Bill Hala was there from a far northern land,  
Strayed to this place; he loved a hotter strand.  
Do not forget Baughman, of monstrous make,  
Who when a babe was fed on milk and cake.  
Gibson a lover of fair women was here,  
He always did love to have handsome girls near.  
Bowie and Chaney with others, in this place,  
To mention their names would take a heap of space.

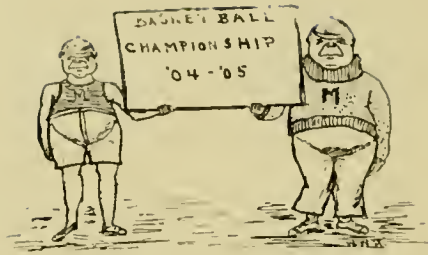
Nine weary nights I spoke no single word;  
I swear 'tis true, though it may seem absurd.  
At last my vexed mind to peace I brought,  
Such towering men were here; thus I decided,

A football team we'd form if they're so minded.  
Then up I rose in all majestic height  
And I screamed with all my royal might;  
"Carnal, Hala, Brent and all ye braves,  
Would you remain in Hell eternal slaves?  
Why! we would make a record breaking 'leven,  
And win us back our long-lost glorious Heaven.  
With Gibson here to manage our great team  
We'd leave this place, and our pardon redeem;  
I'll teach you all I know of football art,  
And then from wretched Hell we'll all depart.

Full many an hour, we practiced day by day,  
Perfection we'd reach before we'd play;  
The place of center Messmore younger, well did fill,  
"Toddy" Sloan called his signals with a veteran's skill;  
Davis made a guard of ready hand,  
The other Revell could all withstand.  
The tackles were all in sooth, a mighty pair,  
Carnal, Messmore elder—let their foes beware;  
Both Brent and Blank played well at end,  
Each knew his place how to defend.  
A better half-back nowhere could be found;  
Stone was like the wind in covering ground;  
Bill Hala hit the line in whirlwind style,  
And Baughman punted over half a mile.  
Such was the team that I with care selected  
To win back Heaven, my hopes on it erected.

So on we rushed and in a bitter plight,  
When lo! the darkness changed to welcome light,  
And from afar we saw the gleam of Heaven,  
As we sped on a great and brave eleven.  
Now were we all before Heaven's paradise,  
I shivered; — 's death—and rubbed my weary eyes:  
Alas! 'tis sad that in my greatest glory,  
To an end I must bring so strange a story.  
Alas! Ehen! For I can nothing tell,  
But that in space I fell—and fell—and fell;  
And landed strangely not in Hell—in Hell,  
But on the floor; I gasped, I raised my heavy head;  
There stood the alarm-clock, the tyrant at my bed.

CERBERUS, '05.



## BASKET BALL 1904-1905

This branch of sport was originally started at our Alma Mater in expectation of forming a Southern Intercollegiate Basket Ball League. For some reason this plan fell through and we, therefore, entered into an agreement to play a series of three games with our old rivals, Johns Hopkins, for the State championship. It is hoped that next year the S. I. B. B. League will be formally started and a new bond of friendly rivalry spring up among Southern schools in our vicinity.

After a few preliminary games with minor local teams we met Hopkins in our first game. Not being very well up on the new rules our team lost the game on fouls that should have been avoided. The score was 20—8 in Hopkins' favor, but does not tell how hotly the game was contested.

We played Swarthmore on their floor, January 25 and 26, and managed to win one game—the second one. This game was very encouraging to the team, since Swarthmore has an enviable reputation in basket ball. There is such an intense rivalry between Hopkins and Maryland that on account of games played with other teams are of minor importance. In preparation for our second game for the State Collegiate Championship we met teams from the Baltimore Athletic Club—Defenders and Belvideres, and the practice thus accorded stood us well on the night of February 22. On this night we met Hopkins and conclusively outplayed their team. The score was 28-21 in our favor and made the race for the State honors more than interesting. A newspaper account of this second game appeared as follows: "The Maryland team was considerably stronger than in the first encounter between the two teams, and to that fact the victory was primarily due. With the score 11-9 against it at the beginning of the second half, Hopkins scored three goals in 70 seconds. Maryland however took a brace and slowly piled up a winning lead.

The final game of the series was played on March 2. Never was better team work displayed. Many thought the game would be very close, but from the start Hopkins was swept off its feet by the brilliant pass-work and goal throwing of our team. Three field goals and five points on fouls were all that Hopkins team could get, while 13 field goals and five points on fouls were piled up by our team. The victory was all the more great since we played on the Hopkins floor. The final score was Maryland 31-Hopkins 11, and clearly demonstrated our right to the Intercollegiate championship of the State. Hopkins was forced to admit that our team was the

best they had met throughout the season, and this is no little praise, since Pennsylvania and Dickinson had ben among the opponents of Hopkins. Our first venture in basket ball has been a success; let it be duplicated next season.

Next year if the Southern Intercollegiate League be formed we shall have to encounter such colleges as Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia, Western Maryland, St. Johns and Hopkins.

The following men comprised the team:

BLANK.....	<i>Right forward</i>
HALA (Capt.).....	<i>Left forward</i>
SMITH .....	<i>Center</i>
RIGHTON.....	<i>Right defense</i>
THOMPSON.....	<i>Left defense</i>

SUBSTITUTES—Bare, Barton, Innsley, Brent, Allen. Manager R. C. Carnal (05).







## THE TRACK TEAM '05

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An account of athletics at our school this past scholastic year would be indeed incomplete without some mention of the track and field work. After faithful practice at the cage the following relay team was selected to run in the annual games given by Hopkins University Athletic Association, viz: Norris, Matthews, Stone and M. Chaney. The team ran away from St. Johns College in the mile relay. The track team was then sent to the Georgetown meet in Washington, February 25. The relay race with St. Johns again as our opponents proved unfortunate to us. Our first man fell and thereby lost almost half a lap—our second man gained some yards on his man, but when Stone, our third man, was put in the distance between him and the St. Johns man seemed too much to overcome. Stone was equal to the occasion however, and when he gave way to M. Chaney, our last man, St. Johns had only about five yards lead. Chaney easily beat out his man and to all appearances we had won the relay race. The referee however sustained St. Johns in their protest and gave the race to them. Their protest was that our last man had fouled their man when passing him.

The team will be sent to the annual spring games of the University of Pennsylvania, where it will run against Villanova, Gallandet, St. Johns and probably Western Maryland.

It is hoped that the proposed games to be held by our school this spring will materialize. It would be a start in the right direction.

ΔΙΣΚΟΒΟΝΟΣ.

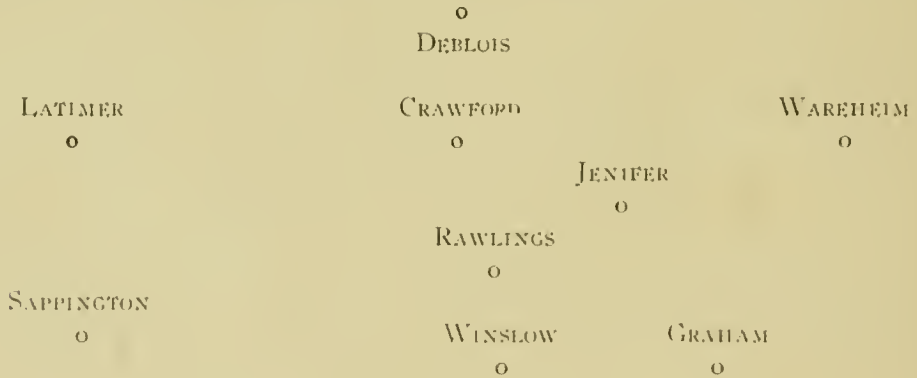
### ATHLETIC RECORDS.

100 yards dash.....10 seconds	Pole vault.....10 feet 4 inches
220 yards dash.....22 <sup>2</sup> / <sub>5</sub> seconds	High jump.....5 feet 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> inches
440 yards run.....51 seconds	Shot put.....43 feet 10 inches
880 yards run.....1 minute 59 seconds	Hammer throw.....145 feet 2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> inches
1 mile run.....4 minutes 32 seconds	Discus throw.....113 feet
120 yards (hurdles).....15 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>5</sub> seconds	One mile relay.....3 minutes 29 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>5</sub> seconds
Broad jump.....23 feet	

## BASEBALL

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We may well be proud of our last season's Baseball Team. Under the leadership of Capt. Jenifer and the excellent management of Mr. L. Winslow, it achieved results which were never expected. It defeated such teams as Johns Hopkins, Davidson, University of North Carolina, Lehigh, Franklin and Marshall, St. Johns, Seton Hall, Manhattan College and Agricultural and Mechanical of North Carolina. The only defeats administered to the team were in games with Fordham University, Annapolis, Randolph Macon, and Syracuse. The following men comprised the team:



## SONGS AND YELLS

Tune—Old Heidelberg.

Oh, Maryland, dear Maryland,  
Our Alma Mater dear;  
You've come to us through ages old  
Towards you our love's sincere.  
With thoughts of you our heart's entwined  
And all our cares resign,  
May your old fame forever shine  
Throughout eternity,  
May your old fame forever shine  
Throughout eternity.

H. P. II., JR. '06.

Air—Maryland.

Maryland, My Maryland.  
We're here to fight for you again,  
We're made of stuff that can't be beat,  
We'll make old — wipe our feet,  
And when we give this College yell  
They'll wish their team was plumb in H—  
Oh, Maryland, Oh, Maryland,  
The team that's never known defeat.

Air—Dixie.

There's a football game to be played today,  
And who's going to win?  
Well, I should say—  
Why, Maryland, Maryland, Maryland, of course.  
The other team will feel rather mean,  
For at football they won't be seen,  
Then —. Be good.  
Go way back and sit down!  
We're off to win for Maryland,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Maryland we'll take our stand,  
And wipe old — off the land,  
That's what we'll do.  
Hurrah! Hurrah for Maryland!

YELL.

Hippity Hoop, Hippity Hoop,  
Old — in the soup,  
S-O-U-P., C-O-U-P.  
Soup.                      Soup.                      Soup.

Hippity Hus, Hippity Hus,  
What the H—'s the matter with us  
Nothing at all. Nothing at all.  
We're the Boys that play football.  
Maryland, Maryland, Maryland.

Mary had a little lamb.  
Little lamb, little lamb;  
Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was white as snow,  
Everywhere that Mary went,  
Mary went, Mary went;  
Everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.  
Hurrah for Mary!  
Hurrah for the lamb!  
Hurrah for the teacher  
That didn't give a —!  
Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah!  
Maryland! Maryland!! Maryland!!!

THE MONK.

I went to the Animal fair,  
— — he was there;  
The big Baboon,  
By the light of the moon,  
Was combing his auburn hair.  
The monkey, he got drunk,  
Looked up in the elephant's trunk,  
— — the fool,  
Got back of a mule,  
And that was the end of the Monk,  
The Monk—the Monk the Monk [etc.]

SONGS AND YELLS.

Air—King of the Cocoanut Grove.

Oh! we are the king of the football field,  
 We only We only.  
 Oh Hopkins, you're the Queen and the  
 Queen only Queen only.  
 According to poker you'll understand  
 That a King full, beats all the Queens in your  
 hand  
 And that is known throughout the land,  
 Three cheers for old Maryland.  
 M-a-r-y-l-a-n-d, Maryland! Maryland!  
 Maryland!

Hoorah—Hoorah—Hoorah

Siss—Siss—Siss

Boom—Boom—Boom

A—Ah!

Md.

Md.

Md.

Brika Koax, Koax, Koax,

Brika Koax, Koax, Koax,

Whoa ah! Whoa ah Whoa ah

Md.

Md.

Md.

Chipee goree—gori, gorack.

Maroon & Black, Maroon & Black

Hellie golunk, golunk, gulee

Univee of Md.

Siss Boom A—Ah.

BURIAL OF A DEAD ONE CALLED ATH-  
 LETICS.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 Like our runners, we never hurried,  
 And all of the athletes were then half shot  
 As athletics we solemnly buried.

We buried athletics at dead of night  
 For none of us could stand the training,  
 By the struggling moon-beams misty light  
 Our last bottle we then were draining.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 In enterprise we were lacking;  
 But we cussed out the school and wished  
 we were dead  
 For we never had had any backing.

We thought as we hollowed the narrow bed  
 Of the races we might have taken;  
 Our prowess was such we could stand at the head,  
 But our faith in the school was shaken.

Lightly we talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
 But one is certain, he's bound to sleep on  
 In the grave where the students have laid him.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down  
 Unhonored in song and story;  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 He never was worthy that glory.



# MUSIC



# THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION

---

IN THE Fall of 1903, at the suggestion of Professor Hemmeter, a Musical Association was formed, composed of a Glee Club, Mandolin and Guitar Club, and an Orchestra. On April 6th, 1904, the Glee Club gave a concert in Lehmann's hall, that to say the least was a grand success. The Club was ably assisted by B. Merrill Hopkinson, M.D., a graduate of our University, and Miss Jean Taylor, violinist.

The selections rendered by the Club were of the highest order, and due credit should be given Professor Theo. Hemberger, a musician and director of note, who under trying and at times discouraging circumstances developed a Glee Club whose efforts were greatly appreciated by the musical people of Baltimore.

The proceeds of all entertainments given by the Musical Association are turned over to the Endowment Fund of the University, to promote the welfare of the departments.

Although this year opened with difficulty, yet the officers of the Association have tried to keep up the interest which was so manifest in the early part of the session. On January 25th, a smoker was held in the Law Building, and the evening was enjoyed by all present. Dr. J. E. Gighuer presented a scholarly paper on "Music in Medicine," and the evening was spent in music and recitations by members of the Association.

The quartet, composed of Messrs. E. F. Moyses, 1st Tenor; W. R. McIntire, 2d Tenor; N. G. Hall, Baritone, and H. F. Messmore, Bass, have rendered selections several times during the year at College functions, and also outside.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the direction of Mr. C. L. Ziegler, have shown their ability, having played for several societies of the city.

It is hoped that the Musical Association will not go out of existence, as it is the only organization at the University in which all of the departments come together for social enjoyment.

## OFFICERS.

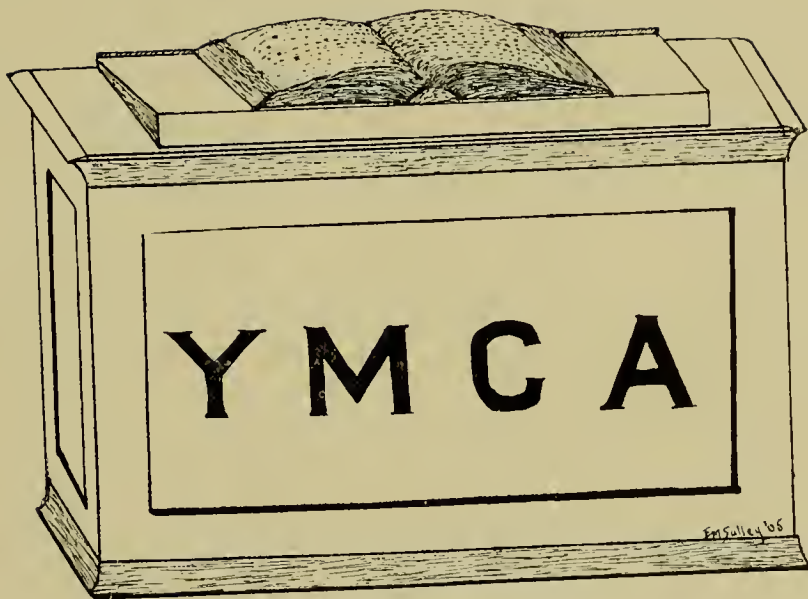
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Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.



# Y. M. C. A. HISTORY

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ANOTHER year has passed and our work done in that time speaks for itself. As each class graduates, many of our best men leave us, going into other fields of usefulness and endeavor. Many will continue in the same tracks trodden while in our University; while others will not only be seen, but known to be strong, sturdy men, who stand for might as well as right—men who will be leaders wherever found.

Our numbers are reinforced each year from the incoming classes. This year's classes have done their share in an unusual way. Our numbers and strength have been increased in all classes, until now we have the largest membership and strongest association since its founding, about eight years ago.

The Bureau of Information, which was inaugurated in session 1903-'04, for the purpose of attending to the wants of the students, in respect to rooms, boarding houses, etc., was well patronized this year by the student body. Another feature, added this year, was the handling of baggage. The work of this department has been highly praised by many who received its benefits.

This year we have continued in group class work; for Bible study we have more groups and a larger enrollment than in previous years. The group study is a success, inasmuch that many classes have been formed, and meet at time and place convenient for each group, thereby reaching more men. At the end of our Bible courses, those who successfully pass examinations, are awarded a diploma, signed by the leader of the group, the President and Honorary President.

The Mission Study class was led by Mr. F. Burden; it was very interesting, the leader having had eight years of experience in China, which was of great value to him in explaining the study taken up, "In the Hills of T'Aug." Mr. Burden has been with us for four years, and we have found in him a true and ardent worker.

There is an increasing interest in Medical Missionary Work in our school. Dr. Willis Hotchkiss, the great South American missionary, was with us in February, '04; also, Dr. W. J. Wandless, who has been in India about fifteen years, was here on January 24-5. Anyone talking with these men could learn in a short time where their greatest field of usefulness was. A Missionary Fund has been started for the support of a medical missionary, to represent our institution or all the Baltimore schools of medicine in the foreign field. Our school supporting a missionary depends for success on receiving subscriptions. We hope that those who do not feel it their duty to go will do what is in their power to make it possible to send one of our number to the Orient.

With the increasing interest in athletics in our University, our association has not been in the rear. It has done its part, and we are pleased to note that some of our men are doing such fine work at the Central Association. For a long time our association has been in need of larger quarters, and now we can say we have a new home, occupying the whole lower floor of the former Calvary M. E. Church, southeast corner of Lombard and Greene Streets. Much credit is due Messrs. Tefft and Roberts for their success in making arrangements with the faculty on October 4th, '01, for the use of these rooms, the faculty having bought this property, but not coming into its possession until April 1st. Rev. Stevens, of the Calvary Church, worked with us, so we were able to occupy the rooms from October, '01. There are three rooms. One is used as a reception and assembly room, one for our reading room, which is equipped with literature of the day, games, etc. Some new pictures were bought, and the room is in good shape; also there is a cook room, which is used to prepare good things when we have socials. The reading room is open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., and is an excellent place to meet friends, study or to pleasantly pass time between lecture hours. These rooms are well patronized and appreciated.

Our annual social to new and old students was the christening event in our new quarters, Calvary Hall, on October 13th. It was a success in every way. Prof. S. C. Chew gave an interesting address. Rev. J. A. Allison and others gave brief addresses. Samuel Congdon, impersonator, entertained in a very pleasing way. Professors Neale and Cordell and others of the faculty were present. The largest number attended this reception of any ever given by our association. Two other receptions were held during the year, and were events long to be remembered. Mr. Robert Mitchell, chairman of the social committee, deserves credit for his good work.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, on November 3rd, gave an informal social to a large delegation from the associations of the Medical and Dental Schools of Baltimore, at his home, No. 1406 Eutaw Place. About thirty University of Maryland men were present. Dr. Kelly and Rev. J. Timothy Stone gave interesting talks. Dr. George Stebbins, of Northfield fame, sang two hymns, in his usual pleasing way. They were "The Shepherd True" and "A Bird with a Broken Pinion." A collation was served, and all were well pleased with the evening's entertainment. Also, on January 21st, in the interest of missions, Dr. Kelly sent invitations to the same schools, and those who were present were delighted with his hospitality.

At the Sunday afternoon meetings we have been favored with a number of speakers from the faculty. Some of the speakers were Dr. J. Mason Hundley, who spoke at our first meeting, October 9, on "Personal Purity;" Dr. Hiram Woods, on October 30th. Dr. Howard A. Kelly was also a speaker. The subjects have been full of experiences and interest to medical men, and were appreciated by the large number who turned out.

A series of three entertainments were held in College Hall for the purpose of raising a fund to purchase a piano and other furniture for the use of the association. The tickets readily sold for one dollar each, and a good sum was realized. The talent was as follows: February 10th, concert, Prof. J. C. Hemmeter, pianist; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dickey, vocal duets; male quartette from University of Maryland Musical Association, Dr. R. Merrill Hopkinson, barytone soloist; Mr. S. I. Salzman, violinist. March 10th, lime-light exhibition, "Scenes and Life in China," by Mr. Frank A. Burden. April 7th, Mr. W. E. Ellicot Tyson, elocutionist; Mr. John J. Carroll, pianist; Mr. S. I. Salzman, violinist.

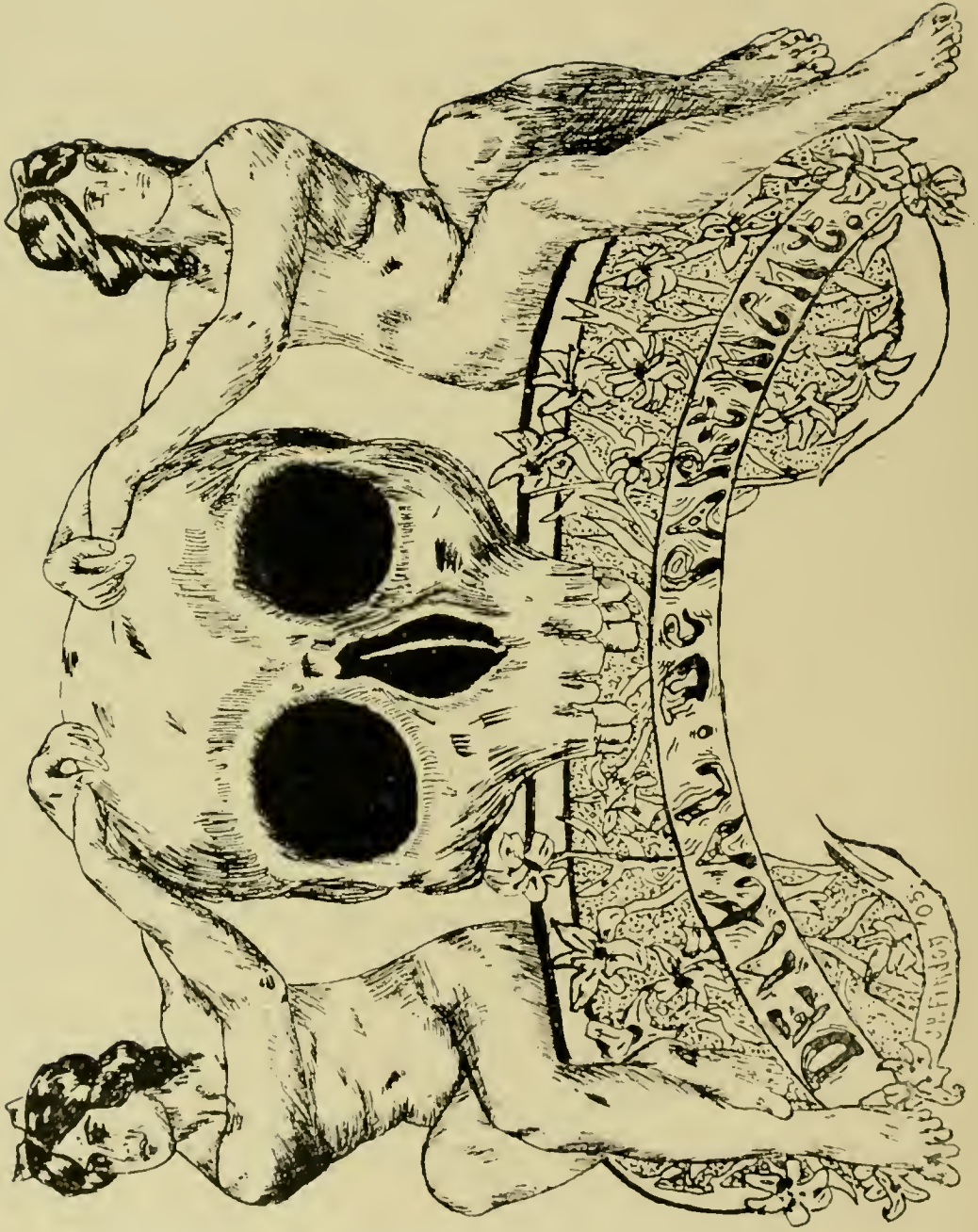
During the year our association was represented at the different conventions, as follows: February 12, '01, Presidents' Conference, at New Brunswick, N. J., Mr. Tefft; State Convention, at Cumberland, Md., March, '01, Messrs. Burns and Bostetter, and the Summer Conference, at Waynesville, N. C., Mr. C. Wesley Roberts. At the Bible Institute, in Baltimore, January 13-15th, we were well represented. Our association also entertained two delegates from St. John's College while they were attending this conference.

Many of our members have much interest in the Charity Organization Society of this city, which is doing good work. This work can be carried on by students while attending to their outdoor patients. It gives men a chance not only to work for themselves, but to broaden out and to lend a helping hand to the deserving and needy people in vicinity of our University. This work is a new feature in our association, and should be developed. There are great possibilities and need of willing hands to carry this through successfully.

One word about the Students' Club, to be run under the association. The prospects are brighter than ever for one to be established next year. Let no man who is interested fail to make it known to the President of this Association. Let us see what co-operation will do.

In conclusion, will say the work and standing of our association is gratifying, and while we have made a strong advancement in the past, we are not satisfied with the present, and still push forward, with brighter hopes for the future. At this time and place we wish to heartily thank the Faculty, Calvary M. E. Church, and all others who have in any contributed or assisted in putting our association upon its present firm basis.







DENTAL BUILDING.



# UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND DENTAL DEPARTMENT FACULTY

---

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*Editors of College Annual—*

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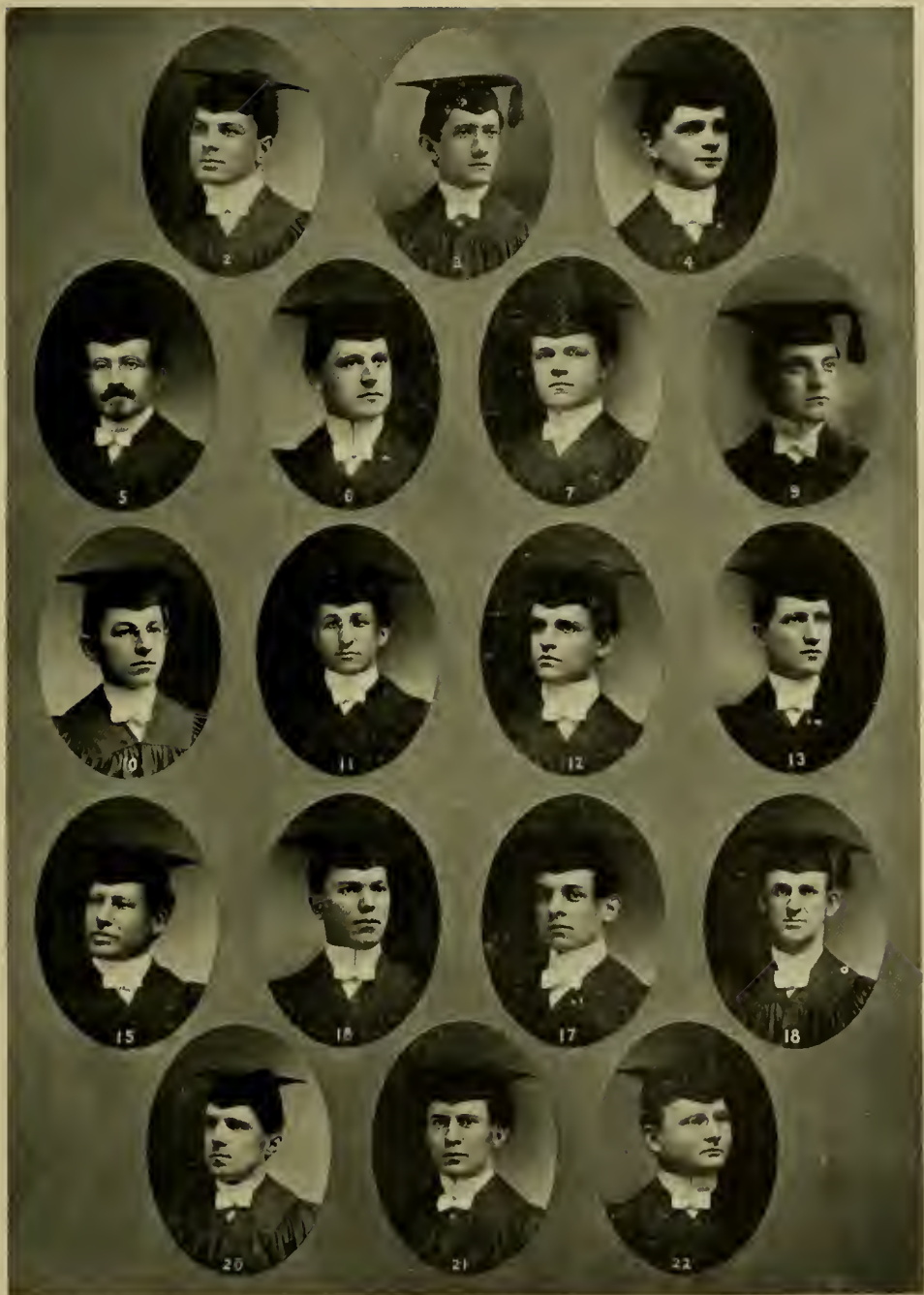
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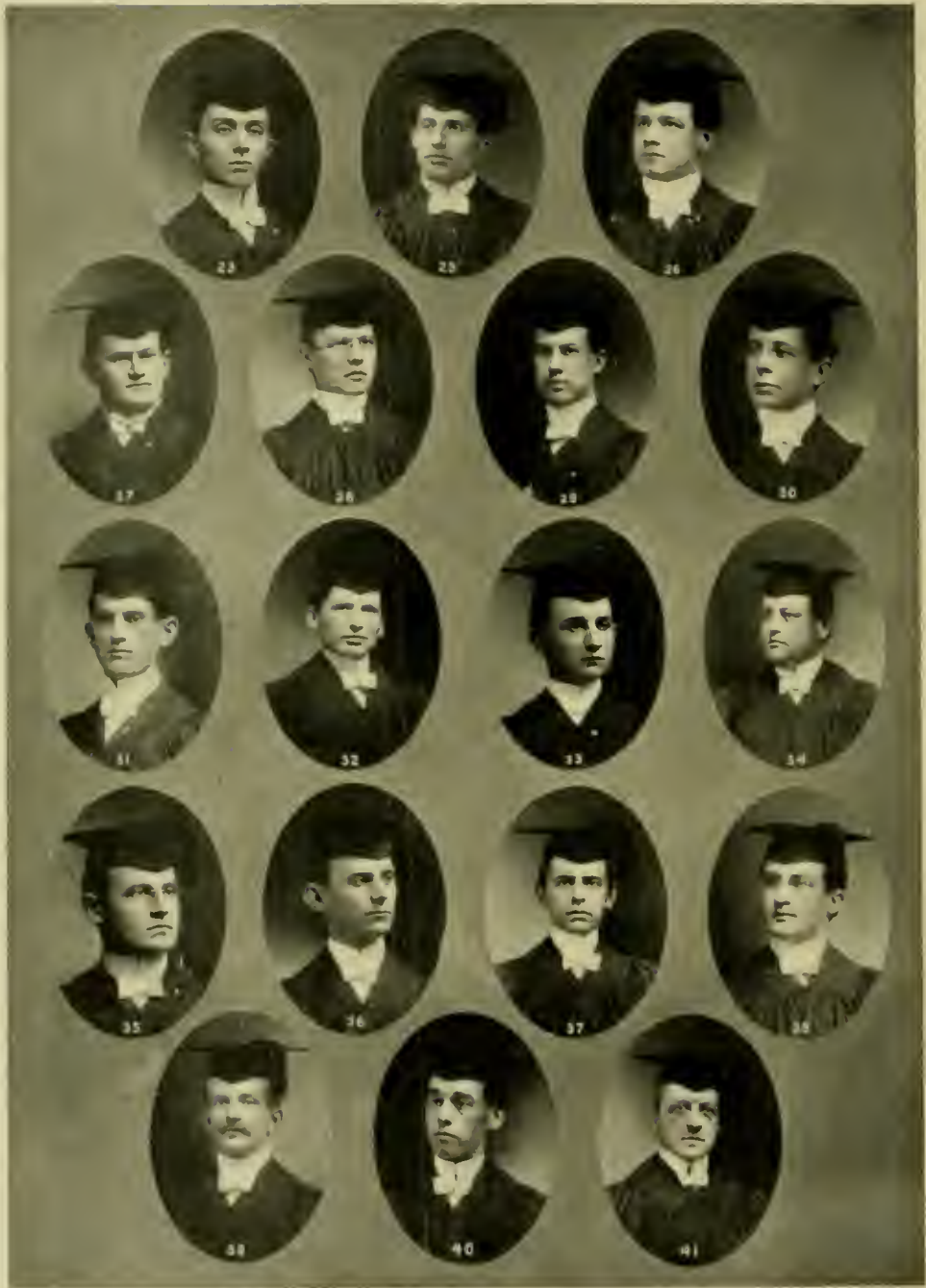
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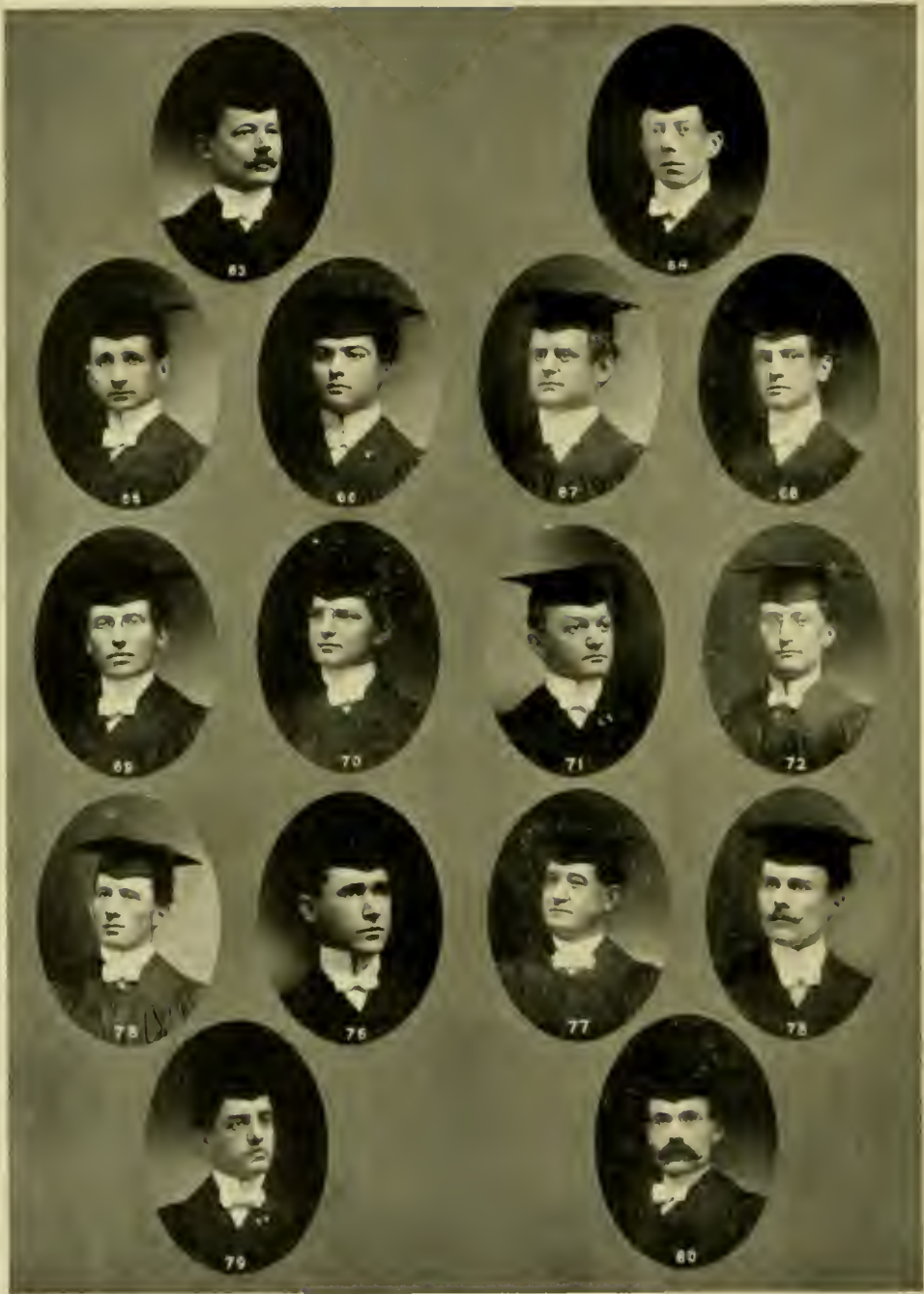
SENIOR CLASS.



SENIOR CLASS.

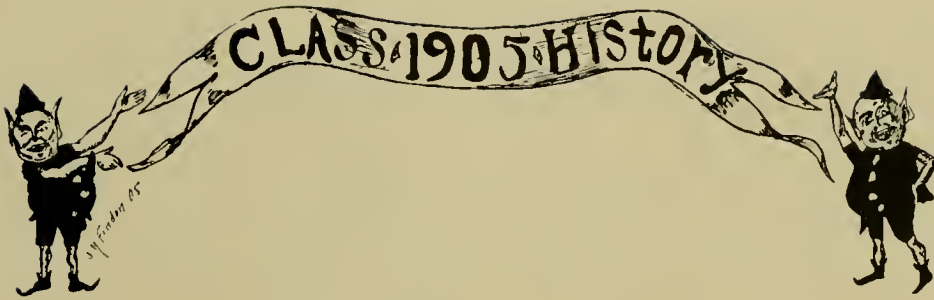


SENIOR CLASS.



SENIOR CLASS.





THE LABORS of the Class of 1905 are about drawn to a close. Three years of work, of anxiety, of anticipation, have stolen quietly away into the long vista of the past, leaving us to thoughtfully dwell on the experiences of those bygone days with feelings akin to the unspeakable.

Pleasure and pain, hope and despair, great expectations and disappointments, have followed each other in quick succession through the college experience of many, and perhaps, most of us. Yet this is no new thing. It was ever thus since the wheels of progress began to turn, and will be till the last human cry is lost in the wreck of worlds. As a class, we are remarkable for at least two things: firstly, as to numbers, and secondly, as to "final perseverance." One of the largest classes the University has seen, and during the three years only three men have dropped from the ranks,—Speas, through financial embarrassment; Kirven, through financial engorgement, and Saxon, through financial curtailment. To this number we regret to add the name of L. A. Arosemena, of South America, who died during the Summer of 1903. As to numbers, the losses have been more than made up by men attracted from other colleges to our new and finely equipped University. No less than a dozen have given old U. of M. the preference, and will graduate with our class.

This sketch will deal more particularly with the doings of the Class during the Senior Year, and will accordingly begin where the Historian of last year left off.

The Summer Session was attended by a larger number than usual, the advantages of which have been scarcely realized by the students. Thirst for traveling impelled a notable trio to engage as chambermaids on a transatlantic cattle-boat, and the three of them,—Woodward, Dial and McCann,—visited England, Scotland and France during the early part of the Summer vacation. We had the pleasure of calling on McCann, and after a few preliminaries, his roommate, Healey, passed us a box of twenty-five cent cigars—which we declined, on account of an uncultivated taste. "Were you seasick, Mac?" was the first question we sprang on him. "Not by a d—— sight," he answered. "The variagated quality of the perfumes gave us something else to think about, besides 'other things,'" and Mac scratched himself suspiciously. Healey declared that Mac had poured such nerve-wrecking tales of the ocean into his ear, that he was compelled to take a half-pound pill of *gutta percha* every night, to put himself to sleep. We regret to learn that Woody and Dick were moody and sick (this is a new joke, which we have had copyrighted). They were sick one day, and were hanging out adjacent portholes, when one of the other chambermaids sympathetically inquired of Dick if he were feeling weak. "No," he indignantly replied; "I'm

throwing it as far as Woody." But Dick's experience in Paris with the little dark-eyed French peach" was the climax of his happiness. "Gee," he says, "wasn't she a sweet little thing, and she couldn't speak a word of English, either," and Dick beams with delight.

We all wonder if it would be a pleasant trip. Well, someone is said to have remarked to someone else who heard it said to another, that they had told a friend, who told them that they believed the boys said they thought the trip was rather pleasant.

That the boys appreciate their annuals, especially when they have paid for them, was fully demonstrated when they returned in October. During the Summer they had not received them as expected, and now it was an annual or blood. A number of boys secured theirs after making a dozen or so trips to the news stand and the office of the slippery individual who seems to have a faculty of not being at home. Many have given up the search. Long probably made a record number of visits, having worn out nine pairs of good shoes and four pairs of rubbers pacing up to Franklin street. In other words, Long walked many a furlong to bring along his book, which should belong to him, but Long will be long longing. Whew!

Running after the annual reminds us of a little running incident where Bush and Hotchkiss and another, whose name we promised not to divulge, had running "beat to death." So that readers may have a definite idea when this occurred, we may say it was between the beginning of our Freshman year and the end of our Senior year. The affair is a secret, but history demands that facts be told; so it is on account of conscientious scruples that we relate the story for the first time. The three of them were out strolling about rather late one evening, when it became necessary to cross through the "Tenderloin" section well to the west, in order to reach home. Having reached a well-known street a little horde of toughs suddenly surrounded the innocent pedestrians, and demanded the nature of their business. All three realized that they were suspected as being spies, but finally persuaded their captors that they were merely strangers who had gotten lost in the great city. So they were allowed to proceed. Something happened a moment later, which made the toughs again suspicious, and they pursued and again surrounded the supposed sleuths; and, after a very short and pointed parley, a scrap began. Three against ten looked a little one-sided, and after a few rounds, all three broke away, and began making sprinting records. The party whose name we have not mentioned led by two necks, and struck a 1.59 11-16 clip. Rosie realizing how unnecessary a stiff hat is in a race like that, allowed it to fall into the hands of the pursuers, and was able to finish the race in 2.03. John was not distanced by any means, and made a very creditable showing. The hat met a miserable fate, "and it was a brand new one, too," Rosie says, tearfully. John has changed his play-grounds since then, and is now King of the Harem.

The strength of the dental profession is plainly shown, when it was able to wrest Snyder from the whole U. S. Army. One would scarcely believe this, but the facts are plain. George has, on more than one occasion, proved that he is a hero. If, for instance, he, by mistake, extracts a Richmond—crown, root and all—he merely looks wise and calm, quickly bows the patient out, hides, and thus escapes a suit for damages. George has petitioned the Dean to amend and revise "Questions and Answers," thus:

Q.—Of what use are Richmond crowns?

A.—Very useful as scrap gold. They should never be allowed to remain long in a patient's mouth.

J. V. Jenkins is a man with the most profound business instinct of any person in the class. Just one instance showing this trait will be sufficient. During last Summer he took a mortgage on a man's farm in Virginia, in part payment for extracting a couple of mean little molars; and yet he comes back looking the very image of generosity, and cheerful withal.

E. J. Jenkins represents the grey-haired dignity of the class. He has learned the names of the different-shaped hand-pluggers and excavators, has a patent way of folding non-cohesive foil, can cut rubber dam, and, in short, knows a whole lot about our profession; for, don't you see, he is in pretty good company. There is one thing about him, however, we might mention: he has a way of saying what he thinks. This is not always best. In short, it is often dangerous.

J. C. Allen, though only with us for the last two years, climbed to the position of Class President, a station which he has filled very satisfactorily. He has, of course, failed to please everybody; but it must be remembered that Gabriel could not have satisfied us all. Jack has a love affair which would make good history if details were at hand, but they are wanting, and no one regrets this more than the Historian. His room-mate, Barton, has had a few adventures, but he has such a disreputable way of keeping things to himself, that he will have only himself to blame if his history is uninteresting. It is suspected that he has a lady friend at home, away up in New York State somewhere, and naturally it would not be right to tell what a great lady's man he is here. It might make trouble at home.

We will now couple Hill and Edgell. What a team they make. Both show visible marks of overstudy, having fallen in weight from two hundred to three hundred and ten pounds, approximately. Hill is compelled to wear that famous dressing-gown to preserve a semblance of his former greatness, and Edgell's clothes hang on him like a union suit on a clothesline, or the way Edgell's overcoat hangs on Lester. Have you noticed it? Ah! jokes, thou art responsible for many absurdities.

McVane, Hill's understudy, is another inveterate plugger, having been known to sit up as late as ten o'clock on more than one occasion.

Helms spent his middle year at the New York College of Dentistry, and we are glad to see him back, to graduate with our class.

Waltman comes from a little country village, where he holds great prominence as a dealer in pork. Recently he cornered the market on heavyweights, and if we believe him, many of the porkers weighed seven hundred pounds. He thinks we are easy. This led Sperry to hatch up pork stories, to the effect that he himself owned pigs which weighed in the neighborhood of half a ton. Sperry has, of course, the spirit of the Southerner who hates to be beaten. Well, after that, the curtain was hauled down by their almost paralyzed hearers. Sperry tells another tale of how he fell out of a third-story window in Wheeling during the Summer, and merely cut his feet on some glass. Observe, that naturally, his feet struck the ground first. He wandered down town, and was eventually gathered up by a kind-hearted cop, who tremblingly inquired of the night-robed traveler where he wished to go. "I want to go to Wheeling," wailed Sperry. The kind-hearted cop at once guaranteed him an inexpensive night's lodging.

Archambault is a striking character,—striking anyone who comes in his way. Good-natured, if rubbed the right way, and has a laugh perfectly remarkable.

The bland Rabbi Blatt, with his beard clipped, reminds us of when, as a Freshman, he could not permit "the clippers" to relieve him of his whiskers, on account of his position in the church. How he tried to carry alloy fillings to the cavity by means of a spoon excavator, and heaven knows how he expected to get the mercury there, is a performance we will not forget in six hundred years.

A. S. Brown has laboratory experience galore, but, being a stranger in the Infirmary, we have little to say. We hope, however, his history will not have to be written by our successors.

O. L. V. Cochrane, ex-President, diplomat, and Californian. Diplomats are born, not made, and a man must be an adept at electioneering if he expects to accomplish anything. With a novice it works something like a boomerang. Cochrane succeeds better as a student, and will stand high at the finish.

R. S. Cutchin, the typical Southerner, has led an industrious career, doing honest work, and plenty of it.

E. L. Davis is well-known as a phenomenal student. He has taken up medicine, surgery, dentistry, and everything appertaining thereto, in all their varied branches and departments. His health has been so much shattered by such a strenuous course that we fear he may be ill about the 8th of May. We leave him in the hands of a merciful faculty.

H. M. Davis, our selected Class Orator, is a Marylander. One has only to look at his hair to know that he is a foot-ball player; but now he is wrestling with his oration, and is not doing anything rash enough to be recorded as history.

Dean came all the way from West Virginia after a diploma, and if steady plodding will get it, he has nothing to fear.

Dimock, is another plodder; has done a large amount of good, practical work and study. He will do credit to Nova Scotia.

The very mention of Etchison's name conjures up in one's mind a bevy of pretty girls. This last year he has played whist ten nights every week, and has won fifteen games out of every dozen played. A large, strong oak table in the centre of his spacious apartment is piled up with trophies and prizes he has won. He has also taken up music.

The Findon brothers belong up in New England somewhere. Their greenest year was spent at the B. C. D. S. After their second year they swore they would never darken the University doors again; but we observe they have recanted. Having a strong family resemblance, they have a peculiar advantage over the rest of us at roll-call. J. H. can easily be pro tempore J. W.

E. W. Foster, of South Carolina, has a history unique, and the present Historian feels altogether unequal to the task. He is easily the sportiest sport in the class. As a true friend of the ladies, even prescribing peroxide in doses which would probably bleach. Did it bleach any, Eth? He is a noted student, and often works between meals, even going so far as to make his own Downey, and actually answer up in Professor Harris' quiz.

Frew is the moral backbone and spiritual adviser of the class. After wrestling with all the problems of life, he has summed up the matter in these words: "Girls will be girls." Yet he is capable of greater things than this. His practical work is excellent. Frew is not easily made angry, but Dr. Rosette put his foot in it when he asked him if he were a Jew.

Graham got his game leg suppld up this year, and Archie has had nothing to stumble over and fall out about; nor has Sperow had a whack at him this year. He satisfied his Provincial Board during the Summer that he knew something.

Hague is an authority on mosquitoes, and also knows something about girls; but which is the greater evil he has not yet decided. "Experience," he says, "is a great thing, but too much of it makes trouble." There are other things we might mention, but we know he will pardon us if they are omitted,—yea, thank us! He is a great admirer of "Hawkins."

Hand makes a specialty of calling on the ladies. He has it down to a science, and can give cards and spades to Woodward or Dial. As to work, he is a hustler, and will do well. We will get square with him for that bull-dog story.

Hall, with his significant initials, comes from Rhode Island. He narrowly escaped being Class President, but Allen is to blame for that. He is President of the Musical Association, however, and an editor of the Annual, to say nothing of his other attainments, such as artist, musician, ladies' man, etc. Nate is well liked in the class, but has been unusually reserved this term; we hope it is nothing more than Senior dignity.

Hildebrand has developed nothing worth mentioning, unless it is a slight inclination to work, which may pass away with time and care. That hat-pin which he had run through his hand last year seems to have domesticated him to a large degree. He may not need another for years.

Hopkins has a history composed of 95 per cent. of work. The other 5 per cent. is the shortest road from home to college and back again. That translated into English means success.

R. L. Hughes is a Baltimorean, with office experience, and consequently, a stranger. We wish him success if he can get it, but must add from our extensive experience that watching the Vulcanizer does not help a man put in a gold filling. Ask Barton if it does.

J. J. Kenney, prophet, benedict, politician and sport,—the same today as when we were all little Freshmen, and he expected to be Class President. We are all dreadfully human, and J. J. is no exception. He has taken considerable interest in class matters, has done good professional work, and will be a credit to the class.

Probably no one has taken a greater interest in class affairs than B. A. Lester. His sacrifice of time and energy has been unstinted and freely given. He has an extensive correspondence with "Philendelphia," at least as far as he is concerned, but no replies have been received. He is an editor of the Annual, and has good standing in practical work.

Levy has not been forgotten since he sent the keg to the old laboratory. Long may he live.

B. R. Long, the giant in theory, next demands attention. He has the real reputation of being a student, but finds time to do his duty as Class Poet. His close application has made his career barren in episodes, which might have made his history more entertaining, though less creditable. Therefore, we will have to bow him out and consider McCluer, a Virginian.

Mac *does* a whole lot, but seldom thinks. When he does think, he evolves something like this,—a painful example. "Every homely girl should strive to become pretty, and every pretty girl to become still prettier." Judge him from this. He will be remembered by the fine specimen and practical work he has done.

W. R. McIntyre studies well, loafs well, sings well, plays well, talks well, acts well and eats well. What more can be asked? But that beard, ouch!

J. L. McClung is plainly from West Virginia. He has play-grounds of his own, but we know nothing about them, but suspect that there will be many a heartbreak when he returns to his native hills.

McLaughlin, the recluse,—the very embodiment of retirement,—comes next on the list. Still waters run deep, and this may be true of him. Apparently he is a man of good parts.

E. W. Miller is another man possessed of that modest reserve common to Virginians: but he is beginning to branch out. He affords a strong contrast to our friend, J. E. C. Miller, Jr., who is known as the boy detective. Of course, detective work is very useful in the dental profession, but some little knowledge of dentistry should accompany it. His motto is: "No work and all joy makes Jacky a smart boy, and he lives up to it."

Miller is also noted for his extreme views on temperance and worldly pleasures.

Moffett, from the wilds of Texas, knows how to make crowns, and he knows his theory, too; so that Texas will be proud of him when he returns home.

Pyles has attended quietly to his routine work, and has thus bereft the Historian of much valuable material. This is a matter on which to congratulate him.

W. Price says necessity knows no law. Kill two birds with the one stone. Never give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Always be in two places at the same time. Graduate or bust. Stranger as he may be, Price has gotten in his practical work, and will make good when his shingle dangles in the wind.

Joe Dunne is a man of proverbs, too. His favorite one is: "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow." Yet we hope the faculty will not be unduly influenced by this remark. He will return home a mere wreck of his former self from the effects of over-study.

A. M. Dula, sergeant-at-arms, minds his own business, and works faithfully. One would never imagine he is a Tar-Heel.

J. Ross has a history uneventful, but studded with twenty-one months of steady work, of which he is probably proud. He also attends entirely to his own business.

Self and Welsh seemed inseparable, but the fatal day came, and now they live apart. They were transferred from the B. C. D. S. after their Freshman year. Still, we believe dentists are born, not made.

Snively has stood the test very well, as far as popularity goes, and especially so among the ladies. Success in his chosen profession is assured when the ladies are on his side. He should not allow them to charm him, though, as he did once, when he gave away secret pass-words and grips.

Wareheim and Wells have both had periodical shocks of nervous prostration, caused by excessive study. More shocks may follow before May 8th. Wareheim was elected Class Secretary.

Harry Wood has been seriously interrupted in his course by illness, but we are exceedingly glad to have him with us this year, in spite of his indisposition. Harry lends much to the moral backbone of the class, and is a clever workman.

Whisnant, after being out a number of years, has returned to graduate with us. His history is, of necessity, short.

Yacoubyan comes from the B. C. D. S., is a man of vast learning,—especially on theological subjects,—and we would wish as much for him in dentistry, only we fear his ground work was defective, for which he may not be to blame. In time Dr. Yacoubyan will be O. K.

Cupid got in some work among our boys, and two of them became benedicts. Otto Nase brought back to Baltimore a blushing bride to share his joys and sorrows, and while congratulating him we may do the same for L. R. Brown, who, during the Christmas holidays, brought to a climax an affair bordering on the romantic. Both couples have the best wishes of our class.

Steinbeck, Horton, McFadden and Holliday were transferred this year from the University of Virginia to the University of Maryland. They have all become popular in the class, partly because they have exhibited such good judgment in selecting an up-to-date institution from which to graduate, and partly because of their affable manner and good fellowship.

Cherry was transferred from Tuft's Dental College. He has made decided progress towards housekeeping. She said "yes" when he asked her.

Riley also came from Tuft's, but he will have to tell his own history.

C. H. Skaggs has been practicing a number of years, as has Dr. Mullins; and now both are after diplomas. For some time Dr. Mullins did not miss a lecture; then, after a while, he dare not. He was sorry he started out so well.

Lamb, transferred from the B. C. D. S. this year, has an abnormal weakness for the ladies, but gives them only what time he has between meals. Holliday taught him how to shoot crap.

Dennis came to us this year, appreciating the value of a University of Maryland diploma. He drummed up his patients at Sunday-school, and got a goodly number of them. We leave him in the hands of the Critic.

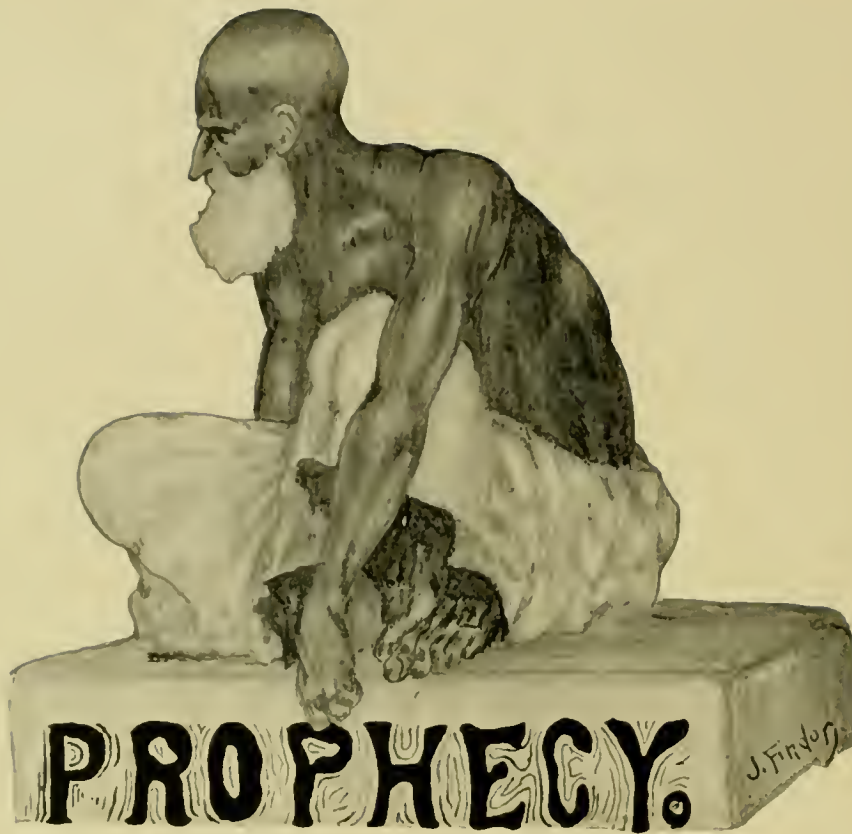
Our feeble attempt at history is here ended, and we trust everything said will be taken as it is meant—good-naturedly. We have purposely avoided harsh criticism, and only regret that space forbids a more detailed and comprehensive review of every individual.

As a whole, our class has held its own with its predecessors, considering the difficulties encountered. We have all seriously felt the break in our course owing to the tearing down and rebuilding operations, during which we were largely deprived of Laboratory and Infirmary; but that may be looked upon as nothing, when we consider the admirable equipment now at our disposal.

The time for our final parting has come, and we will bid a last farewell to many a friend. Differences and petty spite should be forgotten, in order that we may always have our college days to look back upon as a pleasant memory.

We have now arrived at a gateway presenting a new outlook on life's busy activities, where fresh energy and strenuous effort are required to grapple with new problems. Work is the watchword. "Scorn delights and live laborious days." Success follows. Here's success to one and all.

E. F. MOYSE, *Historian.*



"Oh, for one of those hours of gladness!  
Gone, also like our youth, too soon."..

**I**N CHRONICLING the future doings and sayings (chiefly sayings) of my classmates, pages might be written and hours spent in dilating upon their manifold attractions, beauties and accomplishments, but the space allotted forbids such a procedure, and I imagine it will be sufficient to state, as the members of the Class well know, that most of them have spoken or can speak for themselves. So in submitting the little effusion the writer has no other apologies to make if he has neglected to note some important facts; but would add for the benefit of those not so well acquainted with the Class, that as there is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, and one of the stars, so even does the glory of the Class of of Naughty-Five outshine the most effulgent rays of any previous graduating Class.

After five years of steady, strenuous toil at the chair, I decided to visit some of my classmates, having received many pressing invitations to do so. Coupled with the thought that perhaps the relaxation from work and a change of scene would benefit me, and as my mind reverted to student days, I felt, to quote Longfellow:



"A feeling of sadness and longing  
Which is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain."

First going to New Oxford to see my old friends, J. E. C. Miller, and the modern Ananias, Synder. Arriving at said town at dusk, I put up at the inn, the natives call it THE HOTEL. The colonel is well thought of, he being the hero of many wars (mostly jack-pot poker). Calling on the valiant Colonel, he invited me to dinner, which I declined, fearing he would help me to a few kind (?) remarks, as I had eaten alongside of George for two years and did not hanker for any such favors. Rufe, George's brother, told me he had been doing a \$5,000 business previous to George's advent to the office, but of late they had much leisure time to themselves, and had taken to counting fly specks on the walls, but that when the summer boarders arrived they hoped to do better. Miller was their laboratory man, but I failed to meet J. E. C., as he had gone down to the corner an hour previous to get some "suds," and did not return before I left.

Journeying up through Canada, I happened to stop at a little hamlet in New Brunswick, and having some time to spare, decided to look around a bit. Approaching the local police force, consisting of one uniformed man, to make some inquiries, I was surprised to find that the man encased in blue and brass was my old classmate, Graham. After a friendly chat, he informed me that there was a medicine show holding forth in the suburbs, and gave me directions for reaching the spot. Upon boarding a trolley I was met by Lester, who promptly pocketed my nickel with a sickly grin. His conscience seemed to trouble him as of old. Arriving at the show grounds, I found a neat canvas tent covered with large posters announcing that Dr. Dimmock, the world-famous painless extractor would "draw" teeth free of charge that evening. He appeared on the platform arrayed in cap and gown, having taken a violent fancy to this apparel his senior year, and looked decidedly wise and dignified.

The entertainment opened up with a song and dance by my old friend, Lamb, who was achieving fame as a Hebrew impersonator. Lamb has been obliged to take up his abode in the King's domain, owing to a slight mistake of his in interpreting the laws of his native State.

The first patient now mounted the operating chair, consisting of a kitchen chair placed on a soap box. She was a buxom young lady, and as Dimmock was preparing for the operation, McIntyre, who was also employed by the management, sang in a clear high tenor, that all pathetic ballad, "Good Bye, Little Girl, Good Bye." Having no desire to be subpoenaed as a witness in a suit for damages, I hastily left the scene of carnage, but not soon enough to escape hearing the blood-curdling shrieks of the victim, blending rather unharmoniously with Mac's mellow tones. Before leaving Canada, I visited Dr. Nase, who was doing a thriving business as an undertaker in connection with his dental practice, and is reaping profits. He kills and then buries them.

Upon returning to Baltimore, that dear old hot-bed of malaria, I met A. S. Brown. He told me he had renounced the dental profession, and was conducting a large dairy farm with much success. Visiting the farm I found Self employed as manager.

I also found Lynd, and found him the same as of old—careful, painstaking, attentive to business and prospering.

While in Texas I was soon apprised of Moffett's fame. It seems that, having a natural inclination for detective work and longing for a life of excitement, he had affiliated himself with the Rangers, and was patrolling the plains a terror to all evil doers. He had also contracted an alliance with a blushing young damsel from Duzerne street, who had won his affections during his senior year.

Going to Hagerstown, I was not surprised to learn that Davis' and Dennis' fame as orators had preceded them, even to this most remote land. Gorgeously lithographed on the billboards was Davis in his striking and characteristic attitude, leonine head, and *large, open* countenance. Dennis, as of old, thin, sprightly and pompous, with that stereotyped, knowing, wise look. The headlines said they were to speak that evening in the palm garden of the Pilgrim's Rest. I attended. Never have I seen such a varied crowd. A mottled assemblage of corn crackers, swamp angels, squatters, root diggers and back-woodsmen, had gathered to hear this double-headed aggregation. The gist of their discourse was an exhortation to the listeners to give up their various pursuits and elevate themselves by studying dentistry, holding themselves up as examples of how the lowly had risen. Truly a galaxy of busted talent. May they meet with just reward of "barnstomers."

Blatt I found in Baltimore on the east side. When I called I found him reclining on a couch with a far-away, pensive look on his face. I shook hands with him and asked how everything was. I was filled with consternation when he replied, "God bless you, go to the d——l." His brother came in at that moment and informed me Blatt was slightly loose in the cerebrum.

Levy has given up dentistry, and runs a Kansas drug store. Drugs in front room and whiskey in the back. "A fine beezness," he says. I found Hall living easy. He finds time to depart from his multitudinous duties as Surgeon Dentist to the millionaires of Rhode Island to go shooting down in Georgia, an occasional cruise on his yacht, and sometimes a race in his automobile.

Hotchkiss is still something of a hypochondriac, fussing about his health and living a life of solid respectability. He has given up dentistry, taken a wife, and conducts the best hotel in Niantic. It is the only one, however, hence the best.

Hague is as of old, the man of well-balanced, subtle, and thoughtful judgment, and conducts a high class dental emporium, catering only to the elite of Elizabeth, N. J.

I met Harton in New York at the Hoffman House (bar), and found him the same good fellow, lofty in impulse, though not altogether without faults, but still a Southern gentleman.

I am now reminded of McCann. To this great man (stature of mean) tribute is unnecessary, and commendation would be impertinent. You all know him and can easily foretell his future by past.

In Bangor I met the same old Hill, only more avoirdupois and good spirits. After the first greetings he immediately invited me "around the corner," where, he explained, I could wash the dust from my throat. He is the editor of the Bangor Blätter.

"Bawk" Waltman, of "habits-very-tidy" fame, is manifesting the excellent education attained at college of making the young laugh and the old howl. He is now known to concert-hall frequenters as the "Hilarious Jester and Fun Manufacturer." He appears nightly on the Bowery.

"Baty Boy" Etchison, of inquiring mind and rampant reasoning, has broken the shackles of dentistry and had adopted the more fitting vocation—for him—of "logging" on the Mississippi.

Dropping into the "Fuch's Hoble" to get a "dark" one afternoon, who should I see but Whisnout sitting on the table and entertaining a crowd of loungers by a tale of how he used to make plates in North Carolina. I tried to avoid him, but as soon as he spied me, he grabbed me by the arm and insisted upon my partaking of some "elixir of life." We ended up by being put out, and I had to put Whisnout to bed.

Little Joe Cunn has taken up politics, and from the way his constituents speak of him, I judged he was to be the next Mayor. He is known as the "little Squire." Joe Says the situation just suits him, as he doesn't care to overexert himself, having heart trouble.

Allen is traveling for the S. S. White people, and I learn he is doing very well as a salesman, especially among the lady patrons. It seems strange, though, that Jack would take a traveling position, for he formerly had a peculiar failing for "laying up."

I looked Cherry up in Boston, and after zig-zagging through a maze of alleys and dodging flying trolleys and hacks driven by reckless drivers, I found his official sanctum, but Cherry was not there. The house was closed and a sheriff's notice of sale was on the door. So I had to leave without seeing him.

Stopping at the Fremont, I met old Eph. Foster. He invited me to have "just one," and told me he had leased the place for a year, but that it was too convenient for him, as his best customer was himself, and he would return South soon as the lease ran out. He is still the cheerful, hearty and debonair fellow, with a gay flock of women friends.

I tried to see Reilly, but he was either just dressing, just going out, or just retiring, so his valet informed me. After three ineffectual attempts, I gave it up. "He is the man that keeps the hotel."

I met Edgell over in New York, and he showed the stimulating effects of high living. He is just as original and friendly as ever, comical in a sense, but still the kind one likes to have as a friend.

Dean I found up in New Hampshire enjoying a life of leisure with plenty of time to follow the pleasures of life, his only necessary work being to clip his coupons.

Hopkins is a living exponent of that trite saying: "Industry, honesty and economy generally insure success." He conducts a livery stable, and I inquired how much it would cost me for a horse and buggy for an hour. He replied that \$6 an hour was the customary price, but owing to our having been old friends, he would let me have it for \$5.50. I told him I would just take a look for a minute, and departed quickly.

On entering Skagg's office, an infinitude of paint, strangely familiar noises assailed my ears, and peeping through the door, beheld the worthy doctor plugging away at a gold filling as though driving nails with a 2-lb. mallet, and at every stroke the patient emitted one of those soulful groans (heard in the extracting room every day), so not wishing to intrude, I departed quietly.

Banks, Copeland, Early and St. John conduct a post-graduate school for those wishing to become proficient in the art of crown and bridge work. Hughes is the secretary. Their place of business is situated in the town of Nothing-doing, county of Nowhere.

Wells and Wareheim I need not tell you about, for you see their names in the daily papers everywhere, credited with some sensational play. They are classed as the star players of the National League.

Of Price I know nothing. You all remember him being lost when the cards were shuffled previous to Commencement.

Hand has acquired a new adjustment of spirit, a more correct balance, and a mental, spiritual and physical revolution, and to quote him, "I have got me a wife." He is now engaged in the brick pressing business.

Woodward is as of yore, a veritable incrustation of fashion and modern fads, and a true Southern Beau Brummel. The same good fellow, and much in demand at society functions where he is the only man present.

I found Healey suffering from ennui and encephalalzia. His instruments were covered with diacetate of copper. He keeps a dental office, but that is all, as it is a practice minus patients. Do your wonder why?

Helms has revised Harris' P. & P., and has written two volumes, which are considered by eminent authorities to be the cream of text books, and indispensable to every library, being a veritable treasure house of good points, heretofore unknown in dental annals, and discovered by the distinguished doctor while in New York.

Hildebrand, the man noted for his great caution, acuteness and subtlety of thought, is now one of the members of the army survey board for the condemnation of unserviceable materials, and still possesses the same cool acumen as in student days.

I met Welsh at his office. He appeared overstrained and exhausted, but after a heart-to-heart talk, coupled with three apiece of "Old Sherwood," he explained that it was the result of trying to make one of Grieve's 7-tooth bridges, having burned three, he had put an "ad" in "Hill's Blätter" for a laboratory man. While there, E.W. Miller called in answer to the advertisement, but after learning what was required, he begged to be excused, explaining that just such pleasant things as that had induced him to leave the profession and return to blacksmithing.

While in New Jersey, I met McCluer, who was on his way to attend the annual convention at Asbury Park. We talked on topics relating to dentistry, and it afforded me genuine pleasure to learn he was in the foremost ranks of the profession. After generalizing from our dual experiences, we came to the conclusion that there are still many who do not appreciate what a boon to mankind the graduating of the Class of '05 is.

Upon calling on Long, I found him with an expression of weary resignation on his face. He told me his plan of working as mapped out in regard to his patient's ideas, and as he never was intended for dentistry, he was going back to the farm.

McFadden, with his grave, resigned and austere mood, is the President of the Richmond National Bank. He resides in an old and distinguished-looking dwelling, covered with 18th century decorations. I remained with him overnight, and it was enough, for the house was infested with a species known to the Southerner as "chinchcs," and said chinchcs appear to have an insatiable appetite for blood and a peculiar faculty for preventing sleep.

Steinbeck and Holiday run a three-ball establishment, and, judging from the display of diamonds on their persons, are certainly making a success of it. They possess that suave courtesy and a charming and affable personality necessary for success.

I saw Wood in Virginia. He looked quite aged, and his hair was thin and gray at the temples. He had around him a family flock of nine, and informed me the stork had brought him triplets twice, and then again twins.

I went to Highlandtown late one evening to see an old patient of mine, and upon alighting from the car I saw only a ragged urchin, and addressing him, I inquired the location of my patient. Imagine my surprise when I heard the old hackneyed phrase: "'Deed I don't know, you just ask Dr. Munyon, Mullins, I mean, he knows," thereupon directing me to the distinguished doctor's domicile. I met the doctor with the wise look, and he did not appear elated to see me (I remember incurring his displeasure during college days by intimating he knew it all, which no doubt accounts for his Arctic greeting). I stated the purpose of my visit, and receiving his directions, which proved to be wrong, I departed.

I found Big Jenkins living a life of quiet happiness and respectability, reminding me of Spencer, when he said:

"When the black letter'd list to the gods was presented,  
The list of what fate for each mortal intends,  
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,  
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children and friends."

Running over to Hagerstown, I stopped in to see Little Jenkins and S. B. Brown, the dental specialists. They were in partnership and doing an advertising business, figuratively speaking. Jenks informed me they were doing a \$10,000 business. He should have said that was the population. But Jenks was ever prone to exaggerate. "'Nuff sed."

Ernest Davis is doing nothing in particular, having become innoculated with that most infectious of all germs—lazi-coecus—during college days. By the way, he is the original discoverer of the above microbe, and is willing to inform those desiring to know the best methods of cultivating it. Snively, Saxton and O'Keefe are suffering from the same malady.

Yacoubyan has left the States; gone to Egypt and continues *practicing* on the natives, never having learned to do more.

My dear, beloved Sissy Sperrow has given up the genial and fitting occupation, for him, of keeping a dry goods and notion store. All the old ladies says he should have been a girl, and I am of the opinion their surmise is correct.

"Ma" Frew, advocating conscientiousness, always clear-headed and of mild disposition, conducts a little inn up in Chattugay, and has a frau with many little Frews.

The Flinton Bros., having learned much metallurgy at the University of Maryland, are now in the smelting business at Catonsville. Pyles is their cashier, and Ross, McClung and Dulla are employed in the works. The two former are known as "Puddlers," and the latter is the brave watchman, who guards with care their light-flowing silver solder.

Archambault and McLaughlin conduct a physical culture establishment up in Rhode Island. Mc. is also one of the pupils, and "Archie" is sometimes compelled to resort to some of the Jiu Jitsu methods to keep Mc. in the right path.

Moyse, familiarly known to the girls as "dear Ellis," is now famous as a tenor singer, and receives a salary of \$5,000 for warbling in Grace Church, New York.

Barton, of the inquiring mind, cheerful and mirth-creating, has joined Dockstader's Minstrels. He has decided talent as a black-face artist and is sure eventually to score a success.

Brown, L. R., has returned to Arizona, and is now engaged in mining ventures. Frank, earnest and sincere, he still maintains his literary pursuits.

Cutchin, who surely has brains, but has failed to prove the allegation, is still a midnight wandering Brownie. He being of such small proportions in all respects, and failing to eke out an existence at dentistry, has gone to London, and is now classed as a first-class chimney sweep. I might add, with apologies to Bret Harte, that

Far in ways that are dark, and ways that are mean,  
This man is extremely proficient.

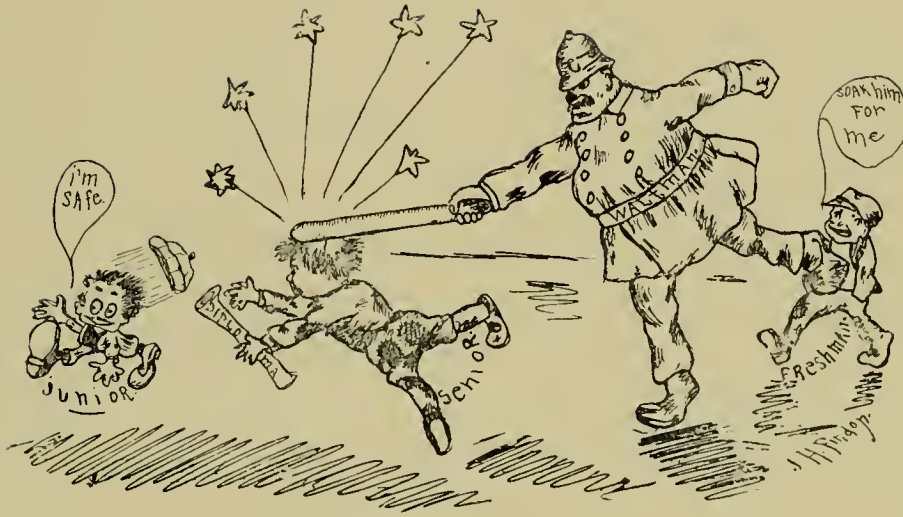
Cochrane has returned to his beloved army. He is the "top sergeant" of a company of the 10th Cavalry.

While I am writing this, in comes Rosy Bush. After ascertaining what I am doing, he tells me to put him down as living a life of pleasure and leisure, and to say he now lives at his club, and renounced everything pertaining to dentistry, as he receives enough royalty from his new method of retaining porcelain inlays to live comfortably without working.

In closing, I desire to add as a hope, when I think of the realities confronting us all, and that most serious and complicated of all problems, life, may the seeds of knowledge inculcated during student days, germinate and bear fruit, and may your prosperity and happiness ever increase, is the fervent wish of your prophet.

JAMES J. KENNEY.





## BUMPS

"I have studied with care and listened with fear  
 To each fellow as he answers roll-call;  
 If any are absent you need have no fear  
 As there is some one to answer for all.  
 I have joked, I have smoked, and worked with each here,  
 And assisted, if able, when called  
 So while there's good cheer lets take a small beer,  
 And promise not to wince if you're galled."

### UNIVERSITY:

"It stands like the firm rock that in mid-ocean braves the war of whirlwinds and the dash of waves."

### FACULTY:

"Learning maketh young men temperate; is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth and poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches."

JOHN CLARENCE ALLEN, *President*.

—New York.

He is loaded as a pack mule with college honors, and when he opens his lips let no dog bark.

FRANK WILSON MCCLUER, *Vice-President*.

—Virginia.

"As self-conceited as one can be not to crack open."

GUERNSEY GEORGE WAREHEIM, *Secretary*.

—Pennsylvania.

"Gimme a chaw terbacker."

- ALFRED STANLEY BROWN, *Treasurer*. —Maryland.  
 "If he could coin his stock of ignorance he could buy the universe."
- HORACE M. DAVIS, JR., *Orator*. —Maryland.  
 "Certain orators are like great rivers, always loudest and muddiest at the mouth."
- ORAN LAVERNE COCHRANE. —Missouri.  
 "A politician without patronage is like a cat in hell without claws."
- GEORGE HENRY HAGUE. —New Jersey.  
 "For sale—Swellest set of cribs out on Anatomy."
- REUBEN B. MULLINS, M.D. —Nebraska.  
 "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none of it."  
 —*Shakespeare*.
- BURTON TALMAGE, D.D.S. —New York.  
 "When he laughs we are at a loss to know whether it is keen appreciation or hysterics."
- JOHN JAMES McCANN. —New York.  
 "The man with a loud laugh that speaks a vacant mind."  
 —*Goldsmith*.
- GEORGE EDWARD HILL. —Maine.  
 "The ladies, as they pass him by, all declare he hath an evil eye."
- NATHAN GREENE HALL. —Rhode Island.  
 "Sunk into oblivion since class election, October 26, 1904."
- JOHN PUGH LAMB. —North Carolina.  
 "Carolina had a little lamb."  
 With character white as snow;  
 He wandered off to U. of M.  
 Look at the d—— thing now."
- SYLVESTER ROBERT HORTON. —North Carolina.  
 "If the ass were the king of brutes, he could boast of his royal blood."
- WILBERT PRICE. —Maryland.  
 "Self-interest is the main-spring of all his actions."  
 —*Colton*.
- WILLIAM JAMES BARTON. —New York.  
 "If sandwiches are not plenty where he came from, it is not for the want of tongue."



- BLISS ALLEN LESTER. —Canada.  
 "Barnum's gorilla might justly resent the idea of evolution from his tribe."
- JOHN EDWARD WELSH. —South Carolina.  
 "Nature hath framed strange things in her time."  
 —*Merchant of Venice*.
- JOHN ELLIS CURTIS MILLER. —Pennsylvania.  
 "For thy sake, booze, I would do anything but die."
- NEON WESLEY HELMS. —New York.  
 "Fashioned so tenderly, so young and so fair."  
 —*Hood*.
- WALTER GORDON BUSH. —New York.  
 "Like every ass, he thinks himself worthy to stand among the king's horses."
- GEORGE E. DENNIS. —North Carolina.  
 "His butt-in license has worn threadbare."
- WILLIAM HARROW SPERROW. —West Virginia.  
 "His conduct has been a compound of rage and lunacy."
- ARTHUR WELLINGTON McVANE. —Maine.  
 "MacVane by name and vain by fame,  
 Forever gazing in his glass;  
 His friends all agree that there he can see  
 Something resembling an ass."
- OTTO NASE. —Canada.  
 "How marriage doth tame a man."
- EDWARD JEROME JENKINS. —Maryland.  
 "A fungus growth from a rotten system."
- WALTER ROBERTS McINTIRE. —Connecticut.  
 He sings physiology to the tune of "Old Hundred," and Anatomy to—"Then I'll be satisfied with sixty."
- CHARLES THOMAS PYLES. —Maryland.  
 "Arise! shake the Montgomery County hayseed from off thy back."
- GEORGE ALLEN SNYDER. —Pennsylvania.  
 "His lies are all married and have large families."

- VAHRAH KRIKOR YACOUBIAN. —Egypt.  
 "A relic of the ancient Nile,  
 An unread hieroglyphic.  
 His manner is dumb, his work is bum,  
 His visage is terrific."
- GOULD ORSINI HILDEBRAND. —Virginia.  
 "The stab of a hat pin hath cured him of his boldness."
- HENRY FLETCHER WOOD. —Virginia.  
 "Our heart-felt wishes for a speedy recovery."
- G. FLETCHER DEAN. —West Virginia.  
 "Ain't he a wise old owl?"
- JOSEPH ROSS. —New Jersey.  
 "It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."
- CHARLES LUTHER SNIVELY. —Maryland.  
 "He really acts at times like a rational creature."
- ETHEL WILLIAM FOSTER. —South Carolina.  
 "Confusion now hath wrought her masterpiece."  
 —*Shakespeare*.
- BERT READE LONG. —North Carolina.  
 "There ought to be another Delilah to shear this Samson of his intellectual locks."
- OSCAR MAURITZ LIND. —Maryland.  
 "There are but three lights—first, the sun; second, the moon; third, himself."
- JAMES STEPHENSON HOPKINS. —Maryland.  
 "A walking West India epidemic."
- ATHOL LEE FREW. —New York.  
 "With all his features of a Jew he didn't pass Physiology."
- CALVIN HARVEY SKAGGS. —West Virginia.  
 "A West Virginian; 'nuff sed."
- REV. HARRY GABRIEL BLATT. —Maryland.  
 "A round, short, oily man of God,  
 A mender of crowns and souls;  
 He taught us Juniors how teeth to fill,  
 With non-cohesive amalgam, wonderful skill."

- FLOYD P. EDGELL. —West Virginia.  
 "He said he wuldn't use cribs and he didn't; he had a surer plan."
- JOSEPH HEWITT FINDON. —Connecticut.  
 "He sketches pictures that he thinks are wise,  
 But really he can't draw anything but flies."
- ROBERT HENRY BANKS. —Virginia.  
 "Among us but none of us."
- ELLIS FRED MOYSE. —Canada.  
 "At liberty—Since October 26th, 1904, a silver tongued orator."
- ERNEST LEE DAVIS. —Maryland.  
 "He puts on more airs than you could grind out with a hand-organ."
- WILLIAM HENRY RILEY. —New Hampshire.  
 "We call him "Hen" for short "cause he's all the time layin' around."
- ISAAC RUFFIN SELF. —North Carolina.  
 "Like a telescope, you can see through him."
- MARCUS CORNEILUS COPELAN. —Virginia.  
 "He hath a plentiful lack of wit." —*Shakespeare.*
- CHARLES JOSEPH WELLS. —Maryland.  
 "Sweet grapes do not grow on thistles, nor do great thoughts spring from such a shallow  
 brain."
- BATES ETCHEINSON. —Maryland.  
 "Most appreciated when he keeps silent."
- JAMES JOSEPH KENNEY. —New York.  
 "If Satan went into his body he would come out a bigger rascal than he went in."
- JOHN WILLIAM HOTCHKISS. —Connecticut.  
 "Aunt Polly, the Cascaret fiend."
- HARRY HOWARD McLAUGHLIN. —Pennsylvania.  
 "He hath a lean and hungry look." —*Shakespeare.*
- JOHN VERNICE JENKINS. —Virginia.  
 "Instead of a D.D.S. sign he should hang out one with three balls on it."

- ERNEST WHITE MILLER. —Virginia.  
 "Verily, verily, I say unto you, you must be born again."
- PETER THOMAS HEALEY. —New York.  
 "Your looking glass will tell what none of your friends will."
- MARCUS ARCHAMBAULT. —Rhode Island.  
 "Such things become the hatch and brood of time." —*Shakespeare*.
- MAYGH JORDAN McFADDEN. —South Carolina.  
 "When all men say you are an ass methinks it is time to bray."
- ANDREW JACKSON WHISNANT. —North Carolina.  
 "His wit is as thick as a Tewksburie mustard. He has no more conception in him than a mallet." —*Shakespeare*.
- JOHN WILLIAM FINDON. —Connecticut.  
 "Empty casks always make the most noise."
- JAMES BANKS EARLY. —Virginia.  
 "Forebear it, therefore give your cause to heaven." —*Shakespeare*.
- WILLIAM LUTHER HAND. —North Carolina.  
 "To make this tall man short, try to borrow of him a dollar."
- JOSEPH HENRY DUNN. —Massachusetts.  
 "For God's sake what hath he done? His only labor was to kill the time."
- ARTHUR MCKEE DULA (DOOLEY). —North Carolina.  
 "The greatest man the country ever knew."
- RICHARD SPEIGHT CUTCHIN. —North Carolina.  
 "He is simply a mistake—no fault of nature whatever."
- WILFORD E. DIMOCK. —Nova Scotia.  
 "Neither a borrower or lender be." —*Shakespeare*.
- RAYMOND LEROY HUGHES. —Maryland.  
 "Born merely for the purpose of digestion."
- RICHARD TOZIER DIAL. —South Carolina.  
 "So green the cows will make cuds of him before long."

HENRY FRY WOODWARD. —West Virginia.  
"A gay—gay—gay Lothario."—*The Tenderfoot*.

FREDERICK ROY GRAHAM. —New Brunswick.  
"Weightier things than this are carried up by whirlwinds."

SAMUEL BLESSING BROWN. —Maryland.  
"Thanks to you for the unexpected honor of your company."

DAVID A. LEVY. —Maryland  
"Ye gods! For what sin do we suffer that this should be sent among us."

JOSEPH LOCONIA McCLUNG. —West Virginia.  
"Not a micro-cocci, but a cockeyed mick."

HENRY ABRAHAM CHERRY. —Massachusetts.  
"'Tis cheaper to borrow than to buy."

LEWIS R. BROWN. —Arizona.  
"Hail, wedded love, perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

SAMUEL FERRELL MOFFETT. —Texas.  
"A Texas burrow from off the parched 'Stake Plain'  
Where the prairie dog kneels  
Upon his heels,  
And fervently prays for rain."

RAIFORD FULTON HOLLIDAY. —North Carolina.  
"If ever he is called 'Doctor,' you do not speak of a learned man, but a man that should  
be learned."

#### A DIFFERENCE.

KENNEY—

"I would I were a single man;  
I'm tired of married life,  
With all its turmoils and its toils,  
And all its varied strife."

E. L. DAVIS—

"I long for some bright spirit who  
Would cling to me fore'r,  
And who throughout this struggling life  
My path would onward cheer."

## RETALIATION

By this band of gay roisterers voted an ass,  
I seize this occasion to make a repass;  
So while each one imagines all worthy parts his,  
I'll give you an inkling of each as he is.

ALLEN—

"Fill up the glass! and let us drink once more  
To hearty Jack, as we have drunk before;  
To few does fortune such a role award—  
To unite factions and attune discord;  
For with his example set us for a guide,  
All petty rivalry we've cast aside.  
Freed from those feelings that too oft betray,  
Our better natures have a fuller sway;  
So round our President we'll together stand,  
A united and harmonious band,  
And 'neath the colors of maroon and black,  
We'll march triumphant, lead by sterling Jack."

HOPKINS—

"An adept is he in chemists' lore,  
Has all its mysteries fathomed to the core;  
Each foul decoction and each nauseous pill,  
He knows its virtues or its powers to kill;  
With each human organ and its function, too,  
He's as familiar as with two and two;  
*Phygoctosis a la Metschnioff*  
Can quote verbatim, almost sing it off,  
With so much cramming one must needs grow gaunt—  
He looks a Demon of Distress and Want.

MOYSE—

"Herodotus and all his storied line  
That homage paid at pensive Clio's shrine,  
Could they be quickened from their slumber cold,  
Would fall ill sudden and their feet grow cold,  
Turn pale with anger or with envy green,  
When our great Moyses comes upon the scene;  
Who, uncontented with the modest fame  
Of champion punster, sought a greater name,  
And on wings of genius at his goal arrives—  
He writes a history of the Naughty-fives!

HILDEBRAND—

“When he gets busy with his microscope,  
Bold microbes shudder and give up all hope;  
The staphylococcus pyogenes aureus,  
And that less vile brood whose names annoy us;  
Plump micrococcus and the little spirillum  
Take to their heels, for he will surely kill 'em.

HOTCHKISS—

“A worthy match for railing Bush is he  
In wordy combat, or in repartee;  
And when he speaks it is for caution the cue—  
He may be serious or just mocking you.  
Achilles is he to the critic's shot,  
But Cupid's arrow found his one weak spot.”

BROWN, L. R.—

“He came to join us in the strenuous quest  
Of art and science, from the rugged West;  
He handles stocks and deals in 'bonds' as well,  
But his latest 'deal' will 'hold him for a spell';  
For growing weary of a single life,  
He plucked up courage and espoused a wife.”

BUSH—

“It stands confessed  
In thrust sarcastic or in pointed jest,  
His wit is such as knows no word for fail,  
And at his satire all his friends grew pale,  
Though each had tasted of this bitter fare  
'Tis poor old 'Dawk' that gets the lion's share.  
We've heard him oft with gleeful chuckle say,  
That 'Dawk' was 'hatched' for his especial prey.  
With poor frail woman he scarce stoops to play,  
Though 'tis said he has a winning way.”

MCINTIRE—

“A truthful boy is jolly McIntire,  
Though his voice is tuneful as the smoothest *lyre*;  
A time there was his songs were glad and free,  
But last vacation brought a change we see:  
A mellow tone, his melancholy mood,  
And deep drawn sighs, were with much doubt construed;  
'Till whispers reached us from the Nutmeg State,  
Of Cupid's crimes and Mc's sweet-bitter fate.”

McCLUER—

“Great fame is gained in building wondrous bridges  
O'er gaping chasms in alveolar ridges.  
Crowns he has placed, and 'tis but in truth to state,  
Their wearer's conduct he does regulate.  
All this he does, and even more in truth,  
Indeed 'tis rumored he can fill a tooth.”

WALTMAN—

“His nobby dress and swagger manner to—  
Semitic features? No, he's not a Jew!—  
His heart is large, and snug and warmly there,  
He finds a place for each and every fair;  
He hails from Frederick, and to sing the praise  
Of Frederick's virtues is his rankest craze.  
Good humored Walt! his humor serves him well,  
His life without it Bush had made a hell,  
His friends are many while his faults are few,  
The worst among them is—(it's up to you).”

LONG—

“Still do they gaze and still the wonder spread,  
At so much knowledge crammed in one small head.  
In profound science none so learned as he;  
To all its secrets he has found the key,  
But now prepare you for the startling news:  
He turns from science and invokes the muse;  
His primal offering at her sacred shrine,  
Upon another, brighter page you'll find.”

FREW—

“‘No pipe for fortune' nor no 'passion's slave,'  
In triumph calm, and in misfortune brave;  
Let fortune smile or darkly frown at will,  
Unmoved we find him, forging forward still;  
And here a lesson potentates might learn—  
To rule themselves, and rule their realms in turn.”

DAVIS—

“Our Demosthenes,  
Who speaks so forceful and declaims with ease;  
Such is his art and his persuasive powers,  
He can hold his hearers under spell for hours.”



If his tone be merry they are filled with glee,  
If sad, their sorrow is a sight to see;  
But dear old Davis, it is not such arts  
That make you dear to all your classmates' hearts;  
But your honest nature and your free good will,  
Are parts that drew us and they hold us still."

HELMS—

"Pet of all the class,  
With cheeks so rosy, like a blushing lass;  
In youthful circles he is quite a hit,  
For the girlies tell us he is surely 'it'.  
His phrase precise and cultured tone as well  
Of gentle breeding and refinement tell.  
A boon companion and a friend in truth,  
A genial comrade and a worthy youth."

HILL—

"His rotund person, his impressive air—  
This fills the room and that pervades the air;  
To note that gait and gaze upon that phiz,  
You'd think the earth and all it holds is his.  
And mark that smile, and those compelling eyes—  
The maid that feels them pines away and dies;  
Or ever grovels at his feet, to live  
On such small favors as he deigns to give."

HORTON—

"From North Carolina? 'yes sah, 'deed I is'  
And 'Tarheel's' faults and virtues all are his;  
Apollo's rival both in form and feature,  
A born distractor of each female creature.  
To plays and players he much inclined,  
And thinks Miss Haswell queen of womankind."

LESTER—

"None can deny  
His comely figure and his flashing eye;  
And rumor tells us—'twere a crying pity—  
Of a lonely fair one in the Baked-bean City;  
A trifle *frosty*, she's not *cold* to him,  
But fondly dotes upon her 'Sunny Jim.'  
In all our councils his advice has weight,  
And in prosthetics he's admitted great:  
His fame mechanics, his delight debating,  
Sin, breaking hearts, and his amusement 'skating.'"

SNIVELY—

“Unfamed for song and not too fond of wine,  
Yet 'mongst the ladies he was born to shine;  
The hearts he's crushed in number reach to legion,  
For which he'll suffer in some torrid region,  
Despite these follies heaped upon his head,  
He falls in slumber scarce he reaches bed,  
And sinks so deep in somnolescent dreams,  
He's scarcely wakened by next noontide's beams.”

HALL—

“Who's this approaching? Ah! 'tis genial Hall,  
Though limping slightly from his recent fall;  
He planned a voyage quite too near the sun,  
So his wings were melted scarce his flight begun;  
He took a tumble, but thrice lucky chap!  
A bumped ambition was his worst mishap.  
With “balm” and “spirits” he was soon restored,  
And ere long able to sit upon the “Board.”  
In glee club circles well and kindly known,  
He swells the chorus with his baritone;  
Now falling pensive, hies him to his “den”  
To sketch his fancies with an artist's pen;  
Or these light labors failing to amuse,  
Lays down the brush and sweet Euterpe woos.

WOODWARD—

“Each luckless maiden whom unhappy chance  
Leads to encounter his hypnotic glance,  
Is straightway caught in dazzling rainbow gleams,  
And high transport of blest Elysian dreams,  
From which she falls, if he but shift his glance,  
Into the woes of an infernal trance,  
There to remain until he looks once more,  
Which wafts her back to all her joys of yore;  
And thus, alas! for aye 'twixt heaven and hell,  
The wretched fair one must forever dwell.”



SUMMARY OF SOME SENIOR CHARACTERISTICS OBSERVED FROM TIME TO TIME.

NAME.	KNOWN AS	STRONG POINT.	WEAK POINT.	AMUSEMENT.	FUTURE DESTINY.
MOFFET.	"Sherlock".	Fighting coed.	Character.	Monumental Theatre.	Texas ranchman.
BUSH.	"Booker".	Girls in tights.	Brains.	Robbing the cradle.	Let the matter drop.
FREW.	"Mother".	Study.	Examinations.	Church-going.	Waiter in hotel.
HALL.	"Nat".	Appetite.	Digestion.	The Cascade.	Opera star.
HORCHKISS.	"Aunt Polly".	Cascarets.	Old maidish.	Asking silly questions.	Drug peddler.
MCINTRE.	"Governor".	Love act.	Kissing.	Writing love letters.	20th century Romeo.
SNYDER.	"Colonel".	Lying.	Sleeping.	Playing poker.	Expressman at Forest Park.
MILLER.	"Baby Doll".	Rooze.	Work.	Rotten stories.	Booze slinger.
HILL.	"Czar Ried".	Women.	Women.	Women.	Mormon elder.
LONG.	"Solomon".	Pipe.	Rotten tobacco.	Smoking.	Dope fiend.
HORTON.	"Tar Heel".	Nerve.	Intellect.	Key will tell you.	Cock fighter.
PYLES.	"Hemorrhoid".	Laughing.	Horse laugh.	Planning to get rich.	Poolesville farmer.
HOPKINS.	"Hoppy".	Country girls.	Taking baths.	Working for prizes.	New Market butcher.
DAVIS.	"Demosthenes".	Avoidupois.	Athletics.	Rehearsing his oration.	Ward bealer.
LESTER.	"Blister".	Pardon me.	Sense.	Wine, women and song.	Floor walker in 10c. store.
WOODWARD.	"Woodie".	Cribbing.	Sporting.	Lexington st. masher.	Broken-down sport.
SPIERROW.	"Sis".	Farming.	Making crowns.	Hitting the pipe.	Fakir at county fair.
DIAL.	"Dick".	Flirting.	Chasing canaries.	Hack riding.	Cowpuncher.
KENN Y.	"Captain".	Borrowing coin.	Paying beard.	Chemical blonds.	Madam's assistant.
ALLEN.	"Jack".	College honors.	Inde.	Maid in his lodging house.	Advertising dentist.
BARTON.	"Noisy".	Making noise.	Cigarettes.	Giving hot air.	Gallows.
JENKINS.	"Enzhaie".	Causing trouble.	His theory.	Working his patients.	Faynbroker.
STEINBECK.	"Ikey".	Diamonds.	Chorus girls.	Rushing chorus girls.	Mother Goose advance agent.
LAME.	"Buck".	Butting-in.	Manners.	Wishing for something.	Corner loafer.
ETCHISON.	"Batie".	Noise.	Everything.	Singing hymns.	Ox driver.
FOSTER.	"Eph".	Blarney.	Being decent.	Blowing off.	Cab driver.
MOYSE.	"Mice".	Dancing.	Too slow.	Playing hands.	The king's caddie.
WAREHEIM.	"Worms".	Tobacco.	Paying tobacco.	Chewing tobacco.	Crazy.



## TO THE CLASS

---

Courage, my fellow-classmates! The goal is now in sight,  
And our hearts are throbbing with a sense of sad delight.  
From every part of the compass, came we, strangers to these halls;  
We have served the apprenticeship, and now 'tis duty calls.  
Our feet would forever linger around this classic place,  
Where soul has communed with soul, and face looked into face.  
But, no. Each duty done is but the call to another,  
And the time has come at last when brother parts from brother.  
Think not that we will ever forget—think not that we can,  
For thoughts of those we love are virtues peculiar to man.  
Dreaming o'er the days of yore will bring some fond delight,  
Though the future lies before us like the damp mists of night.  
Kindred thoughts and kindred duties make us the better know,  
And kindred feelings teach us to share another's woe.  
We have had our share of joy, and, too, a little sorrow,  
But today's shadows vanish in the sunlight of tomorrow.  
Old Alma Mater, nothing new to us you've given,  
But you have brightened the talents lent us of heaven.  
With hearts of gratitude, thy sons will thy praises sing,  
And ever to thy altar tributes of love they'll bring.  
Like some giant light-house, untold worth to us you've been,  
Leading us from the darkness to the higher spheres of men.  
Absence is not oblivion—I would not think this true,  
For the associations here, my heart will ever renew.  
As we part from each other let's swear a vow to duty,  
For it will bring us fame—fill our lives with beauty.  
You are yearning for life's conflict—yearning for the strife,  
But only the good we do will count in the scales of life.  
I must leave you, classmates, for now the curtain falls,  
And methinks I hear weird echoes ringing through these halls.  
Go, each to thy duty; go, and take my benediction,  
Remembering that life is real—not a song of fiction.  
Farewell, my fellow-class mates; farewell, my teachers true,  
The tide of life flows out to sea, and this is my adieu.



## YE STUDENT

**A** VARIED life ye student leades,  
As annie life cann be,  
Some times he's sadd; sometimes he's  
madd;  
Butte oft in merrie glee.

Right sober is ye student, whenn  
In ye Professor's sighte;  
Butte whenn alone, he feareth none,  
And heedeth not ye righte.

For whenn ye teacher's in ye bedde—  
Is locked inn sleepe profounde—  
Hee seekes ye street, and nightlie there  
Hee goth rounde and rounde.

Ande whenn hee taketh off ye ale—  
His mightie little drams,  
He sings a songe which don't belonge  
To annie booke of Psalmms.

Butte when ye policemann comes inn sighte,  
Pacing his nightlie roundes,  
Ye student runs, nor tarries once,  
Till inn ye bedde he's founde.

For if ye greatte policemann shoulde  
Gette on ye vilyian's tracke,  
I ferre mee much, his lightest touche  
Would breake ye rogue his backe.

Rightie anxious is ye student mann  
Whenn inn ye roome at home;  
He poreth o'er ye mustie lore  
Within ye classic tome.

Or striveth harde too fixe ye rule  
Uppon ye troubledde minde;  
Or vainle seekes within ye Latin  
Ye verb his roote too finde.

Fulle cunnige is ye student too;  
For well hee wots 'tis plaine,  
Ye papere slippe, ye rule wille keepe  
Much longer thann ye braine.

Ande if hee fails to minde ye worde,  
Whene'er his turne comes rounde,  
Ye pockete holdes ye little scrolles  
Whereon ye taske is founde.

Ande on examination daye,  
Iff ye Professor menn  
Who shoulde appeare ye class to trye,  
Are nowhere too bee seene.

Ah, thenn ye student's hearte with joye  
Is fulle ande running o'er;  
Ye gracelesse scampe his pockete seekes  
Upon ye close of the doore.

Butte if ye dreade Professors come  
To heare ye class a quize,  
He opes ye booke and steals a looke  
Before ye tutor's sighte.

Rightie joyfulle is ye student whenn  
Ye longe, harde terme is o'er,  
When ancient worms and horride bugs  
Disturbe his dreames noo more.

When onn ye swiftlie flieinge cars  
He seekes his home againe,  
Ye people's prayers is that hee there  
Maye evermore remaine.

SOLILOQUY OF OUR CLASS PRESIDENT AFTER THE ONE BANQUET.

HOW STRANGE it seems, I feel tonight  
As though I've seen or felt a fight.  
The ceiling twirling all around;  
There is no floor nor any ground.  
It seems I have a faint nightmare;  
'Tis surely not a common tear.  
But now indeed it seems so strange,  
That everything is out of range.  
Methinks I feel a pain or two,  
As of a copper's wicked shoe.  
My head feels like a common tub,  
A stirring pain as of a club.  
I've lost my head, I've lost my head,  
And don't know what I've thought or said.

"PSALM OF THE FAKIR."

TELL me not in idle rev'rie,  
For to fake is our chief knowledge,  
Life at College is a dream!  
And Profs. are not what they seem.

In the class room's field of battle,  
In the student's varied life,  
Be not sat on as are cattle,  
Take your part, my boys, be men!

To fake is real and it is earnest;  
To be caught is not the goal;  
Flunked thou art, again returnest—  
Chances saves thy soul.

Trust no teacher howe'er pleasant,  
He will roast you in the end.  
Like a child, 'he must get even"  
For your good thrown, sharp retort.

Not all goodness, not all reverence,  
Is our destined way or end;  
But to fake and bluff professors,  
Theatre, dances, "larks" attend.

Lives of teachers all remind us,  
We can loaf, our time as well,  
And at parting leave behind us  
Reputations that shall tell.

Theory's a cinch and time is screeching,  
And our Profs. well-nerved and fit;  
Still like "dead beats" are they teaching  
What they got by fair means (nit).

Reputations that some Freshman  
Wishing he could realize,  
Shall take heart and buy a pony,  
The "Honor System" ostracize.

Let us then be up and at it;  
Watch the Profs, be quite alert;  
If they cut you, roast you, flunk you,  
Drive your horses, "do them dirt."



## WHO THEY ARE

---

- The beauty of the flock?  
Our rosy-cheeked Helms.
- The worst swelled head?  
Our pompous Hilderbrand.
- The Beau Brummel?  
Waltman; have you noticed his following?
- The best scrapper?  
The man with the Arctic bearing, Archambault.
- The worst fusser in college?  
One who is old enough to know better, Hotchkiss.
- The best natured man?  
Our "three ball" friend, J. V. Jenkins.
- The most cool headed man?  
Our esteemed benedict, L. R. Brown.
- The cheekiest man?  
One lately from the farm, Sparrow.
- The most engaged man?  
One we seldom see, Price.
- The sported chap?  
One lately from the "Woodland," Allen.
- The most scientific flirt?  
Our fair haired chap, E. L. Davis.
- The most kind-hearted man?  
Kenney (he shares his luxuries with another).
- The most adapted liar?  
Snyder, for he never tires as a repeater.
- The most clever cribber?  
Hague, with his improved method.
- The matinee fiend?  
Woodward, contemplating when to "star."
- The greatest orator?  
Dennis, with his mellow voice.



JUNIOR CLASS.

## JUNIOR CLASS

### OFFICERS

C. B. GIFFORD, $\Psi\Omega$ ..... <i>President</i>	E. P. SKAGGS..... <i>Secretary</i>
B. C. BURGESS, $\text{KKK}$ , $\Psi\Omega$ ..... <i>Vice-President</i>	G. W. FRANK..... <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
F. B. KEHOE, $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ ..... <i>Treasurer</i>	G. H. HINEY..... <i>Historian</i>
E. D. SWOPE..... <i>Artist</i>	

### CLASS ROLL.

AHERN, J. J.....Connecticut	JENKINS, A. L.....Maryland
ALLEN, H. R., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....Vermont	KEHOE, F. P., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....Georgia
BROWN, W. B.....Missouri	KING, J. M.....Connecticut
BURTON, G. A.....Delaware	LONG, W. A.....Florida
BURGESS, B. C., $\text{KKK}$ , $\Psi\Omega$ .....Connecticut	MEADES, J. R.....North Carolina
BOWKER, A. J., $\Psi\Omega$ .....New Jersey	MYERS, W. D., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....Virginia
COLVIN, D. C.....Pennsylvania	NECKERMAN, C. E., $\Phi\text{AX}$ .....Pennsylvania
COFFMAN, C. S., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....West Virginia	PARROTT, D. W., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....North Carolina
DOUGLASS, E. G., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....New York	RYDER, W. R.....Jamaica
DILL, A. A.....Nova Scotia, Can.	ROTHENBURG, L.....New York
EROTZKY, A.....Maryland	ROTMANSKY.....Maryland
EDWARDS, L. M., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....North Carolina	SAMUELS, L. D.....Jamaica
FRANK, G. W.....Maine	SIGLES, LER., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....Pennsylvania
FLOOD, P. H. A., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....New Hampshire	SKAGGS, E. P.....West Virginia
GILDEN, J. K., EX, $\Theta\text{NE}$ .....South Carolina	STRASSER, H.....Maryland
GIFFORD, C. B., $\Psi\Omega$ .....New York	SWOPE, E. D.....West Virginia
GARNEAU, P. A., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....Massachusetts	VAN METER, W. C.....West Virginia
GREEN, JS., E. S., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....North Carolina	VOIGHT, W. T.....West Virginia
HINEY, G. H.....Connecticut	WEELER, A. B.....Maryland
HENKEL, C. G.....West Virginia	WEEKS, G. E., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....North Carolina
HUTCHINS, E. B., $\Xi\Psi\Phi$ .....Virginia	WILLIAMS, J. W., $\Psi\Omega$ .....North Carolina



preceding us, the time was not sufficiently long to erase from our memories the paces we were put through in the hazing process.

Hazing as it is known by the laity is attributed to the cowardly attacks by upper classmen on the unsophisticated and unorganized lambs that are fresh from home and its tender influences, but such is not the case. It is a necessary adjunct to colleg curriculum; although for obvious reasons it is not set forth in the catalogues.

The object of hazing, primarily and conclusively is to teach the "freshies" that although they have certain rights and privileges they are not to usurp those of the upper classmen. With this end in view the ceremonies begin by corralling the "lambs" and besmearing their faces with a green colored mixture (The secret of its preparation is zealously guarded by us), a very cosmetic. They were then made fast by a stout rope to a dray which was loaded with a howling mob of Juniors. In this manner a procession was formed that paraded the principal streets of Baltimore. One incident that afforded considerable amusement, too, and brought forth much applause from the populace, was the tying together of a Japanese and a Russian, who were made to carry a banner bearing the inscription, "Japan and Russia at last united." The Freshmen were made to cheer for "Old Maryland" and the Juniors all along the line. The entire program was carried out despite the interference of the police, who tried to break up the festivities.

After the parade came the usual Class fight, both classes claimed the victory; but really it was a draw, as the dean, our esteemed Professor Gorgas, separated the combatants before any personal injury resulted—a few torn articles of clothing and some rumpled collars were the only signs that there had been a lively scrap. After a general handshaking we assured the Freshmen that they would not be molested again if they kept their places. We are glad to say that with one notable exception they have obeyed in proper spirit, and have followed the precedent that has been long established in this grand old institution of learning, the University of Maryland.

Throughout its winter's work, our Class has proven itself one that holds its duty in no light way. It has creditably, indeed, shown diligence in both practical and theoretical work. Besides the attendance to the stern routine of work, we have found time to help along each little cause or project that tends to build up class and college spirit, and to give to our University such fellowship as is worthy of the Alma Mater of which every one is proud to say he is a son. A few of our last year men are not with us this year—These we have missed. In their places are a number of students that came to us from other institutions. To these we extended the glad hand and gave them welcome.

This has been a quiet year with this Class. No extraordinary events have taken place to make its history differ much from the history of other classes, and doubtless we appear much the same as other classes, to those about us, but still water runs deep, so beneath this quiet exterior, there is a constructive metabolism going on, that will, we trust, show forth a perfectly organized body when the trial comes at the end of the year.

Thus on the eve of exams, we stand, each member of the Class anxiously awaiting the result of his efforts, but to express a fear as to the result would be to cast reflections on our esteemed teachers, who have so tirelessly striven to instill into our minds the knowledge of the profession of our choice. With this modest effort of the historian the history of the Class of '06 closes.

## GRINDS

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AHERN—

Transferred from the Philadelphia Dental College to the U. of M. because he wants to learn dentistry up-to-date.

"YANK" ALLEN—

"What do you think of that?"

BROWN—

Broker or dentist, which is it?

BURTON—

Makes plates for his grandmother.

BURGESS—

Even "Foxes have holes."

BOWKER—

First assistant dog catcher: slipped his trolley and took up dentistry. Yes, No?

"DANNY" COLVIN—

Known by his laugh, a winner with the ladies is his big brown eyes.

COFFMAN—

A demosthenes, proof—A big gold medal.

DOUGLAS—

Needs to have his legs pulled—too short.

"GRANDPA" DILL—

So skillful in prosthetics that he sports a gold medal.

FROTZKY—

"I don't know, Professor."

EDWARDS—

Can he operate? Well, I guess, also chaperone Greene.

FRANK—

Dog Catcher-in-chief—How about the coffee, Frank?

FLOOD—

A ladies' man

GIFFORD—

Pass him by quickly, for he always has a subscription paper. "Foxes have holes."

GILDEN—

He also knows that "Foxes have holes."

GARNEAU (BILLY BOUNCE)—

If it were not for his determination to be a D.D.S. he would undoubtedly be an operatic tenor.

GREENE—

"Dog-gone." I swear she is a pretty girl. isn't she Ed. ?

HINEY—

A youthful (?) lad, who has a bad eye. What is the result? Patients of course, (Van Meter).

HENKEL—

We are sorry to state that his health would not permit him to remain with us through the entire session.

HUTCHINS—

"Ed" you can have the rest of mine, I cannot drink it.

JENKINS (WEARY WILLIE)—

Just off the farm.

KEHOE—

Is always sick after he receives his check from home.

KING (BUTCHER)—

As we know him, earned his soubriquet by his skill (?) in the dissecting room.

LONG—

Jenkins, why in —— don't you get to work?

MEADOR—

A demonstrator in the embryonic state.

MEYERS (PIFF-PAFF)—

Crowns and bridges his specialty (?)

NECKERMAN—

Makes love to the girls with clinical intent. Also combs his hair with a sponge.

PARROTT (BULL)—

Formerly a grocer, now instead of mixing sand with sugar, he mixes it with plaster.

RYDER (BUTTINSKY)—

Don't dispute his right, he has his license.

ROTHENBURG—

With an established (?) practice waiting him he rests easy.

ROTHMANSKY—

Wears the smile that won't come off. If you want to die hard smoke one of his cigars.

STRASSER (DEARIE)—

Received a well-deserved gold medal for excelling in crown and bridge work. Is sarcasm a virtue?

SAMMUELS (OLD CHAP)—

Has the true class spirit and is a good scrapper. Ask the Freshmen.

SWOPE—

Married, he has troubles of his own.

SKAGGS—

He and brother Will agree that Dr. Holland is all to the good.

SIGLER—

Chief of liars. B. C. D. S. could not teach him dentistry so he came to U. of M.

VOIGT—

Acquired his vast knowledge of dentistry by attending the summer course. Give us the recipe for your hair restorer.

VAN METER—

The long distance runner after patients, but he gets them all right.

WHEELER—

Likes the theatre better than lectures.

WEEKS (PUSS)—

It takes "weeks" to learn dentistry.

WILLIAMS—

A cute little "tar heel" aspires to the degrees of D.D.S., M.D. He also has a feeling in his heart for the auburn haired girl from Virginia.





FRESHMEN CLASS.

## FRESHMEN CLASS, 1907

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### OFFICERS.

E. G. LEE.....	<i>President</i>	A. P. READE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
C. T. HAYES.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	J. WM. HARROWER.....	<i>Historian</i>
F. D. CARLTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>	H. L. THOMPSON.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

### MEMBERS.

APPLE, R. O.....	North Carolina	MOGULL, A.....	Maryland
APPLE, T. A.....	North Carolina	MASON, E. H.....	Vermont
BURTON, H. J.....	Maryland	MIZZY, A. D.....	Russia
BENOIT, H. C.....	Massachusetts	PERRIN, W. H.....	South Carolina
BERRYHILL, A. M.....	North Carolina	ROSENGARDT, S.....	Russia
CRAMER, A.....	Maryland	ROBERTSON, L. J.....	Maryland
CULLINEY, M. M.....	Connecticut	READE, A. P.....	North Carolina
CARLTON, F. D.....	North Carolina	SALZMAN, S. J.....	New York
DEGNAN, W. M.....	Connecticut	SACHS, J. I.....	Maryland
FREEMAN, H. D.....	Maryland	SHPRITZ, A.....	Russia
GILDEN, J. K.....	South Carolina	SOMERS, R. T.....	Maryland
GARLAND, W. S.....	New Hampshire	SCARBOROUGH, A. P.....	Pennsylvania
GRIEBSCHOCK, B.....	Russia	SMITHSON, T. W.....	North Carolina
HERONEMUS, J. E.....	Maryland	SKAGGS, W. B.....	West Virginia
HARROWER, J. W.....	Virginia	TERAKI, S.....	Japan
HAYES, C. T.....	Massachusetts	TRUITT, G. E.....	Maryland
LANDES, H. H.....	New York	THOMPSON, H. L.....	New York
LEE, E. G.....	North Carolina	YOLKEN, N.....	Maryland



## HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1907

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**W**ELL, BOYS, as Uncle Remus puts it, I'm going to lam-a-loose, and if I unwittingly offend, impute it not to your humble Historian, but to the fact, that the course of true history never did run smooth. October 3, at the opening of the session of nineteen hundred and four and five, the sun arose with all the splendor of its glory, inch by inch it crept up and over the mountain and hill tops, until there dawned a perfect day. But in ill keeping with the day were the deeds enacted by the Juniors. The trials, tortures and indignities we were forced to undergo, stamped us as martyrs of human courage and endurance. Only nine of our Class were present, and little did we think, that the Juniors would take so mean an advantage of us; however, we stood our ground with unflinching nerve and undaunting courage, until we were overpowered one by one and carried or dragged to the Senior laboratory, where we were partly stripped of our clothing, and decorated with paint as Indian warriors, then dressed as Scottish Hilanders, and in this unsightly undignified condition, we were lashed together with strong ropes, one end of which was fastened to the axle of a wagon, into which a part of the Juniors piled, the rest trotting along by our side to enforce any command we refused to promptly obey; the horses were started off at a trot to the tune of "Hang John Brown's Body to a Sour Apple Tree," the words as sung by the Juniors, "Hang all the Freshmen on a Sour Apple Tree," while we with our hats off were dragged through mud and filth. At the first beer saloon a halt was called and we were required to contribute the insignificant sum of five cents, that our persecutors might satiate their thirst with a large schooner of beer, this little indulgence brought them in debt, as the bar tender refused to serve two straws with one beer; after much difficulty the amount was raised, the bill paid, and off we started, headed for the most fashionable shopping district. At the corner of Lexington and Liberty streets, a hand organ was secured and while one of us turned it the rest danced an Indian war dance to the tune of "Oh, Mr. Dooley." More dead than alive we finally reached the college, and after being photographed, were told that we might wash off the paint and go unmolested for the rest of the day; the paint refused to wash, some of the boys, succeeded, however, with pumic stone in taking off skin and all, and in consequence were easily distinguished as having been hazed, which however saved them from so luckless a fate the second time.

After the hazing we lost very little time in getting acquainted with each other, and while our liberty-loving spirits rebelled against such indignities, we deemed it best to assume a modest, quiet, respectful manner toward our oppressors, while secretly we were plotting deep conspiracies. The story is soon told. A Class meeting was called, with the result, that on the night appointed, very much to our delight, and to their great mortification we met and organized, with E. G. Lee, President; C. T. Hayes, Vice-President; F. D. Carlton, Secretary; A. P. Reade, Treasurer; J. Wm. Harrower, Historian, and H. L. Thompson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Many able speeches were made, the Juniors severely criticized, and voted bitter tyrants. After voting every man to secrecy, as to the officers elected, we adjourned. The Class meeting being over and our object so successfully accomplished, we decided that the next thing on the program should be a mid-night feast. We invited several members of the Senior Class to join us in our little merry-making, they very willingly accepted, and we lined up two abreast, and marched down to Welsh's. At intervals there were calls of where are the Juniors, and the reply in chorus, "their mammas have put them to bed."

The next day we were very much in evidence, for we had cast off our assumed quiet manner, and now stood forward, bold, fearless, and determined men. The Juniors had been informed of our meeting, and were no doubt much provoked at being outwitted, which however made them more eager to get at us, and once more drag our colors in the mud. We were not long waiting, for at the close of our lecture in "Dental Hall" the Junior Class, led by their President, Mr. Gifford, marched down the aisle, taking us by surprise, but not at a disadvantage, for we soon rallied and swept all before us, carrying those bodily, who refused to retreat in disorder; on, on, we rushed, to victory, and to the Freshman Laboratory, where we cornered and overpowered them, and but for the timely interference of our Dean, I think it exceedingly doubtful, if there would have been left a Junior to tell the tale. In conclusion of the unpleasant things, I regret that I have to record two fistic combats, which occurred shortly after the rush. Two of the Junior Classmen, with "Dudish Propensities" challenged two of our men to meet them in single combat, with the result that they were completely vanquished; they afterwards apologized, and little of consequence has occurred since to disturb the peace of mind of the members of the two classes. At the present writing, there exists a feeling of good-fellow-ship and a most friendly spirit, which I sincerely hope may continue throughout the course. I believe I voice the sentiments of my classmates, when I say, we wish you all that is good, and may you acquire a vast store of knowledge, during this your Junior year, and return to this grand old school next session dignified, splendid, high-toned, elegant, gentlemen.

To the Senior Classmen we feel most grateful, for they have been our guiding star, our hope and our refuge; and when they go out from us to enter the vast army of Dental Surgeons, they have our best wishes, and may they attain the height of their ambitions.

Eleven states and two foreign countries are represented by our classmen, and while we have some very capable material; yet it is easily discernible that several members of our Class have missed their vocation; Hayes, our worthy Vice-President, should have been a divinity student; Landes, would have been far more successful as book agent; Burton and Somers should never have left the farm; Gribeschock and Rosengardt would have been

excellent targets for the Japs; the two Apples are a little green for this market; Mason soon discovered his talent as booze-artist; in Cramer, as observed in the dissecting room, we lose a good butcher; while Sachs would do well in the cast off clothing business.

It is with much pleasure that I can say a word in praise of the progress our classmen are making, into the intricate, delicate and scientific work, and the acquiring of a vast store of scientific knowledge, sufficient to meet all demands. In Berrhill we see a second Eastman; in Culliney a Uhler; and in Salzman a Grieves.

Our Class pins have been a welcome acquisition.

Our formula for attaining a thorough knowledge of Dental Science is, talent 5 per cent., application 95 per cent.

J. WM. HARROWER, *Historian.*



## CLASS ALPHABET

**A**—is for Apples, is what class history teaches,  
But the girls declare our boys are two peaches.

**B**—is for Burton, Benoit, and Berryhill,  
At scientific work we doubt not their skill.

**C**—is for Carlton and Cramer, of whom 'tis said;  
Made love to a girl and now she is dead.

Also Culliney, who thinks he is right smart;  
Despite Uncle Jimmy's opinion that he only an upstart.

**D**—is for Degnan, of the W. M. type,  
Easily distinguished by the size of his pipe.

**E**—is for Eve, who made Adam believe;  
Although a maiden she would not deceive.

**F**—is for Freeman, but in bondage he'll be;  
If he don't quit making love to the girls o'er the sea.

**G**—is for Garland, at farming, we doubt not that he is master,  
But yet has to learn the difference between water and plaster.

Also Gilden and Gribeschock, these boys we know well,  
But unless they reform, will land square in h—ll.

**H**—is for Harrower and Heronemus, of Baltimore town;  
Two sweeter boys could hardly be found.

Also for Hayes, who mopes through the days,  
But at night bums around where are ablaze.

**I**—is for Irine, our dear little queen;  
Who sips wine with the boys, back of a screen.

**J**—is for Judeth, who is very imprudent;  
And so are the boys, which make the U. M. student.

**K**—is for Kitty, so jolly and witty, one of our band,  
Who makes life pleasant for the U. M. man.

**L**—is for Landes, a bum maker of plates;  
He never denies that he goes out on skates.

Also for Lee, and a gambler I fear he would be;  
But Dental Science requires study, you see.

**M**—is for Mason, who likes 'alf and 'alf;  
But say to him lecture, and he gives you the laugh.

**N**—is for Nina, our mid-night diner,  
But to most of the boys, an old timer.

**O**—is for Oasis, a spot desert and bare;  
We leave it to the Freshmen, who next come to share.

**P**—is for Perrin, well liked by his classmates;  
But unusually fond of getting on skates.

**Q**—is for Quiz, yet rarely ever neglected;  
It costs us a V, five more than I expected.

**R**—is for Rosengardt, a Russian bold;  
Yet keeps out of sight of the Jap I'm told.

Also for Reade and Robertson, two names hard to rhyme;  
So I just skip them over for next time.

**S**—is for Scarborough, from a Pennsylvania town;  
We know by his gait, where the sleepers are found.

And Somers, we are glad that you are back,  
And with lots of hard study you will catch up with Sachs.

Also Salzman, Smithson and Skaggs,  
To bring up the rear and marry old hags.

Shpritz, although he was shipwrecked on dry land;  
It would hardly be fair to leave him to strand.

**T**—is for Teraki, our harmless little Jap;  
Yet constantly trying to get our Russian in a trap.

And Truitt, a boy of noisy renown,  
But in physical form, resembles a clown.

Also for Thompson, a boy of good cheer;  
And after each meal, he must have his beer.

**U**—is for Uhler, our friend and impression-maker;  
Who if at peace with God, need not fear the undertaker.

**V**—is for Venus, a vision of night;  
The form is too perfect to be a modern wife.

**W**—is for woman, the noblest work of God;  
May we each remember it, until placed under the sod.

**X**—is a Letter, not represented here;  
But not one of the boys, would refuse him a beer.

**Y**—is for Yolken, the last of the boys;  
Although he is married, is fond of playing with toys.

**Z**—is for Zea, a genius of grasses;  
Not like you boys, all d— asses.

J. WM. HARROWER, '07.

In contributing this short sketch of one of our esteemed classmates, I hope it will be accepted only in the true spirit of jest, and not as hinting to even the slightest degree of offense to "The man in the spotless suit of white."

We are all well acquainted with our sedate, estimable, and happy-go-lucky Historian Harrower, and to overlook his propriety, even as carried to the Dissecting Room, would be not only a burning shame and a disgrace, but branding myself as a miserable puppy.

It was when first assembled in the dissecting room, for that much cherished and pleasant task of dissection, that my attention was at once called to dear Harrower, who to my great surprise stood there dressed in a stunning, snugly fitting white flannel lawn tennis suit, kid gloves, and even his shoes not neglected with a Sunday shine, fully determined to take so mean an advantage of the helpless creature before him, as to skin him to a finish. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The rest of us experienced a feeling (termed thirty cents) creep up our spinal column, particularly myself, who was arrayed in a second-hand and much faded misfit gown. Even this did not phase Harrower. It was a little while our worthy Vice-President Hayes and myself were struggling with the origin and insertion of the Levator Labii Superioris Macque Nasi muscle, that our attention was diverted by an exciting scene which at first caused us no little mental anguish; we dared not look up, but grasping each other by the hand and taxing our Obliquus Oculi Inferior muscles to their utmost



capacity, observed Harrower opening his spotless coat of white which led us to believe he had thrown up the sponge, but we breathed a sigh of relief when we found we were in error and that Harrower was merely taking a whisk broom from his pocket to brush away the ash which had dropped from a ten for a nickel brand of cigarettes upon his spotless trousers of white.

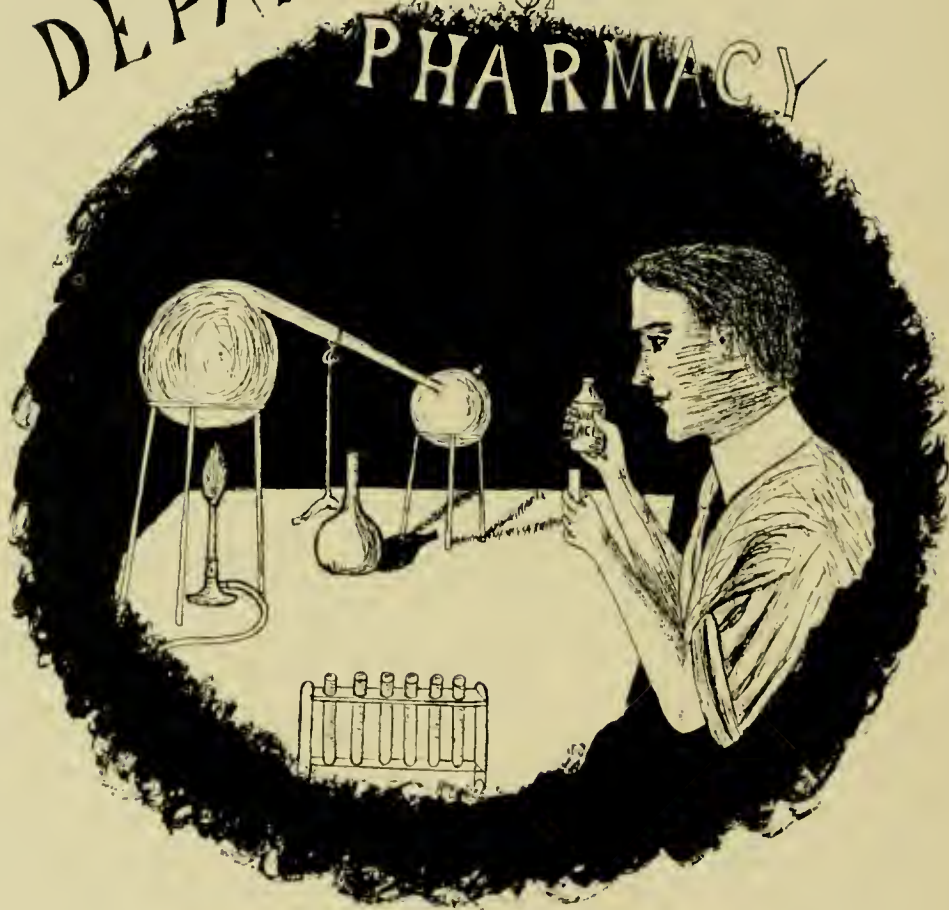
It will be a recollection far more pleasant, (than the odor of the room was) to carry with me, and thanks to the photographer and the small sum of fifty cents, I shall always be able to glance upon a picture of my companions in misery, with Harrower in his spotless suit of white, (specially pressed for the occasion) forming one of the group.

All hail to Harrower, and may success be his.

H. H. LANDES, '07.



# DEPARTMENT OF PHARMACY



## FACULTY OF PHARMACY

---

WILLIAM SIMON, PH.D.  
*Emeritus Professor of Chemistry.*

CHARLES CASPARI, JR., PH.G.  
*Professor of Theoretical and Applied Pharmacy, Dean of the Faculty.*

DAVID M. R. CULBRETH, A.M., PH.G., M.D.  
*Professo of Materia Medica, Botany and Pharmacognosy.*

DANIEL BASE, PH.D.  
*Professor of Chemistry and Vegetable Histology.*

HENRY P. HYNSON, PH.G.  
*Professor of Dispensing and Commercial Pharmacy.*

### ADJUNCT FACULTY.

CHARLES SCHMIDT, PH.G.  
*Associate Professor of Pharmacy.*

JOHN P. PIQUETT, PH.G.  
*Associate Professor of Materia Medica and Botany.*

H. A. B. DUNNING, PH.G.  
*Associate Professor of Chemistry.*

HENRY L. TROXEL, PH.G., *Demonstrator of Chemistry.*

FRANTZ NAYLOR, PH.G., *Demonstrator of Dispensing.*

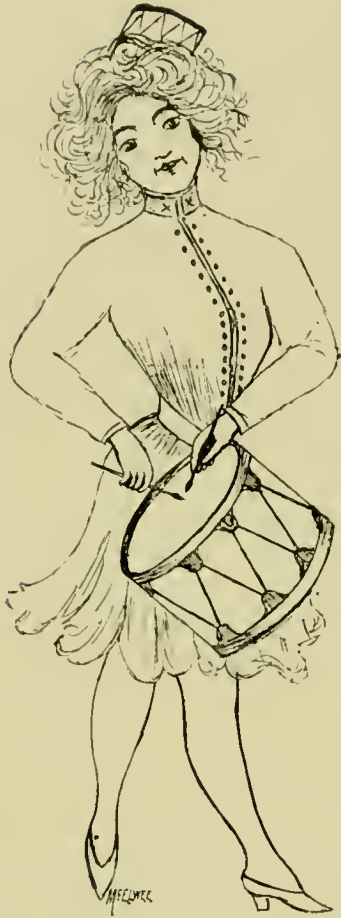
E. F. KELLY, PHAR.D., *Demonstrator of Pharmacy.*



FACULTY OF PHARMACY.



OUR MOGULS



## ROLL CALL—CLASS OF 1905

COLORS: *White and Blue.*

YELL.

Pills for ills! Pills for ills!  
 Drugs for bugs! Drugs for bugs!  
 We are alive! Pharmacy '05!

### CLASS OFFICERS.

CHARLES MAIDLOW HORN BROOK..... <i>President</i>	J. CARLTON WOLF..... <i>Historian</i>
ALFRED ECCLESTON KEMP..... <i>Vice-President</i>	ROSS S. McELWEE..... <i>Prophet, Artist and Editor</i>
ROBT. C. TODD..... <i>Secretary</i>	JAMES A. BLACK..... <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
ROBT. F. MOODY..... <i>Treasurer</i>	H. E. WATERMAN..... <i>Assistant Editor</i>

### MEMBERS.

STEPHEN C. HESS.....*Chairman*

FRANCIS OLIVER BARRETT,  
 PHILLIP J. H. BOENNING,  
 WM. H. CLARKE,  
 CLAY C. CHIDESTER,  
 JOHN H. CASSELL,

FRANK P. FIREY,  
 ICHEL FOLICK,  
 STEPHEN C. HESS,  
 RAFAEL JANER,  
 WM. EVERETT JORDAN,  
 DEWITT C. SWARINGEN.

HARRY LEWISSON,  
 CHAS. E. PHIPPS,  
 L. NEAL PATRICK,  
 JOHN RAYFORD POWER,  
 CHAS. ROSSBERG,

WHY should our eyes be shining bright,  
Our hearts beat warm and high?  
Why should we in our vict'ries tide  
For fame and progress try?  
It is because we nurse the world  
From illness into bloom,  
It is because we have unfurled  
The flag that lifts the gloom.

A doctor's skill may save the day  
For suff'ring mankind, but  
The pharmacist must pave the way  
Or else all toil helps not;  
The doctor may prescribe correct  
Fine medicines to cure  
But we, oh friends, must be perfect  
In mixing matters pure.

We must maintain a standard proud  
And bless the ebbing life!  
We must ofttimes help doctors out  
To succor man or wife!  
The tiny baby we uphold  
When placed in our hands  
Our honor, purer than all gold  
Must thrive in cultured lands.

So let all wave their hats in glee  
This day, brave graduates  
May God bless this fraternity  
That mankind elevates!  
In war and peace, with high and low  
The pharmacist will stand—  
God, bless all where'er you go!  
God, guide your heart and hand!

THE TERRA MARIAE  
CALENDAR OF  
UNEMPLOYED GENII

We herein offer quite an assortment from our 1905 output.

Persons in need of help will do well to carefully read our prospectus stating habits, special demands, strong points and many important peculiarities of our individuals. We can furnish on short notice anything from the soda "Jerker" to the "Registered;" all fully guaranteed as represented.





FRANCIS OLIVER BARRETT.

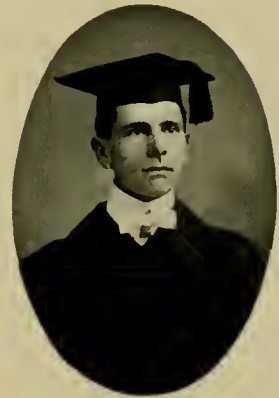
Baltimore, Md.

Nice looking, good habits. Doesn't mind getting up early and working late. Must have all Sundays off. Has Bible class and leader in children's exercises. Would be a drawing card for all churching-going people. Apply early, supply limited.

WILLIAM H. CLARKE—*President Class '04.*

Pocomoke City, Md.

For this summer only. Healthy climate demanded. Devoted to science. Excellent morals. Will refuse to serve on soda fountain trade. Hobby—Original research. Takes well with doctors and scientific men. Only one in stock.



JAMES A. BLACK, KΨ—*Member Owl Club '05.*

Baltimore, Md.

Handsome, well groomed. Will object to sweeping out store and getting up early. Two nights and Sunday afternoons off—Best girl. A good compounder, few mistakes. Social drinker, fond of good cigars and Turkish cigarettes.





CLAY C. CHIDESTER, KΨ—*Member Ozel Club, '05.* Weston, W. V.

Large, well built, especially adapted for hard work. Quick, nimble fingers. Guaranteed to decrease stock of spiritus frumenti. Thin skin, handle with care. Fond of cards, women and song, but with proper training will make a good man.

FRANK P. FIREY—*Honorable mention '03-'04.*

Hagerstown, Md.

His name a misnomer, mild tempered, easy going. Extremely young with no bad habits. An obedient child; will cheerfully do any work assigned him. Thinks he is a borned chemist.



JOHN HOWARD CASSELL

Thurmont, Md.

A bad face but a good man. Morals and habits A1. Will do all work at all hours. Equally good on soda fountain and prescription counter. Willing to start low and work up. Especially desires position with ill-tempered man.



MICHEL FOLICK.

Russia.

A Russian by birth and not much improved. Desires a position in small store in Russian settlement. Expenses light, only small salary required. Wishes to devote spare time to the advancement of science.

STEPHEN C. HESS, KΨ—*Member Owl Club '05.*

Baltimore, Md.

Neat and sweet looking. Relishes everything wet, except soft drinks and water (would advise employer to dispense with stock of whiskies). Noted for his midnight lunches. Especially suited for a fast locality. Good salary and little work demanded.



CHARLES MAIDLOW HORN BROOK—*Honorable mention '03-'04. Member Owl Club '05.*

*President Class '04-'05.*

New Martinsville, W. Va.



Handsome, well mannered and the glass of fashion. Wants position in city with firm enjoying large female trade. Looks especially attractive garbed in white behind soda fountain. The only one of this variety we have to offer.



RAFAEL JANER.

Porto Rico.

A little old but still running. A Porto Rican by birth, knows more theory than he can convey in English. Desires partner who will open up business in Porto Rico. Married, with several children. Will want time off to devote to nursing. Has plenty of money, a golden opportunity.

ALFRED ECCLESTON KEMP—*Vice-President '04-'05. Member Owl Club '05.*

Trappe, Md.

A hard worker but not especially competent. In order to become a thorough pharmacist he desires to start at bottle washing and work up. Bald headed from worry over the misapplication of "Argyrol." Will bear watching. To let on trial.



WILLIAM EVERETT JORDAN.

Fort Lawn, S. C.

Slow but sure. A former schoolmaster. Devoid of bad habits, chiefly on account of lack of energy. Would make a good drug clerk in small country village. Could not guarantee him to build up run down business. Small salary will satisfy.



HARRY LEWISSON.

Baltimore, Md.

Keen at making good bargains. Especially recommended to party desiring a good buyer. Swears he can do even his own people. Good at formulating fake preparations.

ROSS SIMONTON McELWEE,  $\kappa\Psi$ —*Editor. Prophet and Artist Class '04-'05.*  
*Secretary to Board of Editors. '04-'05. Pres. Owl Club '05.* Statesville, N. C.

A good fellow by inclination, a pharmacist by mistake. Very competent at jerking soda, bottle washing and sweeping. Always carries a grin which he thinks is quite catchy. Would make an ideal entertainer for your customers while they wait. He would demand time off to attend all sporting events. Salary in advance; no guarantee.



ROBERT FRANKLIN MOODY—*Treasurer Class '01-'05. Member Owl Club '05.* Charlotte, N. C.



The happy possessor of curls, covering a small area of brains. Handy man to do odd jobs around store, could not recommend him for prescription work. He wants position at once, special rates made on application.



CHARLES E. PHIPPS.

Beckley, W. Va.

Realizing his lack of speed no city position will be accepted. He is earnestly awaiting an offer in small store, located in slow town. Can be relied upon to do all the work about the business. Never grumbles or cusses. An early disposal is desired.

JOHN RAYFORD POWER—*Honorable mention '03-'01.*

Abbeville, S. C.

Wishes employment with a large manufacturing house. Says he has many original "stunts" which when materialized will make the world wonder. He will demand perfect freedom in executing his plans. A good opportunity to assist a cabbage head to know its value.



L. MEAL PATRICK.

Clover, S. C.—R. F. D. No. 2.

A youth with light hair, which is never combed. Not overly burdened with brains. Could recommend him for parcel delivery. Speed O. K. Only one in stock that we can offer for \$3.00 per. First offer will be accepted.



CHARLES ROSSBERG.

Baltimore, Md.

A good chance for a Dutchman to get a youth after his own heart. We will guarantee him never to lose a penny for his employer. He would split a hair for the sake of economy. We consider this "Gem" our greatest bargain.

H. E. WATERMAN—*Assistant Editor '04-'05. Member Owl Club '05.*

Houston, Texas.

We would not advise anyone to procure this man as an ornament. Forgetting his absent beauty we can say the remainder is good. A fair pharmacist and excellent bookkeeper. For his future's sake we would have him kept as far as possible from the cash. Has large supply of stale jokes which he will gladly crack with the trade. Quite fond of making suppositories by hand.



ROBERT CECIL TODD—*Gold Medal '03-'04.*

Seneca, S. C.

An ideal man for store in locality where the population needs weeding out. Quite awkward and gifted at making mistakes. Wishes to be employed by man of patience and endurance. Doesn't mind work at all, really enjoys it.



J. CARLTON WOLF—*Honorable mention '03-'04.*  
*Historian, '04-'05.*

Baltimore, Md.

A good salesman, does not hesitate to prevaricate if that will assist in the sale of your goods. Has flowery speech and sweet manners, always makes a "hit." An excellent worker with the "scope." A common occurrence with him is to isolate an atom and explain its shape. Positively the greatest "wonder" on our Calendar. Wire offer to get a show.

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## PHARMACEUTICAL DON'TS

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**D**ON'T STAND in groups is first of all,  
Don't run, don't jump, in the Hall.  
Don't talk, don't laugh, don't sing or hum,  
Don't sit there using chewing gum.  
Don't loudly with your neighbor speak,  
Don't in "exams" the questions seek.  
Don't smoke or chew while in the hall,  
Don't stay away for just anything at all.  
Be the one to come on time at noon,  
Don't come too late, don't come too soon.  
Don't graduates break, don't acids spill,  
Of Socchorine sweet, don't take your fill.  
Don't information or reasons seek,  
Don't question points, be always meek.







## THE CLASS OF 1905

HAVING been the last "Junior Class" of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, prior to its affiliation with the University of Maryland as the "Department of Pharmacy," and now spending our "Senior Days" as members of this department, it seems proper that we preface our "Class History" with a brief sketch of that college which has always been honored, and still stands pre-eminent, among institutions of its kind in the United States.

The need of thoroughly educated and well-trained apothecaries, led to an initiatory conference between both physicians and pharmacists, on June 8, 1840. A committee of five apothecaries was chosen to report at the following meeting, the best plan for a College of Pharmacy, in the City of Baltimore. This committee suggested the calling of a general conference of apothecaries throughout the State of Maryland, and on July 6, of the same year, another committee was likewise appointed, and duly instructed to draft a constitution and by-laws. Accordingly on July 20, 1840, our College of Pharmacy came into existence, thus making it rank as the third oldest institution of its kind in this country.

At this time, Thomas G. MacKenize was elected President; Geo. W. Andrews, Vice-President; Robert H. Coleman, Second Vice-President; Wm. H. Balderston, Secretary and Henry B. Atkinson, Treasurer. Messrs. R. Roberts, David Stewart and Thomas T.

Phillips, were chosen as the Board of Examiners. These officers were also known as the "Trustees" of the institution. The college was incorporated on July 27, 1841, Hon. Wm. Grason being Governor of Maryland at that time. Of the six students, who attended the first course of lectures which began in November, 1841, and ended in February, 1842, only three were declared graduates at the first commencement, held on June 19, 1842.

During the year 1844, an agreement was entered into by which the lectures of the College of Pharmacy were united with those of the University of Maryland. This enabled the students of medicine to enjoy the privilege of attending the lectures on Pharmacy, and at the same time our students reaped the benefit of those delivered on Chemistry. In 1844, the name of the "Chair of Pharmacy" was changed to that of "Theory and Practice of Pharmacy," Dr. David Stewart being elected to the Professorship. The lectures were held in conjunction with the "Faculty of Physic," until 1847, when interest began to subside to such an extent that for nine years no graduates were announced, the College lying dormant, while her charter continued in force. In 1856, however, interest was again revived, and the College reorganized. At a subsequent meeting the "By-Laws" were also revised and three "Professorships" created, one of Chemistry, one of Materia Medica, and one of Pharmacy. At this time the students were quartered at Calvert and Water streets. The original charter which was granted in 1841, would have expired by limitation on January 27, 1871, therefore, a petition for a new, and perpetual charter was presented and granted by the Legislature of 1870. Under this act the College was again reorganized, Mr. George W. Andrews, who had been elected President in 1844, continuing in that capacity.

From 1861 until 1873 the Faculty underwent many changes. During the year 1873, Dr. William Simon, who had been Director of the Chemical Laboratory, was chosen Professor of Chemistry, vice Dr. M. J. De Rosset, who had resigned. Dr. Simon continued until 1902, when he was unanimously elected "Emeritus" Professor of Chemistry, the active duties being entailed upon Dr. Daniel Base, who still holds the Professorship. The year 1876 was marked by the removal of the College to Aisquith street, just north of Fayette. The continued growth of the classes however soon necessitated a larger building, and the present site was soon improved by a handsome structure, which was ready for occupancy during the latter part of 1887. It was claimed at that time to be one of the finest buildings of its kind in the United States. In 1879, Mr. Charles Caspari, Jr., Class of 1869, was elected to the "Chair of Pharmacy," and still holds the Professorship in this particular branch. Through his efforts and untiring zeal, the College has won marked distinction in all matters pharmaceutical.

Many branches of Science have been added to the curriculum from time to time, the most important being those of Microscopy, Pharmacognosy, Volumetric Analysis and Dispensing Pharmacy. The literature which has emanated from the Maryland College of Pharmacy stands foremost among works of its kind, both in this country and abroad; indeed, each Professor of the present Faculty, being the author of a text-book which is recognized as an authority throughout the entire world.

The idea of receiving a degree from an institution with such enviable qualifications, naturally inspires the mind of the youth, pharmaceutically inclined, and with this end in view, the members of the present Senior Class of '05, were drawn together October 1, 1903.

The opening address of welcome was delivered by Professor Base, his very kind remarks being followed by Dr. Culbreth, while Professor Caspari, our honored "Dean," closed the exercises of the day with an abundance of good advice. The rules and regulations of the College were clearly defined, and the requirements necessary to make a conscientious, skillful, and successful Pharmacist were naturally impressed upon us. First impressions have always been regarded the most lasting, and our boys were not long in forming an acquaintance which soon ripened into real friendship.

Regular routine work was begun at once, and while at times occasional clouds of homesickness hovered about many, yet hard study and close application, soon proved an effectual remedy. Class officers were chosen, Mr. William H. Clarke being elected President. By his able administration, the Class was piloted through the entire session of the "Junior Course." After the Christmas holidays, which to many of us meant happy home reunions, our thoughts were soon turned to the intermediate examinations, when some met their "Waterloo," proving that future success meant "putting our shoulders to the wheel," and preparing ourselves for the battle in April, 1904.

The Junior session will ever be memorable to us all, on account of the disastrous fire which threatened our entire city on February 7, 1904. With a "mantle of fire" and sheets of flame surrounding us, our College home escaped unharmed.

During the scholastic year a reception was tendered the Faculty of the College by the students of both Senior and Junior Classes; later on Dr. Dohme entertained the students at his residence in royal fashion, a very enjoyable evening was spent. Thus the monotony of our school life was somewhat broken. During the later part of April the final examinations were held, the following days being marked by much anxiety and suspense, in our eagerness to ascertain our general standing. Success crowned the efforts of many, Mr. Robert C. Todd being the successful winner of the College prize, of the Junior Course. At the opening of the Senior session in October, 1904 we found ourselves students of the University of Maryland, thus, for the second time in her history the Maryland College of Pharmacy is joined to this old and venerable institution. The continuation of our school under its old name will doubtless bring joy into the hearts of many of our former graduates, and at the same time, give them an opportunity of uniting with the "Alumni" of the University, for the general support and advancement of Pharmacy.

The Senior Class at present numbers twenty-four, several having failed to qualify at the examinations, while others resigned for various reasons. The officers for the Senior Class for the present year are Messrs. Charles M. Hornbrook, President; Alfred E. Kemp, Vice-President; Robt. C. Todd, Secretary; Robt. F. Moody, Treasurer; J. Carlton Wolf, Historian; Ross S. McElwee, Artist, Prophet and Editor.

A feature of the present session was the hazing of the Freshmen of the Pharmacy Department. The "lads," decked in war paint and well lassoed, were photographed and then paraded through the business section of the city. On their return to the University, all agreed that they had been well initiated.

A spirit of kindly feeling has pervaded the members of the Class during the present term, our happiness being marred only by the death of one of our most popular fellow-students, William J. Aydelotte. In proof of the high esteem in which he was held, and as a

tribute to his memory, a beautiful wreath of roses, and a set of Engrossed Resolutions were presented by the Class to his bereaved parents. Other than this, the general happiness and welfare of the Class has been unbroken; and at the same time, an ardent sympathy has existed between the students and their honored Professors. They have aided us in breaking the "seal" of that ponderous volume known as Pharmacy, and we are proud to acknowledge them as upholders of our young hopes, and youthful aims. In parting, the Class of 1905 wishes to render thanks to them all, and also gives hearty assurance that in the coming years "Time" can ne'er destroy their memory.

J. CARLTON WOLF.





## PROPHECY

**A**T the eleventh hour I find myself the prophet of the class of naughty-five. Awakening to the duties that are before me, I find myself mystified. Realizing that I alone could not prevail upon the gods to reveal to me the future of our class, I hastened to the wizard of Oz. I sought his assistance in procuring of the gods the future of the Class of 1905. Fame and success, he said, awaited each member of our class, but not all along the same line. The future will find many successful in different walks of life.

Being the first class to graduate from the new Pharmaceutical Department of the University of Maryland, much is expected of it. New ground to be broken, new roads to pave and high examples to be set, which will be appreciated and respected by the classes to follow, and which we, ourselves, can look back upon with pride.

The future of each member as spoken by the wizard is as follows:

President Hornbrook will be one of the most fortunate among our number. By the aid of West Virginia's greatest philanthropist he will be enabled to fit up a laboratory especially adapted for pharmaceutic investigation. With his ability and untiring energy great and valuable work will be done along this line.

Our clever vice-president, Alfred Eccleston Kemp, as the name suggests, is destined to be a man of great deeds. He is now well known as an interceptor of thieves. Having won notoriety a short while back by his artful scheme to catch the porter. His future will be absorbed in solving many of the mysteries that will present themselves. Sherlock Holmes will soon retire, having no show with our adroit Kemp.

Robert C. Todd, our esteemed secretary, will prefer the quiet life of the country to that of the hustle and hurry of the city. With his reticent disposition and easy-going manner we will find him a few years hence, proprietor of a small drug business. He will be the daddy of a large family, and will find the drug business alone will not yield enough to meet his expenses. So before long we will find him at the family occupation of farming as a side issue. His apt knowledge of chemistry will lead to many improvements in Mother Earth, which will be heralded with great joy, and he will pass his remaining days on a pedestal of fame.

Treasurer Moody, by name, but not so in disposition, will after a few years experience as a pharmacist, hit upon a formula for a panacea which will be world renowned. With a troop of burnt cork artist he will tour the country. Crowds from far and near will crowd around his band wagon to listen to his silver-tongued descriptions of his many marvelous cures, and to invest their last dollar in a bottle of this greatest of all medicines. Water and coloring matter will still remain cheap; in a few years his cheque book will make that of Rockefeller look like a punched meal ticket.

Historian Wolf will soon rise to the head of his father's Broadway Pharmacy. By his skill and energy he will soon have a business that we all will envy. It will be the pride of the East and a pattern for all.

It is with fear that Prophet McElwee hears of his future, and a nervous pen airs it to the world. After completing his course in pharmacy he will begin the study of medicine. Being a great admirer of the loveliest work of God and wishing especially to please this sex, he will complete a special course in "How to make the ladies more beautiful." We will find him in later years a successful "Beauty Doctor." Every week the ladies will be startled by his many marvelous improvements on their sex. Why he will have success—you can be the judge.

Associate Editor Waterman, will in the near future connect himself with one of our large manufacturing chemists. Being a man of unusual business ability, he will soon rise to the position of business manager, later on we will find him a member of the firm. Great improvements will be made by him, and it will rank as the foremost plant of its kind in the country. The college chums of Barrett will not be surprised to learn after a few years he will not be found behind the prescription desk administering to the physical ailments of mankind, but will be posing before the altar endeavoring to cleanse his brethren of all moral diseases. Remembering the debauchery and wickedness of his classmates he will weekly hold (on Thursday), a special midnight service for pharmacists. All will be cordially invited. No collection.

Our popular friend Black, having been fortunate by being surrounded in his early career by men of much learning, could not be otherwise than quite a success. He and his brother will open quite a fashionable apothecary shop on *the* street of Baltimore. Our friend's smiling countenance and impressive manners will soon fill his shop with the "Swells." The sale of his goods, plus the price of his smile, will soon fill the vaults of his banking house. He will retire early wearing the smile-that-wont-come-off.

Born into the world with no rush for the end, we find Boenning. He will soon begin his ladder of success. Early in his career he will be found peddling from door to door his "Honest Corn Cure." He will travel a hard road at first but perseverance will be his watchword, which success naturally follows. Soon his "Honest Corn Cure" will be second only to the family Bible. His income before many years will be a burden for him to count.

"But a fool must follow his natural bent," so with Chidester. He will lead the life of a clerk for a short period in a shop in West Virginia, and then he will become proprietor. He will deem his predecessor's policy plebeian and recognizing the wants of the "Morally stunted" will put in an unusually fine line of spiritus frumenti. His wide experience in Baltimore having made him a keen judge of this drug; his sales will soon exceed his fondest expectations. Soon he will decide the drug business too slow and we will leave him the proprietor of a flourishing "Smiling Emporium." All those who will be inclined to criticise his course will be cordially invited to indulge with him in a quart of his select old stock.

Our slow but sure Clark will prefer the outer-door life of an M.D., to that of a Phar.D. After graduating from the pharmacy department he will take up the study of medicine. After completing this he will return to his old home, Pocomoke City, and in the mundrum life of a country practitioner will find his life's calling.

From the stage of the theatre our friend Cassell will take to the tall timbers where he will establish a small country drug store, thereby realizing his childhood's ambition. He will find bachelor life rather dull in the country and will soon marry. The outcome of which will be several "Hefty" boys to aid our friend's hair to grow thin and gray.

As we all know Firey thinks himself the "whole cheese" when it comes to chemistry. With this thought paramount in his skull he will continue the study of this science. Many years will be spent by him in the chemical laboratory searching what he may devour.

You may expect many new discoveries in the years to come (Firey).

Folick will be a patriotic Russian and return to his native land. There with his knowledge of chemicals, he will engage in the manufacture of bombs and other Russian toys, with which to greet the Czar when he shows his face.

Hess, the Dutch apothecary, will be known as that, only for a short while longer. Being the only real sport of our Class, and as a sport and a pharmacist do not make a good mixture our "Dead Game" will say to H— with pill rolling—the race track and fair women for mine. His future will have many ups and downs before success finally crowns his undertakings.

Janer, the silent, with his brood, will return to Porto Rico and open an up-to-date American pharmacy. It being the first of its kind on the island he will enjoy a large and profitable trade.

Jordan will not remain in the drug business long, finding it most to rapid for his pace. He will return to his first love, the country schoolmaster. In this capacity he will pass the remainder of his days.

Lewisson will not be able to resist the calling of his tribe. He will change from Lewisson, the pharmacist to Lewisson, the clothier, and spend many happy and profitable days in dispensing the real bargains of the week.

Well, it is Pat at last. Few events go down in history without the Irish and their devoted Shamrock are there to do it homage. So in our midst one L. Neal Patrick will be there at the finish. Pat, the youth of our Class, decided the drug business was just the thing for him. In 1906 we will find a business established by him in Ireland. Soon after his beginning he will formulate a line of household remedies and to test the potency of one of these he will take a dose. Poor Patrick will rest among the martyrs of science.

Phipps and Power will join forces and migrate to the far West to engage in the profession which they will have so successfully mastered. A pleasant and prosperous business career will be theirs.

The last of the immortal twenty-four is our cotton-headed Rossberg. The good Lord did greatly displease this man in the adornment of his head. His future will be spent in the thorough investigation of the hair in the hope that the desired shade might be made to grow. Rossberg's treatise on the hair is a publication that we can all look forward to.

THE PROPHET.







THE PHARMACY GIRL.

WILLIAM J. AYDELOTTE

BORN—*May 3rd, 1883.*

DIED—*December 17th, 1904.*

Gone? yes, he's gone ne'er to return;  
Oh! how the heart must bow to pain,  
To know that his dear mortal form  
Will never more be seen again.

That smiling face, so fair and bright  
And bringing to a mother cheer—  
Which filled a father's life so full  
Of cherished hopes and joys most dear—

While starting on life's rugged sea,  
To pass the perilous rocks before,  
Alas! a sudden storm is on—  
A sunken ship—the voyage o'er.

O, cruel Death, why didst thou thus  
Upon the victim lay thy hands  
And hurl him off to yonder shore,  
Rending affection's fondest bands?

Why didst thou, at this early hour—  
Before life's race had well begun,  
And when the morn had yet been blessed  
With but a few rays from its sun—

Intrude thyself and take away  
The ornament, so pure, so true,  
That filled a home with rays of joy  
Which nothing evermore can do?

Peace! peace! we shall not murmur so:  
'Tis but the workings of the hand  
Of Him whose deeds are ever right,  
And whose justice we all must stand.

That loving one, too pure to live  
Upon this world of sin so great,  
Heeded the angels' beckonings  
And entered through the pearly gate.

A ransomed throng he now has joined,  
And, free from cares and toils and fears,  
Celestial bliss he will enjoy,  
And ecstasies unknown to tears.

While from that distant clime serene  
No voice to earth can ever come,  
We know that he will greet us there  
When we, in turn, are gathered home.

ROBERT LEE JONES.

## R O A S T S

BARRETT—

We are such stuff as dreams are made of,  
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.—*Shakespeare.*  
Awake, awake! shake off the downy sleep.—*Macbeth.*

BLACK—

The blackest ink of fate was sure my lot,  
And when fate writ my name, it made a blot.

BOENNING—

O wearisome condition of humanity!—*Brooke.*

CASSELL—

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself, and scorned the spirit,  
That could be moved to smile at anything.—*Julius Caesar.*

CHIDESTER—

For it will come to pass that ev'ry braggart  
Shall be found an ass.—*Shakespeare.*  
See how he sets his countenance for deceit  
And promises a lie before he speaks.—*Dryden.*  
Man, being reasonable, must get drunk.—*Byron.*

CLARKE—

Great men undertake great things because they are great, and fools be-  
cause they think them easy.

FIREY—

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.—*Shakespeare.*

FOLICK—

Ye gods; what a joke.

HESS—

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers!—*Shakespeare.*  
None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.

HORNBROOK—

The task he undertakes  
Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans dry.—*Richard II.*  
A little power, a little transient fame,  
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.—*Winter.*

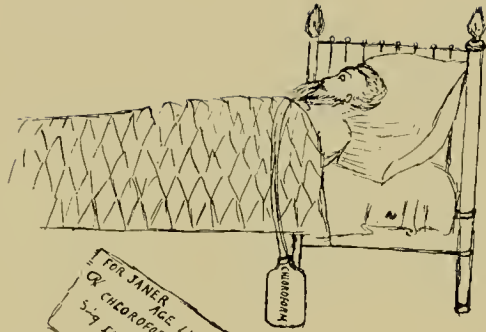
JANER—

I am declin'd into the vale of years.—*Othello*  
When the age is in, the wit is out.—*Much Ado.*  
I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers,  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.—*Henry IV.*

- JORDAN—  
None deserve the name of good who have not spirit enough to be bad.  
How many languish in obscurity, who would become great if circulation  
and encouragement incited them to exertion.—*Fénelon*.
- KEMP—  
O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,  
To steal away their brains.—*Shakespeare*.  
Water, water everywhere, nor any beer to drink.
- LEWISSON—  
I thank thee Jew, for teaching me that word.—*Shakespeare*.  
I had rather live with cheese and garlic.—*Shakespeare*.
- McELWEE—  
Flow, wine! smile, women! and the universe is consoled.—*Beranger*.  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!  
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet.—*Byron*.
- MOODY—  
Although it is dangerous to have too much  
Knowledge of certain subjects, it is still  
More dangerous to be totally ignorant of them.—*Colombat*.  
Who think too little and talk too much.—*Dryden*.
- PATRICK—  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool.—*Shakespeare*.
- PHILIPS—  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?—*Shakespeare*.
- POWER—  
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
An oracle within an empty cask.—*Cæcæper*.
- ROSSBERG—  
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink.—*Sprague's Curiosity*.
- SWARINGEN—  
When I said I should die a bachelor,  
I did not think I should live till I were married.—*Shakespeare*.  
The man who has taken one wife deserves a  
crown of patience.—*Proverb*.
- TODD—  
Describe him who can,  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.—*Goldsmith*.
- WATERMAN—  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.—*Shakespeare*.
- WOLF—  
Many have lived on a pedestal who will never  
have a statue when dead.—*Beranger*.  
O, that he were here to write me down an ass.—*Shakespeare*.



PATRICK  
IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



FOR JAWER, ICE, LX  
OR CHLOROFORM, OI,  
S-I, 9, ENVALE OR OSLER



KEMP - SATISFIED



HORNBROOK & HOWARD  
THEIR USUAL CHASE FOR BOOZE



HESS - CONSUMING THE MIDNIGHT OIL



EDLINE & CHESTER  
A PAIR OF ARTISTS



ONE WHO SAYS NICE THINGS (3) ABOUT SENIORS.

## TOASTS

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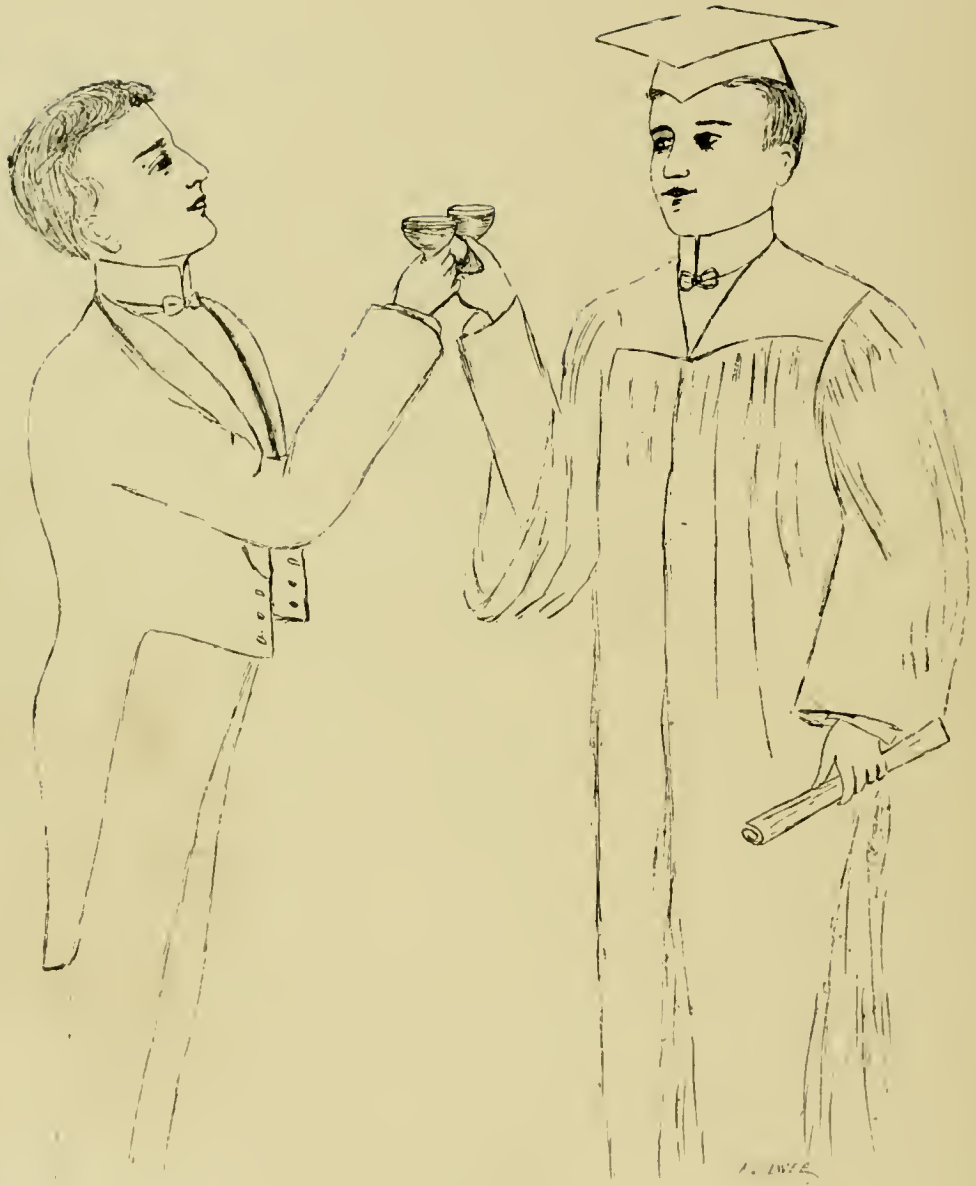
I GAZED upon him daily ; alas ! I never thawed him out,  
He seemed to be so haughty without the slightest doubt ;  
He was a class above me, and I wished heartily each day,  
The time would pass more quickly and usher in the month of May.  
For then I'd be a Senior, as important as could be,  
And look down on a Junior as haughtily as he.  
Yet even tho' he hazed me at the opening of the school,  
And made me go through stunts till I simply seemed a fool,  
I'll drink to him, a Senior,  
Even though I am a Junior ;  
For I covet his position, and hope to fill it in no distant day,  
When commencement's over. Here's to the Senior who will graduate in May.

—A JUNIOR.

---

The Faculty ! the Faculty ! that clan of art and science,  
The band of genius giving to the unknown their defiance,  
Whose "Parchments" glad the Senior's heart ; and make him pæons sing,  
Until he comes to pride himself he is a great Something.  
The station reached by weary climbs and many setbacks, too,  
Was always brought to nearer view—so praises are the due  
Of that grand august clan of men  
Who've guided us two years, I ken.  
Here's to the Faculty.

—A SENIOR.





# CLASS OF 1906

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COLORS.—ROYAL PURPLE AND WHITE.

MOTTO.—CONSTANTIA ET VIRTUTE VINCIMUS.

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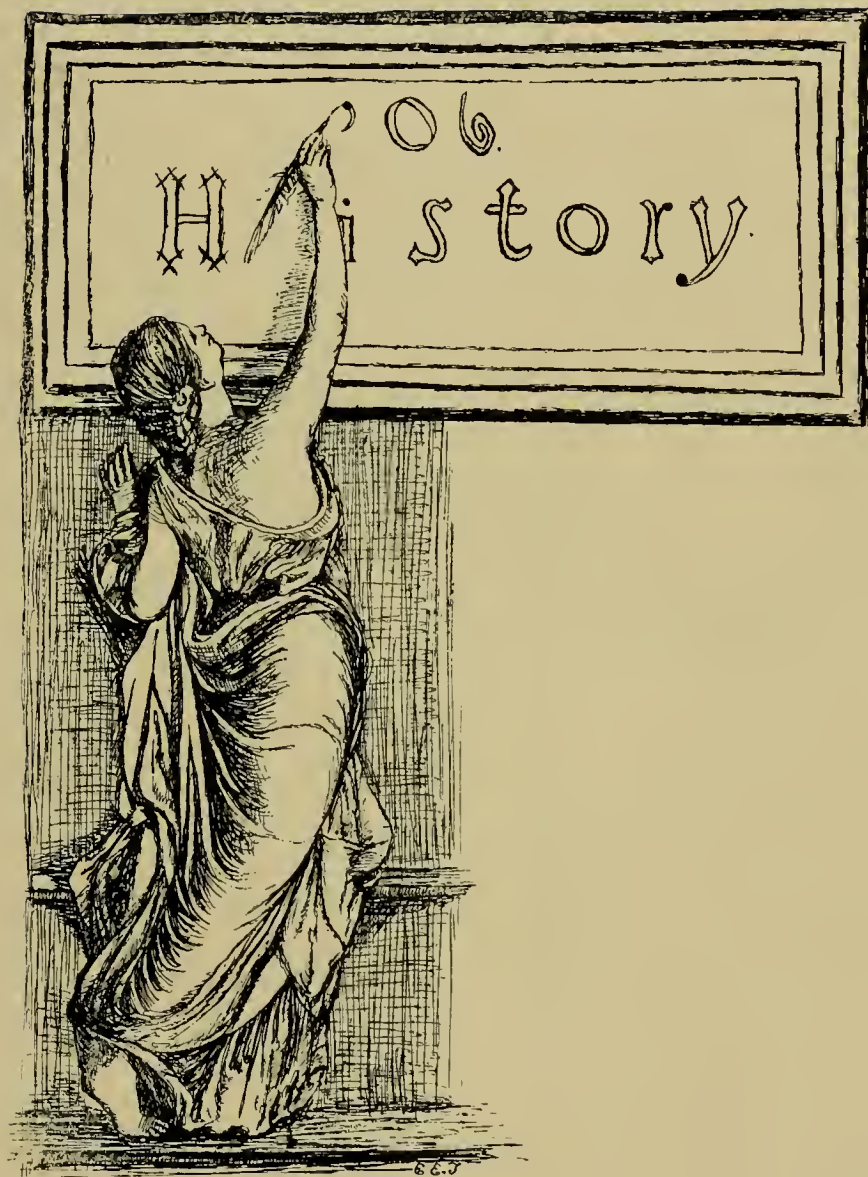
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BENJAMIN D. BENFER.....*Historian.*

WILLIAM G. HARPER.....*Artist.*

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**T**HIS NOTABLE class entered their historic episode on the third day of October, 1904, when nearly fifty husky looking chaps, representing plantations from all quarters of the United States, assembled at the new Pharmaceutical building of the University of Maryland, to be enrolled as the Junior Class of Pharmacy.

Not only have we a noble class of youths, but we are honored by having as members of our class two fair and blushing maidens, who have decided to try their hands at "pill-rolling," instead of "pin-rolling."

With fear we enter our Lecture Hall, not knowing what was to come before us, but to our joy we were greeted by our Dean—Professor Caspari—who gave us a few words of fatherly advice; especially, that we should not devote too much time to home-thinking and sweethearts—if any, the former will no doubt be hard for some, especially those who have never been away from “mamma’s apron strings”—but rather indulge into the mysteries of *Materia-Medica*, Pharmacy, etc.

Expecting to be kidnapped or hazed in some way or other, we were for a few days a little timid in coming to and going from the university, but as time passed on and no signs of trouble appeared, that timidity gradually left our hearts.

Alas! we became too confident, on Monday morning, October the 31st, the dear Senior Class, supposed to be courageous, energetic and ambitious, played the “coward act” by trapping half of our class, like rats in a trap, in the Chemical Laboratory. Having been taken in such a manner, we were, naturally, overpowered.

With no little difficulty did they paint our faces and arrange us in “Hogan’s Alley” style, and not until after a few minutes of “giving and taking,” and with the assistance of a few co-operators, they finally succeeded in starting us out on parade.

Naturally, it went hard with the majority of the boys, but as the old saying that “It is never too late to do good,” we will some day seek and get revenge, for “Vengeance is ours.”

Since that notable “hazing,” in which our entire class figured, no one has molested our bodily feelings, but our personal feelings—they have been quite frequently—by our beloved Lecturers.

Professor Caspari, trying with might and main to tell us the difference between a “Pharmacy” and a “Diamond Dick Novel.”

Professor Culbreth, having said at the beginning of the course, that Botany is of little or no importance to the Pharmacist, now scares us by saying that it educates the mind, so as to be able to master the “jaw-breakers” he has in *Materia-Medica*.

Professor Base, with much eloquence, tells us we will have to burn a few “midnight tapers,” or take water on examination day.

Professor Hyinson tells us not to be afraid to use paper for book-keeping, but to be “stingy” when using it for packages.

Many of our hearts were gladdened when we were notified of our Christmas holidays, when we could once more return to our homes, even though it was only for a few days.

On January 3rd, 1905, we returned to the University to resume our duties once more, determining to do some hard studying so as to come out victorious in the month of May.

Thus far glory and honor have attended our noble class, and, may we hope that the same will attend the course of the naughty class of “naughty-six,” throughout her sojourn within these walls of learning.

HISTORIAN.







## THE OPENING CHORUS

---

Merrily, cheerily, dance and sing,  
Trippingly, skippingly, in a ring,  
Laugh with us, quaff with us, drink of life,  
Measure all pleasure, all free from strife,  
Live today, give today no thought of morrow,  
Love the part of the heart, careless of sorrow.  
    Cupid is king of all,  
    Stupid ones hate his thrall.  
    Yet lift your glass,  
    Let the toast pass,  
    Beauty, truth, love and youth  
    Rule over all.





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---

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## THE EDITORS' SAY

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WE DO NOT hold forth in this place for the purpose of delivering ourselves of the excuses that are usually forthcoming on these occasions. We do not feel in an apologetic mood. We *do* feel that the publication of this book at all is a real achievement, and we believe that, as college annuals go, it is rather a good one. The only persons to whom we consider ourselves bound to apologize, which we hereby do, are Robert Southey, Edgar Allan Poe, the worthy author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," Rudyard Kipling, and a few other inconsequential persons who don't take any interest in it anyway.

Everything in this book has been conceived and executed in a spirit of absolute good humor and good will. We have not knowingly admitted a single word of malice. As editors, we are of course firm believers in the liberty of the press, and particularly in the license allowed to college books. Yet we trust that we have not abused this, and that all of our good friends—faculty, classmates, fellow-students and the dear public—to whom we have from time to time directed our attentions, will regard those attentions in the spirit in which they are hereby tendered—a spirit of benignity and entire good nature.

While we do not esteem ourselves giddy reformers by any means, we trust the gentle reader will note that we have touched upon with our delicate and scintillating wit, and have flourished the editorial big stick at not only the matters of ephemeral and passing interest, but also others of more serious and general concern to the Law Department at large. As examples, see our remarks on the languishing condition of the library, the impending dissolution of athletics, and the more or less personal screeds to the addresses of individual students—to every man for his respective soul's correction. The first we commend to the Faculty, the second to the student body in general, and the last to the gentlemen so distinguished. We are very modest men, but we believe that improvement in each case will be the result of effort along the lines we have indicated.

With this, we bestow our blessing, and step down, as many better men have done before us, commending to you in parting TERRA MARIÆ for 1905.

THE EDITORS FOR THE LAW DEPARTMENT.



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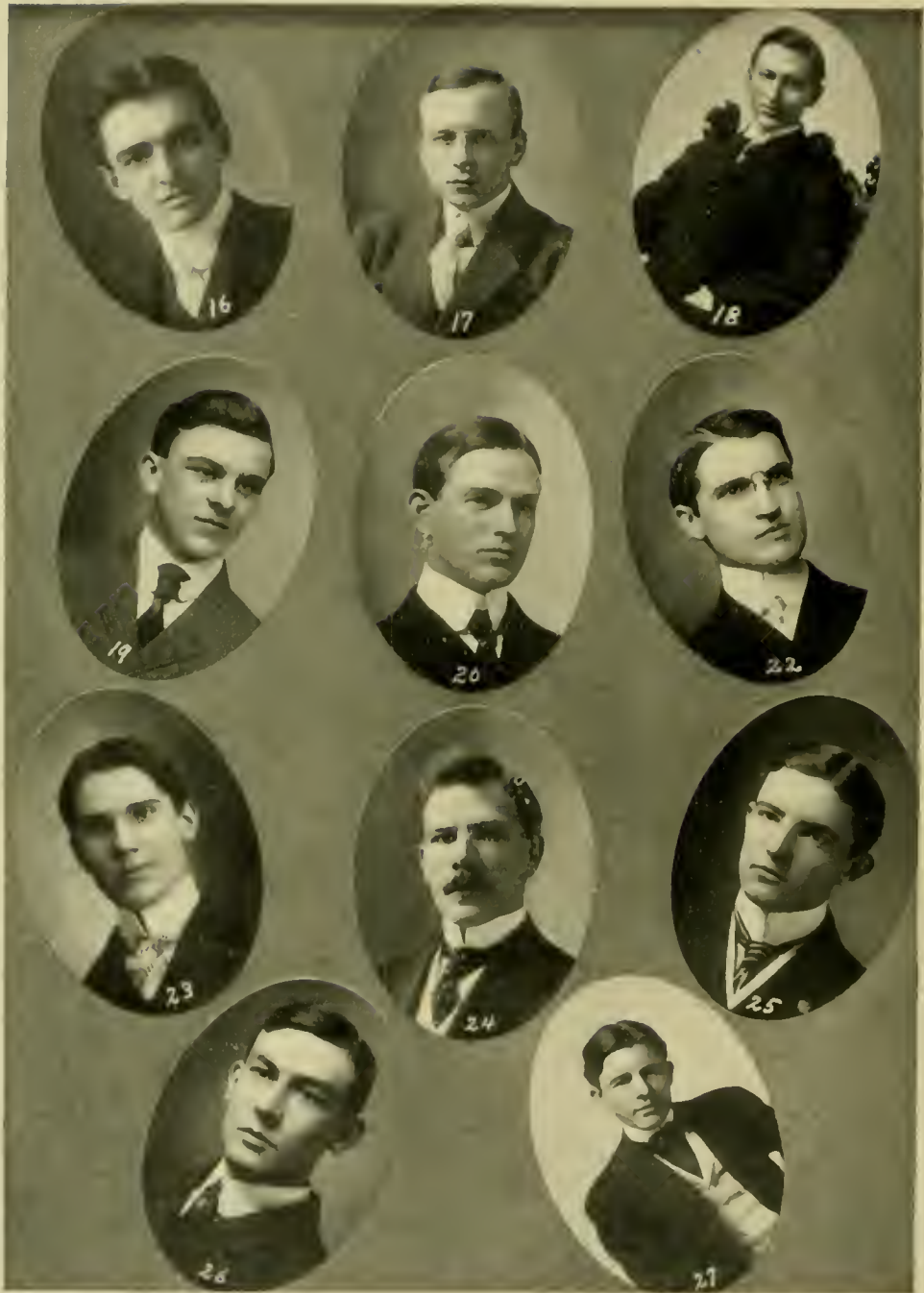
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# In Memoriam



Robert Milligan McLane

November 20, 1867

May 30, 1904



A Member of the Law Faculty of  
this University in 1904

## PALPABLE HITS

### THE EDITORS.

*When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre  
He'd 'card men sing by land an' sea;  
An' what he thought 'e might require,  
'E went an' took—the same as me!*

*The market-girls an' fishermen,  
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,  
They 'card old songs turn up again,  
But kep' it quiet—same as you!*

*They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed,  
They didn't tell, or make a fuss,  
But winked at 'Omer down the road,  
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!*

BALL—

You Cassius hath a lean and hungry look—he thinks too much.

BARRY—

Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading.

BOWEN—

The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and his imagination for his facts.

BRODIE—

No doubt ye are the people and ail wisdom shall die with you.

BRYAN—

He was a scholar and a ripe and good one.

BURGAN—

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mocked and scorned himself,  
That could be moved to smile at anything.

BURROUGHS—

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.

CLARK—

The law a jealous mistress is,  
And will no rivals brook!

COHEN—

The expectant crowds in still attention hung  
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.

COLDING—

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us.

COOK, R. A. B.—

That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

COOK, W. C.—

A babe in the house is a wellspring of pleasure.

CRAMER—

A constant quiet fills my peaceful breast.  
A pleasant sort of chap.

CRANE—

But in these nice quilllets of the law  
Good faith! I am no wiser than a daw.

DAVIES—

Good friend, hast thou any wooden nutmegs for sale today?

DIEDEMAN—

Can anyone tell what all this fair discourse portends?

DIGGS—

He adds to his work an intellectual smile,  
And is satisfied with it all the while.

EBY—

What a head for just a boy to have.

FARBER—

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

FOXWELL—

He is so disposed to opposition, that he does not even eat anything that agrees with him.

GRILL—

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in books.

HALLEY—

A fair example of untainted youth.

HAMILL—

*Cherchez la femme.*

HATCH, A. C.—

HATCH, E. C.—

The sportive twins.  
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,  
Glittering in arms and combat side by side.

JONES—

In amaze, lost I gaze,  
Can our eyes reach his size?  
When he speaks, thunder breaks.

KNIGHT—

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

LATIMER—

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

LINGENFELDER—

He holds the bag; an empty honor surely  
When the bag nothing holds.

LUCAS—

You beat your pate and fancy wit will come,  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

MCCORMICK—

A scion of Brian Born  
And a many-sided man.

MACKALL—

His beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes: his words all ears held captive.

MANNING—

It is better to smoke now than hereafter.

MASON—

I tell you, sir, there's a peace of mind arising from the consciousness of being well  
dressed that cannot be produced by the consolations of religion—If I tried 'em!

MITCHELL—

The ladies! God bless 'em!

NEW—

My ancestors were kings and princes when yours were painted savages on this barren  
and inhospitable isle of yours.

OBER—

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep . . . . .!

PLAENKER—

Made in Germany.

POWELL—

Slowly and quietly he sinks into oblivion.

ROE—

His corn and cattle are his only eate,  
And his supreme delight a country fair.

SCOTT—

As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

SEMMES—

A seemly man withalle,  
And goodly of his specche.

SETTLE—

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Than one of these same meter ballad mongers.

SKEEN—

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder.

SLAUGHTER—

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing!

SMITH—

There must be something in him ;  
Such great names imply a greatness.

STINCHCOMB—

You have not, as good patriots should do, studied  
The public good, but your particular ends.

TOOTLE—

And panting time toils after him in vain.

\* \* \* \*

I write my verses in the dark  
I do not have to think.  
My fingers simply chase the pen  
And the pen chases the ink.

TREGOE—

For he's a jolly good fellow,  
Which nobody can deny!

WAITE—

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.

WALL—

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in work 'at kind o' goes agin my convictions.

WELLS—

Training is everything. The cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college  
education.

WILSON—

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.

WOLF—

I want to be an angel  
And with the angels stand ;  
A harp upon my forehead,  
A crown within my hand.

WRIGHT—

He'd rather be (W) right than president.





*"Happy is that people whose annals are brief."*

Hearken unto me all ye friends and admirers of the Class of 1905 whilst I, as the chosen successor of my renowned Brother Herodotus, being of a sound (?) and disposing mind, give and bequeath unto you a short narrative of its brief existence, and a flash-light glimpse of a few of its most distinguished and best-known members.

During the latter part of September in the year 1902 about one hundred youths, of almost every kind and description, assembled at the University from various sections of the country, and knocked at the portals of this Temple of Learning for admission. We did not knock in vain, for the faculty soon gave us the glad hand of welcome, and smiled at the idea of being able to extort from each of us the usual library fee of four dollars for the alleged purpose of supplying the library with new books. (In passing, I might advert to the fact that during the past three years the only new books that came into the library were several volumes of the Maryland reports which—thanks to his generosity—were presented free of charge by Mr. Brantly.)

The class by 6 o'clock in the evening had collected for the first time in the lecture room and only a short while elapsed before we found ourselves on a cruise upon the Sea of Blackstone, piloted by that most skilled and wise man, Mr. France. We had not been sailing on the "legal waters" long before one of our younger members named Parks became sea-sick, and his head has been "swimming" ever since; but as in Pandora's box, hope still remains for him. Our friend Parks has convinced us by his many pointed questions aimed at the lecturer, that he undoubtedly possessed such talents as would some day distinguish him as a great trial lawyer—before a justice of the peace. Of this lad we might say.

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

After the lapse of a few weeks a meeting was called to perfect a class organization and to elect officers to manage its affairs. Linwood L. Clarke was chosen as our first president, and under his administration the class began the rapid progress which has been characteristic of it ever since. It was very fortunate for us that Wilson did not enter the class until it had been perfectly organized for he would—judging from his future actions—undoubtedly have attempted to "railroad" himself through for president.



After the lapse of a few months we sailed out of the Sea of Blackstone into its kindred waters of Domestic Relations and Real Property. The former subject proved a narrow and dangerous channel, indeed, for about one-third of the class learned to their sorrow that one could have "domestic" troubles without even entering into the holy bonds of matrimony. We were told that real property was "immovable;" this we knew in theory, but it was only after Judge Baer's marks had been turned in that we fully realized the significance and meaning of this chief characteristic of real property. Notwithstanding the diminutive marks that many of us received at the hands of the Judge—though well deserved—still we were all glad to lend him our large influence and support toward his election to the bench.

I should also mention that we were entertained at a course of lectures on Criminal Law by watching the instructor see how many mint jujubes he could dissolve in the course of an hour. Indeed this narrative would be incomplete should I fail to mention the fact that we had a course of lectures on Sales during our freshman year; but it requires almost a stretch of the imagination and a strain on the conscience to say that we were taught Sales because only about seven of us, who became characterized as the "faithful few," attended these lectures, and doubtless we did so more from force of habit than anything else.

The summer of 1903 arrived and we were glad of the four months vacation. It seemed short, indeed, and with renewed energy and more determination we enrolled in the fall of 1903 as Intermediates. While quite a number had deserted our ranks, finding that the paths of the lawyer were rough and difficult to tread, still many new recruits came in to fill the vacant places.

Mr. Poe delivered to us the same address of welcome with which it has been his custom to greet our predecessors for more than two score years; and with a few hocus pocus gestures soon launched us into the depths of Pleading. Quite a number in our class, such as Barry, Stinchcomb, Cook, Jones, etc., were married men, but they, like the more inexperienced ones, while having been successful on the practical side of pleading, found there was still room for further consideration of the subject. Mr. Poe deserves a great deal of credit, for he not only taught us pleading but also furnished us with a revised edition of his jokes, as well as a digression every now and then on metaphysics, politics and religion.

Judge Baer, wishing to develop us along all lines of the law, gave us a course of "agricultural" lectures on Cherry Grove, Black Acre, Frog Bottom, Love's Delight and Breezy Point. The Judge also explained to us the Law of Descent, but with all his great learning he failed to inform us as to how T. S. Crane ever came here.

C. N. Steigelman was elected president of the class, and our intermediate year passed according to the usual course of things. It was during this year that Motter resigned his seat in the State Legislature and Barry left the clerkship of the Superior Court to become members of our class. This history would be incomplete, indeed, should I fail to mention a few of our well-known "celebrities," with a characteristic to identify them.

To start with, we have Miss Laurie Mitchell and the twin brothers Hatch. Then, too, there is Jones with his soft, tender, little voice which, when he speaks, reminds one of a thunder storm—with the rain left out. Farber is a youth of poetical inclination who is the reputed author of the following lines—

"Yet, if I might my own grand jury call,  
By the fair sex I beg to stand or fall."

then there is Burroughs, the librarian, and Lucas, his assistant, who boasts of his complimentary ticket to "butt in" at all times upon all occasions. As we glance further down the list we find Mason to whom fate will be cruel, indeed, if she destines him to fill anything less than a seat in Parliament as a member of the House of Lords.

McCormick is a veritable duality, being an expert electrician, as well as a proficient lawyer; he is an exception to the rule that no man can serve two masters well.

Then, we are confronted by Brodie and New, twin-stars, who are almost consumed by the splendor of their own brilliancy. Eby is our lady-boy whose femininity is so apparent that trousers are really unbecoming to him. Settle is a lad concerning whom the most that can be said is that he holds the record for smoking more two cent cigars than any six men in the class.

Odenhal is our eccentric genius; his reflections, well-known to us all, are not confined to the field of law alone, for he has carefully developed opinions on questions of theology, metaphysics, medicine, socialism and negroes. His latest discovery along legal lines is that "jurisprudence" and "jurisdiction" are synonymous terms. It is a great wonder to us that he has not been picked up by some detective as being a conspirator or an anarchist.

Smith is our preacher, who prefers to "take a text" and preach a sermon in class rather than recite a case assigned to him in equity. Doubtless the world would have had a new evangelist had he been allowed to proceed with his "text," as he was in a good field to produce excellent results.

And so I could mention many others, such as Tootle, the journalist; Stinchcomb, the book-grind; Burroughs, the librarian; Ball, the ardent Democratic advocate and aspiring successor of L. F. Rasin; Steigelman, the parliamentarian; Tregoe, the father of the class and president of the Municipal League; Slaughter, the ladies' man, and Bryan who was compelled to take a six months' course in book-keeping in order to be able to keep his notes on the lectures in a systematic order, so voluminous were they.

Wells is the hardest student in the class; he listens to all three lectures a day with as much concentration of mind and a countenance as immovable as that of the Sphinx watching the sun rise and set each day. Davies is the Daniel Webster of the class, and we predict that he will cause the halls of many a court to ring with his eloquence.

There are quite a number of members whose names I have not mentioned owing to the limitations of time and space; doubtless by reference to the prophecy you will find them portrayed in all their future splendor, but, nevertheless, may be able to recognize them.

Our senior year has passed without anything unusual to attract our attention. During the first part of the year much interest was aroused over the question as to who was going to be elected president of the class. Stinchcomb thought he was entitled to the honor, because he had led the class during previous years; Waite also laid claim to the much coveted position, but the majority of the class did not share his views with him. After several ballots John E. Semmes, Jr., was finally chosen president, and his later bearing and conduct have convinced us that our choice was wisely made.

Of course, we had our graduating theses to prepare, which occupied our attention for considerable time, as well as did Evidence, International Law, Equity and Constitutional Law. I should not fail to mention before closing the successful box-party the class gave at the Academy of

Music. It is needless to say that we all enjoyed it exceedingly, and it did much to relieve our minds somewhat of the nervous "legal" strain from which we were just recovering as the result of the January examinations.

Whatever merit this narrative may possess, I shall feel abundantly rewarded if those who, turning to these pages in future years, are reminded of the student days spent at our dear old Alma Mater; days of joy and happiness intermingled with struggle and toil. Our course in law has been a difficult one; whatever success we may have achieved in it is to be attributed to hard work on our part, directed and guided by instructive lectures delivered by the faculty. It is this community of interest and sacrifice made in the attainment of a common end that should draw us as a class into closer union and tighten the bonds of good fellowship among us. It is to be hoped that our relations at the bar, as we practice our chosen profession, will be marked by the same friendly feeling which characterizes us as students.

Our existence as a class has lasted through the short period of three years, a period brief, indeed, which seems now almost as a "tale that has been told." However limited as our stay at the University has been, we feel that we have been well-prepared and equipped to carve out bright and successful careers, if we only continue to strive hard in their attainment.

As we are about to make our adieu and step across the threshold into the more strenuous life of reality and possibilities, we feel that the mantle we have worn as seniors will fall upon the shoulders of those worthy to take our places in the affairs of the University. One of our last acts has been to adopt an emblem in the nature of a watch-fob which we shall ever wear to designate us as University of Maryland graduates of 1905, and we trust that the classes which shall follow after us, will carry out the precedent we have endeavored to establish.

History has been said to be "the basis of prophecy." However true this statement may appear to be I trust that the present history of the senior law Class of 1905 will prove to be a meagre basis, indeed, upon which to form a conception of the glorious and illustrious deeds its members are destined to achieve.





FOR three years the Class of 1905 has delved into the mysteries of legal lore and passed from its elements to the very zenith of its intricate knowledge.

Some who darted off at the starting line fell by the wayside, but it is pleasant for the Prophet to note in looking backward before looking forward, that the largest number of this promising class have kept faithfully to the work, and will soon be launched upon the public with their little sign boards.

The law is a strange but fine profession, wherein there should be an "eternal fitness," and as the Prophet pillowing his chin upon his hand and sinking into the spirit of rhapsody with a far away piercing vision, wonders, perhaps, if some who have prostrated themselves before the Shrine of Blackstone should not have been worshippers of the rural gods; a treatise on gardening would to your rhapsodist appear more fitting to some, as they pass in visionary procession, than a volume of annotated reports; but who can tell, even your Prophet, what providence may have in store and closed from any vision, and even he who met every examination but to fall, may in his own generation be covered with the dignity and robes of the Supreme Justice.

Let us look and gaze upon the class men as, one by one, they pass before our vision, and let the spirit of sincere prophecy help us to assign their places in the future. That paragon of scholars, he who has burnt the midnight oil and watched the flickering rays of the tallow dip as it closer and closer approached the stick—our honor man, Stincheomb. What can we say but "Excelsior." He will plant the flag of his profession upon the highest peak, and no side lines will hold him back.

Then follows a figure of quiet modesty, who should shine in his profession, as the Law is a heritage of our President. He has had our confidence and much will be expected of his future.

Close by is his side partner whose dimensions nearly overshadow the President himself, and the size of whose hat is a thing to be gazed at. The Prophet is even awed, and would only breathe that perhaps there is a brilliant niche for this legal mind.

One by one, they pass in review ; but who is this of tall dimensions and comely name? Our friend Jones. His heartiness of spirit and genial mind will always make him friends, and for him we forecast a place where laws are made and not where they are interpreted.

Here comes one who has moved in and out among us, and aimed to fill important parts. What of the law for Waite but a stepping stone to the political arena and many hustings for the good old State.

But now comes one who has had nothing to do, but will and work from the office to the desk, with many a social fee to pay. He has done his best, and we see for Slaughter the affairs of a corporation and many charges for opinions written in four figures.

Who is this with disappointment written o'er his countenance who aspired to be a poet and lost the job?

The clear explainer of intricate facts who would convince the judge at the point of a bayonet, or his finger more properly to say, Farber, the genial and acceptable, who has carved a unique place in the history of our class, and we see him playing great parts in the wild and woolly West.

There are so many that the Prophet can only tab them off and say in some cases a future brilliant, in others, perhaps, but who can tell? All fellows fine, earnest and diligent, and in the generations to come this prophecy can be looked upon and seen how far fulfilled.

Closing the long procession is he who, though of modest disposition has yet aimed to dignify his class; an editor, by chance. The chance at times directs our future, and we may forecast that Skeen will be adding to legal folios, text books on the science of Law.

Class-mate, if your name has not been mentioned in this prophecy do not assume it was because your part has not been important. The Prophet has a mental notation of each future that will be opened at any time upon request.



## CLASS OF 1906—INTERMEDIATE CLASS OFFICERS

WILLIAM FRANCIS BEVAN..... <i>President.</i>	WILLIAM ELLAS HEATHCOATE..... <i>Poet.</i>
JOHN FREDERICK OYEMAN... <i>Vice-President.</i>	WILLIAM BLAINE WELSH..... <i>Prophet.</i>
WALTER WEDDIGEN DERR..... <i>Secretary.</i>	WILLIAM PEPPER CONSTABLE..... <i>Historian.</i>
GEORGE WASHINGTON LILLY..... <i>Treasurer.</i>	ROLAND GROOME PARKS... <i>Sergeant-at-Arms.</i>
LAWRENCE JOSEPH McCORMICK..... <i>Jester.</i>	

### INTERMEDIATE CLASS ROLL.

HARRY NORMAN BAETJER, SOLOMON SCOTT BECK, WILLIAM FRANCIS BEVAN, JOHN CARSON BILLINGSLEY, WILLIAM GRAHAM BOWDOIN, JR., JESSE NICHOLAS BOWEN, JR. VERNON SIMPSON BRADLEY, ERNEST WADE BROWN, FRANK JOSEPH CAMPBELL, JULIAN STUART CARTER, CLARENCE MILES CHAREST, CHARLES MELVILLE CLARK, CHARLES LAMAR CLARKSON, FREDERICK CAMPBELL COLSTON, WILLIAM PEPPER CONSTABLE, ROBERT TREAT CRANE, WILLIAM BRUCE DEEN, WALTER WEDDIGEN DEER, JAMES STEPHEN DONAHUE, FRANK SNOWDEN EHLEN, JOSEPH TOWNSEND ENGLAND, LEE BROCKENBOROUGH FITZHUGH, CARLTON GUS GRASON, THOMAS WHITE HALL, JAMES WARNER HARRY, WILLIAM ELLAS HEATHCOATS, HUBERT FRANK HOOPER, SAMUEL DAVID HOPKINS, CHARLES HAROLD JOHNSTON, PHILIP FRANCIS LEE, THEODORE EDWIN MACKEN, JOSHUA MARSH MATTHEWS, JAMES PATTERSON McCLURG, JOHN BLOXHAM McDOWELL, JAMES PRESTON WICKHAM McNEAL,	HARLAN WHITNEY MORGAN, JAMES CALVIN MORGAN, JOHN THOMAS MORRIS, JR., GUY HUNKEL MOTTER, CARL FLORIN NEW, FRED BLAINE NOBLE, JOHN FREDERICK OYEMAN, HERBERT JEROME PARKER, ROLAND GROOME PARKS, WASHINGTON PERINE, THEODORE AUGUST POOL, EDWARD BURR POWELL, EDMUND BLANCHARD QUIGGLE, CHARLES BANES REEVES, DAVID STEWART RIDGELY, MERRILL ROSENFELD, THEODORE IRVING SCHILLING, GEORGE MURRAY SEAL, ALGERNON TAYLOR SMITH, WILTON SNOWDEN, JR., EDWARD AUGUST STRAUFF, GEORGE CLARK SWEETEN, WILLIAM STUART SYMINGTON, JR., GEORGE WINSHIP TAYLOR, HOWELL HARRIS THOMAS, HARRY KING TOOTLE, THOMAS STEELE TRAIL, BENJAMIN O'HARA TUCKER, EDGAR ALAN VEY, WILSON BLAINE WELSH, JOHN HENRY WEST, THOMAS STEPHEN WILLINGER, VICTOR WILSON, ALEXANDER YEARLEY, CHARLES MERVYN YOUNG,
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OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1906.



THE CLASS OF 1906.



## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1906

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AT SIX O'CLOCK on the evening of September twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred and three, the members of this Class assembled at the University, and entered the lecture room to be introduced to the Law. This introduction was given a few minutes later, when an energetic little man hastily entered the room, and took his place behind the desk on the platform. From somewhere around the desk came a voice, which, after some hesitation and doubt we concluded was the voice of the lecturer. Frequent illustrations by the ancient and time honored estates of "Blackacre" and "Whiteacre" soon made them immensely popular, and perhaps their popularity is only exceeded by "Cherry Grove," "Frog Bottom," "Possum Retreat" and "Per-simmon Hill."

No sketch would be complete without mention of P—, the jester, joker and punster of the Class. The evening came for him to report on a case which had been assigned to him. The case concerned an action for a breach of contract brought by the management of the Covent Garden, one of the finest theatres in London, against a singer who had broken her contract to sing there. Professor B—, one of the most dignified members of the Faculty, was conducting the quiz.

"Mr. P—," said he, "please give us the facts in your case."

Mr. P—, who had only a vague idea of the case after a hasty perusal thereof, and little knowledge of theatres abroad, but who was perfectly familiar with certain suburban resorts around Baltimore, and others in the city, where liquid refreshments are freely dispensed, and vaudeville shows freely given, made the somewhat natural mistake in thinking the Covent Garden was one of these. (Perhaps the word garden is always more or less suggestive of moisture). Accordingly he began "This-er-case is one of-er-breach of contract by-er-singer in-er-a beer garden."

"What did you say sir?" thundered the venerable professor.

He was exceedingly disgusted, and thereupon reported the facts of the case himself, while the unfortunate Mr. P—, perspiring freely, sat down, and the Class laughed.

The big fire in Baltimore, occurring at the beginning of the second term, will always make us remember our Junior year.

A most enjoyable occasion and feature of the year was the smoker which we held at the University on Thursday night, March twenty-fifth, nineteen four. The affair was well managed by the committee in charge. An attractive entertainment was furnished by members of the Class, with the kind assistance of some outside talent, and a delightful collation served by the caterer. We were honored with the presence of Mr. France and Mr. Chesnut, both of whom made interesting, witty and instructive addresses. Some members of the Senior Class who had been studying long and hard in the library, and who were weary and hungry, hearing the sound of mirth, the rattle of plates, and the smell of refreshments, betook themselves to the door, and peeped in on the festivities with watering mouths. And not being bid to the feast, they sought to put an end to it by blowing into the gas pipes in the library, which caused darkness among us for a few minutes. This not proving very successful they betook themselves to the dairy lunch up the street, where their fast was broken, and no doubt they slept comfortably that night.

The following occurred at a quiz by Judge H—. The Judge had just answered a question when P—, with his gloves on and his feet cocked up on the chair in front of him, broke forth with an air of great confidence and assurance.

“Judge, I think if you will look a little further over in the book, you will find that different.”

The Judge was rather nonplussed for a moment, and then he replied.

“Have you a book sir?”

“No sir,” said P—.

“Then please take this and find it,” replied the Judge.

P— took the book and searched eagerly through it back and forth from front to back and back to front. Everyone waited. P— began to get red in the face and also in the back of his neck, and to perspire. Still he searched. Finally he gave it up.

“I am-er-afraid I am-er-mistaken, Judge. I am-er-afraid I don’t-er-understand the subject.”

“Very likely,” replied the Judge, and the Class laughed.

One evening at a quiz by Professor P—, this question was asked.

“Now Mr. P—,” said the Professor, “suppose the jury has retired to the jury room, and is locked in by the Sheriff. They arrive at a verdict, and want to get out. How can they do it?”

“I suppose they would have to climb out by the fire escape, sir,” replied P—.

This sketch must not be closed without a few remarks on the subject we are pursuing. In law when a thing does not exist which ought to exist, and which you want to exist, then it exists “in contemplation of law;” when a thing is not actual, and there is no way of making it so, then it is “constructive;” when a thing is not express and there is no chance that it ever will be, then it is “implied.” After a study of such resourceful principles as these, it is not remarkable that there occurred to the fertile and absorptive mind of a student the idea of getting the jury out by the fire escape, when their customary and usual mode of egress had been barred by the sheriff.

Some of the members of the Class are in the habit of falling into a gentle snooze during the lecture, and in blissful repose they sleep through the discourse. Let them beware, lest some day when they awake, they, like Rip Van Winkle, find themselves strangers to their surroundings—a new law building and a “complete outfit” in the library.

Profiting by past experiences and growing wiser as we grow older, let us give heed to that which has been truly spoken: “Beware lest at the exams, your sins find you out.” “*Res ipsa loquitur.*”—meaning the exams.



## PROPHECY, CLASS OF 1906

THERE is no mystery more great than that mysterious and invisible curtain which divides the present from the future, and keeps forever sealed from our mortal vision the happenings of the unexplained and the unexplainable tomorrow. Because of it we grope our way darkly step by step, and day by day, not knowing whether our path leads to Alpine heights of victory or over the precipice of defeat and despair.

It is perhaps more than anything else because of this very mystery that the mind of man ever delves into the unbroken soil of the future, seeking to know what harvest it will yield him in the fullness of time, from the seed which he is sowing in the present.

Thus it is that all men, and more particularly those who have not as yet embarked under full sail on the broad, deep, and unknown sea of their life, love to dwell on the unsolved problems of the future, experiment with the unknown chemicals of which it is composed, and to speak with the tongue of prophecy, that which they profess to see through the eye of Psyche.

But it is not the purpose of this paper to attempt an explanation of why men always have, and always shall try to ferret out the mysteries of the unknown through the medium of prophecy. The duty of the prophet is to read the future, and not to define the why and wherefore of his art.

My duty is to read the future, to use the language of one of our most beloved professors of the "ardent and ingenious youths" who compose the Class of 1906.

Knowing that in my own strength I must fail in such a vast and far reaching undertaking, I turned for instruction and guidance to our last year's book. But there I found that one prophet drank a potion called "Egyptian Magic Wine," which gave him startling visions of the future, but he must have drunk it all as there is no more on the market. Another suggests a visit to the Delphic Oracle, and yet another dreamed most wonderful and beautiful dreams.

These being out of the question and not knowing what better to do, I applied to an Astrologer and besought him to search well his text-book, and from out its ample and storied pages to give me a true glimpse of all those who compose the Class of '06.

He told me I must give him the date of each member's birth and a lock of his hair. This I was unable to do in many cases, because some of our members are married. But I gave him those I could and now I shall proceed to relate the facts as he dictated them to me.

The first name I see is Bevan's, and the signs tell me that he will early forsake legislative halls and return to his first love.

Bradley, step not on the ice when it is slippery, when it shineth in the moonlight, for at last it jarreth like an earthquake, and shocketh like thunder.

The walls of the court house and the legal lore of Brown's library will often become too narrow and tame for him, and he will hie away to the glitter and glare of the ballroom for a season.

Clarke will shake the dust of his law books from his clothes and become the editor of a great daily. Clarkson, too, will soon lay aside the Statute of Uses for green pastures in the fields of Uncle Sam.

Drew will become famous for his wonderful exposition of how a wife may charge her statutory separate estate without her husband's consent.

Derr will combine law and music, and such harmonious splendor from his lips shall flow that no court or jury can withstand him.

Fitzhugh shall become the beacon light of Curtis Bay.

Hooper, the bard from Jersey—your horoscope shows a great future, provided you think not too often "I count my time by times I meet thee."

Lee is the coming authority on Domestic Relations.

Lilly's future is in the balance; he must choose between law and politics, for it is as impossible to serve two mistresses as it is to serve God and Mammon.

Matthews will forsake law for the more noble and ancient profession of athletics.

Morgan will one day know that notes are easier sold than briefs. Would he know why? *Res ipsa loquitur.*

Parks's road through life will always be sunny, for whatever befalls he will be glorious. "O'er all the ills of life victorious."

Pool's legal advice will always find a market, for a man who knows and knows that he knows is always safe to follow.

Smith's eloquence will cause the mountains of Western Maryland to echo with the fullness thereof.

Tucker will always be as indispensable to the fair sex as the caterpillar to the silk worm.

Young will not always practice, but will find a more agreeable occupation holding in trust the funds of his fellow classmates, which they have earned in the sweat of their brow. Here the end of the list was reached and I was obliged to say to my good friends an revoir.

Any member of this Class whose name is here omitted can get any desired information concerning his future by complying with the above requirements, and addressing his communication to Box 125, Zion City.

#### GENTLEMEN FLUNKERS.

*Modesty compels me to  
Mention that this meter rippling,  
And this style of verse are due  
To the brain of Mr. Kipling.*

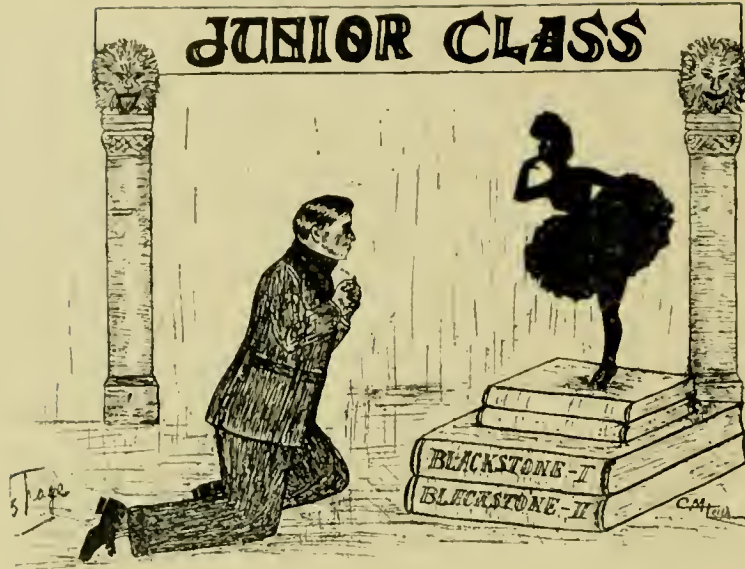
To the Legions of the lost ones, to the Cohorts of the damned  
To my brethren who have flunked it out for fair,  
To the unhappy also-rans, whose weary heads are crammed  
With knowledge hot enough to scorch their hair.  
Oh, from Burglary to Trover, they have conned the Law books over  
With a zeal deserving praise, beyond all doubt;  
Faith, their Intellect was burning with its vast amount of learning,  
And it burned so hard it finally burned out.

We are poor little sheep who have lost our way  
Baa, ah, Baa,  
We are poor little sheep who have gone astray,  
Baa, Yah, Baa!

Criminal Chesnut turned us down,  
Little Joe France has done us brown,  
And Harlan has sent us to "No Pass Town,"  
Baa-aa-aa.



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1907.



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 HUBERT P. S. RINGGOLD, ΦΚΣ.....*Vice-President*  
 E. DONOVAN HANS.....*Secretary.*  
 CLEVELAND R. BEALMEAR.....*Treasurer.*

WALTER C. HAMMOND.....*Historian*  
 HOWARD C. WILCOX.....*Prophet.*  
 AUSTIN J. LILLY, ΦΚΣ.....*Poet.*  
 JOHN P. JUDGE, JR.....*Sergeant at Arms.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. HOWARD HAMILTON, ΦΚΣ.....*Chairman.*  
 THOMAS PRICE DRYDEN.  
 MARK O. SHRIVER, JR.  
 CLARENCE M. LEITH.  
 A. S. MARINE.

MEMBERS.

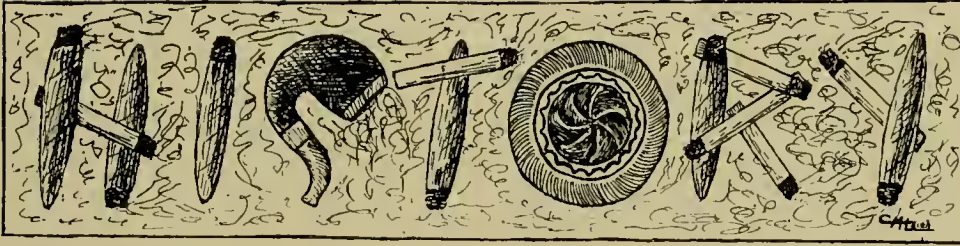
BEALMEAR, CLEVELAND R.... Baltimore, Md.	COLSTON, FRED. CAMPBELL... Catonsville, Md.
BECK, S. SCOTT.....Lankford, Md.	CONSTABLE, W. P.....Elkton, Md.
BLAKE, E. L..... Baltimore, Md.	CORDRAY, CHARLES M..... Baltimore, Md.
BRADLEY, VERNON S..... Hemlock, Md.	DAHLMAR, CHARLES..... Baltimore, Md.
BROENING, JOSEPH JOHN..... Baltimore, Md.	DEEN, WILLIAM BRUCE.. Fowling Creek, Md.
BROWN, CHARLES RIDGELY... Baltimore, Md.	DENHARD, EMIL R..... Baltimore, Md.
BROWN, ERNEST WADE..... Baltimore, Md.	DEWERS, GERRIET..... Baltimore, Md.
BUCKLEY, JOHN LEE..... Baltimore, Md.	DRYDEN, THOMAS PRICE..... Baltimore, Md.
CALRERA, C. T..... Little Falls, Md.	DUNN, T. M. BENSON..... Baltimore, Md.
CAMPBELL, F. J..... Irvington, Md.	ECKARD, NORMAN R..... Baltimore, Md.
CARTER, F. RANDOLPH..... Baltimore, Md.	EILLEN, F. SNOWDEN, ΑΔΦ... Baltimore, Md.
CHAREST, CLARENCE M.. Fort McHenry, Md.	EICHELBERGER, L. HAY..... Baltimore, Md.
CLARK, CHARLES MELVILLE... Baltimore, Md.	EPPLER, GEO. LOUIS, ΦΔΘ.. Cumberland, Md.
CLARK, JAMES..... Ellicott City, Md.	FICKLEN, CONTEE SAULSBURY.. Urbanna, Va.

FORRESTER, HERBERT S. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 FOWLER, C. D. . . . Prince Frederickstown, Md.  
 FRAZER, JOHN F., JR. . . . . Lutherville, Md.  
 FREY, WALTER ALBERT. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 GAITHER, GEO. R., JR., ΔΦ. . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 GEIS, J. LEONIDAS. . . . . Reistertown, Md.  
 GILBERT, A. CLARK. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 HALL, THOMAS W. . . . . Bel-Air, Md.  
 HAMILTON, W. HOWARD, ΦΚΣ Baltimore, Md.  
 HAMBLETON, H. WARFIELD. . . . Easton, Md.  
 HAMMOND, WALTER C. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 HARRY, JAMES WARNER. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 HANS, E. DONOVAN. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 HAWKINS, JOSIAS C. L. . . . . La Plata, Md.  
 HAYDON, JOHN J., ΦΚΣ. . . . . Frederick, Md.  
 HEPBRON, ARCHER K. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 HEINHEIM, S. M. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 HOLLINGSWORTH, RICHARD J. Baltimore, Md.  
 HUMPIREY, J. L. . . . . Bluemont, Va.  
 HIRSCHMAN, SAMUEL N. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 JONES, J. LAURENCE. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 JUDGE, JOHN P., JR. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 KAUFMAN, E. F. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 KAUFMAN, LAWRENCE. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 KELMAR, HARRY T. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 KING, HERBERT. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 LEIMKUHNER, GEO. H. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 LEITH, CLARENCE M. . . . . Vienna, Va.  
 LILLY, AUSTIN J., ΦΚΣ. . . . . Long Green, Md.  
 LILLY, GEO. W. . . . . Wilmington, Del.  
 MACKEN, T. E. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MARINE, A. S. . . . . Brookview, Md.  
 McCLURG, JAMES P. . . . . Oxford, Pa.  
 METTEE, E. B. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MILLER, H. CECIL . . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MITCHELL, CHARLES F. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MOZAIKO, ALEX K. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MUHLY, HARRY E. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MULLEN, JAMES W. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 MURBACH, JACOB F. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 NEWMAN, HARRY E. . . . . Lakewood, N. J.  
 NEUNSI, FREDERICK C. . . . . Hoboken, N. J.  
 NOBLE, FREDERICK B. . . . . Preston, Md.  
 NORWOOD, SUMMERVILLE F., ΦΚΣ. Balto., Md.  
 NUMSEN, J. H. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 OWENS, JOHN E. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 PARDEE, J. GROVE. . . . . Dover, Del.  
 PERINE, WASHINGTON. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 PERKINS, L. C. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 PRINCE, C. L., JR. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 RAHISANA, VINCENT LUKE. Baltimore, Md.  
 RAYNER, ALBERT W. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 REYNOLDS, ED. P. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 RICE, C. V. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 ROBINSON, H. FRANKLYN. . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 ROME, MORRIS A. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 ROSENFELT, MCNEIL. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 ROSE, R. CANTEE. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 ROSS, DAVID S. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 ROWE, JOHN I. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SCHAFER, GEO. M. GILL, ΦΚΣ. Baltimore, Md.  
 SCHMEISSER, WM. C. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SCHMIDT, CHARLES V. W. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SHRIVER, MARK O., JR. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SMITH, A. TAYLOR, ΦΚΣ. . . . . Midland, Md.  
 SMITH, A. G. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SMITH, LEROY. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SMITH, ARTHUR G. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 STANDSBURY, BENJ. A. . . . . Hampstead, Md.  
 STEFFEY, CHARLES H. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 STONE, CLARENCE M. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SUGAR, LOUIS. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SULLIVAN, J. CARROLL. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 SYMINGTON, WM. STUART, JR. Baltimore, Md.  
 TAYLOR, HOWARD RICHARDS. Baltimore, Md.  
 THOMPSON, R. L. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 TRIAL, T. STEELE. . . . . Easton, Md.  
 TROGER, A. HERBERT. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WEBSTER, LLOYD. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WELLS, WALTER I. . . . . Hampstead, Md.  
 WEST, JOHN HENRY. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WHITE, EMMET. W. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WILCOX, HOWARD C. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WILLIAMS, THOMAS C. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WILLIAMS, RAYMOND S. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WILLIS, LUTHER M. R. . . . . Baltimore, Md.  
 WOOD, W. APPOLD. . . . . Catonsville, Md.  
 YOUNG, ELDRIDGE H. . . . . Baltimore, Md.



THE CLASS OF 1907.





## THE HISTORY OF 1907

HAVING fulfilled the requirements of an elementary education by successfully completing our preparatory courses at various institutions, it was on the twenty-sixth day of the month of September, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Four A. D., at the time when the sun was about to sink beyond the horizon, that the Class of Nineteen Seven assembled within the precincts of these revered walls of learning, in pursuance of a profession which is one of the most sacred, and commanding much dignity, yet which is neither an art nor science. We were there for the development of what we choose as our most likely vocation.

Gradually as time passed and we became familiar with the faces of one another by daily intercourse, and realized that we were all pursuing a similar course, an interest in our fellow students soon arose. That first feeling of uncertainty that a Junior experiences upon finding himself amid strange surroundings and previously imbued with the idea of adverse criticisms from the upper classmen was soon dispelled, and it was not long before we were hard at work drawing freely from the ever flowing fount of knowledge—our lecturers. As interest deepened in our studies and one another, quiz clubs were formed for our mutual benefit.

Our first and dear old friend Blackacre was among our best known and constant companions and from the way it was sold, conveyed, willed and adversely acquired, its lengthy existence was only made possible by the occasional substitution of Whiteacre. It finally vanished, just where, is beyond elucidation.

Before long we were plying into very State-ly affairs; confounding and untangling technicalities, together with the relations of employer and employee. The jocular disposition of our lecturer was manifest by his apparent enjoyment of jokes—but what chestnuts!

As the days increased in numbers we were confronted with the most serious Status known to humanity, but no doubt to those sentimentally inclined it was the cream of our curriculum. Domestic Relations was by far the most interesting of our subjects, yet strange to relate, long ere the close of each lecture, there was a universal closing of books, shuffling of feet, and the striking of a match here and there, which would lead one to believe we were eected with *ennui*.

Then came the exams., those two eventful days. Our care-worn expressions were easily accounted for when we consider that this was our first test in a university where the highest standards are upheld.

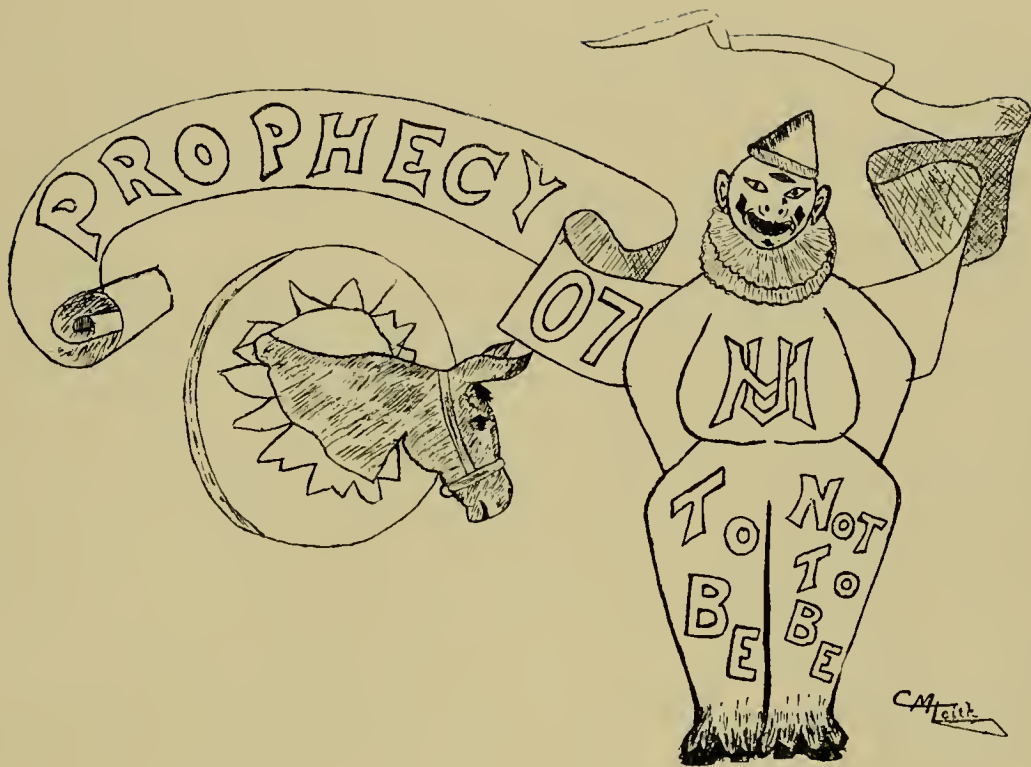
Having learned our fate, we started the second term with renewed vigor and determination to surpass our previous records. The subjects of this term proved most interesting. The real subject has been free from *personal* remarks, but we feel much concern regarding the fate of "My Son John" and the final disposition of "Cherry Grove."

It has often been said there is a lack of class spirit until an exam. We found this true with the Class of Nineteen Seven. Deeming it expedient for the welfare of the Class to organize, an organization was effected, and we have every reason to believe it is a good one.

While in search for legal knowledge it is evident we have not neglected athletics from the showing of the representatives of our Class on both the gridiron and track.

May our relations continue pleasant, and honor and glory attend the future legal lights of the Greater Baltimore.





**T** WAS the universal belief in the time of Elijah—not the prophet Elijah (Dowie) of our time, but Elijah the immortal prophet of the Israelites—that, in order to penetrate the mists of the future, to draw aside the veil which hides from our anxious eyes the events which are to make or mar our careers, one must be divinely inspired. Whether your prophet was the recipient of such an inspiration, or whether it was the effects of a large dinner and two or three pipes of good tobacco, that brought to me the vision which I am about to relate, I am not prepared to say.

However, be that as it may. On that memorable occasion, I was transported from “this mortal coil” into the realms of the great unknown, and when, after a sojourn with the seers and prophets of yore, I again reached this earth, I found that such a remarkable change had been wrought, that my eyes fairly started from their sockets, and an exclamation of wonderment rose to my lips, but I could utter not a word; I was speechless.

I found myself in front of a large building which I immediately recognized as the Court-house. “By Jove, I’ll surely see some of the boys in there,” thought I, so I started precipitately across the street, and in my haste collided with a huge policeman, the masses of whose long yellow hair protruded from beneath the rim of his helmet.

“Beg your — Heavens it’s John Judge!” I exclaimed in amazement, as I saw the genial countenance of our former Sergeant-at-Arms.

"Yep, it's no one else," said he, grasping my hand and squeezing it until I yelled in pain. (That grip of his was the result of the lessons in jiu-jitsu, which every candidate for a position on the force was obliged to take.)

After I had placed the bones of my hand in their normal position, and had bathed it in some of Dr. Wm. F. Bevan's Hitch Wazel (a bottle of which I always carry in my hip pocket) I asked Judge if he knew the whereabouts of any of our classmates.

"Courthouse is full of 'em," he answered, in his brief but emphatic way. "Come over, and I'll get Thompson to take you around. He's one of the guides."

We went over and found Lee Thompson in the lobby talking to Watchman Young.

"Our class seems to have gotten a corner on the political job market," I remarked to Young after we had exchanged greetings.

"Yes, there's a half dozen of us who hold political jobs just in the Courthouse. Archie Hepbron's a bailiff in the Circuit Court, and T. C. Williams runs one of the elevators, and together with Thompson and myself, and Janitor Kaufman, we very near run the place."

"So T. C. is running an elevator, is he?" said I.

"Yes, and he's in his seventh heaven, too. You remember he always wanted to run something or other, and he can run that elevator any way he wants, and nobody says a word about how he does it."

"And where did you get your pull?"

"Oh, you see Bealmear and Marine went into politics, and we worked them for the places," he explained.

"I thought Stone would be the man to go into politics, if anybody did," said I.

"No, Stone opened an office for a while, but I suppose he couldn't give up his old tricks, so he went to running again."

"What, as old as he is, and still running"—

"Not in athletics this time; he's running for a bank now," put in Young.

"I never would have thought it of Stone. To think after running for so many years for the glory and sport of the thing, to fall so low as to run for money."

But it was of no use; they didn't see the joke, so I threw up the sponge, and asked Thompson if any good cases were docketed for hearing that day. He said that there was one in the Baltimore City Court, so I walked over there. Imagine my surprise, when on opening the door, I found that the Judge was no other than my friend, Howard Hamilton.

As Thompson has said, the case was indeed an interesting one. The point at issue was whether or not a grass widow was entitled to dower, and as this question had never been decided by a Maryland Court before, the decision of Judge Hamilton would establish a precedent which would be followed by the courts all over the State. Moreover, a heated argument was expected, because both of the parties to the suit were represented by the cream of the profession. Messrs. King and Eppler, of the firm of Ringgold and Eppler, represented the plaintiff, while Willis and Kichelberger defended the suit.

After listening for a couple of hours to the arguments in the case, I left the courtroom and proceeded with my guide to the Record Office, where I saw, on a number of the libers, the initials M. O. S. I afterwards learned from Fred Colston, who was the cashier, that Marco Shriver had held for several years the office of clerk of the Superior Court.

While I was in the Record Office, Colston informed me that Brown and Dunn had published a catalogue, giving the latest news of all the graduates of the Law School of the University of Maryland for the last twenty-five years.

This was just the kind of book I most wished to see, so looking in the directory I found the address of Messrs. Brown and Dunn, and leaving the Courthouse, I hailed a car, and at last arrived in front of the building in which they were located. I went up to the thirteenth floor, and found in large letters on the door facing the elevator the following inscription—

BROWN & DUNN, Agents,

Brad Street, Associate.

On entering, I found Donny Hans seated behind a large desk. Seeing me, he vaulted right over the desk, and we clinched. After he had drowned a couple of his floating ribs in tears which he choked back in his throat, we broke away, and he asked how I had found out where he was working. I mentioned the book, and told him I would like to see one of them. He showed me one, and the following are some of the things which I discovered after a perusal of its pages.

The first thing upon which my eye fell was a list of the most celebrated criminal lawyers in the State, and prominent in this column were the names of Messrs. P. W. Harry, Harold Ham, Clarence Leith, Noble, Bradley, Eckard and Fowler. I saw that Jim Clark and Al Rayner were partners in the graft business, while Austin Lilly was writing verses and jokes for the "Saltimore Bun." Much to my amusement, I found that Tom Dryden was playing the leading role in a drama entitled "Why Women Sin," but I wasn't surprised at that, for Tom always had a hankering after the stage, especially the female portion of the chorus. Herbert Forrister, now a preacher, had tried in vain to convert him. Harry Newman, Buddy Norwood and George Gaither had opened an office, making a specialty of divorce suits, but Newman dropped out because he had found that the laws of the State, relating to marriage and divorce, were so different from those of New Jersey, that he was always getting them confused. "Why," said he, "in New Jersey a man can marry his widow's sister, but they don't allow it in Maryland."

Hammond and Josh Hawkins were engaged in writing a book entitled the "History of American Politics." Poor Rome had opened up a law office, but sooner or later, he made the (to him) astounding discovery, that he could write all the law he knew on the front page of a small-sized volume, so he gave it up, and reopened his saloon. Frazier and Wood were doing a midget stunt in vaudeville. Sullivan was still reading law.

But how strange things were getting, something must be wrong with my eyes. I could see plainly the names of some of our brightest and best men, such as Perine, F. S. Ehlen, Schmeisser, Constable, and West, but when I tried to follow their names along to see their vocation, the words grew dim, until finally, the whole thing disappeared from my sight. The veil had again been drawn, and I awoke to find that my pipe had gone out. Lighting up again, I continued my reading from Venable on "Real and Leasehold Estates."

## HOW THE SHYSTERS CAME DOWN TO MY DOOR

"How do the shysters  
Come down to our door?"  
My little boy ask'd me  
Thus, once on a time;  
And moreover he task'd me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
"I was hit by a trolley,  
Most dang'rous of sports,  
Then I felt far from jolly,  
Came home out of sorts.  
But the rumor had spread  
All over the street  
I'd been hit in the head,  
They ran over my feet,  
They had cut off an ear,  
They had mashed all my toes,  
I'd come home on a bier,  
They had broken my nose.  
The shysters came running  
On hearing the news,  
Altho' most of them knew  
It was only a bruise.  
From highways and byways  
They came trooping o'er,  
To trample my garden  
And pound on my door.  
Hurry and skurry, helter and skelter,  
They gave me no chance to hunt for a shelter.  
Five ambulance shysters  
Came driving their rigs,  
And twelve other chasers  
Brought doctors in gigs.  
The doctors to look at my torso  
And knock it,  
The lawyers to put both their hands in  
My pocket.

Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping;  
And so never ending,  
But always descending,  
The shysters by hundreds will leave me no more.  
They have come all at once with a mighty uproar  
And that's how the shysters collect round my door."

In a terrible stew their contracts they drew  
And asked me to sign them without more ado.  
Of all they collected  
They only expected  
To keep eighty per cent.  
For it was their intent  
To let me have twenty  
Which they thought was plenty.  
Full ten thousand strong  
They came plunging along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war raging.  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
And always insisting  
There should be no resisting.  
Each one would file suit  
In a blink of an eye,  
Each wanted the fruit  
That hung there on high.  
On they came in a terrible rush,  
All together in one grand crush;  
Each of them begging for just one chance  
To make the street car company dance.  
Collecting, projecting,  
And rattling and battling,  
And running and stumping,  
And roaming and foaming,  
And working and jerking,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And moaning and groaning;  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and shattering and battering,  
Delaying and staying and playing and braying,

## MR. FARBER SPEAKS

---

“I’M FARBER. Of course you know me—everybody knows me; at least everybody who passes by the stage door after a musical show. Yes, that’s me. It must be in my blood, I just can’t help being a devil. All my life I have been attracted by the things one should not do. I am not wicked; I am just interesting. Somehow or other the girls like fellows who have a past. Of course I have not lived long enough to have a really, truly past, but it is so much fun pretending.

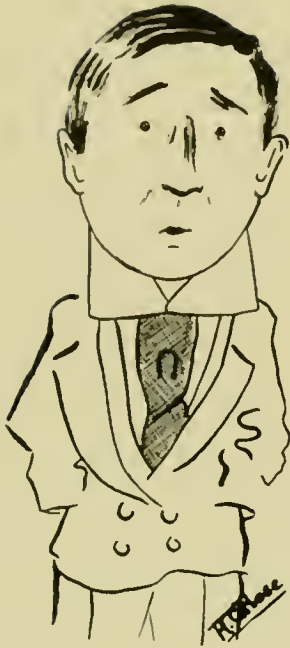
“Did you see me yesterday. O, yes you did! I was that fellow going up the street with his feet hanging out of a cab window. Wasn’t I doing it up proper? That’s life, I tell you. None of your humdrum, dead-level existence for me. There must be something doing where I am.

“When I go calling on a girl, I don’t exactly tell her what a terror I am. Oh no; my system works better than that. I just sigh and say, ‘Oh me, I think my life has been wasted. What I need is some good woman to exert an influence for good over me, but I suppose I have reached the point where no one cares.’ That fetches her. It isn’t long before she is snuggling up close on my big manly chest and saying, ‘Yes, there is somebody who cares for you.’ Then she gets embarrassed at her boldness and plays with the buttons on my coat. Then I lean down grandly and kiss her; the first time on the forehead, because there is something so noble about it. Afterwards I kiss her full on the mouth, not once, but several times. It ain’t anything new to me, but she seems to find it novel.

“Later in the evening, after I have had my reform lesson, I go to the Studio and lap up a few high balls. That’s what I call showing a girl a good time. They just can’t resist me.

“Can you wonder that I do not spend much time over the law? I am really so busy. Everybody says I ought to be an actor, but then you know all the others would be jealous of me, and I do hate disagreeable scenes.

“What is my age? Excuse me, someone is calling me. I must be going.”



## AN INDICTMENT

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,

LAW SCHOOL, SENIOR CLASS, *to wit:*

The students of the University of Maryland, for the body of the senior class of the Law School, do on their oath present that W(ee) Calvin Chesnut, alias Vesta Tilley, alias the Mighty Atom, late of said law school on the lecture days in the year of our Lord 1905, at the school aforesaid, being employed in and about the shop of one Edgar H. Gans, then and there being found, did, then and there, feloniously steal, take and carry away certain mannerisms, gestures, tricks

of speech, oral intonations, and superficial manifestations which have been used by the said Edgar H. Gans as characteristic traits of individuality for lo! these many years, with intent to deprive the said Edgar H. Gans of the same, albeit the said Edgar H. Gans seems to have a plentiful supply still in stock; contrary to the good form of a youthful lawyer, in such case made and provided, and against the peace government and dignity of the law school.

### SECOND COUNT.

And the students aforesaid, on their oath aforesaid, do further present that the said W(ee) Calvin Chesnut, alias Vesta Tilley, alias the Mighty Atom, on the said occasions and at the same places obtained the same by means of false representations, to wit: by representing himself to be one great after the fashion of Edgar H. Gans, and taking the aforesaid gestures, mannerisms, etc., well knowing them to be feloniously stolen, taken and carried away; contrary to the good form of a young lawyer, in such case made and provided, and against the peace, government and dignity of the school.

### THIRD COUNT.

And the students aforesaid on their oath aforesaid, do further present that the said W(ee) Calvin Chesnut, alias Vesta Tilley, alias the Mighty Atom, on the said occasions and at the same places obtained a hearing by means of false pretenses, to wit: that he has made himself up to look like Vesta Tilley, a lady of music hall fame, and in that guise has presented himself before the students of the University of Maryland Law School contrary to the peace, government and dignity of the school.

LEARNED LAWYER,

SENIOR ATTORNEY.



## THE TALE OF A SERIOUS SENIOR

THERE was once a personage by the name of Mettee. He thought he was just the real cheese, and that John P. Poe, Bernard Carter and Charles J. Bonaparte were larks compared to the only original, supposed-to-be-a-yard-wide Mettee. He was boss of the Bar Library, and within the four walls of his cage he attempted to make things hum. It never occurred to him that you can catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar.

Now this here Mettee did not know that there existed a law student named Serious Senior, who had soliloquized thusly: "Look here, old boy, if you want to nail that hundred dollars you had better get out your little hammer and do something beside read Wallace Bryan's notes." So he hied himself away to the Bar Library, because he was a regular Standard Oil when it came to absorbing anything with a bar attachment. This time he met his Lawson.

When he and Mettee met he handed the impresario his right bower in the form of a note from John P. Poe. "Who is this John P. Poe?" shouted Mettee; and with that he chased Serious Senior clear to the Calvert Street entrance, because it was after one o'clock.

The next day Serious Senior drove in early, but as nobody seemed to take the number of his cab, he hitched and pulled the bell. If you ever saw the Hale Fire Fighters responding to an alarm on the Pike, that's Mettee going into action when a law student rings the bell. He brought up his infantry, his cavalry, and his artillery all at once. When he got within firing distance he cut loose, and what he called Serious Senior would not give him a recommendation as a lady's pet broke to parlor tricks.

Mettee began to play the stern parent in the moral drama. "What do you mean by ringing that bell? You rang it 29 days ago, and by Rule 17, section 9, you have come too soon. Go out and sit in the elevator shaft until tomorrow. You have brought disgrace upon this sacred place. You get no more pate de fois gras in this house. I forbid you to carry away the keyhole. Not one thing shall you take. Go dressed in your fatal beauty which has brought my gray hair in sorrow to the undertaker's." Anyway that is what he meant.

Mettee said that there was not enough oxygen to go around, so Serious Senior had to purchase a supply at the drug store. When a man goes up to write a thesis Mettee looks at his teeth, feels his pulse, listens to him breathe, and if he makes 97.6 on a scale of 100 he may come in for two minutes.

"Give me volume so-and-so," begged Serious Senior.

"O dear," said Boss Mettee, "two sugars and a dash of seltzer! You cannot have that volume. It contains the naughty divorce case of Blank vs. Blank. Law students are quite too immature to have such pabulum." Serious Senior took the count but the bell saved him. He intimated to Czar Mettee that he didn't care if Mrs. Blank did strike Mr. Blank and afterwards lock him out. He was not after that kind of a strike or lockout, even if it did go to an equity court. Mettee gave him the book after gluing together pages 78 to 99 inclusive.

These pleasing preliminaries took from 10 to 12.55 P. M.

Serious Senior had no more than found the case he was after when Mettee came churning up the channel and stopped both paddle wheels. He called the student a blue-nosed apex of an equilateral rhomboid, and after a few more endearing expressions finished by calling him a

mult-faced mazaza. All of which meant that Rule 37 says law students must not be caught in the library after 1 o'clock.

Mettee never takes notice that the student of today is the lawyer of tomorrow. Some day he may be carrying a hod, and (horrible to think) some of the students hope that he will be carrying the banner.

*Moral.*—No wonder we were told that there is room at the top, when such men as Mettee rattle around in the minor positions.

### THE CLASS KICKERS

There are kickers galore  
In this land of the free  
With kicks by the score  
Aimed at you and at me,  
But the noiest two  
I've e'er heard in a fight  
Are, I'll whisper to you,  
Stubborn Foxwell and Knight.

Was there ever a motion  
That they did not oppose?  
With their obstinate notion  
They both straightway arose.  
If the door is left wide  
They want it closed tight.  
Ever on the wrong side  
Are grim Foxwell and Knight.

There is no class election  
That they do not adorn;  
They demand close inspection  
And then laugh us to scorn.  
Both our friends make complaint  
That the thing is not right,  
Oh, each one is a saint  
Our friends Foxwell and Knight.

They are never content  
With the world as it is,  
And their whole lives are spent  
In dictating its "biz."  
For their woe there's one salve,  
When they finish the fight  
In their heav'n they may have  
Only Foxwell and Knight.

### OLD STINCHCOMB

Old Stinchcomb is a grimy grind  
Bent o'er his books you'll always find  
Him deep immersed in legal lore  
Trying to add to his great store.  
To right or left he never looks,  
No interrupting joke he brooks,  
He is intent upon his books.  
This beautiful, dutiful grind

Old Stinchcomb never has a lark,  
He tries to get the highest mark.  
While other children run and play  
He sits and studies all the day.  
For us he sets a killing pace  
Since he is striving for first place  
In this tough Blackstone grinding race.  
This lustling, rustling grind.

Old Stinchcomb leads the class, I hear,  
I take my ease and sip my beer.  
I'll never lead a class, 'tis true,  
But, Stinchcomb, I'd not change with you.  
You lead the class, but you don't know  
The joy of sitting at the show  
Guying the girls from the front row.  
You busy, dizzy grind.

## THE LIBRARY

A ——— Poem Written in ——— Verse About a ——— Place.

This is the library. Within these walls  
Are kept the volumes of this mighty school.  
Behold! They have almost a complete set  
Of Maryland Reports. How sweet to think  
The faculty cannot afford to buy  
E'en the reports of their own Commonwealth!  
It little matters how stray volumes found  
Their way to the great world outside these walls.  
We care not who purloined them; they are gone.

How laughter shakes the sides of one who  
Upon these dusty shelves for text-books new  
And up-to-date. No book they seem to have  
Bearing a date upon its title page  
More recent than that year in which King John  
Signed his John Hancock to the Charter Great.  
The law has changed since then, but in this room  
If one would seek those changes in the law  
He must perforce consult a digest vile,  
Which gives to him at best a smattering.

Within this desert waste an instant pause  
And search for the reports of other States.  
Nay, do not laugh. Here wise men teach the law  
Of Maryland, and do not care a hang  
For that great world which pulsates with rich life  
Beyond that close horizon which hems in  
Their petty lives unmindful of great deeds.  
What are the words of other courts to them?  
They are content in their provincial way  
To let the student live a life made narrow  
By book-worm feeding on this State's reports  
Without a thought there is a world elsewhere.

O members of the faculty! We pray  
You look upon the books in this sad room.  
We give you gold, can you make no return?  
We understand, O, masters, that this school  
Is said to be a gold mine for those few  
Who make division of the fees we pay,  
And, being lawyers, also tap the State  
For a few bucks wrung from the sons of toil.  
If this be so, O, masters, spend a bit  
Of your most hard-earned cash upon this room.



## THE ETIQUETTE OF GETTING ARRESTED

(Being a Socratic Dialogue in a Modern manner and Druid Hill Park.)

“OH, FATHER! See the Robust-looking and Steam-heated lady standing Up in the Stern of the Ver-mil-ion Au-to-mo-bile. Is she View-ing the land-scape o'er?”

“Hush, my son, you Sur-prise me! You see Before you None Other than the Lady High Gor-gon-zola-ress of the Little Blue Bottle! Take off your Hat!”

“But Fa-ther, Why does She so Fond-ly a-pos-tro-phise the blue-coated Nobleman Behind the large Mustache and Shake her lily-white Fist in his Di-rec-tion? Do you Think she is Try-ing to sell him Head-ache cure?”

“Oh, No! She is Prob-ably con-cerned about his Soul's sal-va-tion.”

“Does he Need to be Saved, Pa?”

“My che-ild, you a-maze me! A Policeman is a man of im-mac-u-late Char-ac-ter, a soul With-out a Polka-dot. Something about his Pure and Noble fore-head, Bulging with Ben-ef-i-cent thoughts should Tell you That! If you live Long and are very, Very good, and come from County Cork or the Eastern Shore, you may be Half as good as that Police-man.”

"Papa, why are All police-men Good?"

"Because, my Boy, they are all Covered with a Self-acting, Patent, Perm-an-ent, Au-to-matic White-wash, Sun-proof and Guaranteed not to Blister nor Crack."

"Ouh, Pa, look! The Lady's gettin' arrested!"

"Yes, I see. I have No Doubt the Of-fi-cer feels he cannot longer Listen to what she has to say, and Preserve Unsullied his Self-respect. He has therefore kindly Condescended to Escort her to the Farm."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But, Pa, who was that Port-ly and Ben-ev-o-lent looking Gentlemen, with a Prom-i-nent pro-bos-cu-lum and a Hard and Glit-ter-ing eye? I saw him Behind a bush, writing Real fast in a book. There he goes, Running After the Au-to-mo-bile."

"That, my son, is a man you Must Respect. He collects money from the United Railways and Rich People, and gives Ten per cent. of it to the Poor."

"Pa, what Be-comes of the Rest of it?"

"That, Willie, is a Sacred mystery. No one can tell."

"Do you think the Au-to Lady owes him any Mon-ey?"

"Not now, But Prob-ab-ly she Will . . . . What a beautiful evening."

#### THE MORAL.

*Speak softly to the gentle cop,  
And tip him when he seizes you,  
He does not do it to annoy  
He simply thinks it pleases you.*



## A PARENTHETICAL ODE TO SLEEP

O! Sleep, thou art the greatest boon that's giv'n  
To man by an all-wise decree of heav'n.  
Great monarchs woo thee, can not find thee out—  
(O! fudge, what is this lecture all about?)  
Thou rul'st supreme (I really think for fair  
That I shall go to sleep right in this chair).  
Soothe with thy gentle touch the bed of pain  
(O! slush, is he repeating that again?)  
I knew the man who wrote that dry old law,  
It is about the worst I ever saw).  
Cool the impatient lover's burning brow,  
(Who is that snoring in the back row now?  
I cannot hear the lecture for his noise).  
A subterfuge the troubled mind employs  
To snare thee, timid Sleep! (O goo, he talks  
Exactly like a frightened mud-hen walks).  
Over the pure, O! Sleep, thy sway is mild  
(That voice of his will surely drive me wild!),  
For on the pure of heart—(Where am I at?  
Last night I fell from grace, O! what a bat!)  
Thou lay'st thy fingers gently (Cut that out!  
Above your snore he'll really have to shout  
If I'm to hear him; you owe more respect  
To your professor). Sleep, thou dost reflect  
The image of thy dreaded brother Death.  
(Say, that professor's only losing breath  
In talking to this class; they're all asleep.  
And how can he expect that I shall keep  
Awake? The exam. is three months off). At night  
The peasant seeks his couch (Just out of spite  
He shouts once in a while, just as I start  
For dreamland); thou, O Sleep, dost calm his heart.  
(Don't think that I'm asleep because I close  
My eyes). Like an unopened dew-dipped rose  
The infant sleeps. (Great Scott! *Don't* push that chair.  
My nerves are out of joint; just leave it there.)  
For six long months (What was that reference?  
Fourth volume, well what page? If he'd talk sense,  
I'd listen some) in icy northern land  
The Eskimo with thee goes hand in hand.  
(What! Is it five o'clock? Some other time,  
When I'm less sleepy, I'll conclude this rhyme.)

## MISTER PARKS

---

Who is it answers for the Class?

Mr. Parks.

Who thinks that he will surely pass?

Mr. Parks.

Who drinks cold water by the glass?

Mr. Parks.

Who to himself all eyes can draw?

Who thinks he knows the whole blamed law?

Who is the worst we ever saw?

Mr. Parks.

Who gives us pointers every day?

Mr. Parks.

Who tells us what we ought to say?

Mr. Parks.

Whose brain contains no matter gray?

Mr. Parks.

Who puts to shame both you and me?

By telling what the law should be?

Who never will get a degree?

Mr. Parks.

Who has a monumental nerve?

Mr. Parks.

Who is not troubled with reserve?

Mr. Parks.

Whose brain is it that has a curve?

Mr. Parks.

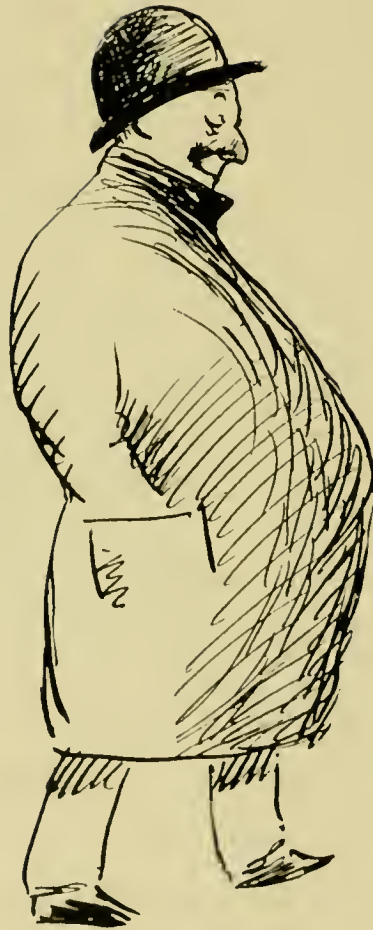
Whom shall I fine when I shall be

Chief Justice, Washington, D. C.

For laying down the law to me?

Mr. Parks.





[By courtesy of the Baltimore News.]



## WHEN JOHN P. POE WAS YOUNG

---

Should those old days e'er be forgot,  
The days of which he's sung?  
We love to hear of days so dear,  
When John P. Poe was young.

He wrote a book on pleading once,  
And we have oft been stung;  
It made a hit, altho' 'twas writ,  
When John P. Poe was young.

Things went along far easier,  
We have it from his tongue,  
No midnight crams, six hour exams,  
When John P. Poe was young.

The very first code, I am sure,  
Is classed his works among;  
This work so great speaks from the date  
When John P. Poe was young.

The Supreme Court of this broad land  
Upon his words once hung;  
His age he feared, so grew a beard,  
When John P. Poe was young.

The Democratic party knows  
Whose praise it oft has sung—  
Who turned the tricks in politics  
When John P. Poe was young?

Tobacco was not smoked in class—  
The changes he has rung  
Upon the ways of other days,  
When John P. Poe was young.

No Princeton man was ever flunked  
And placed the goats among;  
They 'gan to pass with his first class,  
When John P. Poe was young.

May John P. Poe ne'er older grow  
Nor slower wag his tongue,  
For we can say we've seen the day  
When John P. Poe was young.

## THE RAVING

With Apologies to Everything POETic, and even  
RAVENous.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while  
I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over Poe's extensive pleading, 'till mine  
Eyes would read no more,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping,  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
Tapping at my clouded brain, as things  
Had often tapped before.  
" 'Tis th' examinations coming, and  
My brain is all a' humming;  
Only this and nothing more."  
O'er my spirit sleep was stealing, and  
My form was slowly kneeling,  
'Till at last with senses reeling, on  
My desk my head reclined,  
But my dreams, my thoughts unchanging,  
O'r my future wildly ranging,  
Wandered ceaselessly until there came  
Examination time.  
Now with spirits quite undaunted,  
I my knowledge proudly flaunted,  
Flaunted over many pages, 'till at last  
My task was o'er.  
Then there came the proud commencement,  
And at last my staunch entrenchment  
In an office, all my own, and with a  
Sign upon the door:  
And my shelves were filled with plenty,  
From the works of Coke to Henty,  
And they made a proud appearance,  
Even this, if nothing more.  
Now my head was swelling grandly  
As I pictured just how blandly  
I would smile, and suavely speak, when  
Clients crossed my threshold o'er,  
' Please sir! you will be the gainer if  
You pay a small retainer  
Of a couple hundred dollars,  
Or perhaps a little more."

Now imagine my excitement, as I  
Noticed the alightment  
Of a fair but troubled client from  
Her carriage at the door!  
So that now amid the beating of my heart,  
I stood repeating  
"Lo! some fair and troubled client  
Stands outside my office door."  
Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating  
Then no longer,  
Said I, "My dear lady, truly thy  
Forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is, I'm so busy, that  
My head is almost dizzy,  
And so faintly you were tapping, tapping  
At my office door,  
'That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—  
Here I opened wide the door:—  
Darkness there and nothing more!  
For at last did I awaken, with illusions  
Greatly shaken,  
To the knowledge that my visions  
Simply were an idle dream:  
For I had dread apparitions of some  
Horrible conditions  
That still clung to me, and showed  
Me that things are not what they seem.  
Tho' since then I have been working, and  
My duties never shirking,  
All my life involves realities of visions  
Seen before,  
And distinctly I remember, tho' I've  
Since become a member  
Of the bar, there never came, a client,  
Even to my door.  
Ah! young friend your great air-castles  
Are but waving, flapping tassels  
On the cap of one who isn't yet  
Admitted to the bar;  
And as you shall seek admission,  
May you shun that apparition  
Of long years, without a client  
Even knowing where you are.

# QUIZZES

---

Has not the Junior's mind oft turned  
From highballs, cocktails and gin fizzes,  
To thoughts of Law as she is learned,  
And what a funny thing a Quiz is?

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

Whence comes that sigh, as though the Soul of Wit  
In the last stage of doomed despair is dropping?  
Save thou thy sorrow, Friend, and know that it  
Is only one of Chesnut's chestnuts popping.

\* \* \* \* \*

If he has a case on her and she has a case on him, and father descends into the parlor, *à la armis*, at 2 A. M., and applies the toe of his boot forcibly to the place usual to such application, would that be a Trespass on the Case? But hold, if in such application the trousers of the kickee should be disrupted, would that be Trespass Quare Clausam Fregit?

\* \* \* \* \*

Not long ago I had a dream ;  
 I dreamed that Glorious Bonaparte  
 Was talking Element'ry  
 In place of Mr. France ;  
 And suddenly my mortal heart  
 Began to madly skip and dance,  
 It gave me much an awful start,  
 (I hate these ghostly gentry.)  
 When something whispered : "Cut that trance,  
 "Things are not what they seem,  
 "It's nothing but a dream,  
 "And what you took for Bonaparte  
 "Is only Mr. France."

\* \* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. France—Mr. Leith, what is waste?  
 Leith—Er-er, something to put your arms around.  
 Mr. France—Ah, and what is the proper action?  
 Leith—I think it is *Trespass vi et Armis*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. France—Mr. Williams, what is a *Tenant per Auter Vie*?  
 T. C. W. (Who has been dozing)—*Eau de Vie*—um-m-nm. In Paris—  
 Mr. France—You're nearer to France than you'll ever be to Paris; next!

## TO THE JUNIOR

---

The young Law Student loves to pose  
Before a lawbook-laden table ;  
Not much of Law he knows, but knows  
The very latest stunt of Mabel.

He would not like to say, of course,  
The Law that governs race tracks sporty,  
But he knows all about the horse  
That *ought* to run in just one-forty.

He cannot say just when and how  
A very youthful pair may marry,  
But he can tell you, anyhow,  
The newest trick of Tip-toe Carrie.

Not much he knows, and hides it well,  
Of raven-hued miscegenation,  
But, oh, the volumes he can tell  
Of Gordon's Two A. M. Collation.

His knowledge of the Law is weak,  
In many ways, in many features,  
But if of Chorus Girls you speak,  
He'll tell you all about the creatures.

Yet he's all right, and he'll be there  
To get his Sheepskin—Wisdom's token—  
Boys will be boys, and, everywhere,  
A colt's a colt until its broken.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elaydon (Musing sleepily)—If a man dies without heirs, he is heirless ; then why not airless ? and if airless, why not windless ? and if windless, why not *a* windlass ? and if a windlass, why appoint an administrator ?—he can be used to wind up his own affairs !

If George Washington and his Little Hatchet had been living in Blackstone's day, there would have been, alas ! no Cherry Grove.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the Saturday afternoon when the junior class picture was taken, a lovely young lady, who was evidently the purchasing agent for a menagerie, passed slowly before the campus of the University of Maryland.

She attracted the attention of our genial young friend, Marcus Sh-r-v-r, who decided to adopt her, and to that end set off at full speed to inform her of his intention.

In a few minutes Marcus returned, and, we judged, from the disappointment on his speaking countenance, that he had failed to get a job, and that the young lady aforesaid did not intend to draw on the university for any additions to her menagerie, or at least to the monkey department. We feel sorry for Marcus, because it looks to us like a golden opportunity had glided silently into the past.



# "EQUITY"

---

## YE PRELUDE—

Judge Phelps, in teaching Equity,  
Has the queerest system yet.  
He first proceeds to range his class,  
By order of the Alphabet.

## LIKEWISE YE

### PRELIMINARIES—

Next you write your name and age,  
Address and occupation;  
Things you studied while at school,  
And forgot on your vacation.

## OBSERVATIONS ON

### YE CASE SYSTEM—

Judge thinks "case system" is the best,  
A reason let me conjecture;  
Why case citing is not as good,  
As one instructive lecture.

## YE MANNER

### THEREOF—

Each one is allowed five minutes,  
To prepare and cite his case,  
The junk that some of them get off,  
'Tis really a disgrace.

## YE STUDENT

### ..AND HIS CASE—

"The case that I've selected,  
Is Andrews vs. Spates,  
And you'll find it reported  
In Eighth United States."

## YE FACTS—

"The facts of the case as given  
Are about substantially these:  
The appellant appealed on demurrer,  
From the Court of Common Pleas."

## YE LAW—

"Judge So-and-so rendered the opinion,  
And upon the facts thus commented,  
As such-and-such, laid down the rule.  
But Judge So-and-so dissented."

## YE POET DISAP-

### PROVEDH OF YE

### CASE SYSTEM—

Just how one understands his case,  
Can readily be understood,  
By taking an actual incident,  
To show the "case system's" good.

## BRIGHT REMARK BY

### JOHN PHELPS, ESQ.—

Said Mr. Phelps to Lucas  
With the former's usual grace,  
"How came the persons mentioned,  
To be Plaintiffs in this case?"

## BRIGHT REMARK

### BY BILL LUCAS—

"Well," said Lucas after thinking  
And his face was all agrin,  
"To use a slang expression,  
They simply 'buted in!'"

## MORAL.

## YE CONCLUSION OF

### YE WHOLE MATTER—

We're each supposed to cite a case  
When it comes to our turn,  
And the facts which we recite  
Are the only ones we learn.

## THE TANEY LAW CLUB

THE Taney Law Club was organized in the early part of the fall term, 1904, taking the place of the Maryland Literary Society. The object of the club is to create a closer intellectual fellowship among the students, and to train them in discussing legal questions.

At its inception, a limit was set upon the membership, the founders of the organization believing twenty-five a number sufficient for successful working; later, however, this limitation on the membership was removed.

The exercises are held weekly, on Tuesday evening at 8.15, and consist of the trial of a case based on an agreed statement of facts. The cases are so arranged as to be equally balanced, involving one or more leading, and sometimes conflicting principles of law. A judge, usually a member of the Senior Class, is selected by the counsel in each case, whose decision reviews and decides upon the arguments submitted by the respective counsel.

The club thus far has proven of great benefit to those who have given it their time and attention. Believing that the same benefit will accrue to all who become members of the club, the officers take this opportunity to extend a public and cordial invitation to students of the University generally, who are interested in the objects of the club, to become members of it.

The officers for the present term are as follows: President, William Booth Settle; Vice-President, A. Taylor Smith; Secretary, Fred. B. Noble.

## THE 1905 INSIGNIA

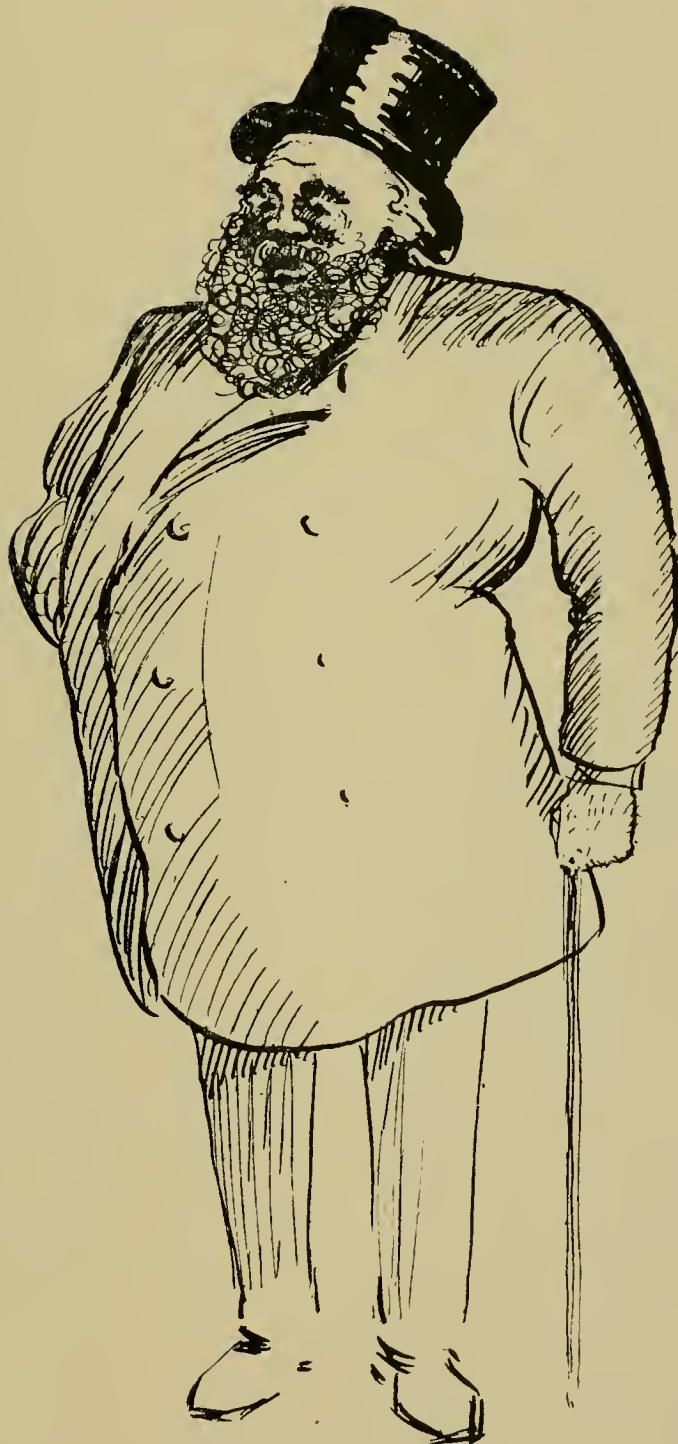
THE Class of 1905, from the day of its entrance into the University in a chaotic and embryonic state—its Veal Period, so to speak—up to the present day of grace, when by dint of natural growth in wisdom, hard work and good fellowship, it has bloomed into that perennial and splendid thing—"the best class that ever was graduated from Old Maryland"—has always been noted for enterprise. That has been its characteristic from the beginning—breaking forth in new places, setting many and good precedents.

It is customary in other schools and quite proper, we think, that those exalted and distinguished characters, the members of the Senior Class, should be designated in some distinctive manner—marked out from the rank and file of the school as men apart. The familiar methods of distinguishing the Senior vary all the way from special privileges in the way of flirtation, as at West Point and Annapolis, to the wearing of a particular style of collar or tie, carrying canes or smoking cigars.

There has been made an artistic and beautiful design for the watch-fob of the Class of 1905. This was especially designed to order for the class; there has been nothing like it before, there will not be anything like it. It is distinctive and exclusive. This ornament will be worn by members of the Class of 1905 only, and by those upon whom the Class bestows it, as betokening its approval of those favored ones. It will be for years to come that by which the 1905 man will be known.

We believe that in this we are establishing a significant custom and a worthy precedent, which we hereby bequeath to all succeeding senior classes; one which shall continue as long as our Alma Mater shall crown the city with her usefulness.





[Courtesy of the Baltimore News.]  
A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR.

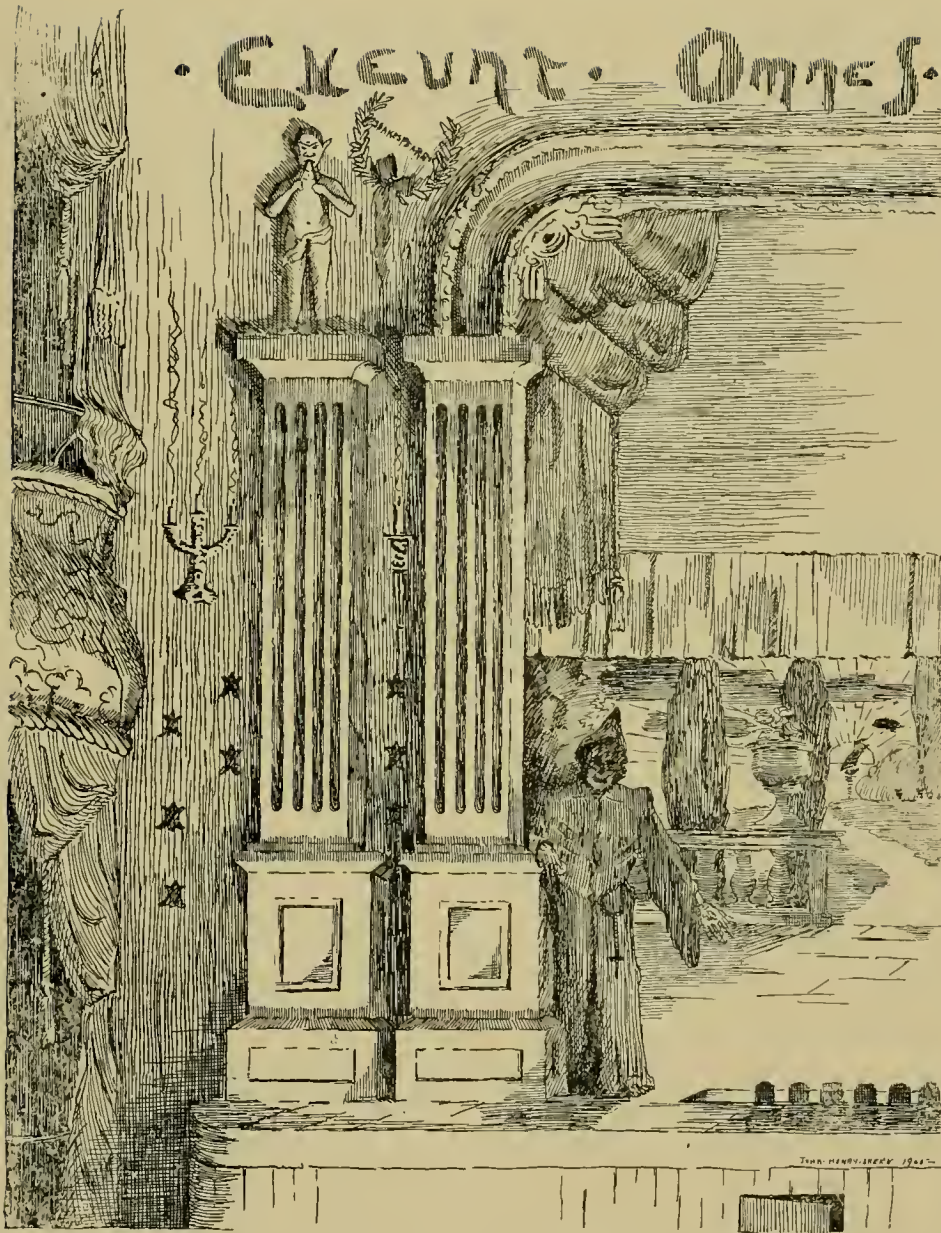
## L'ENVOI

---

So soon? The tinkle of the prompter's bell!  
The players bow, and pass out, one by one—  
The play at last is done, the tapers fade—  
'Tis time to think: "Have we done well or ill?"  
Three years! Some toil and fun, some gallantry,  
Some folly, worthy strife, some growth we trust  
Toward manhood true. Because we must, we go  
Forth from this place of memories, and ring  
The curtain down upon our college life!  
"*Excunt omnes.*" So we all go out  
As schoolboys now, untried, to cope with men,  
Our lives to live, our records still to make,  
And bear our worthy parts awhile. Once more—  
What time that Death shall speak the epilogue—  
Then surely shall be writ of us again  
Those solemn words once more. "They all go o  
That is the time of test, the final summing up,  
A judgment and decree with no appeal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, may this be the verdict spoken then—  
And truly—"All have quit themselves like men."



---

FOR the first time "TERRA MARLÆ" sweeps across this land of ours as the yearly publication from the students of the University of Maryland, and as our University has progressed so has the annual; and, being sent forth, as it is this year, not as *Bones, Molars and Briefs*, but under a new name, it has been the one desire of the Business Manager, with the co-operation of the other members of the Board, to make it excel all other publications and restore the prestige our book should have in the community, and impress upon the minds of those who patronize our advertising columns that our book is and will continue a great advertising medium.

I would ask of all fellow-students to closely examine the advertisements inserted in this volume, for those whose cards are here inserted have our welfare at heart, and I feel all students are under obligations to patronize the firms only here represented as far as possible; as we are all aware of the fact that it is only through the generosity of such business parties that we were at all enabled to publish "TERRA MARLÆ."

B. ALLEN LESTER,  
*Business Manager.*

---

*It's the headstrong fellow that always butts in.*

---

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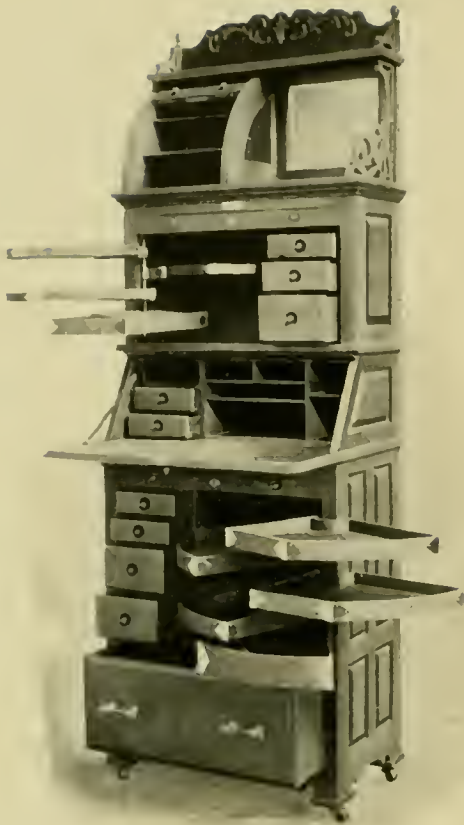
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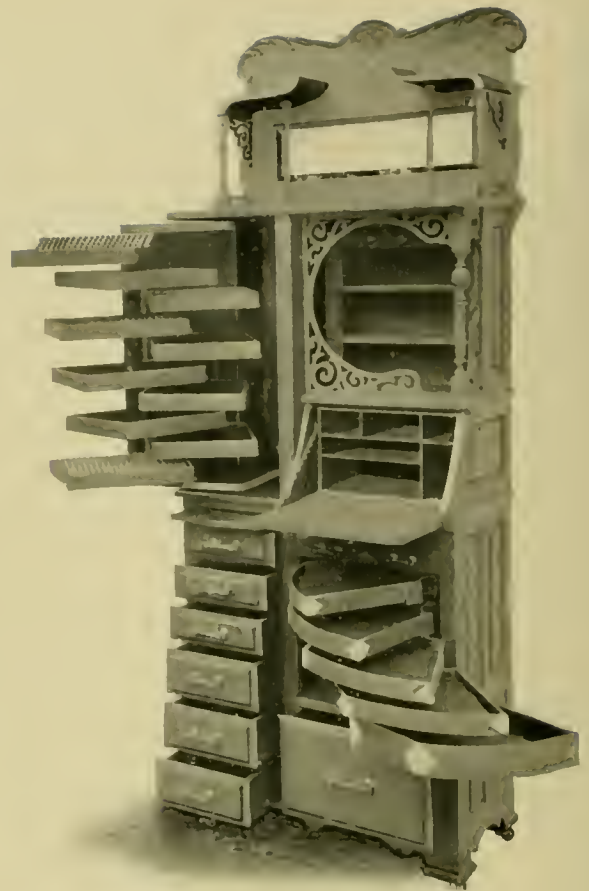
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*The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.*



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EXPLAINED.

John Jones on his Stenographer  
With best of reason dotes;  
She's the only living person who  
Will take from him his notes!  
The others demand cash.

And for another reason, too,  
He swears that she is great;  
She's the only woman in the world  
To whom he dares dictate!  
He's married.

In Paris the flesh of horses is preferred by many  
to that of oxen. What the result will be if the sup-  
ply runs out is thus pathetically foretold:—

If horse flesh won't suffice to feed the masses  
The next resource will certainly be asses;  
And heaven only knows how that will end;  
Some people won't have left a single friend!



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So they quarrelled and fit,  
They scratched and they bit,  
Till excepting their nails  
And the tips of their tails,  
Instead of two cats there warn't any!

*A man would rather overlook his sins than ever hear them.*

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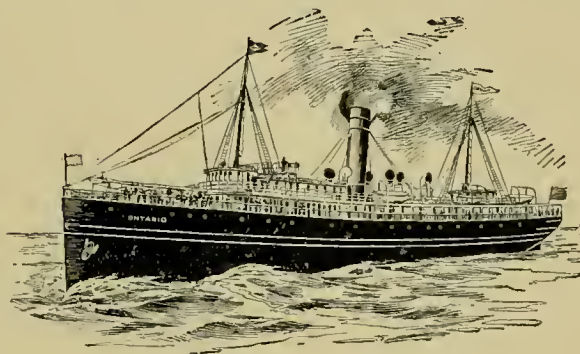
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The instructions in both operating and mechanical dentistry is as thorough as it is possible to make it, and embraces everything pertaining to dental art. The advantages which the general and oral surgical clinics, to which the dental students are admitted, as indeed to all the lectures the University affords, cannot be overestimated. The many thousands of patients annually treated in the University Hospital, and other sources, afford an abundance of material for the dental infirmary and laboratory practice, and the oral surgery clinics.

The Dental Infirmary and Laboratory building is one of the largest and most complete structures of the kind in the world. The Infirmary is lighted by sixty-five large windows, and is furnished with the latest improved operating chairs.

The Dental Infirmary and laboratory are open daily (except Sundays) during the entire year for the reception of patients, and the practice for dental students has increased to such an extent that all the students during the past sessions have had an abundance of practical work in both operative and prosthetic dentistry. These means for practical instruction have already assumed such large proportions that the supply has been beyond the needs of the large classes in attendance during the past sessions.

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THE REGULAR OR WINTER SESSION will begin on the first day of October of each year, and will terminate May 8th.

THE SUMMER SESSION for practical instruction will commence in April and continue until the regular session begins. Students in attendance on the Summer Session will have the advantage of all the daily Surgical and Medical Clinics of the University.

The fees for the Regular Session are \$100. Demonstrators' fees included; Matriculation fee, \$5; Diploma fee, for candidates for graduation, \$30; Dissecting ticket, \$10. For Summer Session no charge to those who attend the following Winter Session.

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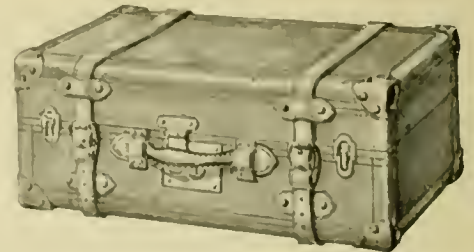
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A heart to heart talk to employees is like oil on a machine, while a calling down is like putting sand in the gear wheels.

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*An M. D. says dyspeptics would not "chew the rag" so much if they chewed their victuals more.*

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## THE NINETY-NINTH ANNUAL SESSION

OF THE

# School of Medicine of the University of Maryland

WILL BEGIN ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1905,  
AND TERMINATE ON MAY 15, 1906.

---

During the session there is a vacation from December 23d, 1905, to January 3rd, 1906, and there are no lectures on Thanksgiving Day and Washington's Birthday.

Clinical Lectures, introductory to the regular session, are given daily throughout September.

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Tuition fees are due and payable during October, and if the entire amount is paid at the Dean's office before November 1 the tuition fee for that year will be \$120.

Tickets for any of the Departments may be taken out separately. The fee for these branches is \$25.00 each.

The Laboratory courses may be taken by matriculates not following the regular courses. The fee for these is \$20.00 each.

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Of happiness and song.  
Besides, you never made the world;

Life's scheme is not your own:  
Quit kicking; take what happens,  
and

Just reap what you have sown.

Quit kicking. When the play is bad

Remember what you've lost  
Some other fellow's gained, and so

In summing up the cost  
We find that in the end we know

What other men have known—  
Results? We take them as they come—

We reap what we have sown.

Buying a cow is like courting a girl. It is well to know the pedigree and record of her mother. A cow with a poor milk record cannot produce a heifer calf that will prove a profitable milker.

"Electricity in the atmosphere affects your system," said the scientific physician. "Yes," said the patient, who had paid \$10 for two visits. "I agree with you, there are times when one feels over-charged."

### HER RESPONSIBILITIES

For her he fails, for her succeeds,  
For her he sins or does his best;

She gives him the sweet praise he needs,  
Or blights the hope within his breast.

For her he looms before mankind,  
For her he makes himself sublime,

Or plunges, brutalized and blind,  
Down to the oozing depths of crime.

For her he holds his head erect,  
For her he slinks in hidden ways,

For her his speech is circum-spect,

For her he's loyal, or betrays:  
Behold in errors brushed away  
And in the things that make for good,

Which multiply day after day,  
The triumph of her womanhood.

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An Attorney tells of a stuttering man named Sisson, who was arranged before a Police Magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked the Magistrate.

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s." began the prisoner, and then stopped.

"What's that?" demanded the Magistrate.

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s." hissed the stutterer.

"His name's Sisson," interrupted the policeman, who had made the arrest. "He stutters."

"So it seems," said the Magistrate. "What's he charged with?"

"I don't know, your Honor," said the policeman, "it seems to be soda water."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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A school teacher boxed the ears of a pupil a few  
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day the teacher received the following note: "Na-  
ture has provided a proper place for the punish-  
ment of a boy, and it is not his ear. I will thank  
you to use it hereafter."

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"Dear friend & statesman: I rite you the urliest dait to be so eind as to do me a fafor. I haf trid all cinds of patent medisn for heart decease an no avail. I red your little pome on Hart decees beginnin

"The hart which sad tumultus bepts, with throbs of keenest pain wil oft recover its defects Thro' natur's sweet refrain."

"I now ask you to send me by return male 2 bottles of your medisn naturs sweet refrane. I haf never trid an injun doe but haf took all cinds erbs. Sen to Penn.

"P. S.—I will sen prise by re-turn male."

A certain man, having read somewhere that "Opportunity

XXVII

knocks only once at each one's door," concluded to sit up all night for fear he would miss the call. So, while he was sitting near the door, there came a heavy knock thereon. When he opened the door a stranger seized him and beat him and took his money and garments, and chided him for being so easy. "But," said the man, thinking to excuse himself, "I thought it was opportunity who knocked." "So it was," responded the other, "but it was my opportunity." Moral: It is better to carry your opportunity with you.

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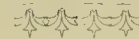


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"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

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"Make light of everything," said the Fire

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scope.

"Never do anything off-hand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mir-  
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"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

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"Trust to your stars for success," said the  
Night.

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H. A. B. DENNING, Ph.G.,  
Associate Professor of Chemistry.

HENRY L. TRONEL, Ph.G., Demonstrator of Chemistry.  
FRANTZ NAYLOR, Ph.G., Demonstrator of Dispensing.  
E. F. KELLY, Ph.D., Demonstrator of Pharmacy.

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*The number of a man's widows will be in proportion to the size of his estate.*

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