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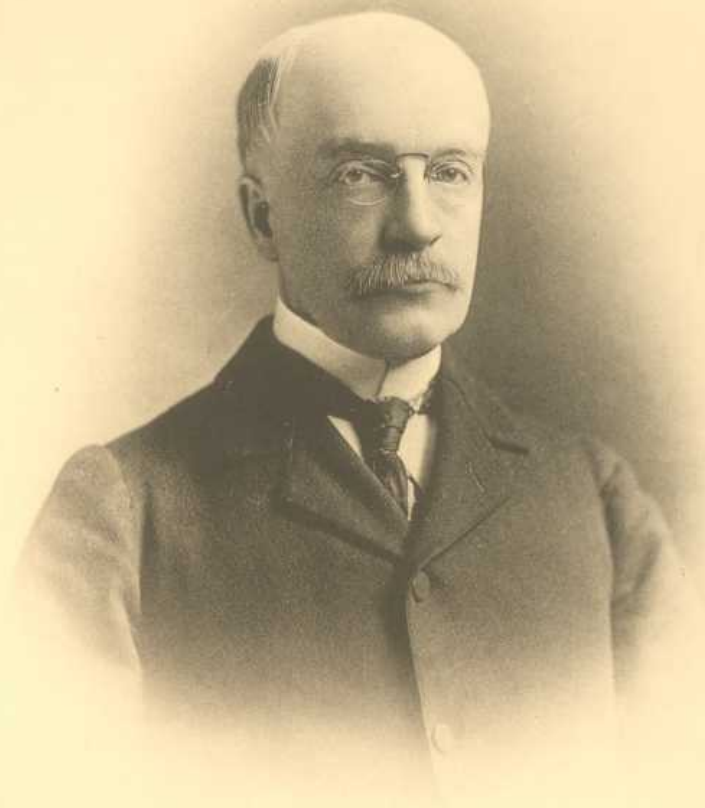


1900



RECORD

OF THE
CLASS OF
NINETEEN
HUNDRED
UNIVERSITY OF PENN
SYLVANIA.



John Bach McMaster

A RECORD

OF THE
Class of Nineteen Hundred
University of Pennsylvania



"FACILIS DESCENSUS - AVERNO"
"FACILIS - CONTEMPITUS!"

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS

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“Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly”

DEDICATION



To those who ne'er at nonsense look askance,
Who hear but melody, not dissonance,
To those that for the deed accept the will
Nor sternly rule each promise we fulfill ;

To those who see the wit and not the folly,
Faults view with pity, not with melancholy,
Who read between the lines nor fear to free
What critics can't and callous sneers won't see,

Who merits and not weaknesses descry;
(Defects are easy, virtues hard to spy)
And criticising rather wield the pen,
That praises strength and mildly slashes when

A whilom jest becomes a venom'd spleen :
To these who, sympathetic, come between
Our work and envy's acid sting of hate ;
Who see in it these things—to them be dedicate

OUR RECORD

18 May 27 B. Havelley 11 Lincoln
B. La Haye 21

The Committee Desires to Thank

MR. ELBERT AUGUSTUS CORBIN, JR.

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MR. JOHN HENRY FAGER

MR. JAMES GILLINDER, JR.

MR. SEIZABURO YASKAWA

...AND...

MR. LOUIS MAGAZINER

for valuable assistance in preparing the RECORD

Introduction

NINETEEN HUNDRED, the last class to graduate in this wonderful century of the world's progress, presents to the deeply interested few, and to the casually interested many, this Record of the doings of her members.

Light and frivolous as it may seem, there is under all its levity a stratum of very serious and genuine feeling for each other, for our professors, and, most of all, for our University. It is only in the last year of a man's college life that he appreciates what that life is to him and how deeply attached he is to every custom and tradition connected with the existence of his Alma Mater, and though we have treated our interests and actions in what may seem to be a careless and bantering spirit, it is in

great part to hide thoughts too solemn and too serious to have a prominent part in what is usually considered a college man's happiest moment, his day of graduation.

In four years, among a class of active men, many events must have occurred which are worth recording, and it is these that we have endeavored to collect and amalgamate into one complete and connected whole. During the four years in which our class has been in college, the greatest strides in the history of the advancement of the University of Pennsylvania have been made, and it has been our great privilege and pleasure to be connected more or less directly with many of them. On this account we feel that we leave Pennsylvania after having had the greatest possible advantages and with every incentive to strive after high and noble ideals in order that we may bring credit and glory to her whom we honor, Pennsylvania.

EDWARD BURWELL RICH, Chairman.

THE
RECORD
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52. Wister E. Patterson
53. L. Stauffer Oliver
54. Walter H. Hart
55. Gilbert F. Schamburg
56. Allison Gaw
57. William H. Easton
58. Arthur L. Reeder
59. Josiah T. Stevenson
60. Henry R. Burch
61. Daniel M. Karcher
62. Ira Hoover
63. William P. Preston
64. Edwin A. Perkins
65. Frank K. Potts
66. James Gillinder, Jr.
67. William A. McKinney
68. Wilbur O. Sypherd
69. Daniel J. Layton, Jr.
70. Alfred L. Ward
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112. Walter T. Faber
113. Leonard P. Morgan
114. Samuel J. Magarge, Jr.
115. Herbert Coffman
116. Houghton R. Kervey, Jr.
117. Prof. Spangler.





The Senior Class



SENIOR CLASS

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Vice-President, WILLIAM THACKARA READ

Secretary, WALTER BIDDLE SAUL

Treasurer, WILLIAM BROWN BRENDLINGER

Horatio Ely Abrahams, *W Y*,

Wharton

1704 Dallas Avenue, Houston, Texas.

"A moment guessed—then back behind the fold."

Entered class Freshman year from Freehold Institute, Freehold, N. J.; member of Bowl Fight Committee in Freshman year; member of Class Track Team, second in two mile bicycle race, fall handicaps, and second in same spring meet in Freshman year; third in 880 yards run, Interclass games same year; second in 440-yards run and 880-yards run, third in mile run, Interclass games in Sophomore year. Chairman of Bowl Fight and member of Class Track Committees in

Sophomore year. Member of Varsity Track Team in Freshman and Sophomore years. Enlisted in Third New Jersey Volunteers and left College end of Sophomore year. Enlisted May 2, 1898, discharged December 17, 1898, at Athens, Ga.

- Frederick Anderson, Wharton
 Aurora, Ill.
 Entered class Freshman year from West Aurora High School. Left College end of Sophomore year.
- Percival Armitage, Civil Engineering
 3202 Hamilton Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Martin's School; left class end of Sophomore year.
- Benjamin Franklin Baer, Jr. Biology
 2010 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; member Mask and Wig Chorus in Senior year; member Cap and Gown Committee; member Class Numeral Committee in Senior year; member of 'Varsity Track Team in 1899.
- Chalice Whitmore Baker, Mechanical Engineering
 Waynesboro.
 Entered class Freshman year from Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.
- Harold Roscoe Balentine, Biology
 2140 North Twenty-eighth Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member of Ancient Order of Glad Hand; member of Class Football Team in Freshman year; member of the 'Varsity Gymnastic Team in Freshman and Sophomore years.
- William Childs Bamber, *Σ Φ*, Electrical Engineering
 Lockport, N. Y. *"Bill"*
 Entered class Sophomore year from Union College, New York; member of Sophomore Baseball Team and of Engineers' Dance Committee same year; left class end of Sophomore year to enter employ of General Electric Light Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

- Norman Betts, Biology
 1609 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Junior year.
- Oscar Hugo Bilgram, Arts
 751 North Fortieth Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind; left class end of Sophomore year.
- Walter Dabney Blair, Architecture
 Richmond, Va.
 Entered class Freshman year from Richmond College and University of Virginia; left class in Sophomore year, advanced to Junior Class.
- Walter Cooper Blakely, Wharton
 Westmont, N. J.
 Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of Zelosophic Society; member Franklin Debating Union; left class end of Sophomore year and entered '01 Law.
- Emil Edward Borst, Architecture
 Baltimore, Md.
 Entered class Freshman year from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute; left class end of Freshman year.
- William Brown Brendlinger, *K Σ*, Mechanical Engineering
 810 North Forty-first Street, Philadelphia.

"Bill"

*"The Treasurer described might be
 As a man of sober mind
 No characteristic trait had he
 Of any distinctive kind."*

Entered class Freshman year from Yonkers High School ; member of Class Football Committee in Freshman year; played Full-back and Half-back on Class Football Team in Freshman and Sophomore years; member of Football and Dance Committees in Sophomore year; member of Engineers' Dance Committee; member of Mask and Wig Chorus; played on 'Varsity Scrub Football Team in Sophomore year; member of Football and Dance Committees in Junior year; Manager of '02 Freshman Football Team; Assistant Manager of Varsity Baseball Team in Junior year and manager of same in Senior year; member of Ivy Ball and Chairman of Committee on resolution on the death of Joseph Mearns in Senior year; Class Treasurer Senior year.

Theodore Edmondson Brown, Z *Ψ*,
Germantown, Phila.

" *Thee* "

Mechanical Engineering

*" A muscular knight
Ever ready to fight."*

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of the Mechanical Engineers' Club; of Penn Charter Club; Secretary of the same in Sophomore year; member of Golf Club; President of the Class, First Term in Freshman year and *ex-officio* member of all Committees; member of the Supper, Executive and Class Yell Committees, Second Term in Freshman year; member of the Dance and of the Football Committees in Sophomore year; member of the Class Cricket Team which won the Dean's trophy in Sophomore year; played Full-back on Class Football Team in Sophomore and Junior years; Captain of same in Junior year; Chairman of Dance Committee and member of the Football Committee in Junior year; Pitcher on the 'Varsity Baseball Team in Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years; left class end of Junior year.

Leon G. Buckwalter,
324 North Sixth Street, Camden, N. J.

" *Buck* "

Arts

Entered class Freshman year from the Camden High School; Rowed 6 on 1900 Crew and on Class Crew in Freshman year; Class Football Team, Class Crew, rowed 3 and Captained '98 'Varsity Crew; won Athletic Association Cup in contest with Annapolis Naval Academy; won Intercollegiate Cup in contest with Cornell, Columbia and Wisconsin in Sophomore year; left class end of Sophomore year.

Henry Reed Burch,
1625 South Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia.

" *Harvey* "

Wharton

" Much learning hath made thee mad."

Entered class Senior year from the Department of Philosophy; awarded University Scholarship in Political Science 1900-'01.

David Donaldson Bush, *Phi Kappa Sigma*,
Wilmington, Delaware. Arts

*"Suspicion always halts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer."*

Entered class Freshman year from Friends' School, Wilmington, Delaware; member of Class Cricket Team in Sophomore year; member of Class Baseball Teams in Sophomore and Junior years; leave of absence, from '99-'00.

Louis Gilliams Martinez Cardeza, *Psi Gamma*,
26 South Twenty-second Street, Philadelphia. Arts

"There is a devil in every berry of the grape."

Entered class Freshman year; left class middle of Freshman year.

Thomas Drake Martinez Cardeza,
Germantown, Phila. Arts

"And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth."

Entered class Freshman year; left class end of Freshman year.

Samuel Herbert Cavin, *"Cave-in"*
Philadelphia. Arts

Entered class Freshman year from Eastburn Academy; left class and entered Law Department 1901.

Clarence Hawley Chester, *Delta Gamma*,
Wyncote, Pa. Arts

Prepared at Cheltenham Military Academy; entered class Senior year.

Edward Lafourcade Cheyney, *Psi Gamma*, *"Nigger"*
Cheyney, Pa. Arts

"On account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Entered class Freshman year from Lawrenceville School; member Class Football and Baseball Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; Varsity Baseball Team 1898; member Class Supper and Bowl Committees in Freshman year and Bowl and Sophomore Dance Committee in Sophomore year; member Battery A, Pennsylvania Volunteers; left college end of Sophomore year.

Clarence William Close, *K Σ*,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Interior Decoration

Entered class Sophomore year from Western University of Pennsylvania; member of Class Crew in Junior year.

Herbert Coffman,
2006 Camac Street, Philadelphia.

"Fish Town"

Chemistry

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of Combined Musical Club and of Chess Club; member of the University Chess Team.

John Sebastian Conway, *Δ K E; Σ Ξ*,
Cape May, N. J.

Civil Engineering

*"Man, proud man, clothed in a little brief authority, plays such
fantastic tricks before high Heaven as make the angels weep."*

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of Scribblers' Club, "Scene Painter;" member of the Senior Society; of Civil Engineering Society, Paresis Club, *Red and Blue* Board in Sophomore year; Junior Editor in Junior year and Senior Editor (resigned) Senior year; member of "Voluntary Fence Sawing" Committee Freshman year; "Suppression of Freshman Supper" in Sophomore year; member of Junior Ball and Mock Program Committees in Junior year; member of all Committees *ex officio* in Senior year; Class Treasurer in Sophomore and Junior years; Class President in Senior year; Chairman of Student Committee, Marshal of Class University Day and at Laying of Corner-Stone of Memorial Tower in Senior year; Phi Kappa Sigma prize in Sophomore composition, honorable mention for summer work in Junior and Senior years.

Walter Johnston Coombs,

Biology

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; left at end of Freshman year.

Elbert Augustus Corbin, Jr., *B Θ Π*,
"The Bartram," Philadelphia.

"Squeeler"

Architecture

"A self-made man and worships his maker."

Entered class Freshman year; member of the Penn Charter Club, of the Camera Club, of the Architectural Society, of the Senior Society; member of the Membership Committee of Houston Club and member of Caucus Committee of the same Senior year; rowed No. 5 on Sophomore Crew, Champion Junior Crew and Senior Crew; Left-guard Class Football Team in Junior year; Goal-keeper of the 'Varsity Water Polo Team in Junior year and Half on same in Senior year; member of the Supper Committee in Sophomore year; member of the Junior Ball Committee and of the Ivy Ball in Senior year; member of the Student Committee in Senior year; University Strength Record '98-'99.

Henry Thornton Craven, *A X P*,
2106 Green Street, Philadelphia.

Wharton

"Would echo helpless laughter to your jest."

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of Penn Charter Club, of Zelosophic Society, Secretary of same in Junior year; Class Recorder in Junior year; member of RECORD and Ivy Day Committees in Senior year.

Ninian Caldwell Cregar, *B Θ II*,
6626 Greene Street, Germantown, Pa.

"Ninny"

Wharton

*"Behold the boy called Ninian,
Name of ill omen.
Were he a Carthaginian,
I'd be a Roman."*

Entered class Freshman year from Germantown Academy; member of Y. M. C. A., of Golf Club; Associate Editor of *Pennsylvanian*; Editor in Sophomore and Junior years; member of Supper Committee in Junior year; member of Promenade Committee; Chairman of Supper Committee in Senior year; member of Senior Society.

Harold Seymour Cross,
Jenkintown, Pa.

"H₃ S"

Arts

Entered class Freshman year from Cheltenham Military Academy; left class end of Freshman year.

William James Cullen,
3611 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia.

"Cough Button"

Science

Entered class Freshman year from Roman Catholic High School, Philadelphia; transferred end of Freshman year from Arts to Science; member of the Philomathean Society; member of Sophomore Debate Team; Sub on Sophomore and Junior Class Football Teams and played Centre on Class Football Team in Senior year; member of Banquet Committee in Junior year; member of Football Committee in Senior year.

Edward Ziegler Davis, *Φ B K*,
3319 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.

"Easy"

Arts

*"Such labored nothings in so strange a style
Amazed th' unlearned and make the learned smile."*

Entered class Freshman year from Philadelphia Central High School; member of Philomathean Society; Treasurer First Term in Senior year; Staff of *Red and Blue*; prize in English Composition in Freshman year; honors at end of Sophomore year; English Essay prize in Junior year; on Class Debate Committee in Senior year; appointed Harrison Scholar in Germanics, 1900-1901.

Edward Wright Deakin, *B Θ II*,
Ogontz.

“*Deak*”

Mechanical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; member of Class Track Team in Freshman and Sophomore years; first in Pole Vault, and second in 100-Yards and 220-Yards runs in Sophomore-Freshman Games, '97; first in Pole Vault in Sophomore-Freshman Games, '98; member of 'Varsity Track Team in Freshman and Sophomore years; left class end of Sophomore year to enter '01 Civil Engineering.

Walter Charles De Garmo,
Swarthmore, Pa.

Architecture

Entered during Sophomore year from Swarthmore College; withdrew end of Sophomore year.

Theodore Morris Delany, *Δ Υ*,
1626 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia.

Architecture

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; left class end of Freshman year.

Paul Hudnut Denniston, *Φ Κ Ψ*,
Philadelphia.

Wharton

“*Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument.*”

Entered class Freshman year from Princeton Preparatory School; left class end of Freshman year and entered Law School; member University Glee Club, 1890; Editor of the *Pennsylvanian*; Chorus in Mask and Wig, 1898; member Freshman Football and Baseball Teams; member Freshman Bowl Fight Committee.

Robert Porter Donehoo, *Φ Κ Ψ*,
Philadelphia.

Wharton

“*What is evil? Something you have often seen.*”

Entered class Freshman year from Friends' Central School; left College and entered Law School; member of Freshman Football and Baseball Teams; member of Banquet and Yell Committees in Freshman year.

William Hastings Easton, A X P, Σ Ξ,
224 South Forty-third Street, Philadelphia.

Science

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful."

Entered class Freshman year from the Hamilton School; member of Philomathean Society; Librarian in Junior and Senior years; Treasurer in Junior year; Moderator in Senior year; member of *Red and Blue* Board; member of Garrick Club; holder of Scholarship four years; first prize for Wetherill competition; honors in Sophomore year; member of Cremation Committee in Sophomore year, and took part of "Vinicius" in Sophomore Cremation; awarded Harrison Scholarship in Chemistry, 1900-1901.

John Kenton Eisenbrey, Δ Φ,
Philadelphia.

"Kent"

Chemical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Protestant Episcopal Academy; left class end of Sophomore year; member of Engineers' Club; Secretary of Golf Club; Editor of *Pennsylvanian*; took parts of "Lavender" in the preliminary play, "Who is Who;" of "Sergeant Chevron" in "No Gentleman of France;" "Elderberry" in "Little Red Riding Hood;" member of Mask and Wig Club; member of Battery A, N. G. P.; Chairman Sophomore Dance Committee.

Henry Edward Ehlers, K Σ, Σ Ξ,
331 Reed Street, Philadelphia.

"Eddie"

Mechanical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member of Mechanical Engineering Society; Vice-President in Senior year; member of "G" Senior Society; third in Pole Vault in Freshman-Sophomore Games in Freshman year; first in Pole Vault in Sophomore-Freshman Games; member of Varsity Track Team in Sophomore year; played Tackle on Class Football Team in Junior and Senior years; member of Class Cane Committee in Junior year; rowed on Senior Class Crew, and Chairman of Track Team Committee in Senior year.

Joseph Wilcox Ellis,
New Bedford, Mass.

Arts

Entered Class Senior year; left class on account of sickness middle of year.

Owen Brooke Evans, Σ Ξ,
1706 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.

"Smoky"

Mechanical Engineering

"May the blessing of God follow you, but never overtake you."

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club; awarded George H. Frazier prize for 1899, member of Mechanical Engineers' Smoker and of Mechanical Engineers' Dance Committees in Freshman year; played Tackle on Class Football Team in Freshman year; Quarter-back in Sophomore and Junior years, and

Captain and Half-back in Senior year; first in Mile Walk in Interclass Games, 1897; rowed No. 6 on Champion Class Crew, 1898, and No. 3 on Class Crew, 1899; member of Dance Committee in Junior year; member of Ivy Ball and Chairman of Engineers' Dance Committees in Senior year; rowed Bow on 'Varsity Second Crew, 1898, and 'Varsity Sub No. 2 on 'Varsity Eight at Annapolis, 1899, and No. 2 on 'Varsity Four at Poughkeepsie, 1899.

Walter Theodore Faber,
Ridley Park.

Chemistry

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School.

John Henry Fager, $\Delta K E$,
120 Walnut Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

"Jack" "Z-z-z-z-z"

Arts

*"Love goes toward love as school boys from their books;
But love from love toward school with heavy looks."*

Entered class Freshman year from Harrisburg High School; transferred from Electrical Engineering to Science and Technology, and then to Arts; member of Special Fence Sawing Committee in Freshman year; member of Ivy Ball Committee and Class Day Committee in Senior year, member of Senior Society.

Frederick George Farquhar, $\Phi \Sigma K$,
Pottsville, Pa.

Entered class Freshman year from Pottsville High School; played on Class Baseball Team in Sophomore year; left class end of Sophomore year.

Wallis Woodward Fisher,
4822 Regent Street, Philadelphia.

"Wallie"

Arts

"A deleterious and pestiferous climate."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; member of Chess Club, Treasurer in Freshman year, President in Sophomore and Junior years of same; member of Whist Club, Treasurer of same in Senior year; member of Zelosophic Society, Junior Orator of same in Freshman year; member of Garrick Club; played "Falkland" in "The Rivals" in Freshman year; played "Trarrio" in "The Tamer Tamed," given by students in English in Junior year; member of Class Track Team in Freshman and Sophomore years; responded to toasts at Freshman and Sophomore Class Suppers; member of Class Debating Teams same years; played on Class Cricket Team in Sophomore year, and in Chorus of Mask and Wig; member of Supper Committee; member of 'Varsity Chess Teams against Lehigh, Columbia and Cornell; member of 'Varsity Whist Team, in Senior year.

Walter Louis Fleisher,
2030 Green Street, Philadelphia.

"Flicker"

Science

"Spare the poet for his subject's sake."

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of Penn Charter Club, President of same in Senior year; of Philomathean Society, Treasurer in Sophomore year; of Camera Club; of Engineers' Club; Coxswain Freshman Crew Full Regatta; third place Broad Jump novice sports; Sub on Class Baseball Team in Freshman year; Full-back Engineers' Football Team in Junior year; Class Poet.

Nathan T. Folwell, B θ II,
Sharon Hill, Pa.

"Nate"

Wharton

*"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."*

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School, Treasurer of Class in Freshman year; Captain of Class Football Team, and Stroke and Captain on Class Crew at Poughkeepsie in Freshman year; Sub End on 'Varsity Football Team in Freshman year, and End in Sophomore year; left college in 1899 to study abroad.

Stanley Folz, φ B K,
1625 Oxford Street, Philadelphia.

Arts

"A cold, long-winded native of the deep."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School, Philadelphia; member of the Philomathean Society since Freshman year; member of Philomathean Debating Team against Zelosophic Society in Freshman year; member of Philomathean Debating Team against Loganian Team '99; Secretary of Philomathean Society third term in Freshman year; First Censor, second term in Junior year; Charter member and First Secretary of Pennsylvania Debating Union; member of Class Debating Team in Junior year; Alternate on 'Varsity Debating Team against Michigan in Senior year; member of Class Constitution Committee in Freshman year; Chairman of Class Debate Committee in Sophomore year; member of Class Cane, Class Debate, Chairman of Mock Program Committee in Junior year; Chairman of Oratorical Contest and Debate Committee in Senior year; honorable mention in Greek Prose Composition in Freshman year; honorable mention in Latin Sight Reading in Sophomore year; First Prize in George Allen Memorial Prizes in Latin in Junior year; awarded honors on graduation.

John Warren Forbing,
Kenton, Ohio.

Chemistry

Entered class Freshman year from Notre Dame University; left class end of Freshman year.

A. Irving Fouse,

838 North Forty-first Street, Philadelphia.

"Irwy"

Wharton

"And Joshua said in the sight of Israel 'Sun, stand thou still!' . . . and the sun stood still."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; member of Gun Club, played Centre Field on Class Baseball Team in Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; Manager of Junior and Captain in Senior year; played Left Tackle on Football Team in Senior year; Chairman of Baseball Committee in Junior year; Chairman of Picture and member of Track and Relay Committee in Senior year.

John Spencer Francis, *Phi Gamma Delta*,

4037 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"Spen"

Wharton

*"In tattered clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furred-gowns hide all."*

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy and Columbia College Preparatory School; member of Philomathean Society and Chess Club; member of Class Track Team, Freshman-Sophomore Sports, First in 100 yards dash, First in 220 yards dash, Second in Broad Jump, 'Varsity Track Team, 'Varsity Chess Team, won 'Varsity Chess Championship in Freshman year; left end of Freshman year to enter Law School.

Benjamin West Frazier, Jr., *Delta Phi*,

250 South Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia.

Arts

"What! did the hand then of the potter shake?"

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; member of Episcopal Academy Club, Secretary and Treasurer of same in Senior year; member of Christian Association, Treasurer of same in Senior year; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of *Pennsylvanian* in Senior year; member of First Troop City Cavalry; member of Supper Committee in Freshman year; President of the Class and member *ex-officio* of all Committees and Chairman of the Executive Committee Second Term in Freshman year; member of Student Committee and Assistant Marshal University Day in Freshman year; member of Executive, Dance and Picture Committees in Sophomore year; member of Class Cricket Team in Sophomore year; member of Junior Ball Committee; member of Senior Promenade Committee, Director of Athletic Association, Secretary of the Intercollegiate Cross Country Association '99-'00, and member of Executive Committee of same in '00-'01; Assistant Manager of 'Varsity Track Team in Junior year and Manager of same in Senior year.

Leonard Davis Frescoln, *Alpha Xi Phi*,

6935 Paschall Avenue, Philadelphia.

"Frisky"

Arts

"Thou art a scholar."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; member of Philomathean Society; member of University Band.

George Clausen Friend,
2031 Nicholas Street, Philadelphia.

Chemistry

"A friend is worth all hazards we can run."

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; took First Wetherill Prize in Junior year.

Allison Gaw, *Phi Beta Kappa*,
3732 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

"Alice"

Arts

"The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; member of Philomathean Society, Y. M. C. A., took part of "Quo Vadis" in Sophomore Cremation, First Prize in Sophomore Declamation, member of Supper Committee and Toast Master at Class Supper in Junior year; member of CLASS RECORD and Ivy Day Committees in Senior year; First Prize in Philomathean Essay Contest in Senior year; appointed Harrison Scholar in English 1900-1901; Ivy Poet.

John Gilbert, *Zeta Psi*,
Rydal, Pa.

Arts

"'Tis grievous parting with good company."

Entered class Freshman year from Cheltenham Academy; member of Class Pin Committee in Freshman year; left class Freshman year.

James Gillender, Jr., *J T J*,
1509 Oxford Street, Philadelphia.

"Gill"

Chemistry

"The little great man of a clique."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; member of "G" Senior Society, First in Mile Walk Inter-Class Games in '98, Second in Mile Walk in Sophomore-Freshman Games in '98 and in Mile Walk in Spring Games in '98; member of Supper and Promenade Committees in Senior year; member of 'Varsity Track Team in '98-'99 and of Two Mile Relay Team in '99.

Joel Gomborow,
515 Bainbridge Street, Philadelphia.

"Gum-drop"

Electrical Engineering

*"The hairy man terrific, though to thee,
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call."*

Entered class Freshman year from Drexel Institute.

Edward Harris Goodman, Jr., *Φ K Ψ*,
3309 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Arts

*"The man whom Fortune buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks."*

Entered class Freshman year; member of Garrick Club; took part of "Miss Littlewit" in "Family Failing," "Captain Absolute" in "The Rivals," "Lillie" in "Backia;" member of Class Pin Committee in Freshman year; played Left-End on Football Team; member of Class Track Team; third in 220-Yards Hurdles in Freshman-Sophomore Sports in Sophomore year; member of Bowl and Sophomore Cremation Committees; took part of "Pompejus" in Cremation in Sophomore year; left class at end of Sophomore year and entered Medical Department.

Carlton Mathews Goodman, *Φ K Ψ*,
3309 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

"Goodie"

Science

Entered class Freshman year; played part of Fiddler in Garrick Club; member of Class Football Team in Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; played Half-back, Quarter-back and End on same; member of Class Baseball Team in Junior and Senior years; played Second Base on same.

Alexander Grant, Jr.
St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada.

Arts

*"O poor anachronistic me,
The paradox of history;
McKinley, Quay or Luther Kant,
Are dross to Alexander Grant."*

Entered class Freshman year from St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, Toronto University; member of the 'Varsity Track Team four years; second place in Cornell-Pennsylvania Cross Country Run in 1896; ran second Relay in Four Mile Championship Relay Race in 1897; first place in One-half Mile, Cornell-Pennsylvania Championship in 1897; first place in One-Mile Run, Cornell-Pennsylvania Dual Games in 1896; second place in Intercollegiate One-Mile Run in 1898; holder of Five-Mile American Championship in 1899; Holder of Two-Mile American Championship in 1900.

William Charles Grayson,
2413 Oxford Street, Philadelphia.

"Bill"

Wharton

*"God the first garden made, the first city Cain.
A prototype of Brooklyn 'twas, 'tis plain."*

Entered class Freshman year from Brooklyn High School, New York; member of the Pennsylvania Chess Club; member of the Zelosophic Society and of the Pennsylvania Debating Union; rowed No. 2 on Freshman Crew; played First Base on Class Ball Team in Sophomore year; Catcher on the Class Team in Junior year; Chairman of Class Picture Committee in Junior year; member of Class Banquet Committee in Senior year.

Frank Awi Greene, Wharton
Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Friends' Central School; member of Class and 'Varsity Cricket Teams; left class end of Sophomore year.

Jacob Rech Guckes, Wharton
Oreland, Pa.

Entered class Freshman year; left class Sophomore year and entered Law School.

Christian Ax Hagen, Arts

" Chris "

*" But I came on him once at a ball, the heat of a listening crowd,
Why what a brow was there! he was seated speaking aloud."*

Entered class Freshman year; left class end of Freshman year.

Albert Bertram Hager, Civil Engineering
Haverford and City Avenues, Philadelphia.

" Coxey "

*" You have heard of Coxey's Army
And the things they didn't do,
But we had a different Coxey
On the Pennsylvania Crew."*

Entered class Freshman year from the Newark Public High School; member of the College Boat Club; Coxswain of the Freshman Poughkeepsie Crew, of the Sophomore Class Crew and of the Junior Champion Class Crew; Coxswain and Captain of Senior Class Crew; Left End on the Class Football Team in Junior and Senior years; Coxswain of '99 'Varsity Crew; Chairman of the Rowing Committee and member of the Football Committee in Senior year.

Frank Eugene Hahn, Civil Engineering
1806 Franklin Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member of Civil Engineering Society; Corresponding Secretary of same in Senior year; member of Class Track Team in Sophomore year.

Joseph Engle Haines, Chemistry
Swarthmore, Pa.

Entered class Senior year.

- William Kensley Halstead, Mechanical Engineering
 2119 Hunting Park Avenue, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; left class end of Freshman year.
- Horace Binney Hare, *Δ Ψ*, Wharton
 120 South Twenty-second Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year; left class end of Sophomore year.
- Joseph William Harris, Chemistry
 913 Diamond Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Philadelphia Public School.
- Walter Horner Hart, Chemistry
 Philadelphia.
 Entered class Sophomore year from Pennsylvania Military College.
- Charles Kenyon Hawks, *A X P*, Arts
 Strafford, Pa.
 Entered class Freshman year from the Hamilton School; left class and entered Law School; member of Philomathean Society.
- John O'Conner Hederman, Civil Engineering
 Hornellsville, N. Y.
 Entered class Freshman year from Hornell Free Academy; left class end of first term in Sophomore year.
- Allan Johnstone Henry, *Φ K Σ*, Arts
 Philadelphia.

"AI"

"When absent, yet we conquered in his right."

Entered class Freshman year from De Lancey School; rowed on Freshman, Sophomore and Junior Class Crews; member of Sophomore and Junior Baseball Teams, Sophomore Cricket Team, Varsity Cricket Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; member of Sophomore Bowl-fight, Cricket and Tennis Committees and Junior Ball Committee, Secretary and Treasurer of Intercollegiate Cricket Association; left college Junior year.

John Morrison Oliver Hewitt, *Ψ Υ*, "Bol" Architecture
Burlington, N. J.

"Discords make the sweetest airs."

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of 'Varsity Banjo Club; left class end of Freshman year.

John Edwin Hill, *A X P*, Arts
Hazleton, Pa.

"Even the hairs of your head are numbered."

Entered class Freshman year from St. Paul's, Garden City; member of Baseball Team in Sophomore and Junior years, Pitcher and Shortstop; member of Baseball Committee in Senior year.

Adam Paul Hildebeitel, Architecture
518 Bingaman Street, Reading, Pa.

Entered class Freshman year from Reading Boys' High School; member of Architectural Society and of Tutors' Association.

Allen Carter Hinckley, Arts
870 North Twenty-second Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Sophomore year; left class end of Sophomore year.

Henry Baring Hodge, Arts
Philadelphia.

"I could play my part with the young."

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; left class end of Sophomore year and entered 1901 Law; Secretary of Philomathean Society; member of Class Football and Baseball Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; member of 'Varsity Scrub Football Teams; member of Football and Baseball Committees in Freshman and Sophomore years.

Guy Edwin Hoffman, Civil Engineering
Lewistown, Montana.

Entered class Freshman year; left class end of Freshman year.

James Smith Hoge, Civil Engineering
Sharon Hill, Pa.

Entered class Freshman year from Westtown School; withdrew at end of First Term in Freshman year.

Ira Wilson Hoover,
Perrysburg, Ohio.

Architecture

"Dead he is not, but departed; for the artist never dies."

Entered class Junior year; member of Architectural Society of Red and Blue Board; member of RECORD Committee (resigned) in Senior year; left college middle of Senior year to enter a New York office.

Robert Horner, B Θ II,
1324 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

Wharton

"If silence were golden, I should be a millionaire."

Entered class Sophomore year; member of Supper Committee in Senior year.

William Howell,
3818 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

Interior Decoration

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; withdrew end of Sophomore year.

Arthur Pringle Hume, K Σ,
Charleston, S. C.

"The Kid"

Mechanical Engineering

"Humorous, don't you think?"

Entered class Freshman year from Charleston High School; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club; member of Southern Club; member Varsity Track Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years.

William Henry Hunter,
220 Vine Street, Camden N. J.

Arts

*"He thrusts his fist against the post
And still insists he sees the ghost."*

Entered class Freshman year from Friends' Central School, Philadelphia.

Jacob Husik,
1325 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Arts

"With beard unkempt and awkward frock forlorn."

Entered class Freshman year; holder of University Scholarship throughout four years.

Charles Thomas Hutchins, Jr., B θ II, "Little Hutch" Arts
U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Entered class Freshman year from Falk-Real Gymnasium, Berlin, Germany; took Eugene-Delano prize for best entrance examinations in French and German; Captained and Stroked Fall Freshman Crew; rowed 3 on Poughkeepsie Freshman Crew; left college end of Freshman year to enter U. S. Naval Academy, Class of 1901.

John Mundell Hutchinson, "Sleepy" Arts
800 North Forty-first Street, Philadelphia.

"How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep."

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; played on Class Football Teams, in Freshman and Sophomore years; Substitute on Varsity Scrub, '97; left class end of Sophomore year.

William Bertram Imlach, Δ Y, Chemistry
New York, N. Y.
Entered college Junior year from Columbia University.

Virgil Johnson, Architecture
Buffalo, N. Y.
Entered class Freshman year from Adams College Institute, Adams, N. Y.; granted Certificate in Architecture end of Sophomore year.

Arthur Woodruff Jones, Δ Y, "Senator" Arts
Wissahickon Avenue, Germantown, Philadelphia.

*"We can't allers be wise, we follered a Foolish bent,
And 'ez he couldn't be rite, we made him president."*

Entered class Freshman year from Germantown Academy; Assistant Manager "Combined Musical Clubs" in Junior year; member Cricket Team four years, Captain the last three years; winner Class Tennis Tournament, both singles and doubles; winner University Tennis Tournament in Freshman year; President Intercollegiate Cricket Association in Junior year; member Class Hat Committee and Tennis Committee in Freshman year; member Dance Committee in Sophomore year; member Student Committee and President of the Class in Junior year; member Ivy Ball Committee, Freshman Reception Committee, and Class Day Committee in Senior year.

Herbert Godfrey Jory,
Baltimore, Md.

Architecture

*"A stupid oyster started up,
All eager for the treat;
His hair was brushed, his hands were washed,
His shoes were clean and neat."*

Entered class Junior year from Baltimore City College; member of the Year-Book Committee of School of Architecture in Senior year.

Daniel Martin Karcher,
4835 Hazel Avenue, Philadelphia.

"Deacon"

Arts

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member of Philomathean Society, first censor, first term in Senior year; member of Y. M. C. A., *Red and Blue* Board in Junior year, Junior Editor in Junior year, and Senior Editor in Senior year; Founder and Editor of *The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*; Editor of *Mock Examiner*; member of Scribblers' Club, "Newsboy and Secretary"; Chairman Freshman Suppression, Cremation Committees; played part of "Denarius Homo" in Cremation; member of Mask and Wig Chorus in Sophomore year; first prize for Philomathean Essay on "Joseph Conrad"; took part of "Bidder" in Mask and Wig Preliminary in Junior year; responded to toast "Co-education" at Junior Banquet; member of RECORD, Class Day, and Chairman of Anti-Co-ed. Resolutions Committees in Senior year; Class Historian.

Ralph Newton Kellam,
Haddonfield, N. J.

"Raf"

Arts

*"Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art."*

Entered class Freshman year from Friends' Central School; member of the Philomathean Society; Secretary of same in Junior year; member of the Philomathean-Loganian and Philomathean-Zelosophic Debating Teams in Junior year; member of the Philomathean-Loganian Debating Team in Senior year; member of the Camera Club; of the Scribblers' Club; "Suzette;" Assistant Manager of the *Red and Blue* in Junior year, and Manager of the same in Senior year; member of Class Hat Committee in Freshman year; of Declamation Committee in Sophomore year; second prize Sophomore Declamation Contest; member of Mask and Wig Chorus; responded to the toast, "The Faculty," at Sophomore Supper; took part of "Dr. Munyon" in the Cremation Exercises; Chairman of the Class Cane Committee, and member of Class Debate Committee in Junior year; member of Class Debating Team; took part of "Mrs. Betterby" in the preliminary Mask and Wig play; member of the RECORD Committee; Business Manager of same; member of Debate, Freshman Reception, Class Picture, Finance and Class Day Committees in Senior year; responded to toast, "Pennsylvania," Senior Banquet; member of Mask and Wig Chorus and Ballet; Representative Edwin Fittler House; Class Presenter.

Paul Lawrence Kiernan, Arts
New York, N. Y.

Entered class Sophomore year from Fordham College; withdrew at end of Sophomore year.

Leonard Charles Kiesling, Science
2211 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Junior year from Central High School.

Alexander Ralph Kennedy, Arts
1201 North Eleventh Street. Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School.

Houghton Roberts Kervsey, Mechanical Engineering
213 West Miner Street, West Chester, Pa. "King"

Entered class Freshman year from West Chester High School; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club; played Centre on Football Team, and rowed No. 5 on Crew in Freshman year; rowed No. 3 on National Regatta Crew, '97; No. 5 on Sophomore Crew, and member of Second Varsity Crew at Annapolis, 1898; Manager of Class Football Team in Junior year, and played Guard on Class Football Team in Junior and Senior years.

Lester Kintzing, J. I., Architectural
Lock Haven, Pa. "Kintz"

"The perfection of art is to conceal art."

Entered class Freshman year from Lock Haven High School; member of Senior Society, Architectural Society, President of same in Senior year, of *Red and Blue* Board, of Y. M. C. A., and of Year-Book Committee in Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; member of Bowl Fight Committee; rowed No. 4 on Class Crew in Freshman year; member of Bowl Fight and Dance Committees; rowed No. 6 on Class Crew in Sophomore year; member of Ball, Student and Executive Committees, Manager of Class Track Team, Stroke and Captain of Champion Class Crew in Junior year; member of RECORD, Prom. and Resolutions Committees and Stroke of Class Crew in Senior year; member of Varsity Crew in Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; Captain of same in Junior year; Custodian of Bowl until graduation. Member of Senior Society.

Harold Stilwell Kirby, W. I., Arts
707 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Junior year from Union College; withdrew middle of Junior year.

Joseph Max Knight,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Chemical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Harrisburg High School; September, 1899, granted leave of absence until September 1900.

Walter Abraham Kohn,
910 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Electrical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Manual Training School; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club and of Manual Training School Club; played Right Field on Class Baseball Team in Sophomore year and Centre Field in Junior year; played Quarter-back on Class Football Team in Senior year; member of Engineers' Dance Committee in Senior year.

Arno Kolbe,
Denver, Colorado.

Architecture

Entered class Junior year from Denver High School; Captain First Regiment, N. G. Col. (resigned).

George Reichenbaugh Kraber,
York, Pa.

Interior Decoration

Entered class from York High School.

Daniel John Layton, Jr., A. T.,
Georgetown, Delaware.

Arts

*" And still the wonder of it's not complete
That one small head should hold so much conceit"*

Entered class Freshman year from Dover Academy, Delaware; member of Philomathean Society and of Franklin Debating Union; member of Supper Committee in Freshman year; Pitcher on Class Baseball Teams in Freshman and Sophomore years; Chairman of Supper Committee in Sophomore year; member of Supper Committee in Junior year, and of Ivy Ball Committee in Senior year; Pitcher on 'Varsity Freshman Team in 1897, and on 'Varsity Team in Sophomore, Junior and Senior years.

Samuel Leopold,
1632 Franklin Street, Philadelphia.

Biology

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; transferred to two year course in Biology.

Harry Felt Liepsner,
1143 Wharton Street, Philadelphia.

" Leaps"

Arts

" And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps."

Entered class Junior year from Bucknell College; member of Class Baseball and Pool Tournament Committees, and Manager of Class Baseball Team in Senior year.

William James Lipsett,
622 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Architecture

"Alas, the slippery nature of tender youth."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; left class middle of Freshman year.

Benjamin Kahn Liveright,
910 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

"Bunny"

Wharton

*"As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with 'em, but cannot live without 'em."*

Entered class Sophomore year from the Central High School, Philadelphia; member of the Zelosophic Society in 1898, 1899, 1900; member of Bauquet Committee in Senior year; member of Class Smoker Committee in Senior year; took the part of "Eunice" in Sophomore Cremation.

Oscar Loeb,
1508 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia.

Wharton

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."

Entered class Sophomore year from Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; "Spring Poet" in Scribblers' Club; Editor *Red and Blue* in Junior and Senior years; member of Class Supper Committee in Sophomore year; Chairman of Executive Committee in Junior year; member of RECORD and Class Day Committees in Senior year; toast, "A Rag, a Bone, and a Hank of Hair," at Senior Banquet; Address to the Freshmen at Senior Reception; Committee on Relay Team Reception in Senior year; Class Prophet.

Samuel John Magarge, Jr.,
"The Pascoe," Philadelphia.

Mechanical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from St. Joseph's College; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club.

Louis Magaziner,
609 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

"Maggie"

Architecture

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; won Prize Membership in T-Square Club; awarded the Class prize for RECORD Cover Design.

Stewart McCulloch Marshall, *K Σ, Σ Ξ*,
2141 Van Pelt Street, Philadelphia.

Electrical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club; President of same in Senior year; member of Glee Club in Junior and Senior years; member of RECORD Committee, Mechanical Engineers' Dance Committee, Committee to draft Resolutions on death of Joseph Lawrence Mearns in Senior year.

Edwin Lewis Martin,
4242 Salem Street, Frankford, Philadelphia.

Electrical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School.

Amos Jones Mander,
Oak Lane, Pa.

Biology

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; left class end of Freshman year.

William McClellan, *Φ Β Κ, Σ Ξ, Α Χ Ρ*,
4213 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia.

Arts

Entered class Junior year; member of Philomathean Society, Mathematical Club, Tutors' Association; awarded First Quaternions Prize in Junior year; member of Class Day, Crew, Chairman Class Numerals Committees; played Guard on Class Football Team in Senior year; Cane Man; awarded Harrison Scholarship in Mathematics for 1900-1901.

Paul Herter McCook,
Second U. S. Infantry, Fort Thomas, Ky.

Mechanical Engineering

*" Ah ! take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."*

Entered class Freshman year from Drexel Institute; on Class Crew in '96; College Freshman Crew in '97; Centre on Class Football Team in '97; Class Athletic Team in '97; second place One Mile Bicycle race; Served in Co. "D" 1st Pa. Vol., May 11, to September 9, 1898; left during Sophomore year to join the Army.

John Hays McCormick, *Ψ Υ*,
Williamsport, Pa.

" Kid"

Architecture

Entered class Freshman year; left end of Freshman year.

John Harold MacGregor, Mechanical Engineering
1306 Federal Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; left class Freshman year.

Frank Eugene McKee, Σ Ξ, Electrical Engineering
2229 Mt. Vernon Street, Philadelphia.

*"What wonder then thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel."*

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of Mechanical Engineers' Club; member of Class Track Team in Freshman and Sophomore years; member of Cremation Committee in Sophomore year; member of Baseball Committee and played Centre Field on Team in Junior year; member of Track, of Supper Committees; Chairman of Smoker and member of Baseball Committees in Senior year; member of Varsity Track Team in Freshman and Sophomore years.

William Ayer McKinney, Another "Bill" Arts
Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Mt. Hermon School; member Baccalaureate Sermon Committee in Senior year.

Joseph Lawrence Mearns, Mechanical Engineering
Vernon Park, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; died, July 8, 1899.

Charles Jastrow Mendelsohn, Φ Β Κ "Concentric," "Mendey" Arts
Wilmington, N. C.

"The soul of this man is in his clothes."

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; member of Episcopal Academy Club, Scribblers' Club, Pennsylvania Debating Union, Associate Editor, Editor and Managing Editor of *Pennsylvanian* in Junior year; Managing Editor and Assistant Editor-in-Chief in Senior year; awarded B. B. Comegys Prizes in Entrance Greek and Latin, Class of 1880 Prize in Entrance Mathematics, Faculty Prize in Sight Reading of Greek and Honorable Mention in Sight Reading of Latin in Sophomore year; member of Class Paper and Class Motto Committees in Sophomore year; appointed Harrison Scholarship in Classical Languages in 1900-1901.

Aaron Merzbacher, Σ Ε,
Reading, Pa.

Chemistry

"The tree of knowledge is not that of life."

Entered class Freshman year from Reading High School; member of University Field Club, Pennsylvania Debating Union and Tutors' Association, Second Wetherill Prize in Junior year.

Albert Oswald Michener, A X P,
1701 Franklin Street, Philadelphia.

"Ossy"

Arts

"Men will keep on doing the same things though you burst with indignation."

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member of the Morpheus Quintette; member of Chorus of the Mask and Wig in Freshman year; took part of Pedro in "The Woman's Prize" in Junior year; appointed Harrison Scholar in Pedagogy in 1900-1901.

Leonard Pearce Morgan,
4714 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia.

Chemistry

Entered class Freshman year from Drexel Institute; member of Class Picture Committee in Senior year.

Herman Müller,
Philadelphia.

Arts

"I was never deep in anything—but Wine."

Entered class Freshman year from Eastburn Academy; member Freshman Track Team and Captain Baseball Team in Junior; Chairman of Baseball Committee; member of Pool Committee, Third Base on Baseball Team in Senior year.

Harry Warren Nelson,
1713 Howard Street, Philadelphia.

Civil Engineering

"Instead of a sceptre he swayed a long Turkish pipe."

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member Class Track Team in Freshman year; Class Football Team in Junior year; Substitute on Class Crew in Senior year; Chairman of Football Committee, member of Pool Tournament Committee in Senior year.

Lester Morris Newburger,
2010 Green Street, Philadelphia.

Wharton

Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of Penn Charter Club, member of Class Yell Committee

and Class Baseball Team in Freshman year; member of Class Baseball Team and Class Recorder in Sophomore year; left class end of Sophomore year.

Lee Nusbaum,
1335 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Mechanical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; Substitute Guard on Class Football Team in Senior year.

L. Stauffer Oliver, *J V*,
1700 Diamond Street, Philadelphia.

"Ruth"

Wharton

"*L'état? c'est moi.*"

Entered class Freshman from Northeast Manual Training School; Undergraduate member of Mask and Wig Club, Secretary and member of Board of Government of same in Senior year; Associate Editor of *Pennsylvanian* in '97; Associate Editor of *Pennsylvania Punch Bowl* in Senior year, Vice-President of Class in Freshman year, First Term; member of Constitution, Executive and Chairman of Rowing Committees in Freshman year; rowed Bow on Class Crew, responded to toast "The Class" at Freshman and Sophomore Banquets; President of Class and member of all Committees *ex-officio* in Sophomore year; member of Student Committee and Marshal on University Day, Judge in Interclass Regatta in Sophomore year; Chairman of Supper and member of Relay Reception Committees in Junior year; Substitute on Champion Junior Crew; member of Crew, RECORD and Senior Promenade Committees in Senior year; rowed Bow on Senior Class Crew, Full Back on Football Team and member of Baseball Team, First Chorus and Ballet in Mask and Wig Plays in Sophomore and Senior years; "Miss Cainé" in preliminary show, "A Fool for Luck," and "Ruth Ketchem" in "Captain Kidd, U. S. N." in Junior year. Member of Senior Society.

Charles Collins Page, *J W*,
1935 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Arts

"*And acquiesced in his banishment with a shrug.*"

Entered class Freshman year; member of Dance Committee in Sophomore year; entered 1901 Architecture end of Sophomore year.

Charles Adams Patterson, *J T J*,
Mountain View, N. J.

Chemistry

"*This is the priest all shaven and shorn.*"

Entered class Freshman year from Wilmington High School; member of the College Boat Club, rowed No. 7 on Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Class Crews, Catcher on Junior Base Ball Team, Right End on Senior Football Team, member of the RECORD, Executive, Class Day and Crew Committees in Senior year; Manager of Varsity Crews in Junior and Senior years.

- Joseph Shewell Patterson, $\Sigma \Phi$, Arts
 8104 St. Martins Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Sophomore year from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., member of the University Golf Club '99 and 1900; member of the 'Varsity Golf Team in 1899.
- Wister Evans Patterson, $\Phi K \Psi$, Mechanical Engineering
 Port Kennedy, Montgomery Co., Pa.
 Entered class Senior year from 1899; member of the Senior Society, of New England Society.
- Thomas Olmstead Peirce, Arts
 Tacoma, Wash.
 Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; left end of first term of Freshman year to enter Law School.
- George Jones Percival, Civil Engineering
 1720 North Fifty-second Street, Philadelphia.
"Thy empty head console with empty sound."
 Entered class Freshman year from Friends' Central School; President of Civil Engineering Society, member of Class Executive Committee in Sophomore year; Rowing and Ivy Day Committees in Senior year; rowed 2 on Sophomore Crew; 4 on Senior Crew.
- Edwin Alan Perkins, $B \theta II$, Mechanical Engineering
"Perk"
 413 South Broad Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of Senior Society, member of 'Varsity Gymnasium Team in Freshman year; Manager of 'Varsity Hockey Team in Sophomore year; member of Ivy Ball Committee in Senior year.
- Rudolph Vincent Peterson, Arts
 1234 Grumback Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Central High School; left class end of First Term in Freshman year.
- Frank Keith Potts, Arts
 6302 Morton Street, Germantown, Philadelphia.
"I swore, but was I sober when I swore?"
 Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School; Sub. on Class Baseball Team in Junior year; Chairman of Pool Tournament Committee in Senior year.

William Procter Preston, Architecture
511 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Sophomore year; member of Class Football Team and Track Team in Sophomore and Junior years; rowed on Senior Class Crew; member of 'Varsity Crew, 1897.

Joseph Jacob Rabinovitch, Civil Engineering
429 South Street, Philadelphia. "Rabby"

"And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold; they were sad."

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School, Philadelphia.

William Thackara Read, $\Phi \Delta \theta$, Arts
514 Cooper Street, Camden, N. J. "La belle Fatima," "Politician"

"He who hath many friends hath none."

Entered class Freshman year from William Penn Charter School; member of Penn Charter Club, Vice-President of same in Freshman year; President in Junior year; Vice President of Houston Club, '99-'00; member of Senior Society, Secretary of the Class First Term in Freshman year; member of Class Yell, Student, and Chairman of Picture Committees in Freshman year; Secretary of Class in Sophomore and Junior years; member of Crew Committee, Chairman of Pipe, and member of the Suppression of Freshman Committees in Sophomore year; responded to toast, "Retrospection," Sophomore Banquet; member of Cricket Team; rowed No. 4 on Class Crew in Sophomore year; Guard of Corner Man and of Bowl in Class Fights same year, member of Junior Ball Committee; responded to "1900 Crew" at Junior Banquet; member of Junior Champion Crew, and of Class Baseball Team, member of Ivy Ball, Student, and Freshman Reception Committees in Senior year; Toastmaster at Senior Banquet; Assistant Marshal of Class at Laying of Corner-Stone of Dormitory Memorial Tower, and of University Day; Vice-President of Class, and Ivy Day Orator; Spoon Man.

Arthur L. Reeder, Electrical Engineering
665 Union Street, West Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School.

William Procter Remington, $\Psi \Upsilon$, Arts
1832 Pine Street, Philadelphia. "W. C. T. U. (take one)"

*"Immortal gods, I crave no help,
I pray to no man but myself."*

"Is not disappointment the lot of man?"

Entered class Freshman year from De Lancey School; member of De Lancey School Club, President in Senior year; of Y. M. C. A., Vice-President in Junior year; of Philomathean (resigned); editor of *Pennsylvanian* four years; member of Senior

Society; Vice-President of Class in Freshman year, First Term; member of Yell, Bowl Fight, and Chairman of Supper Committees; member of First Chorus, Mask and Wig, in Freshman year; won First in 120 Yards and 220 Yards Hurdle and High Jump, third in Broad Jump, Sophomore-Freshman Sports in Freshman year; member of Dance and Bowl Fight Committees; won three firsts, a second and a third in Sophomore-Freshman Sports in Sophomore year; member of Junior Ball Committee, and Assistant Manager of 'Varsity Football Team in Junior year; member of Ivy Ball, Senior Smoker, Class Day, and Chairman of Freshman Reception Committees in Senior year; member of House Committee, Houston Club, in Senior year; member of 'Varsity Track Team all four years.

Alfred Belden Rice, *Φ B K*,
710 North Fortieth Street, Philadelphia.

Art

"Whose chin is but enriched with one appearing hair."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School, Philadelphia; member of the Philomathean Society; First Censor and Recorder of the Philomathean Society; Secretary and Cornetist of the University of Pennsylvania Band; member of Harmonic Society, and Y. M. C. A.; Assistant Editor and Editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, 1899-1900; member of Mock Program Committee in Junior Year; member of RECORD Committee in Senior year; Honorable Mention in English in Sophomore year; Second Prize in Philomathean Essay Contest, 1899; awarded second year honors at graduation; member of the Philomathean Debating Team against Logonian Team of Haverford College, 1900; awarded University Scholarship in English for 1900-1901.

Edward Burwell Rich, *Ψ Γ*,
Burlington, N. J.

"Ed." "Burry"

Arts

"If thou art rich, thou art poor."

"Poverty, but not my will, consents."

Entered class Freshman year from Van Rensselaer School, Burlington, N. J.; member of Y. M. C. A.; Chairman of Hand Book Committee of same, '98; member of Scribblers' Club, "Guardian of the Paste Pot;" member of Pennsylvania Debating Union; of Cercle Français; of Senior Society; Associate Editor of *Pennsylvanian*, 1897; Assistant Business Manager, '97-'98; Business Manager, '98-'99, '99-'00; Founder and Editor of *Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*; Editor *Mock Examiner*; member of Class Yell and Class Hat Committees in Freshman year; rowed No. 5 on Class Crew, Fall Regatta in Freshman year; took part of "Henricus Gibbonicus" in Sophomore Cremation; member of Junior Ball Committee, and responded to toast, "A Few Irrelevant Remarks," at Banquet in Junior Year; Manager of 'Varsity Gymnastic Team in Junior and Senior years; delegate to Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association, and member of Executive Committee of same in Senior year; Chairman of RECORD, member of Promenade, of Senior Committee on Permanent Bowl Fight Rules; of Finance, and of Anti-Co Ed. Resolutions Committees; member of Class Track Team in Senior year; Third in 75 yards dash, Winter interdepartment handicaps; Chorus of Mask and Wig four years, and sang "Coon Specialty" in "Mr. Aguinaldo of Manila;" took part of "Lucinde" in French

play, "Le Médecin Maigré Lui," in Senior year; Head Usher, A. A. U. P., and in charge of Cheering, Football season '96; member of Relay Reception Committee, '99; measurer of Spring Handicaps, '99; Director of Athletic Association, and member of Baseball Committee of same in Senior year.

James Whitford Riddle, Jr., *A X P*,
3318 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.

"*The Boy Orator*"

Arts

"*A gentleman who loves to hear himself talk.*"

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School, Philadelphia; member of the Philomathean Society since Freshman year, First Censor of same in Sophomore year Third Term; Moderator in Junior year, and First Term Recorder and Valedictorian in Senior year; Philomathean prizes for best original debate, '98-'99, and oration, '97-98; College Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. in Junior year; member of Scribblers' Club, "Slasher;" charter member of the Pennsylvania Debating Union; Fourth Vice-President of same in Junior year; Second Vice-President, First Term in Senior year, and President of the Union Second Term in Senior year; member of the Pennsylvania Inter-University Debate Committee, '99-'00; Associate Editor *Pennsylvanian*, '98; Editor, '98-'99; Editor-in-Chief, '99-'00; Editor *Red and Blue*; member of Second Regiment Reserve Volunteers, June to September, '98; Cornetist in University Band two years; member of Philomathean Society Teams against the Zelosophic Society Teams in '98 and '99, and against the Loganian Society Team in '99; member of Class Debating Team in Sophomore year; member of 'Varsity Debating Teams against Michigan, March, '99, and March, '00; member of Class Yell Committee in Freshman year; Chairman Chemical Committee in Sophomore year; member of Class Supper, Constitutional Revision, and Chairman of Inter-Class Debate Committees, and Toastmaster in Junior year; member of RECORD and Class Day Committees in Senior year; assigned toast on "Pennsylvania" at Senior Banquet; appointed Harrison Scholar in Political Science, 1900-1901; Bowl Man and Valedictorian of the Class.

Joseph E. Roberts,
401 Broadway, Camden, N. J.

"*The Mormon*"

Biology

"*To marry often is the triumph of hope over experience.*"

Entered class Freshman year from Friends' Central School; member of Executive Committee and Picture Committee in Senior year.

Frank Caspar Roth,
Scranton, Pa.

Biology

Entered class Junior year from State College of Pennsylvania; left class end of Junior year.

John Cadwalader Rowland, Δ Φ,
1607 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

Arts

"The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them."

Entered class Freshman year from De Lancey School; member Freshman Supper and Class Pin Committees; left end of Freshman year.

Harry Baruch Sachs,
1805 Wolf Street, Philadelphia.

"Socks"

Arts

Entered class Freshman Year from Northeast Manual Training School.

Walter Biddle Saul, A X P,
1803 Van Pelt Street, Philadelphia.

Wharton

"You are too politic for me."

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of Zelosophic Society, President of same, member of Zelosophic Debate Team against 'Philo, of Manual Training School Club, Vice-President of same, of Pennsylvania Debating Union, Third Vice-President of same, Scribblers' Club, "Scissors," editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, member of Class Motto Committee in Freshman year; of Cremation Committee in Sophomore year; of Mock Program and Inter-Class Debate Committees in Junior Year; of RECORD, Class Day, Permanent Constitution and Student Committees in Senior year; member of Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Debate Committee and of Relay Reception Committees; Secretary of Class in Senior year.

Henry Becker Schaffer, Jr., Φ Γ Δ,
Philadelphia.

Wharton

Entered class Freshman year from Eastburn Academy; left College end Freshman year and entered Law School.

Gilbert Frank Schamberg,
831 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.

"Speak-Easy."

Wharton

*"Speech is silver, silence, dross
The tongue of my body is easily boss."*

Entered class Freshman year from Philadelphia Central High School; member of Zelosophic Society; Mask and Wig Chorus, Junior year; left end of Junior year to enter 1902 Law.

- Albert Frederick Schenk, Architecture
 323 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from the Central High School; member of the Architectural Society, and member of the Class Photograph and Smoker Committees in the Senior year.
- Cornelius Decatur Scully, Arts
" Dick "
 Pittsburg, Pa.
 Entered class Freshman year; granted leave of absence end of Freshman year.
- Allen Anders Seipt, Arts
 Worcester, Pa.
 Entered class Junior year through leave of absence; member of Zelosophic Society.
- Cooper Shapley, Mechanical Engineering
 1516 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year; member Gymnastic Team in Freshman year; left class end of Freshman year.
- Wayne Leinbach Shearer, Arts
 Reading, Pa.
*" Skin-deep and valued as a pin
 Is beauty such as Venus owns,
 His beauty is beneath the skin
 And lies in layers on his bones."*
 Entered class Freshman year from Carroll Institute, Reading; withdrew from class end of Freshman year.
- Alfred Morton Smith, Architecture
 Jenkintown, Pa.
 Entered class in Freshman year from Jenkintown High School; member of the Banjo Club; member of the 'Varsity Track Team; transferred to 1901 Arts.
- Burnett Smith, *A. T.*, Chemistry
 New York, N. Y.
 Entered class Junior year from Columbia University; Manager and Cover-point of the 'Varsity Lacrosse Team and Treasurer of the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association.

George Fletcher Snyder, *Phi I J*,
9 Lawton Avenue, Auburn, New York.

Wharton

*"He greets the embarrassed gods,
Nor fears to shake the iron hand of Fate,
Or match with Destiny for 'beers.'"*

Entered Freshman year from Auburn Preparatory School; member of Musical Clubs of '96-1900; Leader of Mandolin Club of '98-'99; member of Freshman Baseball Team; Chairman of Banquet Committee, Sophomore year; left for Law School at end of Sophomore year.

Albertus Beesley Somers,
Millville, N. J.

Mechanical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year; left class Freshman year.

James Walter Steel,
Philadelphia.

Wharton

Entered class Freshman year from De Lancey School; left class middle of Freshman year.

Julius Stern,
1212 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

"Gaius Julius"

Wharton

*"Thought, to the man who never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream."*

Entered class Freshman year from Northeast Manual Training School; member of the Zelosopic Society, Secretary of same in Junior year; member of Manual Training School Club; member of Pennsylvania Debating Union; received the Willis Terry Prize for Scholarship in Sophomore year; The New England Free Trade League's \$50.00 prize on Tariff Essay and second prize in Oratorical Contest in Junior year; member of the Class Debate Committee in Senior year.

Josiah Thomas Stevenson,
Atco, N. J.

Arts

Entered class Junior year from Graduate School; Pitcher on Class Baseball Team in Junior year; Graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Thomas Patton Stevenson,
Wynnewood, Pa.

"Stevey"

Arts

Entered class Freshman year; member of Freshman Football Team, 'Varsity Gymnastic Team; left class end of Freshman year.

- William Yorke Stevenson, Science
 237 South Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Brown Preparatory School; left class end of Freshman year.
- Hugh Leon Stoll, Mechanical Engineering
 2006 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; left class end of Freshman year.
- Harry Halstead Styll, Mechanical Engineering
 1110 Green Street, Philadelphia.
 Entered class Sophomore year from Northeast Manual Training School; left class end of Freshman year.
- Kichinosuké Suto, Arts
 6 Kawara-machi, Nicho-me, Higashi-Ku, Osaka, Japan.
 Entered class Sophomore year from Rykkyo Gakuin (St. Paul's College) Osaka, Japan.
- Wilbur Owen Sypherd, Arts
 Wilmington, Del. *"Zero"*
... .. "and some
Listened, but never talked at all."
 Entered class Junior year from Delaware College; member Junior Executive Committee.
- Granville Lewis Taylor, Civil Engineering
 1630 Brown Street, Philadelphia.
"So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull."
 Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; member of the Zelosopic Society, Vice-President of same in Senior year; member of Philomathean-Zelosopic Debate Team in Senior year; member of the Manual Training School Club, Secretary of same in Sophomore year; member of Civil Engineering Society; Van Nostrand Prize in Civil Engineering in Junior year; second Faculty Prize in Quaternions in Junior year; Chairman of Cap and Gown and Ivy Day Committees in Senior year.

Hollinshead Nathan Taylor, Arts
Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Germantown Academy; member of Freshman Hat Committee; left class end of Sophomore year.

William Purves Taylor, B θ II, Science
204 South Forty-third Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class as Post-Senior in Senior year; was prepared at Penn Charter; member of the Class Football Team; played Right Half-back; member of the 'Varsity Gymnastic Team.

Worrall Elizabeth Sharpless Temple, Electrical Engineering
Lionville, Chester County, Pa.

Entered class Freshman year from Newchlan Academy; left class end of Junior year.

Arthur Linville Terry, Σ Ξ, Electrical Engineering
Woodbury, N. J.

Entered class Freshman year from Martin's School; member of Numerals Committee and Engineers' Smoker Committees in Senior year.

Edward Young Townsend, Δ Ψ, Arts
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

*" Fallen from the ranks
And all cried ' thanks. ' "*

Entered class Freshman year from De Lancey School; Class Secretary, second term, in Freshman year; Associate Editor of the *Pennsylvanian* in Sophomore year; First Chorus in " Very Little Red Riding Hood; " left college end of Sophomore year.

Harold Harrison Tryon, Φ Β Κ, Arts
Cynwyd, Pa.

*" True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below. "*

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School, Philadelphia; member of Philomathean Society, Treasurer, Recorder, Moderator, and member of Debating Teams of same in Junior and Senior years; awarded Freshman Greek Prize, Sophomore Latin Prize and Honors, Second Junior Latin Prize, member of Ivy Day, Debating and Permanent Constitution Committees in Senior year; Harrison Scholarship in Semitics.

Herbert Spencer Turner,
Philadelphia.

Chemistry

"It is better to wear out, than to rust out."

Entered class Freshman year from Central High School.

Charles Ayrault Upson, Δ K E,
Lockport, N. Y.

"Ma"

Arts

*"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle among bruised corn,
Yet will not his foolishness depart from him."*

Entered class Freshman year from Lockport High School; member of Scribblers' Club, "Ink-Slinger-in-Chief;" Founder of New York State Club; Assistant Business Manager of *Pennsylvanian* in Sophomore and Junior years; member of Baseball Committee and Sub. on Class Team in Freshman year; Captain of Bowl Fight, member of Cremation Committee in Sophomore year; Manager of University Band and Freshman Varsity Baseball Team, member of Class Picture and Junior Ball Committees and Toastmaster of Class Banquet in Junior year; member of Freshman Reception, Class Supper, Smoker, and Chairman of Class Day Committees in Senior year; Master of Ceremonies of Night Shirt Parade and member of University Commons Committee and of Anti Co-Ed Committee in Senior year; Spademan.

Harry LeRoy Valentine,
Womelsdorf, Pa.

Wharton

Entered class Freshman year from Haverford College Grammar School; left class middle of Freshman year.

Lincoln Van Gilder,
311 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Civil Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Public Schools, Cape May, N. J., left end of Sophomore year.

Gerald Ehninger Voorhees, Δ Φ,
1025 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

"Ged"

Chemical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Condon School, New York; left middle of Freshman year.

Alfred Lewis Ward,
University Dormitories.

Architecture

Entered class Sophomore year; member of Faculty Club.

Allan Rogers Warnick Architecture
1720 Susquehanna Avenue, Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Central Manual Training School; rowed No. 3 on Fall Crew in Freshman year. Died.

William Arthur Warren, Architecture
2003 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Entered class Junior year; member of Architectural Society, of *Red and Blue* Board, Chairman of Year-Book Committee in Senior year.

William Welsh Welsh, Biology
Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; left class end of Freshman year.

Charles Herbert Westbrook, Arts
Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Temple College; left college end of year and entered Law School; member of Football Team in Freshman year; member of Vell Committee in Freshman year.

Alexander Macomb Wetherill, Science
1434 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Entered class Freshman year from Franklin School, Cincinnati, Ohio; withdrew end of First Term in Freshman year.

Thomas Duncan Whelen, *Z Psi*, Arts
1814 South Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia.

“Dunk”

*“A sneer would play on his dainty phiz
Superior birth to show;
'Pish!' was a favorite word of his,
And he often said, 'Ho-ho!'”*

Entered class Freshman year from Episcopal Academy; member of Philomathean Society in '98-'99; Associate Editor in '96-'97 and Editor in '97 on the *Pennsylvanian*; member of Class Baseball Team, Centre Field and Manager of Freshman year; Treasurer of the Class Second Term in Freshman year; member of Sophomore Dance Committee, Chorus member of “Little Red Riding Hood” Mask and Wig in '97; left class middle of Sophomore year.

Walter Whetstone, *Ψ Υ*, Science
607 North Forty-third Street, Philadelphia.
Entered class Sophomore year from Friends' Central School; left class middle of Sophomore year.

Eugene Bradley Wilkins, *Σ Χ*, Chemistry
1319 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C.
Entered class Freshman year from Washington High School; played Left Guard on Class Football Team in Sophomore year; left class end of Junior year.

James Edgar Willing, Architecture
1918 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.
"Like all land speculators he was driven to dreaming."

Entered class Freshman year from Eastburn Academy; member of Architectural Society, Secretary in Senior year; member of Class Baseball Team in Junior year; member of Supper, Resolutions on Death of Allan R. Warnick and of Promenade Committees in Senior year.

Lionel Willing, *Δ Ψ*, Arts
1518 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
"The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Entered class Freshman year from Delancey School; member of Constitution Committee in Freshman year; left class end of Freshman year.

Arthur Morton Wilson, *Z Ψ*, Science
909 Clinton Street.
"Proud as the rustling in unpaid-for silk."

Entered class Freshman year Penn Charter; member of Junior Ball Committee; member of Ivy Ball Committee in Senior year; member of First Chorus and Ballet in Junior and Senior years; Chairman of Senior Promenade and member of Finance Committee; member of Senior Society.

John Steele Witmer, Jr., Electrical Engineering
1010 South Forty-seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Entered class Freshman year from Penn Charter School; member of Penn Charter Club and of Mechanical Engineers' Club.

Seizaburo Yaskawa, $\Phi \Delta \theta$,
Wakamatsee, Chikujen, Japan.

“ Yas ”

Wharton

*“ To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.”*

Entered class Freshman year from private school; member of Zelosophic Society, '98-'00, Vice-President of the same in Senior year; Bowlsman in Freshman year; Vice-President of Class in Junior year; member of Bowl Fight Committee in Sophomore year; member of Class Supper Committee in Junior year; member of Class Banquet Committee in Senior year; awarded Willis Terry Prize for Scholarship in Junior year; member of Senior Society.

Howard Philip Ziegler, $\Delta T \Delta$,
Reading, Pa.

“ Pop ”

Chemistry

Entered class in Senior year through leave of absence due to sickness; Graduate of Reading High School and Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

John Edward Zimmerman, $\Delta \Psi$,
250 South Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia.

Mechanical Engineering

Entered class Freshman year from Buenos Ayres, S. A.; (First Troop of Philadelphia, City Cavalry, May to November, 1898); member of Class Football Team and Substitute on Class Crew in Freshman year; left class end of Sophomore year.





Junior Class

JUNIOR CLASS

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Stanley Gausler Child
Silas Griffith Climenson

Lewis Edward Coles
Meredith Bright Colket
Herbert Lex Conrad
Samuel Crowther, Jr.
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Archibald MacAllister Davis
Lemuel Howell Davis
Edward Wright Deakin
Joaquin Andres de Dueñas
Aaron Leinbach Decter
Francis Xavier Delone
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Harry Goodrich Diefendorf
Albert Buck Dissel
John Allan Donaldson
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Henry Johns Gibbons
John Clayton Gilpin

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Samuel Jones Henderson
Abraham Henwood
Carl Henry Hirzel
Arthur Brainard Hitchcock, Jr.
Ernest Godfrey Hoffsten
William Mitchell Hoover
Joseph H. Hurst
Arthur Conard Jackson
William Canby Janney
Jacob Duncan Jaques
Walter Thompson Karcher
Daniel Schenck Keller, Jr.
Gregory Cook Kelly
Charles Dean Klahr
Herbert Connor Kohl
Orion Frank Konantz
George Reichenbaugh Kraber
Christian Leon Lapp
Benjamin Homer Le Boutillier
Levi Warren Leiss
Lewis Bowyer Lüders
Thaddeus Brew McClain

John Smith McCoy
John Kirk McCurdy
Samson McDowell
Charles Smick Mackay, Jr.
Garriek Mallery, Jr.
Louis Christian Manz
John McIlvain Maris, Jr.
James Joseph Martindale
Curtis Clay Meigs
Albert Herman Miller
Coleman Sellers Mills
Lewis Ferry Moody
Harold Thompson Moore
Stanley Bremer Moore
Harry Webb Myers, Jr.
William Felix Norris
Thornton Oakley
William Paul O'Neill
Charles Collins Page
Albert William Parvin
Charles George Pfeiffer
Charles Delevan Quick
Arthur Dougherty Rees
Howard Needham Robinson
Henry Nathan Rodenbaugh
Bertram Harper Rogers
Louis Harold Rush
Cornelius Decatur Scully
Franklin Heverin Shakespeare
Walter Lee Sheppard
Charles Fischer Sladen
Alfred Morton Smith

Livingston Smith
Thomas Duncan Smith
Albertus Beesley Somers
Charles Roscoe Spare
Frank Brodie Stem
John Bergen Stevens
Thomas Patton Stevenson
Eliot Kays Stone
Clarence Stratton
Charles Gunnison Strickland
Samuel Franklin Stringfellow

Hollinshead Nathan Taylor
Worrall E. S. Temple
Henry Warren Terry, Jr.
Wilfred Born Vogt
Clement Reeves Wainwright, Jr.
Arthur Warner
James Harris Warthman
Cassius Hinds Watson
Paul Watson
Francis Victor Westermaier
Thomas Duncan Whelen

Gershom Vorse Wiborn
Samuel Borton Williams
Elias Root Beadle Willis
Clayton Cowgill Wilson
Percy Hartshorne Wilson
Charles Stewart Wood
Matthew Wills Wood
Clarence Thorn Wunder
David Robert Yarnall



SOPHOMORE CLASS



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Howard Warner Arrison

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George Linville Baker

John Sellers Barnes

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Frederic Bacon Barnitz

Phaon Hilborn Bates

Arnold Jacob Beckenbach

Jabez Campbell Beckett

Charles School Blakely

John Clymer Boltz

Walter Luther Boschen

William Brown, Jr.

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John Moore Campbell

Philip Aloysius Castner



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Henry Barnet Cohen
James Wallace Cooper, 2d
Elmer Elbert Craig
Faires Beaver Craig
James Pyle Wickersham Crawford
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Earl Fenner Croasdale
Albert Adam Custard
Herman Girvin Cuthbert
Charles Henry Dedrick
Frank Craig Dickson
Albert James Dodson
Joseph Bryant Duhring
Harvey Hopkins Dunn
Alexis Felix du Pont
John Robert Earnshaw
Ralph Berrell Evans
Wilson Fagley
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George Fay Gracey
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Luther Albert Gray
Abraham Greenberg
Albert White Grigg, Jr.
Evans Roberts Hall
Charles Henry Heyer

Charles Frederick Hinekle
Edward Foote Hinkle
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Leicester Bodine Holland
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George Byrant Lang
George Malcolm Laws
Joseph Abeles Leberman
James Struthers Lochhead
Jacob Loewenstein
Joseph Lathrop Mack
Wallace Nelson Mayhew
John Hays McCormick
William Ossian Milton
Walter Mann Mitchell
Thomas Seanlan Montgomery
Stirling Walker Moorhead
William Harley Mulford
Edward Isaac Nathan
James Dwight Orne
Sidney Jose Osborne

Harry Pabst
Robert Holmes Page
John McAllen Park
Clement E. Paxson
Frederick Peirce
Bevan Aubrey Pennypacker
Isaac Anderson Pennypacker
Benjamin Franklin Pepper
Morris Peterzell
Ramon Maria Picado
Maylin Joseph Pickering
George Morris Piersol
Ralph Hodges Plumb
Orville Charles Pratt
Frederick Prime, Jr.
William Philip Rech
Snowden Bayard Redfield
Jacob Clarence Roberts
George Howard Robinson
Myron Alcott Ross
Claude Lehman Roth
Clement M. S. Royer
Milton Louis Rubel
Edward Carroll Schaeffer
William Schwebel
George Meade Settle
Neilson Sharp
Charles G. T. Sharpless
Clarence Wise Sinn
Walter Gordon Smith
Frank Smyth, Jr.
George Alvin Snook

William Gurley Stuart
Samuel DeHaven Thomas
Warren Frederic Thümmel
Charles Travis
Frank Emerson Walker
Edward Riter Walls
Thomos Henry Walnut, Jr.

Orville Theodore Waring
Spencer Fullerton Weaver
Herbert Seiser Weber
Carl Wetterau
Maurice Franklin Wille
George Hamilton Wilson
Lewis Ghriskey Wilson

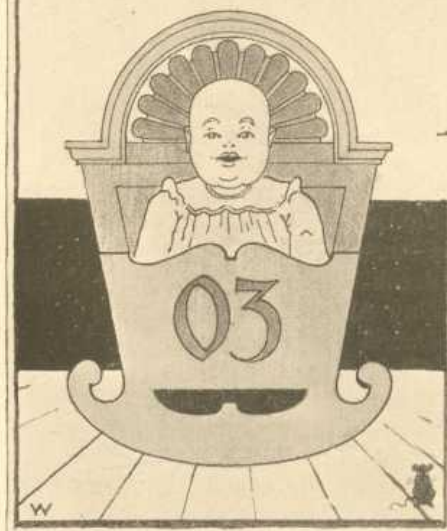
Aaron Joel Winetz
Benjamin Edgar Wolfort
Edward Cope Wood
Graham Cox Woodward
Thomas Massey Woodward
Leonard Augustus Yerkes
Maurice Collins Zinn





Freshman Class

FRESHMAN CLASS



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Howard Bain
Richard Lee Barrows
Alfred Paul Beattie

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William Biggerstaff
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Paul Wilcox Blystone
Lucien Hoquet Blythe
Wilson Scott Boice
Frederick Andrew Bokop

Daniel Franklin Brown
Percy James Brown
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Joseph Howell Burroughs, Jr.
Gouverneur Cadwalader
James Emott Caldwell
William Hyde Cariss
William Chamberlain
George William Childs

Laurence Clark
Robert Parry Clark
Malcolm Vernon Coates
James Phillip Cochran
Thomas Darlington Cope
Henry Freedly Corson
Arthur Girard Cranch
Thomas Acheson Cummins
Clarence deArmond
Paxson Deeter
Harry F. Derr
George Lord de Schweinitz
Albert Joseph Devlin
Henry Corneau Diller
Howard Doriss
Thomas Leander Doyle
Charles Avery Dravo
Caspar Frank Drueding
John Christie Duncan
Ernest duPont
Frederick William Eckfeldt
Robert Howard Eisenbrey
John William Elwell
James Rittenhouse Evans
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Joaquim Benigno Fernandez
Thomas Thompson Firth
Joseph Fischler
Thomas Thorne Flagler
Charles Edmund Folwell
William Baxter France

William Charles Francis
John Frazier
John Anderson Freeland
George Freeman, Jr.
Samuel Goldstein Friedman
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Charles Brintzinghoffer Gamble
William Gilfillan Gardiner, Jr.
James Hunter Gault
Thomas Bertram Genay
Carl Geilfuss
Howard Evans Gillaspy
Clarence Allison Godshalk
Warren Corson Graham
Ferdinand Harry Graser
Thomas Biggs Harned, Jr.
William Horace Hepburn, Jr.
Henry Closson Hibbs
Joel Henry Hildebrand
Edwin Rowland Hill, Jr.
William Gibbons Houskeeper
Thomas Hovenden
William Houston Hughes
Samuel Lloyd Irving
Paul Wellwood Irwin
John Jex
Eugene Bodine Johnson
Jonathan Jones
Thomas Carlyle Jones
Randolph Fisher Justice
Edmund Randolph Justice

George Sherman Keller
Frank Jones Kier
Ralph Kleinert
David Henry Lane Kneedler
Charles H. Kohn
Clinton Nevins Laird
Edward George Lavino
Francis Patrick Leary
William Thomas Leggo
Simon Levy
Joseph Frazier Lewis
James Gibson Lindsay, Jr.
Clarence Willet Lippincott
Jacob Kaufmann Liveright
Guy Albert Luburg
Daniel David Luckenbill
Albert Kienzli Ludy
Thomas Potter McCutcheon, Jr.
Harry Taylor McDevitt
Frank Joseph Maginniss
Wilbur Todd Mansfield
Wallace Sutton Marple
George Ehrlen Mays
Benjamin Schreiber Mechling
Sol Metzger
Charles Henry Miller
Ewing Laurence Miller, Jr.
Ralph D. Moore
Robert Thomas Moore
Howard Franklin Morgan
Marshall Shapleigh Morgan
Frederick Carie Morrell

John Robert Moyer
Gonzalo Claudio Muñoz
Vanlear Rodgers Murfin
Charles Frederic Owsley
Robert Sewell Parvin
William Wheeler Paul
Edgar Amos Paun
Harold Mitchell Peirson
Edgar Matthias Pennypacker
James Cook Pennypacker
Albert Joseph Phillips
Harold Gustavus Pile
Wilson Potter
Edgar Curzon Poultney
Ellwood Ellis Ramsey
George Black Rea
John Dougan Rea
Herbert Eugene Reynolds
Melvin Guy Rogers
Samuel Holcomb Ross
Morton Livingston Schamberg
George Henry Schwan

Walter William Sharpley
John Shmookler
James Ray Shoch
Walter Stockman Simms
John Sinnott
Frank Van Hart Slack
Henry Bradford Smith
Henry Cavalier Smith, Jr.
Percy Leroy Smith
Russell Biddle Smith
William Jones Smith
Wellington Harvey Spaulding
Christian George Spoerl
Milton Benneville Stallman
Miles Walter Standish
Carroll Griffiths Stewart
Charles Percy Swayne
Walter Hamilton Stulen
Thomas J. Stewart
Bradford Newcomb Stevens
Morris Lewis Stovell
Charles Keen Taylor

William Harold Tomlinson
Harry Edwin Tunnelle
Frank Boyce Tupper
Frederick Maximilian v. H. vom Saal
James Wight Van Osten
Henry Foster Weidel
Simon Wendkos
Francis Darley West
John Rechab Westwood
Samuel Price Wetherill
Edward Clendenning White
William Wallace Whitmore
George Birney Wilbur
Clarence Nelson Wiley
Harry Rockafeller Wilkinson
John Swing Willis
Henry Wright
Morris Wolf
Lee Benjamin Wolf
Royden Keith Yerkes
Orvis Clyde Yingling

Nineteen Hundred Medical Class

Class Officers

First Year

President, M. H. Baldwin
Vice-President, J. A. McGlynn

Secretary, Rae S. Dorsett
Treasurer, W. S. Johnson

Second Year

President, E. T. Robinson
Vice-President, Rae S. Dorsett

Secretary, S. P. Heilman
Treasurer, H. A. Mitchell

Third Year

President, Holden C. Kirley
Vice-President, John M. Taylor

Secretary, J. H. Baldwin
Treasurer, Morton McC. Snow

Fourth Year

President, John H. Outland
Vice-President, John MacG. Burns

Secretary, Howard C. Carpenter
Treasurer, W. G. Shields, Jr.



Nineteen Hundred Medical Class



WHETHER to begin at the beginning and relate our history up to this, *our* week of June 1900, or to start from this end and wander back, day by day, to the twenty-fifth of September, 1896, is a puzzling matter to decide. "Oh, but be logical," you say, "who ever heard of a Class History that opened on anything but the fear of frightened Freshman, or that neglected to mention Pomp's look of disdain at his first sight of them?" But I cannot resist the temptation now while the echo of the orchestra's last chord is melting into the ripples of your programs, to direct your gaze toward this varied mosaic here spread before you, composed, I grant you, of some rather hard bits of marble and some slivers of gold not sincerely guaranteed to you as fourteen karat, but forming as a whole such a charming and complete design that, merely for this reason, you are willing to hear the tedious tale I may tell you. It shall be of these and also of other highly colored stones that, not for lack of merit—when measured by friendship—were dropped along the road, raising little clouds of dust about our brogans that we would not brush away.

How different with our predecessors! If you attended Ninety-nine's Class Day, which let it be hoped for the sake of your morals and health you did not, you saw in that leering class an immense canvas painted over with a full-length portrait of one man, the president. When Ninety-eight was exhibited you smiled at a higgledy-piggledy brightly painted canvas by Boutet de Monvel, an intricate picture of the whole crowd, for nobody was important. Ninety-seven presented a most interesting study by Tissot on subjects selected from the Old and the New Testament, but of classes before Ninety-seven we must not speak for we were in "Prep" then and were not even Freshmen.

Just as in comic opera, the slightest suggestion in a musical whisper of a bargain-matinee girl reminds the actor of the song he has practiced to sing, so the word "Freshman" determines the course of this history, which being at last brought to mundane things, must concern itself with our greener days. We really were Freshmen, "once on a time." What an elastic stretch of the imagination it takes to think of it now! It confounds us.

Frank Potts had scarcely recovered from the jarring information that he would be obliged to attend chapel every day; Bert Corbin had just mumbled into his memory the college rule about whistling in the halls; "Coxey" Hager was just withdrawing his baby thumb from his cute little baby face with the query, "What is a Soph'more, *anyhow?*" and "The" Brown had completed his canvass for Class President when the chapel bell—that was before the chapel belle became the co-ed—informed us we were college men. We instinctively followed Bill Remington who led us to our allotted pews, and then our appetite for gazing and rubbering overcame us. We heard nothing of Dean Lambertson's voice—it was his habit to conduct chapel service in whispers—nor even of the voice of McCook's father, who was broad-siding all his pulpit eloquence straight at us because Paul McCook had thrown in his lot with those who "corrupt good manners." We were unconscious of everything until we found ourselves punching and pounding each other, under the impression that every strange fellow was a Sophomore, while Ninety-nine was doing its best to convince every one of us that we were Freshmen.

But we swore vengeance, and some other things, and met the Sophomores in the Hall Rush several days afterward. We had received our instructions, both as to the amount of clothing we were supposed to keep on and as to the rules of the contest from two lengthy Juniors, Brinton and Stitzer, and one short Junior whom Bill Remington advertised as his brother. These agitators had us select a class yell (which Conway brought forth like a lightning calculator) and promised "to lead us in our victory over the Sophs." We tumbled down stairs, our Junior friends perched themselves safely on the highest lockers, waiting for Victory to appear, and our first acquaintance with Ninety-nine formally began. We felt none the better for it,

Can you imagine yourself in a runaway, racing at breakneck speed toward another runaway, down a single track lane that admits of not the slightest turn to the right or left? That is the Hall Rush, but of course Nineteen Hundred won it. Then the Juniors descended from their dusty lockers, congratulated themselves all around, and exchanged galaxies of compliments on the future discomfort of Ninety-nine, while Nineteen Hundred might be in College. In the meantime we had collected what remained of our apparel, gazed around to see if we had done everything in sight, then stole silently away to dream about dust, and gore, and future college days.

The college days came crowding on rapidly enough; we saw quiet rivers of them welling up all about us and we dived into them boldly, just to stir things up. The Freshman banquet helped us considerably in this way and at the same time scored another fumble for Ninety-nine. In some way that precocious class found out that we were planning to hold a feed and immediately set about preventing us. Providing themselves with ropes and carriages, revolvers, blunderbusses and stilettos, sword canes and stalactites, they succeeded in snatching about ten of the class who had not the slightest intention of going to the banquet, and with them "Stauf" Oliver, who reached the dinner in time to feed on a plate of ice cream and a cigarette, which he held in his hand but did not smoke. Oliver answered a toast for the amusement of the class, but otherwise the evening passed off pleasantly—so pleasantly indeed that an unusual number of carriages had to be ordered. It is rumored on good authority that somebody argued for an hour with a cab horse, maintaining that the latter was too much under the weather to see him home.

Gaw showed signs of intoxication after his second cigarette, and only with the greatest difficulty was led to his own doorstep where, resisting our kind offers of assistance, he planted himself firmly against the door, which being opened from the inside very unexpectedly, sent him sprawling in the hall. Apologies were in vain to his irate parents. Judging from the wailing and gnashing of teeth that reached us, Gaw received a spanking for the episode, and never smoked thereafter.

When the mid-years were over and Chris Hagen, Lionel Willing, John Rowland and the Cardezas had left us, in order to devote their entire time to society, we deemed it the opportune moment to have ourselves photographed, lest none of us would remain in the minds of posterity. Or, it may have been because we heard that Ninety-nine intended to break up the gathering that we assembled on the Library steps in all sorts and conditions of clothing, which if photographed would either have been suppressed or used for an advertisement in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The Sophs knew that little "Yas" had been selected as our bowman and their purpose was to steal him from us, carry him over to the bowl, awaiting him on Woodland avenue, and place him in it as a mark of disgrace and disrespect to Nineteen Hundred. They stole him, but "Yas" was

more than they had dreamed about. Our "little Japanese'Butter Ball" could roll himself up like an armadillo and shoot himself out again like a rattlesnake, then while we were fighting for him, high above his head, he would be clinging like a leech to the boardwalk while the Sophs were pulling at him from every button on his coat and eyelet on his shoes. They saw their weakness, and consulting with Dean Lamberton sent for reinforcements in the form of bluecoats, helmets and brass buttons. The latter being only policemen, immediately took Dean Lamberton, Pomp and "Black Death" Jastrow into custody because they seemed the most villainous and suspicious looking characters. The three were held on the charge of anarchy and inciting to riot, but we had them released, for we had no hard feeling against Pomp. Dean Lamberton survived the disgrace but a short time; Josh Penniman assumed full charge of the Dean's office, emoluments and typewriters thereof, and welcomed us back to College as Sophomores.

Just here it is necessary, if a Class History is to be proper and perfectly polite, to dilate on the crest-fallen appearance of us all when as Sophs we returned and found only half of ourselves returning to ourselves. Yes, we lost a whole list of men who believed that their presence would have kept some respectability in the class. The upper circles of Philadelphia society deserted us in the persons of Charlie Page and Ned Townsend, as did also the upper circle of Reading society in the person of Shearer. At least, he told us he was a social somebody there, but we doubted it. However, Sachs, Rabinovitch and Husik remained to us, so we were not entirely degenerate.

We pulled together somehow and determined to win the Dean's trophy so Bert Corbin could pose with it in the Senior photograph. We played football and won; we played baseball and lost; we rowed on the river and won, and we ran and jumped on the track, that is, Bill Remington did, and lost. Then Arthur Jones, after practicing with the All-Germantown and All-Gentlemanly Cricket Teams, saved the honor of Nineteen Hundred by breaking the tie score in a sedate and sober game of cricket. The Dean's trophy became ours, and in our mad joy—we promised Jones the Junior Presidency, on the spot.

But there was much more to monkey with in the Sophomore year, and not least of them all was the Sophomore Cremation. You have seen a ragged little skye-terrier scudding along the street at full tilt, heading straight for a stone wall, and like an automobile, suddenly stop with its nose within two inches of the wall. You have read and re-read Washington Irving's tale of the Dutchman who, in order to jump over a one-mile hill, took a run of two miles that tired him out so completely he was obliged to sit down and rest for a while—then slowly *walk* over the hill. You have seen a comedian draw from its scabbard a glistening, dangerous knife, and swing it with full force toward his own weakly resisting body, very carefully turning the hilt of the dagger toward himself, thus preserving his life for to-morrow's continuous performance. Then you have

an idea of the guiding principle of the Class of Nineteen Hundred. It is a most commendable method of procedure, for by it the bitterness of the catastrophe is removed. The play is all denouement.

The Sophomore Cremation was run on this plan. There was plenty of practicing; much deliberation over the unlucky Prof; any number of songs composed; lots of fireworks and torches bought; speeches concocted with the spices of malediction and humor; and a host of dressers, makers-up, and musicians on the spot but—it rained, so we walked over the hill, instead of jumping over it.

The Freshmen had the audacity and impudence to select a class-pipe; the precocious babes! Just imagine the thrill of horror that jarred our manly spinal cords at the thought of our infants wearing class-pipes on their countenances! We sent them an ultimatum—a direful, dismal warning that the first, and *every* pipe we discovered would be confiscated and held until the youngsters reached maturer years. We expected a hand-to-hand combat, but they asked us to tone down the resolution. We replied by sending them a second copy of the ultimatum which frightened them into submission. They never purchased a pipe, so we missed the hand-to-hand combat, and smoked our own pipes in peace.

By the arrival of the Junior Year we began to develop very individual tastes and characteristics. It was in this year that "Stauf" Oliver, dreaming of his lengthy catalogue of deeds to appear in the CLASS RECORD, acquired the habit of entering every form of athletics, journalism, and society about college; Bill Read developed into a politician; Loeb began to smoke bad pipes, and, hearing a singing in his head, would mistake it for the whisperings of the Poetic Muse, and accordingly send the results to *The Red and Blue*; Warren and Hoover joined the Architectural Inquisition that, as a weekly diversion, dipped *Hiltebeitel* and "Tommy" in the water trough; while Eddie Fairchild painted on the wall the record of dippings, under the motto:

"Rubber thy necke and contemplate
Of all fresh menne ye common fate."

Also, in this year, Ed Rich broke all previous records in cutting classes by going over his limit three times, being so addicted to this mania that in the Senior Year some of the Profs didn't recognize him when he came up for examination; Bill Grayson began his daily lectures on the virtues of Brooklyn, the Camden of New York City; Charlie Upson started to act the Upson, and Cregar continued to; Owen Sypherd dropped in on us from Delaware with a chronic peach-crop dialect; and "Jack" Fager was actually heard to say something—some maintain that he uttered four words, others, that there were only three.

These, I acknowledge, were trivial happenings. There was one that eclipsed them all and showed that Nineteen Hundred really could "jump over the hill," if it had a mind to. In this Junior Year our crew

were the college champions. "Coxey" Hager with his oarsmen, Henry, Close, Howell, Read, Corbin, Evans, Patterson, and Kintzing, pulled the Nineteen Hundred boat past all the others and we shook hands with Victory so hard that she has kept her right arm in a sling ever since.

At the Banquet, Arthur Jones rose with tears in his eyes—that was after the punch had been served—and suggested that, as a joke, Gaw be appointed Toast-Master. Then the feed began to assume a risible, loquacious and abandoned air. Kellam and Folz transferred all the water from the table to each other's shirt fronts and Ralph grew rippingly mad, for he had intended to wear the shirt all the rest of the week. John Conway furnished the assemblage with an Irish Bull that boosted him into popular favor and the Senior Presidency.

The Junior Oratorical Contest must not be overlooked for it was more sternly contested than any other class event. Stern acted as the Committee, Stern chose the judges, and Stern came very near being the only contestant. The Stern Judges remarked that small interest had been shown in the competition, so awarded no first prize, but gave Stern the second.

Nineteen Hundred has always possessed a mania for resolutions and petitions. No Christmas Holiday has passed without our petitioning the Dean for one more day, three more hours, and fifty-eight more minutes. As for resolutions, it is needless to recount them. When "Al" Henry was dropped by New! old, we passed a resolution in language much stronger than was fitting and sent the Faculty a petition in language much milder than fitting. It was our way—a grand explosion that soon spends itself but which leaves its echo ringing in the memory.

There was still another event of the Junior Year that was by no means left unfinished. It was the election of John Conway for Senior President. Other classes may boast of their politics, of "the push" and "the pull," of the machine and the independents, or of the combinations and the neutrals—Nineteen Hundred's election of a Senior President outclasses them all. After a month full of canvasses, caucuses and booms, John Conway was elected unanimously without a whisper of opposition. We have been shaking hands with ourselves over it, ever since.

Our Senior days were the happiest of all, but there were scattered notes of sadness that changed some of the brighter strains into the serious and melancholy minors.

"Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest."

Death has taken but Two from us. Both Lawrence Mearns and Allen Rogers Warnick, though quiet fellows, as we were pleased to call them, were sincere friends, and both were conscientious workers who "did not their alms before men." We pray that "their reward is in Heaven."

John Conway began to hold levees or getting up ceremonies after the fashion of the Ancien Régime. He had read and admired Louis Quatorze and proceeded to imitate him. We would knock at his dormitory room, knock again, and again, and then hear from an almost unbearable distance a voice murmuring, "Come in." By that we knew John wasn't up yet and was waiting for the rising ceremonies. We would all troop in, by order of political preference and seat ourselves in the living-room, patiently waiting until John would finally appear clad, like the saints above, in a robe of white. From that stage until the most august derby was placed a-tilt on his shining brow we would be accorded an audience in some such fashion as this:

"John, why don't you take to-night off? You're developing into a grind of the worst type. Here's Philadelphia overflowing with pretty girls, and here's John Conway digging every single night in the week."

"Um-m-mb d' d'bum-md grinds and girls."

"Cheer up! John. Here's news from the bourgeoisie. Müller would like the Baseball Committee, Potts wants the Pool Tournament, and McKee says he'll fork anything comes his way."

"Um-m-mb l'um-m-md u'd Committees."

"Why John, you—" but his appetite would choke his speech and he'd be off for the hash-house.

It was not long ago that we listened and asked every day for John, who even on this last lap of the Senior Year came very near being an angel, of one kind or another. But John was always a conscientious sort of a fellow. He concluded it would be decidedly unfair to deprive the Physician of his fee, so he recovered. In the meantime Bill Read mismanaged the class. He had enough to keep him awake of nights.

As might be expected, things assumed a little more serious light when seen through Senior's spectacles—especially the intellectual black-rimmed species that Oliver and Hoover affected. Even Craven caught the contagion and bought a pair of be-jewelled specs of some street fakir but he found them in the way when he wanted to smile, so he discarded them. It is hard to tell why everyone grew so grouchy but certain it is that the Senior Banquet even descended to the level of respectability. The Profs were there and one member of the class feared lest they would remain to hear the toasts. He had one entitled "a Rag, a Bone, and a Hank of Hair."

Speaking of the co-eds, or rather intimating the existence of co-eds, Charlie Upson became very much interested in the subject during his last year in college. We all had opinions on the question. A committee was appointed to deliberate the matter, which they did. That was all.

The whole class discussed and cussed the Co-eds at its Smoker—an event that most assuredly must not pass without mention. We gathered under the dark rafters of the Musical Clubs' Room and after close converse with "my Lady Nicotine," decided First, that Nineteen Hundred was the only class that ever happened; Second, that Co-eds were not of the Nineteen Hundred fold but were only fit or "the Ninety and Nine;" Therefore, that the Co-eds in Bennett's Barn would have to be serenaded. With this most creditable resolve the Smoker adjourned to appear in the next morning's papers. That night, regardless of Bill Remington's persuasive voice we awoke the Co-eds and stood on the pavement with raised umbrellas singing "Good-bye, ladies, you're going to leave us now." I wish the day were long enough to tell you all.

There is much besides that cannot be told, without the sound of flattery. Buckwalter in 1898, and Kintzing in 1899 captained the crews that made Pennsylvania champion in the college rowing-world. Without Grant or Remington, Pennsylvania could not have won her championship in track athletics. In Nate Folwell, Nineteen Hundred gave the football team an end who made doubly sure Pennsylvania's football victories of 1898. In a large measure through Arthur Jones was Pennsylvania's prestige in cricket established. To Riddle is much honor due for Pennsylvania's defeat of Michigan in debate. Nor does the list end here. By one or another of us have all the stops been sounded in the great organ of college life.

As the time of parting came closer and closer upon us, we drew nearer and nearer to each other in our friendship. Soon came the spring days that were to be our last in college associations; days that brought both transparent and opaque skies; days when the dying, but glowing hearth sparks from the hoarsely whispering fire-logs contrasted feebly with the stronger sunlight; days when even the spring sun could not harden the yielding campus-paths as we trod them all over with footprints, heel-deep—firm serious steps with here and there the mark of a lingering or a turning aside among the trees or shady nooks away from the voice of the pedagogue. Just so serious we became. But we re-read Omar and accepted the Jersey accents of Ed Rich in "Aw, fergit it!" We came to a conclusion that remains with us to-day: Although "finis" has to be inscribed with most elaborate ornamentation at the end of so many bright pages of our life, the future volumes shall be replete with even more valuable leaves, though not so brightly and ideally colored.

DANIEL MARTIN KARCHER.



Class Poem



W.P. PRESTON.

When the weary work of the
day is done
We dream of the slender web
we've spun
In days that have gone by
And mem'ries rise in a hazy
way
That stop a moment but can-
not stay
Then quickly fade and die



And the friends we made, and men we knew,
Add themselves to the changing view,
 And then depart again.
And the faces unchanged, from days long past,
Bring to our minds, from first to last,
 Some happiness or pain.

We struggle again as we did of old,
We fight our battles, so manifold,
 As oft we did before;
High as the very heavens we fling
The songs that memory's wont to bring
 Of the days of nevermore.

Thus with the joys of college life,
Our memory's vaults are richly rife.
 We laugh and sing for joy.
But quick as a flash, the hazy light
Changes itself into darkest night,
 Our pleasure to destroy.

The deepest shadows that night can show,
Lower about us, and will not go,
 However far we fly.
Then all the sorrow and all the pain
That a college life can hold, remain,
 And ever hover nigh.

The chains, that the college binds around
Our neck and hands, in the darkness sound.

We groan in agony.

Oh, chains so strong, if we could sever,
These college walls we'd leave forever
To feel that we were free.

With the very strength of our souls, we strain,
To snap the links of that mighty chain,
That naught can ever break;
And the weary months pass us, leaving still,
Only a few days yet to fill,
Before our leave we take.

Then parting comes, as all things must;
Our lives, which the college has held in trust,
Are finally our own:
No more the heavy hand shall bind;
We cast one lingering look behind,
And stand henceforth alone.

So then in our dream, we know we are free,
And our souls are filled with ecstasy,
We breathe anew at last.
But the chain we wore so many years,
Still wrapt around our heart appears,
To hold us to the past.

And lo! as we sigh, the iron of old,
Turns into links of purest gold,
 With precious stones adorned;
Whatever we've learned, whatever we know,
We feel that all to that bond we owe,
 However much we scorned.

There lies the store with which we meet the world;
A magic spring, through which our bolts are hurled,
 In distant lands and seas;
Each gem a lamp of brightest light, to show
The paths that lead to regions where there grow
 Flowers that always please.

So we have entered, in the world of men,
The subject oft retold by tongue and pen,
 And poet's humble art;
In this great, bustling, swarming hive, there lies
The gift we all would gain, the prize
 For which we play our part.

We stand a moment with this single thought,
Where our first battles can the best be fought,
 And whether near or far?
Then with the light of purposes intent,
Toward different lands our steps are bent,
 Each following his star.

Some to the East depart, in hopes of fame,
The jewels they carry set the world aflame,
 In distant Eastern climes;
The chains that still are round them, bind anew
What ages long decay had worn in two,
 In earliest of times.

The rising sun smiles kindly on their work,
Chasing the shadows when they chance to lurk
 Where light alone should be.
Men honor them for what they seek to do,
And young and old bow low to greet the new
 That is so fair to see.

Life's battles nobly won mean much to them.
Not if they could, men's praises would they stem,
 That ever onward flow.
But far away their Alma Mater rears
Another class, that in the East appears,
 To urge them homeward go.

Their hearts had scarcely needed urging,
Instinctively toward home were surging,
 Long, long before they knew.
So firmly buckling on their sandals rare,
Back quickly home do they repair,
 To Alma Mater true.

Then at her feet, they lay the prize they've won,
And rest from battles that at last are done.

No more need they to war.

They clasp the hands of men who from the West
And North and South had journeyed home to rest,
To leave it never more.

So in the fading light of day, again,
We'll meet, to sing the glad refrain,
Of early college days.

Then heart to heart, and with a clasp that's true,
The bonds that once were severed, we'll renew
And sing our favorite lays.

Oh, Alma Mater, if in thee we find
A mother who is truly kind

And under thee a home;

Why need the cares of life affright us?

Thy broad, protecting wings can right us,
However far we roam.

WALTER LOUIS FLEISHER.



BE it known that the Rajah of Maharatpan is one of that tribe of esoteric East Indians who practice the mystic arts, dabble in the occult sciences, and make mere playthings of the supernatural and weird ; in short, a dilettante in the spectral and spiritual. Further be it known, that he had recently arrived from his native land of India, had formed a friendship with a dear friend of mine, and had been confided in by the latter and told of the quagmire of troubles into which I threatened to sink.

For when about three months ago, at a time, as Mr. Allison Gaw would put it, "when winter held the land in icy grasp," I awoke from the state of coma into which the Senior year throws one and determined to write this Prophecy, I speedily encountered the difficulties that furrow the brow and cañon the face. For behold, when I sedulously ate green cheese in the hope that I could follow a custom wrinkled, hallowed and motheaten with age, namely, to fall into that unholy sleep which conjures up the future phantoms of your classmates, I found only the verification of that old adage that, "Digestion is the better part of pallor," sleep I could not.

I dined on Welsh rarebit and beer in astronomical observatories in the wild hopes of my ability, in the transports of nightmare, to imagine that I was in some other planet and could view the petty bickerings and flickerings of this terrestrial sphere from starry heights; but the sidereal path was not to be mine.

No pictures ever came to life in the room where I was sitting; I had consulted magicians and clairvoyants for news of the future unavailingly; and in despair I was resolved to throw myself upon base imaginings, figments of my own brain, when the Rajah came to my rescue.

"Send him to me," he said to my friend.

I went. Now it is needless to describe our conversation, my moving recital of my non-somnambulistic nature, the urgency of the prophecy, his interested attention and sympathetic comments; suffice it to say that the knowledge soon penetrated my inner consciousness that the man who stood before me was no mere necromancer, and I quickly realized that he had discovered the ignis-fatuus of philosophers, that sister to the illusory philosopher's stone, namely, the separation of the soul, or what the Rajah was pleased to term the Astral body, from our physical self or mere material being.

Also I learned that the Rajah could project this Astral body into the future, and though it were invisible and intangible, nothing was invisible or impenetrable to it, like the Limping Devil of Le Sage it could stand on the house tops and perceive all that went on in the dwellings below. In short, I believe the Rajah had discovered the Fourth Dimension and, what was more salient, he offered to project me then and there so that I could prophesy.

A few minutes later I was staring intently into his eyes, then a quick sharp succession of jerks—and I was disembodied.

I am not sure, but I am of the opinion that it was the year 1920 or thereabouts. No wires met my gaze in my flight; wireless telegraphy obtained, and automobiles thronged the streets of Philadelphia, which, however, soon receded from my gaze and I beheld below me a vast expanse of shimmering ocean, the Pacific, as deep and true and noble as the Class of Nineteen Hundred. An island soon floated into view, an island which lay in emerald beauty, where grew great lilies and bamboo and mulberry bushes, where the geisha and hari-kari and the silk-worm all flourished, and where the almond-eyed denizens all lived a life of Japanese. Irresistibly I was drawn toward a certain city and in that city to one certain house, a neat, tidy little house of bamboo and reed; "the house of our great official," I heard a passerby explain to his companion.

Within was a cozy scene of domesticity. At one side of the living room sat Yassie, at the other Yaskawa San, and little Yas was saying as he propped his feet on a bamboo stool, "You mustn't be too particular in the house, my dear; if you had gone through the University of Pennsylvania you would learn to ignore

dust on the benches." And he nodded at a cabinet photograph of Billie Read on the mantel opposite. Mrs. Yaskawa sighed and took consolation by spanking a little Yaskawa who was running about. I came to a quick conclusion that a mere matter of environment doesn't count, women are pretty much the same the world over, and evaporated through the door.

The crying of the infant still rang in my ears as I crossed the Pacific again, nor did it cease until it seemed to change to a loud raucous shout and I saw that I was near the Grave of Man, Camden, (home of Hunter, the Quiet, and Bill Read, the Lanky), in fact, that I was in Haddonfield and that the strident voice proceeded from a flashily dressed little man ensconced in a gaudy multi colored circus chariot, behind which rose, mushroom-like, a bloated circus tent. "Come in and get your money's worth," he was shouting, "remember you buy your tickets here for Kellam's Colossal Caravan." And sure enough it was Raiph Newton. In his office, the aforesaid wagon, were posted up the following rules for the guidance of purchasers:

1. Count your change. We are not responsible for flim-flam.
2. Don't throw peanut shells on the tent floor unless you have a pull with Potts. (Pull always had been the keynote of Ralph's life.)
3. Don't give the cashier Canadian dimes or Bryan dollars. Bite the money we return and ascertain if it's good before leaving the window.
4. Don't annoy the animals. This also includes Fisher.
5. If you don't get your money's worth don't blame the circus, it is your inability to appreciate it.

All this promised to be interesting and I passed inside. An officer, whom, when he ripped out a string of oaths of varied and assorted colors, I immediately knew to be Potts, was hustling the people along in no gentle manner and among the protesting open-mouthed proletariat I saw Sachs, Frescoln, Gomborow and Rabinovitch. On the platform I beheld Ethelbert Augustus Corbin, the idol of the Co-eds, and the strong man of the show, exhibiting to his own intensest satisfaction his wonderful chest and upper arm development; also to the great delight of the man behind the pink-lemonade counter whom, had he not gone through a facial gymnastic smile, I would have feared to recognize as Benjamin West Frazier, once so lordly, now a vender of double jointed peanuts. But what fulfilled my most confident expectations was to espy among the clowns Wallace Fisher, who, with a little chessboard on his back and a pool cue in his hand was screwing up his painted face, getting off his cheap impertinences and clap-trap witticisms, and capering about to the infinite delight of the children, just as in days of yore.

In the sideshow sat Bob Horner billed as "The Quietest Man on Earth. Has not Spoken for Twenty Years," and on the centre of the stage Ninian Caldwell (called well Ninian), Cregar was essaying the juve-

nile part in a little show; though he had "the semblance of age yet remaining, in all things a child." I quitted the show not realizing that a still sadder sight was soon to greet my eyes, Addie Fouse, on whom I had based hopes of a happy bachelorhood, Addie Irwee Fouse gently rocking a little Fouselet, far up in a four-flight flat. He was talking in that deep, resonant, rainbow voice of his to Bill Grayson who, as agent of the Brooklyn Consolidated Tombstone Company, had run in, or rather climbed in, to get his insurance renewed from Addie. "Yes," sighed the latter, "I think that to the old proverb, 'Variety is the spice of life,' might be added the scholium, 'Satiety is the price of wife.'" And he went on sadly rocking. I left the touching scene, Dr. Johnson's "Triumph of hope over experience," verified.

In front of the house an organ grinder had stopped and was trying to coax filthy lucre into the hands of Seipt (who was collecting the pennies), by dispersing eternal dissonances, compressed to disturb posterity, from a barrel organ. It was Sypherd, and as I watched him an unfortunate mishap befell him; he was collided with by an automobile of a type I had never seen before, and invented by Messrs. McKee and Percival, who with Hill, dressed in full coachman's regalia and running it, were its occupants. It was really a comical sight, but from behind me came a laugh that was spine chilling.

It came as I suspected from Jim Craven, dramatic critic of the *Economist*, a newspaper run by Biddle Saul, who was at Craven's side. "Got your introduction written up?" asks Saul. "No," says Craven, "but I have three minutes time to do it in now, that's ample." And he sat down on the curb, tucked his feet under him, and dashed off the introduction to Saul's new book on socialism as follows: "Socialism, the creed of the theorist and the dreamer, but also the ideal of men blameless of life, pure and white as the snow; for even the snow is socialistic, and an equalizer of conditions; does it not lie on the houses of the rich and poor alike! And did it not do this before the French revolution!"

"Do you know," said Craven, "I have a scheme for the paper. Offer a prize to any one who can extract the meaning of this poem by Gaw which I have just culled from his new book, 'Purple Poems of Purpose.' It is called:

" 'THE EBULLITION OF MARTYRDOM.

" 'Three pendulous trees in plethoric grandeur gray,
Skeleton-limbed, low-bowed with coruscating crystal,
Ponderously aged, senescent in decay
Supine 'neath December's stress, still hoping for the May.'

Gaw always was as full of humor as a table of statistics. But come on, Saul, I want to get to the office and write up a criticism of Oliver's acting." And they passed on into the years.

So Oliver had deserted Blackstone for Garrick. I determined to see him, and at the moment I entered his house a strange thing happened, for he was taking his life in his hands. Yes he began to read the autobiography he had written under his name in this class record of Nineteen Hundred as chairman of the individual record committee, and as he read a smile of delight slowly crept over his countenance, and no wonder, for, according to that résumé of his merits, he appeared

“ A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.”

Not very far from Oliver's house I heard a little man who wore golf stockings, which were like Niagara, always coming down, and who had a voice like a peacock, say to Deacon Karcher, “ Yes, that last satire on my work was entirely too severe.” Then Easy Davis hurried on to his sewing circle, while the Deacon plodded off to the office of the “ Tinkering Tincup,” where his partner, Ed Rich, was grinding out jokes for their comic (?) *weekly*. “ How are the jokes coming along ? ” asked Dan. “ I tell you it's a serious thing, this joke making,” answered Ed; “ and it comes hard. I have stated that, as the new public buildings that Willing and Schenk are putting up have allowed an advertisement of Hockenberry's Cocoa to be placed on them, they look a bit rococo, and I have here a love story from John Conway which I think we might run in the curiously comic column. You will have to extract a few drawings from Jugend to fill up.” The little Tincup office, as pretty as a prison,—that is everything was in keeping,—faded from view, and I was shortly gazing at what seemed to be a missionary's hut on the shores of Africa.

Over it was a flag, and on that flag was printed the single cabalistic word “ Lockport.” And then a piteously humorous sight met my eyes. In a circle on the sand sat half a dozen savages, smoking tobacco as vile as Nelson ever dared to put in that corn-cob pipe of his, listening appreciatively to a small man in a stove-pipe hat who was lecturing them. It was Charlie Upson, still fresh as a two-year old (that is a two-year old egg) who, unable to throw off the subtle spell of the Dean's encomium on his missionary work at Pennsylvania, had emigrated to Africa as spiritual saviour of the savages. After the speech the chief savage, who was a whole host in himself, being a cannibal, returned a few words of gratitude: then anthropophagi and missionary both deserted my vision and I was peering at a scene on Chestnut street which looked like an illustration from “ Alice in Wonderland.”

A very tall man and a very small man were coming down the street hand in hand. Each bore a sign, but fantastic fate, or some small urchin, had very evidently played them a malicious trick, for little Mendy's sign bore the strange device, “ I take Jupiter Tar,” while that of Billy Read, better known as La Belle

Fatima, said "I don't." Mendy was still as tiny as ever and so indulged in the same small talk, and Billy Read had continued so tall that people could only speak highly of him. Another man was hurrying down the street behind them glaring intently at the pavement as though he had lost something, but it was evidently Mendy he was looking for as Liepsner drew a breath of relief when he saw the latter. From Harry's conversation I gathered that he and Müller ran a restaurant and beer garden next to the office of Hager & Taylor (Chemical Engineers) and, both as generous as ever, also ran a free lunch counter at which ate daily Mendy and Billy, Julius Stern, now a starving political economist, special policeman Ehlers, Charlie Patterson, detective, and Balentine, the biologist.

When I entered the home of the Universal Congress of Debaters in West Philadelphia, I was in doubt as to how large my acquaintanceship there might be, but I soon spied Folz, now assistant district attorney, who, when he was not interrupting on a debatable point, was as ever taking copious notes. So too was Easton, professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Pennsylvania. The University, might not some of my quondam colleagues be found here? I determined to visit the dear old building again and was speedily in the hall covered with the dust of ages. All looked strangely familiar, though to my horror, on close inspection of the students, I noted that every third boy was a girl, so had co-education insidiously crept in "like a thief in the night."

An old man of some ninety-five years sat in a large chair in the basement, and at once I knew him to be the imperishable Pomp, for from his mouth issued a rambling but biting diatribe on Freshmen. But it was in the Dean's office that I received a surprise. For, behind that mystic maze of wire and glass, so far removed from nature's common mass, sat a truly mighty grain of wisdom, Rice. The book which he had been reading and which he now closed with a bang, was a pretentious affair by Easy Davis, "On the Æsthetics of Plato: a Discriminating Analysis of the Inner-Sub-Consciousness as evolved by a careful Study of the Applied Theorems of Hegel and Kant: also a Discourse on the Concatenation of Moral Virtues arising from an Acceptance of the Postulations of Shopenhauer."

"How like Davis," I thought, and followed the Dean into the chapel. It was a gala day, for the Right Reverend William Procter Remington, Archbishop of Manayunk, was to speak. The chapel was lit by the new Conway light, but expectancy lit every face. The Right Reverend ascended the rostrum; a long tear-compelling wail, and then that voice like the night wind sighing through the trees, the only voice that had ever moved Pomp to lachrymal outbursts, launched itself on a pleading exordium.

The Jeremiad was to the effect that "if your neighbor finds a delight in mauling your right cheek turn also to him your left," and as I listened I heard a voice near me say, "Yes, an' den smash him." This

sacrilegious advice proceeded from the organ pumper and janitor. For a moment I failed to recognize him, but a few seconds perusal of that persimmon mouth and disheveled shock-head revealed the champion lightweight talker Michener. "Now do be quiet, Michener," came a peevish whine from Gaw at the organ. Over the organ hung a placard, "Don't throw anything at the organist. He's doing his best." Michener subsided and as he did so did I, and found myself out on the street where a crowd attracted my attention. It had two nuclei, one was fakir Evans, who was selling an evil-looking chemical compound of his own manufacture which removed any stain (and incidentally the color) from your clothes. A man stepped up and culled a box from the pile; it was Cullen.

The other centre of attraction was a stump speaker, Senator Arthur Jones, hammering words into a gap of time. "Yes," he was saying, "I ran for Congress on an honest platform and I will run again." "Remember this is Philadelphia and moderate your speed," came a voice from the crowd that sounded singularly like that of the point-lace wit George Snyder. "I despise politics, I disdain politics, and I am above party," continued Arthur. "And below purity," again came the voice. "I declare no allegiance; I stand on the flag." And I remained long enough to hear the voice demand, "Isn't that a precarious footing; aren't you afraid you will fall?" Poor Arthur, at best a stucco orator, he always would forget that you can't invite criticism and reject regrets.

As I entered McKinney Hall nearby I was minded that you can prepare a man for the Holy Estate and have him turn out a mere owner of real estate. The hall was the home of the lower nine, who had formed a social swagger club with Wilson and Perkins, who had at last achieved high society, as president and vice-president, and Jack Fager, man of many loves, secretary. A little affair was going on, and a man who carried things with a high hand in the grill room was waiter Hahn.

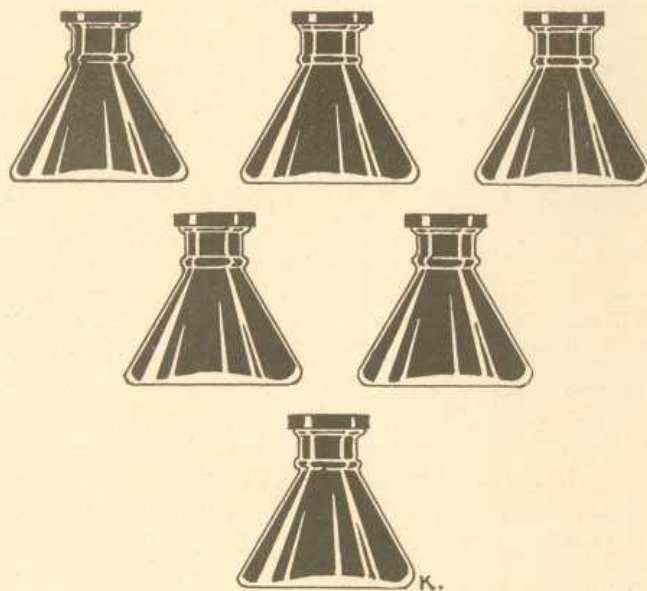
I left and proceeded slowly toward Franklin Field where Billie Brendlinger, the head coach, was instructing a handful of hopefuls. Billie was showing how a particularly clever tackle could be made, but there is many a cowslip 'twixt the buttercup and the tulip. Billy failed to reach his man and gave an inspiring illustration of how that same tackle could be missed. Passing the Hash House, on which some verdant Freshman had tacked up a card that announced, "Be fastidious and you will be hungry," a bill board which stood near it caught my eye. It advertised in glowing terms the wonderful Tinwright and I hastened off to the matinee and saw dance the little goddess of the twinkling feet who had so sturdily fought the Co-eds back in 1900. That same sweetly thrown kiss, that same daintily waved kerchief, that same unwavering smile. I leaned back in my parquet chair in full enjoyment, but in truth I felt drowsy. The stage blurred, shifted, then grew large and luminous; the chair on which I sat rocked, then trembled, and jerked, yes it

almost jumped, but I held on tightly; I gasped sharply for I seemed to be making a sudden leap from it, then I looked up and the Rajah bent over me, complacent and smiling.

“Well, are you glad you took your astral trip?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said, “I’m very glad — and very sorry.”

OSCAR LOEB.





Rosy the fancy of the infant world
That peopled mossy dell and gnarled tree
And rivulet, rippling melodiously
Its silvery music through the woodland shade,
Each with its own bright spirit. Then enpearled
In every sounding shell on Ocean's shore,
A guardian fay softly the burden bore,
Murmuring sweet secrets of a mystic lore
Into the listener's ear. In sylvan glade
Under the dim light of the crescent moon
Titania rested on a flowery throne
While through the air full many a vagrant tune
Of subtle sweetness, elfin-piper blown
Marked the light tripping of the fairy feet
That, wreathing merry circles, nimbly beat
The forest greensward with their dainty shoon.
Each grassy knoll was teeming o'er with life;
The busy gnomes their treasure guarded well
From mortal hands as ancient legends tell;
And when arose the elemental strife
In mid-air, when the threatening storm-clouds
lowered
Black over field and meadow, hill and plain,
When crashed the heavy thunder, beat the rain
And fiery bolts shot through the sullen sky,
Great Thor it was who tossed his ruddy mane
Rolled his swift chariot o'er the tree-tops high
While fearful men in darkling caverns cowered,
Far from the angry god's deep searching eye.
And then—the darkness vanished—in the dome
Of Heaven the rainbow spreads its rosy hue
And upward, downward, under, over, through



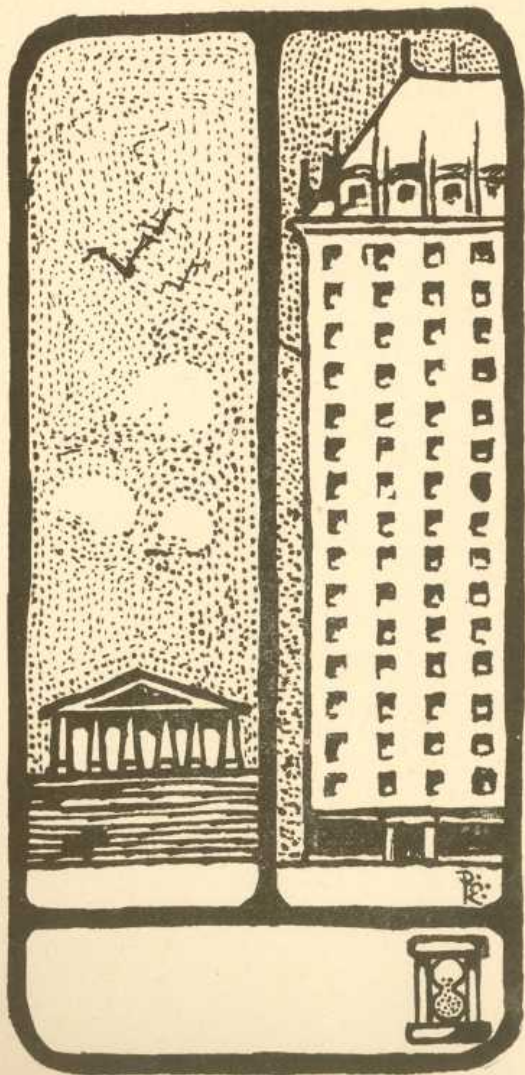
The tinted arch, fair radiant spirits roam,
Weaving a magic web of colors bright,
Filling all space with the soft roseate light,
Ethereal drapery for their airy home.

Those were the days of old, when satyr played
With faun and dryad through Hellenic wood,
When Oread swift pursued the mountain maid
And naiad slyly peeped in laughing mood
Out from her rill, half amorous, half afraid,
At burly Pan, piping his syrinx rude.

No more the fairy trips it on the green,
No longer elf and gnome their treasure guard,
No more o'er every cottage door is seen
Thor's giant hammer; men have learnt to ward
Away the thunderbolt; the rainbow screen
By sylphs traversed is seen but by the bard.

The woods are silent now: if aught they bring
To us of message august, solemn, grand
In its simplicity, 'tis of the mighty King
Who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand,
Whose word alone controls the planets' swing
And in whose mind the universe was planned.

All message else that plants or flowers bear
To men, must come from man himself; the rose
Whispers of love, for that fond lovers wear
The flower that years ago as theirs they chose;
The yew and cypress speak of death, for these
They droop o'er graves in the old English close.

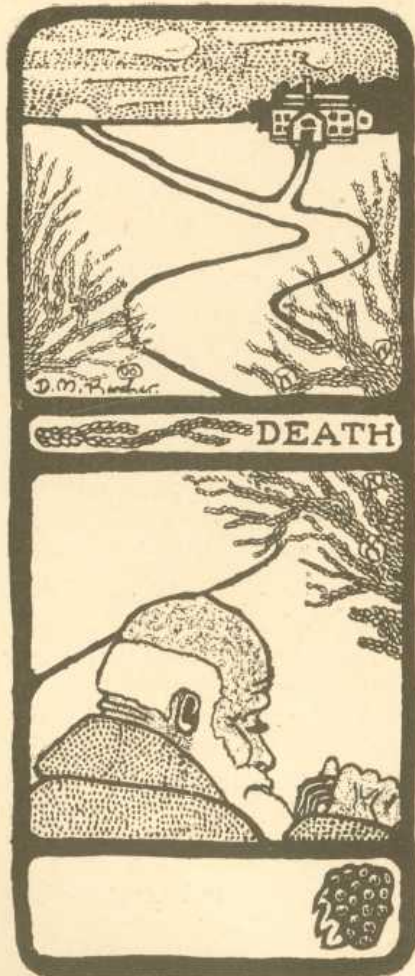


And for the ivy that we plant to-day,
We breathe through it a message for each stone
It touches; not the language of the bay,
Voicing the happy victor's vibrant tone,—
Though that, perchance, is ours; but we say,
“Bear our Remembrance, Ivy!”—that alone.

Remembrance of four happy, flying years
Passed in the shadow of these sacred walls,
Remembrance of our friendship that endears
Us each to each and to these ivied halls,
Remembrance of our varying smiles and tears—
Of hopes fulfilled, sometimes, alas! of falls.

'Tis no new message for the curling vine.
In days of old, at the Nemean game
When Greece assembled at Zeus' mighty shrine,
Still were its leaves the emblem of fair fame,
The meed of victory, the holy sign
Of well-won conquest and an honored name.

For see, the games are on! The racers fleet
From fair Thessalian vales, Eubœa's strand,
Argos, Ionia, Elis, and a band
Of sturdy Phocians emulously meet,
Each striving for the ivy garland sweet,
Desired of all within the Grecian land.
The word goes forth; along the course they speed,
Shoulder to shoulder, agile, lithe and strong.
A moment so,—then from the expectant throng
Rings out a cry, for two are in the lead,
One Sparta's child, mighty in Hellas' need,
And one from the Lesbian isle of tuneful song.



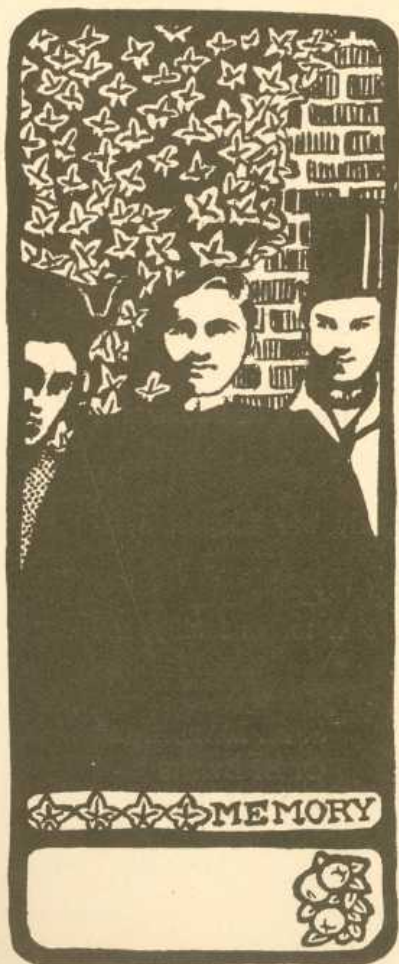
"On, on, thou Spartan! thine the victory!"—
 "On, Lesbian! there before thee rests the
 prize!"—

Thus from the viewing multitudes arise
 Shout upon shout. "Nay, faster, Lesbian; see.
 The Spartan gains!"—And breathless, anxiously,
 Ten thousand watch the strife with eager eyes.
 And, lo! deep-panting as they near the goal
 The rivals leap along the level ground
 For twenty paces,—ten,—then with a bound
 The Lesbian first vaults past the wreathed pole,
 While thundering acclamations round him roll
 And "Hail the victor!" from the throngs resound.

What says the hoary elder as he lays
 The ivy chaplet round the youthful brow?
 "Hail, Lesbian! Happiest of mortals thou!
 Thy memory shall go down through all the days,
 Immortal poets sing thy deathless praise.
 Go; at the shrine of Zeus in homage bow."

The Lesbian's leafy garland signifies
 Remembrance and a fame that never dies.
 Ours, a more humble tribute, but declares
 Our loving memory of thy fostering cares,
 O Alma Mater! And to be worthy thee
 Thy august name and ancient dignity,
 May we learn lessons of the creeping vine,
 Where faith and love and ardent hope combine.

For as the ivy's root is buried deep,
 So may thy loving, loyal children keep
 As firmly grounded in a purpose pure;
 As twine the ivy tendrils round each stone,



So may we cling to thee, by whom alone
Our purposes were moulded to endure;
As mounts the ivy ever high and higher,
So may we, too, right loftily aspire
Ending our purpose fixed in victory sure.

Thus like the ivy leaflet, one in three,
Triple our lesson in its trinity,
This the unriddling of its mystery.

And, Alma Mater, while dawn's pearly white
Illumes thy towers with streaks of pallid light,
Which slowly change to bars of living gold;
While pours the yellow glare of midday down
On hall and campus, river and busy town,
With never a fleecy cloud o'er Heaven rolled;
While in the west the setting sun bends low,
Suffusing all with a rich crimson glow
Until night's gloomy shades the world enfold;

Long may'st thou stand, clad in thy leafy green,
Long may thy rising turrets yet be seen,
Pointing us upward as in days of old!

ALLISON GAW.

JUNE 11, 1900.

Joseph Lawrence Mearns

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to remove from our midst our beloved classmate

Joseph Lawrence Mearns

be it

Resolved, That as a Class we mourn his loss as a friend and comrade ; and be it further

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy in their affliction ; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and published in the various University publications.

S. M. MARSHALL
O. B. EVANS
A. P. HUME

Allan Rogers Warnick

WHEREAS, In His wise providence it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this world our friend and classmate

Allan Rogers Warnick

and

WHEREAS, We recognized in him a true and loyal friend, as well as an earnest and faithful student, be it

Resolved, That we mourn with his distressed family; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and published in the *Pennsylvanian* and *Red and Blue*.

LESTER KINTZING
J. E. WILLING
E. A. CORBIN, JR.



SENIOR · THESESES

· WILLING ·

Wharton School

W. B. SAUL
J. STERN
S. YASKAWA

} "The Present Industrial Situation in the United States with Special Reference to Trusts."

Architects

L. KINTZING—"A Naval Academy."
E. A. CORBIN, JR.—"A General Hospital."
J. E. WILLING—"A Library."
A. L. SCHENK—"A Club House."
A. P. HILTEBEITEL—"A Cathedral."
W. P. PRESTON—"A Theatre."
L. MAGAZINER—"A Church."

Chemists

- TURNER—"Separation of Arsenic and Phosphoric Acid from the Third Group by HCl."
G. C. FRIEND—"Atomic Weight of Antimony."
A. MERZBACHER—"Electrolytic Oxide of Toluene, Xylene, Ethylbenzene and Mesitylene."
HALE—"Determination of Ferrous Iron in Pyrite by HCl."
HART—"Determination of Ferrous Iron in Marcasite."
H. COFFMAN—"Molecular Weight of Double Chloride of Tin and Ammonium."
L. P. MORGAN }
J. GILLENDER, JR. } "Determination of the Constituents of Calcopyrite."
SMITH—"Action of Acetic Acid on Aconite and Aragonite."
IMLACH—"Electrolytic Determination of Cerium."
FABER—"Determination of the Atomic Weight of Antimony Barium, Antimonium Tartrate."

Biology

- B. F. BAER, JR.—"The Earliest Sexual Differentiation of a Chick."
H. R. VALENTINE—"Comparative Study of Leaves of Droseraceæ."
J. E. ROBERTS, JR.—"Rate of Growth of Tadpoles and Earliest Differentiation in their Sex."

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering

- EHLERS }
BRENDLINGER } "Comparison of Effects of Centrifugal Pump and Triplex Power Pump."
MAGARGE—"Investigation of the Hydraulic Ram."
EVANS }
MARSHALL } "Comparison of Throttle and Automatic Governors."
TERRY }
MCKEE } "Efficiencies of Westinghouse Compound Engine and United States Dynamo."
MARTIN—"Design and Construction of Transformer."
GOMBOROW—"Determination of Curves of Westinghouse Alternator."
REEDER }
WITMER } "Determination of Friction Losses in the Parts of a Steam Engine."

- HUME }
 PERKINS } "Determination of the Efficiencies of a Gas Engine by Means of Entropy Diagram."
 W. E. PATTERSON—"Determination of Cost of Condensing Steam by a Jet Condenser."
 KOHN }
 NUSBAUM } "Termination of Steam Consumption Communicating Efficiencies and Losses of Westinghouse Standard Engine Directly Connected to a Westinghouse Generator."

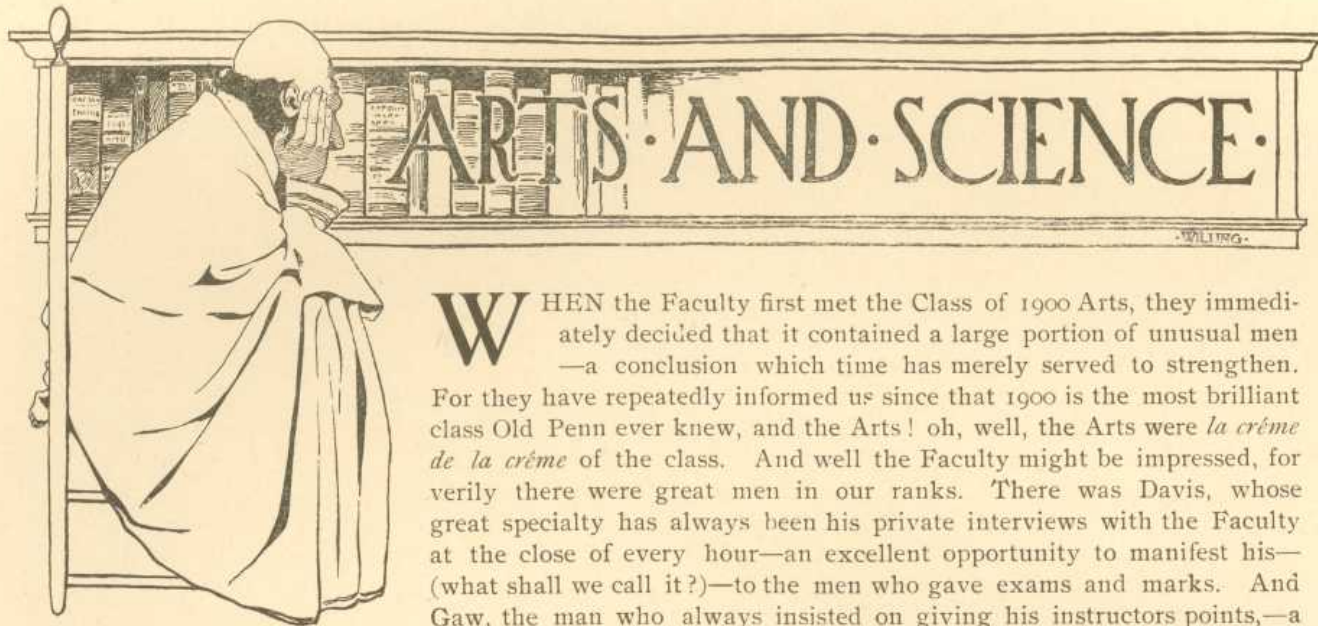
Civil Engineers

- P. S. BAKER—"Review of Fairmount Park Arched Highway Bridge."
 A. B. HAGER } "Comparison of Stresses in a 300-foot Swinging Bridge as Determined by Three Different
 G. L. TAYLOR } Methods."
 F. E. HAHN—"Proposed Water Supply for Borough of Darby."
 H. F. NELSON } "Abrasion Tests of Paving Brick, Comparing the Study of Old and New Methods."
 G. J. PERCIVAL }
 W. P. TAYLOR—"Tensile Strength of Cement and Cement Mortar as Affected by Methods and Conditions of Building."





The Effects of Co-education on the Faculty



WHEN the Faculty first met the Class of 1900 Arts, they immediately decided that it contained a large portion of unusual men—a conclusion which time has merely served to strengthen. For they have repeatedly informed us since that 1900 is the most brilliant class Old Penn ever knew, and the Arts! oh, well, the Arts were *la crème de la crème* of the class. And well the Faculty might be impressed, for verily there were great men in our ranks. There was Davis, whose great specialty has always been his private interviews with the Faculty at the close of every hour—an excellent opportunity to manifest his—(what shall we call it?)—to the men who gave exams and marks. And Gaw, the man who always insisted on giving his instructors points,—a noble mission, which has greatly elevated the intellectual tone of the

University. In our midst was a man from Canada, slow of speech but swift of foot, one Alex Grant, destined to win many races for Penn in the four years of his sojourn here.

Stanley Folz came to us determined to be first in *something*, so he was the first man to join Philo. Folz has been an eminent success (after his own manner), but this he attributes to evenings judiciously employed in calling upon the powers that be, and in the citation of authorities in quiz papers, any old reference serving, so long as it seemed plausible. This method has been copyrighted, but he expects to co-operate with Davis in placing a work on "Leg-Pulling" before the public very shortly. We recommend it as worthy of the serious attention of any ambitious Freshman.

A man named Kellam, who thought himself a politician and man of the world, came up from the wilds of Jersey to show us how to run things, while the Central High School of Philadelphia sent us the "boy

wonder " Tryon, to serve as a check upon all naughtiness. Then we had Charley Upson, the eminent authority on Lockport, N. Y., and co-education, and Jones, the man with a dislike for religious services (*vide* Professor Easton's chapel-roll). " Jim " Riddle, who had arrived from the " wild and woolly West " the year before and had become partially civilized, came out and took courses in public speaking (the Faculty fired Hynson after that year), and played in the University Band, preparing his lungs for the 'Varsity Debate Teams. " Billy " Remington did not want to be evil, so he joined the Y. M. C. A. when the Mask and Wig had gotten through with him as a girl reporter. He became so imbued with the swift spirit of the latter organization that he joined the track team, where he has remained ever since. Potts, the irrepressible, and Rice, the grave, served to counteract one another, while " Billy " Read came as the standard-bearer of the Camden contingent. Later we were joined by Fisher, the immortal, who, failing to find a sufficient scope for his attainments in the Wharton School, apostated to the Arts. Owen (more) Sypherd, the Wilmington pedagogue, came to see if there was anything he did not know, and McClellan joined us for the sake of breaking the record of " D's." Other great lights there were (and they are not out yet), but space forbids any mention of them.

During our Freshman year Cheyney and Whitcomb tried to impart to us a desultory knowledge of historical facts, while Crawley and Hallett were supposed to teach us Mathematics. This latter instructor was possessed of many qualifications. He had a beard, carefully parted, which needed the constant attention of one hand to keep it in position (as he was not ambidextrous it rendered his work all the more interesting). He had a new baby which frequently forced him from his downy couch in the small hours of the night, much to the detriment of George Hervey's mathematical acumen. He had a reputation for having flunked nearly every man in '99, and he had a feeling that our class did not have supreme confidence in his ability, but he made up the deficiency on that score by reminding us that he " could teach mathematics as well as any man in the University." Can it be wondered that he blighted the career of many a young and rising genius? At this period we were also inspired by one of the choice specimens in the English Department, a certain Arthur Hobson Quinn, who, book in hand, endeavored to extract from the class the opinions of that revered authority, Genung, upon the subject of Rhetoric. It is to be noted that he was obliged to take a year's leave of absence immediately afterwards in which to recuperate. The time, however, seemed to have been principally employed in raising a beard the color of bricks. In Room 205, on Fridays at 9 a. m., we were accustomed to hear " Randy " Faries, former athlete, deliver his opinions on the subject of the " muckles," " fuds," and exercise with or without retrograde, a course intended to supplant the gymnasium work required in former years. We certainly attained much muscular exercise in transcribing " Randy's"

highly polished and slowly dictated sentences to paper. We felt that we were playing a philanthropic rôle, inasmuch as we thus enabled "Randy" to draw his salary, retain his title as physical director, and get free passes to Franklin Field.

Professor Easton spent many hours in explaining to us (in a course designated English Language) that there was no exact point at which a bush in growing became a tree, and that the feminine mind differentiated a "ha-at" from a "bunnit." In Latin the class came in contact with that great source of inspiration, Henricus Gibbons, the man with opinions on the subject of reading Latin with expression; the compiler of the most elaborate system of abbreviations known to modern civilization (to be compared only to the Chinese system of hieroglyphics); who constantly worried lest some member of the class should stultify himself. Davis in preparing always used two encyclopedias, six Roman histories, all the known dictionaries of antiquities, several histories of Latin literature, seven Latin lexicons and nine Latin grammars, in addition to filling three note books per diem with remarkable statements which fell from the lips of this modern oracle. When this preparation brought only a frown and a "Very poor; next," from his royal nibs, the rest of us were nowhere at all. Gibbons one day, in a fit of wrath, sent Eddie Goodman to the library to make investigations upon the subject of Junius Brutus, concerning whom Eddie was entirely ignorant. Goodman wandered back towards the close of the hour to announce his great discovery, *i. e.*, that the aforesaid "Junius B. was a *man*," to the huge delight of H. G. (everything about H. G. is huge).

We translated German classics under gentle Daniel Shumway, who made a trip to Germany a few years since and forgot how to speak English—a course which involved much labor in the resurrection of his mother tongue on returning to the University. It was here that Buckwalter, the Camden oarsman, displayed his adroitness in reading from a crib deftly held within the covers of the original.

In the second term, Freshman year, we made the acquaintance of a man named Thorpe, who recommended about fifty volumes on the lives of great American statesmen for our diligent perusal, and gave us his opinions on the subject of the Constitution of the United States of America. What we learned was that "This world is a very peculiar place if you only find time to smile." Whereupon Thorpe would hook one corner of his smile over his right ear and gaze upon us in his own benign fashion.

In Sophomore year Gibbons continued his persecution, still clinging tenaciously to his ancient expressions, "Look it up," and "If you don't know don't say." One day Gibbons lit upon Gaw, who was wading through "De Amicitia" in a rather halting fashion, with "Mr. Gaw, have you not translated this?" Upon receiving the reply that Gaw had not done so, his face became distorted with rage as he howled, "How can you expect to read it intelligibly?" Gaw replied with a nerve peculiarly his own, "You have told us

always to read the Latin over twice before translating it." The class held its breath, while Gaw hid behind his book, and the hair on the top of Gibbons' head resumed its usual unkempt condition.

Capricornicus Jackson, he of the broad-rimmed hat and floating beard, also attempted to impart a knowledge of Latin to the class, distributing marks according to his own patented lottery system.

It was in this year that we dabbled in science and Artie Goodspeed quizzed us on Physics and performed sleight-of-hand for the two Co-eds who sat in the corner. On Friday afternoons we tramped over to the John Harrison Lab, and watched Gaw break the record for smashed glassware and explosions, while he produced odors unnamable which even Doc Shinn could not classify.

In Junior year the Greek men came under the sceptre of Zeus Lamberton, the professor who always insisted on taking his morning constitutional while lecturing to the class.

Marion Dexter Learned indulged in day dreams while the class translated German, and Rennert taught every other European language which anybody was willing to study. "Corney" Wygandt had us writing essays on all conceivable subjects, from "Gypsies" to "Tannhäuser" (this latter was a very severe strain upon Rice's morals, although the beverage of this name had never been known to take any effect).

The name of Felix Emmanuel Schelling was now incorporated in our roster; we found its owner to be a particularly good fellow, with a fondness for lazy men—especially those who took the seminary. That was the place to go for a quiet and peaceful afternoon. You could doze calmly in one corner while a classmate read a paper on something, it did not matter what, as any subject under the sun afforded Felix an opportunity to quote his stock criticisms. He always kept them in a box and then drew for the one to be used next. And how delightful it was in class to hear him read a beautiful sentence and then remark with his blandest smile, "Please notice, gentlemen, this is not quoted." He evidently found it easier to call attention to his own thoughts scattered through the lecture than to credit all his authorities—Schelling has a great reverence for authorities.

George Stuart Fullerton was in Europe for the year, so we were sent to "Willie" Newbold to have our morals toned up. That course in Ethics would be hard to beat. The Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy has a number of notes mimeographed, which he sold to the class at reduced rates (150 per cent profit), and then, having quieted his conscience, proceeded to tell us all his own idiosyncrasies, and stories by the score about the eccentricities of his relatives. He certainly wrought a reformation in the class, and we profited by his course to an unlimited extent. Then a youth named Singer, who had never before taught a large class, was turned loose upon us. He endeavored to exercise a cultural influence upon the Wharton School with Logic as set forth by Jevons. Our intellects were so improved that we entirely transcended common sense,

our instructor having informed us there was no such thing in logic. It was here that Folz fell from grace. Just prior to an examination Folz asked Dr. Singer how he marked, and received the very terse reply, "According to merit." For some unaccountable reason Folz made only a G. By the way, Ed Rich has never passed logic yet. This year we also visited Professor MacMaster, who lectured to us and for whom we summarized regularly and wrote innumerable pages of facts, essays being marked by bulk. It was Jim Riddle who discovered him weighing essays in his office one day. Mac flunked him in revenge, but repented and took back the mark.

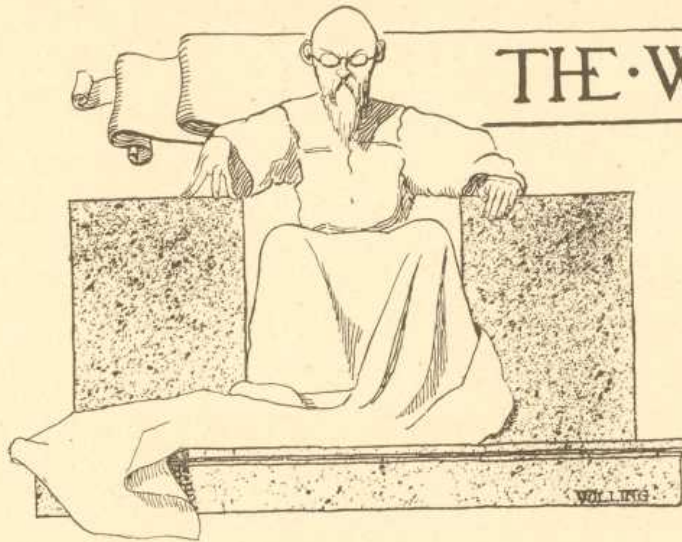
Part of us returned to "Pop" Easton to take a course in what Davis called in evening company (he went *sometimes* in evening company), "Philology," but which the rest were satisfied to call Anglo-Saxon. It was in Senior year that Fisher made the hit of his life, when, having failed to prepare his lesson in "Piers Plowman," he translated "felle frekis" (cruel man) as "fell freak," to the great edification of his hearers. Fullerton returned and gave a course in Philosophy, which nearly drove Michener insane trying to find the substratum of the Professor's celebrated post.

Grant came to grief with Gudeman this year. He had been given an unusually tough passage to translate, and no one is quite certain what happened. All the class remember is that Gudeman remarked in his bland and self-assertive style, "I don't object to the use of a translation, Mr. Grant, when one knows how to use it judiciously." It was a case of "Some have greatness thrust upon them," for poor Alex never was guilty of using such a bold, bad thing as a trot in his life.

Then Ed Rich profited so by his hours with Rennert that he appeared in a French play given by the students and the old maid French teachers of the Girls' High School. What happened we don't know, only Ed has been real quiet since he returned. It was hinted that he forgot his lines and spoke *Pennsylvanian* Board dialect, but that's a slander on Ed.

Well, our course was run. It is true some of the diplomas were withheld until some of the bluffers handed the beautiful stenographers in Josh's office the twenty plunks, but it all came out nicely in the end, and Billy Read is carrying his sheepskin poster abroad with him to prove he really went to college.

It is the old, old story; year by year classes graduate, but each can do it but once, and for them the tale is new. Our days as Arts men have been happy and our life has been joyous, but the sadness of farewell must come, and beneath the laughter and the merry jest there must be a deeper feeling for the days that are no more. May we ever live up to the best that Old Penn has taught us and to the hearty, loyal, democratic spirit which pervaded each section of the Class of 1900!



THE · WHARTON · SCHOOL:

“Ignorance is the curse of God—
Economics the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.”
—*Library Quotation.*

SEVENTEEN specimens of ingenuous boyhood toddled gingerly into Room 205. The date was the fall of '96, and they were all Freshmen. Economically speaking, the mind of each resembled what the respected incumbent of the Dean's office is wont to call a “tabula rosa.” To their benighted ears the very A B C of man's noblest science awakened no thrill of recognition. Its glo-

rious phras-ology sounded uncouth and jarring, and the enunciation of the phrase “wage-fund” was no more magnetic than the name of a Siberian street railway. Cimmerian is a feeble word in describing the blackness of that economic night. In the crassness of their brains (?) “Mill” suggested a reference to the factory district of Kensington, “Gresham,” our late Secretary of State, or “Ricardo,” an Italian poet of the early Renaissance. Of all their indiscretions the most inexplicable was this: when asked what was the most important happening of 1776 they would reply with refreshing stupidity “The Declaration of Independence!” Conceive of the narrowness of their little world. Such an answer is almost staggering when one considers that in that year Adam Smith first published “The Wealth of Nations.”

“But,” as our friend Jerome Sykes has it, “to resume,”—in such afflicted and maimed condition the seventeen aforesaid mortals entered Room 205. On the raised platform an appalling being scowled fiercely at his audience. He was dressed in a tailcoat of the style of 1859, very baggy trousers, and screamed loudly in a surprising voice that ranged all the way from a pitiful treble to the malignant roar of an enraged jaguar. The seventeen green ones trembled visibly and thought they were listening to the king of the Wharton School—but it was only Falkner.

From that fateful hour the economic horizon of these postulants waxed broader and brighter until at the close of the first year they could discuss the elementary premises with some degree of assurance.

In the foregoing retrospect the details of this shadowy period are necessarily dim and uncertain but two events of moment stand out in aggressive outline. The one brought the august name of Oliver before the world. In an earnest crusade, steeped in honest conviction, our versatile demi-god waged an anti-Teutonic campaign against the prosy complexities of "Historische Erzählungen." It was an uphill, but winning fight, and in the end a protocol was agreed on, highly acceptable to the doughty Leon. His fame was established and in due course he participated in every department of college work with the possible exception of the shuffle-board tournament. His individual record is the longest in this book, and to the uninitiated seems imposing.

The other battle was a desperate and losing game. Centrefield Newburger and his accompanying excrescence, Craven, attempted to overthrow the sublime science of mathematics but the result was a dire massacre. Worsted and dismayed the flag of rebellion was lowered and the sphinx-like mien of Evans triumphed. Incidental to this period may also be mentioned the sudden exit of Shaffer during the mid-yearly tournament. Among other causes to which his departure is ascribed the most popular has been stultification of the intellect from undue participation in ice cream at Dr. Seager's delightful reception to the Freshmen. That occasion was his last appearance as a student of the college—a fact that is particularly significant. And what a lovely affair that was anyway! How timidly we broached economic witticisms anent the marginal utility of fancy cakes, and with what unerring facility did Guckes walk off with the first prize in the "authors' puzzle." It was altogether a most thrilling occasion and perhaps made doubly so by Dear Nanny's manifest attentions to the scant supply of young maidens present. But they were halcyon days, for Adams has left us for Art, and Seager has grown grumpy and pedagogical. Besides, he is married.

In one of his novels Mark Twain comfortably says "Let us skip a number of years!" And that method which is safe, sure, and especially convenient to the lazy man will be adopted in the present instance. In the interval flowing (note the economic lingo here) between our verdant guilelessness as Freshmen and the acquisition of mortar board caps, a number of important happenings befell. Of these a cursory review (note again the sweet sensuousness of phrase) will be here presented.

Among a considerable clientele economics was spurned and flouted for the mazes of the law. Snyder, Denniston, Donahue, Blakely, Guckes and Francis were guilty of this heterodoxy. Newburger left the Wharton School for the theatre (intelligent boy!), while our ranks were enriched by the acquisition of Tine-wright, the misanthrope and woman-hater, and O. Loeb, the climber of Parnassus. It may also be added that during this period Grayson and Fouse acquired the art of pool.

Swamped, squeezed, deluged, and overpowered with economics, haggard with the thoughts of over-population, appalled at the "Wage-Fund" theory and crazed with the sophistries of George, eleven would-be doctors in the science of Mammon have tottered sleepily through the final spasm. Only at scant intervals during the Senior year has anyone ceased from his resting. That unwonted circumstance occurred oftenest when Jim Young, his beautiful forehead reaching all the way across his head, his dainty ankles clothed in bill poster socks, and waving his watch frantically in one hand would thunder in many tones "Gentlemen,—concentrazion of Bu-róws! The other learned (?) professors of Mr. Joseph Wharton's somewhat doubtful experiment have been pacing dreamily up the "primrose path of dalliance," and with unwarranted presumption have been fertilizing their intellects on the erudite reports of the eleven sleeping beauties.

With one exception!

Peep cautiously into the corner sanctum at eleven o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays. As the rude street boys graphically express it—"That will make your hair curl!" With one cheese-cloth trouser (and the accompanying limb) crossed far, far over the other, with one scrawny hand holding his pencil lecture notes, and the other barely touching the lower lip in imbecilic fashion, with an inspired grin on his face and words of wisdom in his mouth—sits "Saint Simon." He expounds the only gospel—the gospel of Saint John (surnamed Mill). Enthusiasm personified, economics in the flesh, he sagely interprets the Testament. But the silence is unbroken—all are sleeping quietly, while a smile of childlike innocence plays peacefully on every countenance. Perchance a question from Yas, Burch or Saul, or someone is banished for eating candy, otherwise the stillness is unbroken. And then the old man goes home to his little house and his barrel of apples and thinks he has mastered life!

In leaving the old room around the corner with its walls lined with musty annals of the American Academy, it is gratifying to recount the insurmountable exams just scrambled through, and the many tragic deaths escaped. It is also pleasant to think of what we haven't learned.

As for the professors, leave old Omar to deal with them—

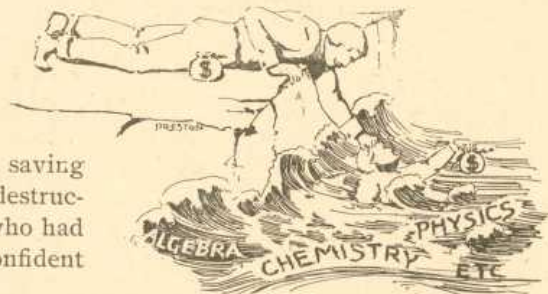
" Why all the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish prophets forth ; their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are stopt with dust !"



LIKE the calm after the storm, like sunshine after rain, like—well, I don't know what like—like something, there appeared in the fall of '96 a set of genii, who were to demonstrate to the preceding classes how things ought to be did. There were not many of us, ten in all, I believe, but the rare quality of the crowd was something at which all marveled. Naturally it did not take such a lot long to get into the mysteries of the T-square and triangle, the triangular scale and the hexagonal pencil, although we gazed horror-stricken at one of the older men soaking his paper in the sink. In spite of this there was undoubtedly a certain freshness about all when Popsy first smiled benignly upon us, but it was that sort of dewey anticipation which betokens a wonderful future. Striking indeed was the revelation made in our first efforts. It showed clearly that we were to be counted with the gods of architecture; in fact, it revealed that Michelangelo was not the only one to draw freehand circles freehand, that Smith, a

member of our class, had rivaled and even surpassed him in the effort. It was, however, sad that a pin-hole should have somehow gotten into the centre of the circle, and that the great Lewis Frederic Pilcher, jealous at his inability to obtain like result, should have scathingly planted "Nit" upon the paper.

The same Lewis Frederic, still carried away by his envy, tried to frighten us out of the course by telling us harrowing tales of its difficulties, and how many graves were filled with its young victims, and how—and there he fell into bitter weeping, even the young Corbin, the giant of them all, would also have fallen had he not stretched out a saving hand and grabbed him by the hair from the whirlpool of destruction. But to all this we stood firm, and even Schenck, who had wavered for a moment, regained assurance by Delaney's confident look. It was a trying moment, but we withstood it.



Despite all these little eye-openers from our beloved preceptors, we were soon above their notice, and decided to administer things according to our own tastes. The shining light of the class soon absolved us of any serious intentions until one memorable day we beheld his brilliancy reflected from the placid waters of the sink. This gentleman, Borst, the member from Baltimore, left us at the end of the year, as he discovered that we were slightly too fast for him.

Events rapidly materialized under the tutelage of Popsy and his right-hand man, Lewis Frederic. We learned all things: how to wet a sponge and then—very important this is—what symbolic figures to describe with it upon the paper before stretching the latter, British ensigns, white elephants, sunflowers, the most popular forms of motion. We delved into the mysteries of graphical projections, and learned how to build houses with pasteboard, glue, and matchsticks. In fact, Albert learned so rapidly that he made the startling and heretofore unknown discovery that two plane surfaces intersect in a sphere, while Lester Kintzing built so good a house that he has kept it with him to be a source of future inspiration.

Young Corbin, the adjunct of Lewis Frederic, was wont to do the honors in those days by his occasional presence. Little did we dream then how many would be the facts we would glean from this especially bright star of the class. Were it not for his efforts in the succeeding years, the fellows would probably never have known that the stones used in the Pitti Palace were twelve feet high and the mortar between them as many inches thick. We have truly learned our lesson, that wisdom is oft found in unsought-for places.

Too many have already dwelt upon the course in "The Orders" with the Right Reverend Doctor

Popsy, so we will omit its discussion here, and with almost a regret, will conclude the Freshman year, by the end of which we had become so identified as a class, that many, many sad tears were shed as we bade each other good-bye.

The following fall we reassembled with ruddy faces and reinvigorated spirits. We lost our worthy friend, Delaney, which fact made Albert almost inconsolable, while Borst, as already said, was too slow for our pace. In place of these, however, we received two worthier acquisitions in Preston, who with truly good sense preferred our company to that of '99, and De Garmo, the boy wonder from Swarthmore.

Now for the first time we met St. Julian Millard (peace be to his departing soul, for he has left us to wander in the wild and woolly West, where cacti flourish and scalps are removed as a daily entertainment). He was, during the days that he flourished, popularly known as Milly. Soft and sweet you might say, but you probably have never been troubled with weird and ghost-like Shades and Shadows, nor with Perspective, fearfully significant of vanishing genius, with mechanics and other such nightmares. If you have, then your guilty soul must be stricken with terror.

To mitigate our sufferings, we were in the freehand course put in charge of a kind and gentle spirit, enthusiastic about form and composition, and sympathetic to the greatest degree. "My poor child," he once cried to Eddie Willing, "why will you be so naughty?" and entwined him in his loving embrace. This was the one known as Diz, whom we truly liked.

About this time Smith discovered that he had chosen too high a profession, so with modesty, be it said, he changed his course.

Our first opportunity to astonish the world with our architectural attainments arrived after midyears. Freddie Mann had us in charge. So rapidly did we advance in our accomplishments that nothing less would satisfy us than the sending of a representative, Dab Blair by name, into the Class of '99, and many a race for their money did he afford them. He is now performing some of his tricks at the Beaux Arts, Paris. It was at this time that we first heard the words, "Willing, the boy who is willing," and so on, for suddenly were we electrified by the appearance of that boy who has now attained such fame. We thus retained our average representation as a class despite all the obstacles thrown in our path to make us separate, diminish in numbers, and dwindle into nothingness. Yes, we survived all this and departed at the end of our Sophomore year in a unity of spirit.

Hardly had we been divorced from our drawing-boards and T-squares before we were again taking them up. Already had we reached the dignity of Juniors. All returned to the fold but Preston and Hildebeitel—the former, because of a deep infatuation for a dark-eyed Porto Rican maiden, was late in making

his appearance, while the latter's pet cat was sick and so delayed his return about a month. We failed to mention that De Garmo, whose acquaintance we had made in the Sophomore year, was very persuasively invited to enjoy the society of his father at Cornell, and thither he emigrated, but in lieu of this we welcomed as a regular student Eddie Willing.

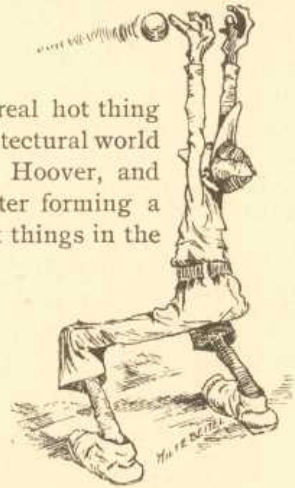
The main subject of this year was of course supposed to be design. As in this we soon exhausted the knowledge of Freddie Mann, Popsy decided to get the real hot thing direct from Paris in the person of Frank Edson Perkins. So astonished did the architectural world become by our lofty attainments, that all flocked to our ranks. Kast, the mighty Hoover, and even the great Lewis Frederic himself, decided to join our class in design, the latter forming a copartnership with Boit, yet unbroken, which we hope will be productive of great things in the future, as it has been during their college course.

Not alone in design, but also in scientific researches, were we to be elevated above our predecessors. Unlike the preceding classes, so Popsy thought, we had a depth of research which required the knowledge of two eminent men, Drs. Buggy and Nolan, to satisfy. The keen elucidative powers of the former were remarkable. Without referring more than once to his notes, he told us that water was used for drinking, for cleaning out sewers, to row on, and sometimes for washing. His was a remarkable mind. The strain upon us was too great to be long withstood, so we hurriedly finished the course, much before the term was up. His colleague, Dr. Nolan, assuredly never meant us harm; all he told us was in moments of unconsciousness, which we cannot do else but forgive.

Here were we first introduced to Amos Boyden. Amos discovered that we knew it all in Building Construction, so he would merely talk on kindred subjects, tell us that bricks were red, and how many cupfuls of cement to mix with a barrel of sand to get a precipitate of mortar. At examination we were asked to reckon to the single brick how many it would take to build a brick house, and other little things. So well did we acquit ourselves that Amos decided not to bother us in our Senior year.

We must not fail to speak of our course in pen scratches. So forcibly did "bully line" Hays impress upon us the importance of pen and ink work in securing a job that we all fell to with a vigor that left him no doubt as to our future successes. In this wise we sailed happily on till the close of our Junior year, and then separated, to meet again in the last year of our college course.

The first three years served only as a prelude to the last, the most important, the Senior year. We



Willing on the Field



*Jory doing
his Favorite Sport*

here joined hand with the Specials who were by their good fate thrown into our company to enjoy and reap benefits therefrom. Time had made ravages in their ranks, so that only four of them remained to learn from their superior Seniors. Yet what a variety of individualities, the solemn dignified Fairchild, who would not give a college yell for fear of lowering his dignity, the Romeo-like Warren, the argumentative, champion oyster-eater, Jory, and the last, the man always? yes always? ready to inconvenience himself to confer a favor upon some one, Kolbe.

At length we had reached the last lap. The confidence born of this knowledge gave us a new impetus, we went at all things with a new zest. Never, so "Sally Everett" said, had he had so good a class, "and this," he added, "is no idle jest," and you may be well assured it was not. He decided that we knew more of Historic Ornament than he did, so he spent his hours in the Interior Decoration Room and only when our voices would swell into too heavenly a harmony would he be recalled to our room to stand and gaze upon us in wonder. Before the first term had been half through its course, the members of the

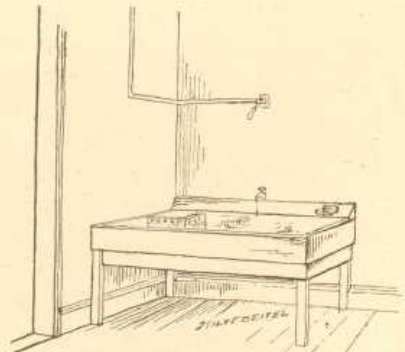
class decided to make a practical application of their accumulated knowledge of mural decoration and the college world was accordingly surprised one morning to find a beautifully conceived and skillfully executed legend upon the wall.

"Rubber thy necke and contemplate
of alle freshe menne
ye Common fate."

And below this in emblems more strongly rendered,

"Sink Victims,"

to which was appended a list, including nearly every member of the class, beginning with the worthy janitor Tommy and ending with Pilcher's so-called other "Jay," Jory. Much local history is entwined about that



The Architectural Department Font

sink, the farewell speech of Kast, the Titanic struggle for mastery between Jory and Mag, and the whereabouts of the purloined faculty soap.

Our friend Sallie appeared to us in many other capacities besides the aforementioned, as reader of Berenson's History of Art, teacher of life, and teacher of our Mannerful Behavior toward the Gentler Sex. Indeed so decided were the results obtained from the last course that we vied with one another to gain the reputation of having derived the greatest benefit therefrom. Warren and Fairchild carried the day, and now are they surely convinced that virtue's reward is always sure. They had reached the point of saying good-by to the Co eds which Sallie happily noticed one day, and with a spirit of just reward made polite mention thereof in the place below; to this place were both men invited next day when the Dean presented each with a stick of lemon candy and a motherly smile.

In design we jogged along merrily. We took a trip to Washington where Albert decided to leave us and would have succeeded in fulfilling his fiendish scheme but for the heroic measures adopted by Willing, Magaziner, and a guardian of the peace to recall him to himself and to us, long after the midnight bells had ceased warning the weary wanderer to his downy couch. That we failed in our capacities as chaperons on this trip was plainly to be seen, for on our way home Oakley, one of the Juniors whom we had promised to guard from harm, won the affections of a young lady, hitherto unknown.

While we close our eyes and pass by his little railroad accident we tremble with fear at the possible consequences of the sly glances that Frank Edson Perkins shot at a certain Red and Blue maiden in Washington. With all this, we returned with newly engendered appetites for Ruskin's "frozen music" that we had to satisfy at any cost.

Many things happened when the second term arrived. We greeted the return of Popsy from a long drawn out illness. The government changed aspect. Kindergarten methods resumed their vogue, and the fellows heard revived Popsy's famous wood-pecker act. This was the Renaissance in its true form.

Our interests now centred in our theses. We cannot too strongly commend the subjects chosen and their treatment. Let me cite a few instances. To begin with, the young Corbin ever since his return from Egypt was imbued with the



Our Sallie.



Science last in the illustrations.

ambition to design a small African village with an adjoining hospital. Here was his chance to allow his imagination full sway and it certainly did sway. Different theories are set forth by different members of the profession as to how he followed out his scheme, but most authorities agree on this one point, that his buildings were designed, shuffled and then blown at random by nature's winds, to settle where they would in all sorts of picturesque positions.

Hiltebeitel, deeply impressed by the story of the Tower of Babel, decided to adopt and modernize this scheme. This he has beautifully affected in a Roman Catholic Gothic Cathedral. And Preston, while on a tour to the Trocadero so strongly felt the beauty of the histrionic art, that he instantly conceived the idea of creating for it a home grandly magnificent and a joy to all ten cent gallery gods. As to Mag's, well, we cannot trifle with holy things, so all we will say is "*Requiescat in pace.*"

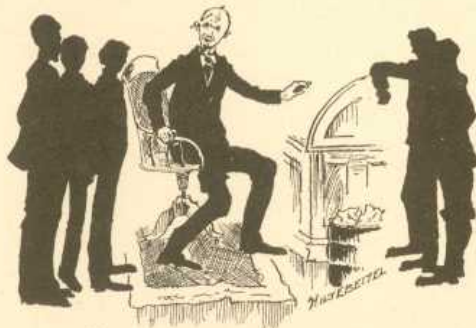
We could speak indefinitely on these subjects, as for instance Willing's \$50,000,000 library for a small town, Kintzing's Seaside Home for disabled tars and Schenck's Anglo-Italian Club House for the promotion of the popular game of tennis.

We must hurry on to close our theme and sadly speak of the end. Lewis Frederic, wearied in body and spirit, no longer feeling the youthful hope and strength that had so long buoyed him up, could no further stand the strain of moulding the minds of these rugged youths of Penn, so he decided to leave, to deal with more gentle souls and to recount to Vassar maidens tales of adventures so keenly interesting.

Popsy again appeared to us in a strong light. For many years vague and evanescent dreams of a new building for the school of architecture had floated through his brain, but the ways and means were lacking. Since all things come to him that waits, Popsy waited. His wait resulted in the announcement this year, that each man who would be ambitious enough to work his thesis on a board was to be taxed a dollar. This only is the authentic reason as to why Albert worked all over the Senior room floor. The serious-

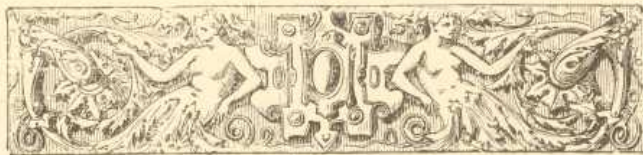
ness of things now appealed to the crowd so that Bert ceased his coin manipulations, while Media, Lansdowne, Chester and even Frankford were almost entirely forgotten—Pottstown never.

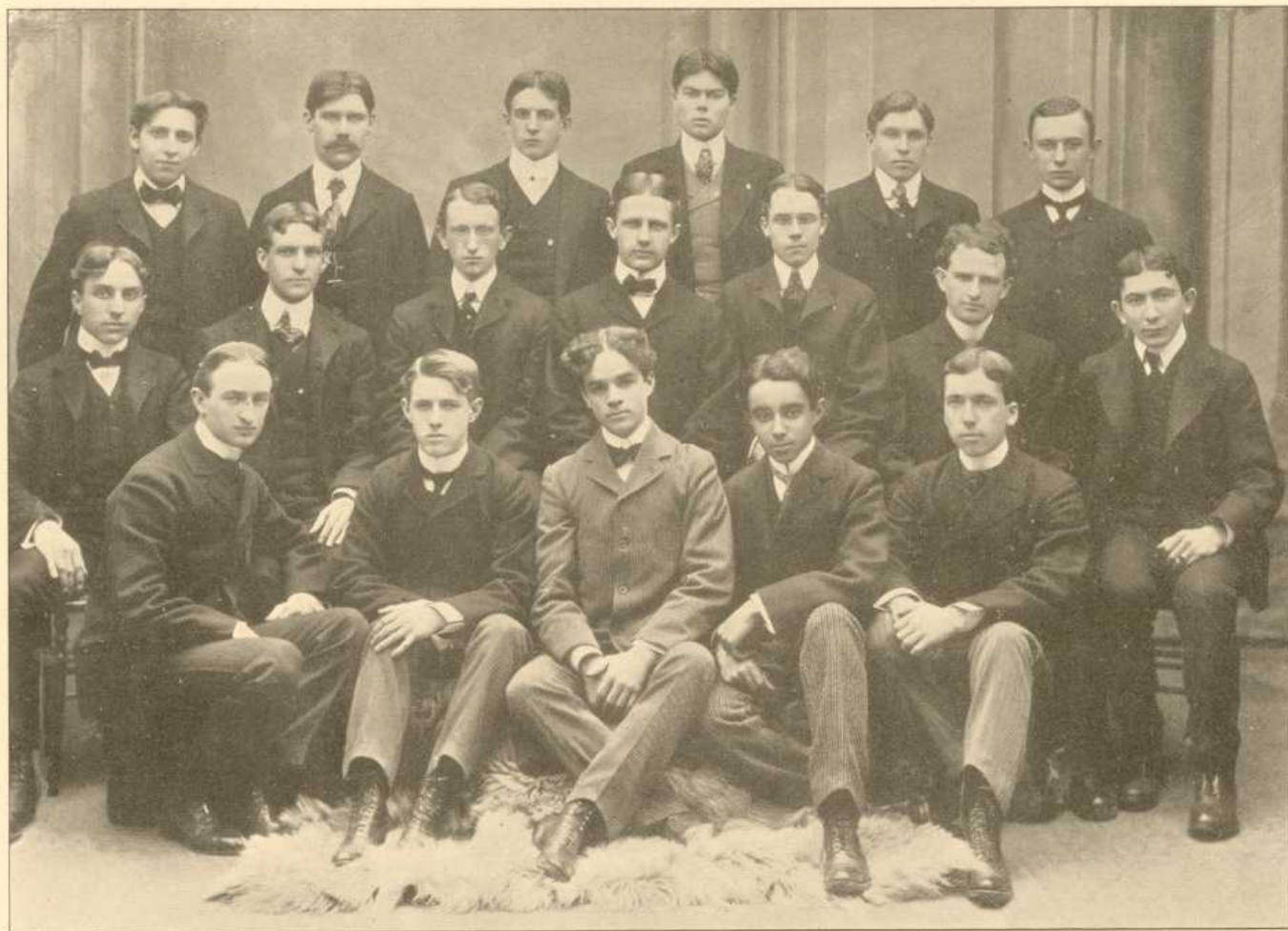
All the characters in this variety have now acted their little parts. The grand finale comes as we file into Popsy's office to petition him to change the new course in history from four lectures to ten. He is obdurate, and at length with a burst of feeling that awakens new echoes in our hearts, he gushes out the statement that he will not quibble over details. Willing falls



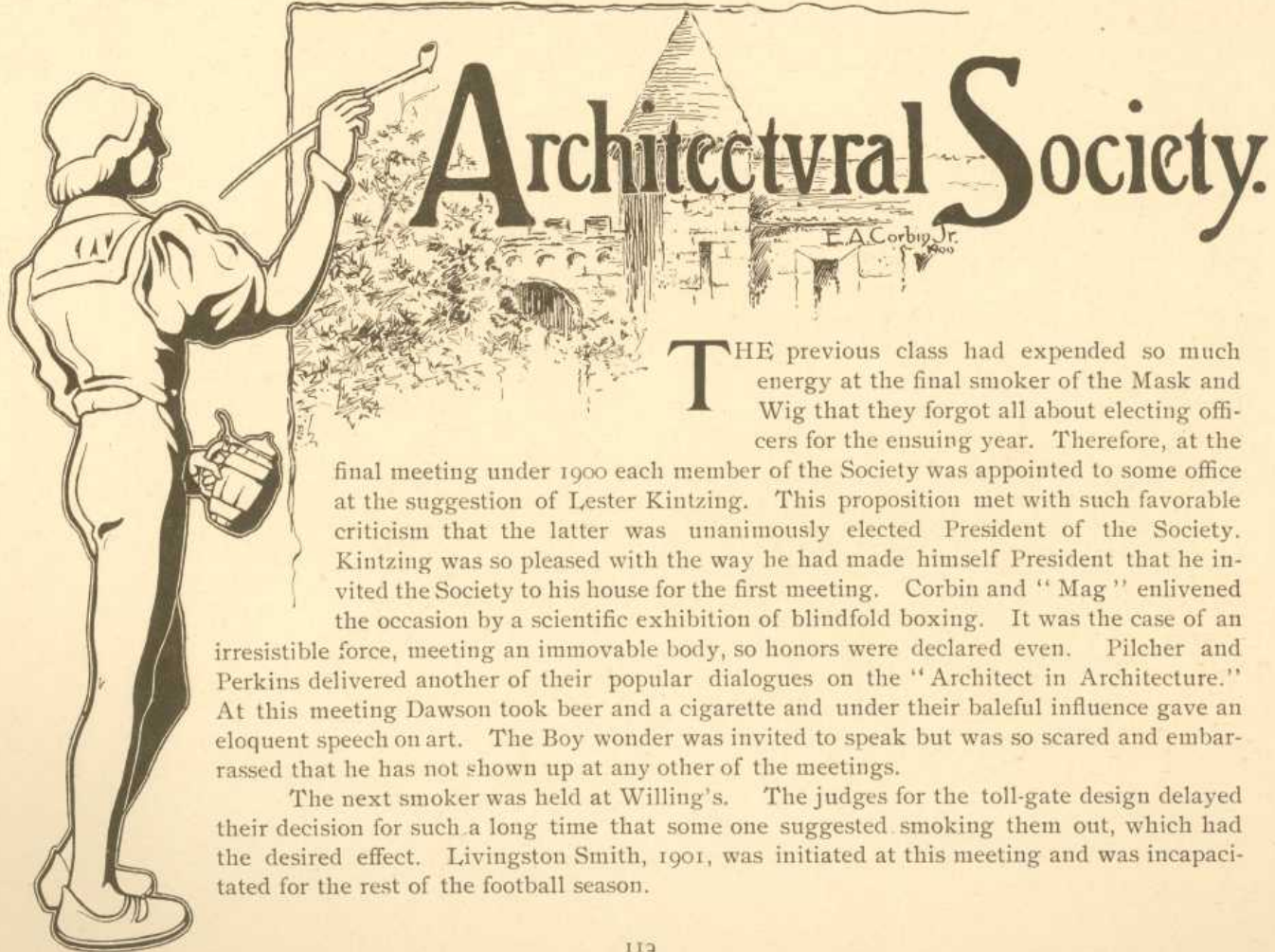
Quibbling over Details

flat. We carry him out to receive the sympathies of the less adventurous spirits. Kolbe and Fairchild weep. And so all massed together, of one united mind in all noble ventures as these, we stand as the curtain slowly falls. It rises for an encore. We all cling together, as if we would not leave the spot, memories, sweet memories tinge the atmosphere, associations come crowding back to us, we feel our hearts full and as the curtain again descends now for the last time we cannot refrain from doing as the Mask and Wig boys always do, and giving a cheer, a long one, for dear old Penn.





The Architectural Society



Architectvral Society.

THE previous class had expended so much energy at the final smoker of the Mask and Wig that they forgot all about electing officers for the ensuing year. Therefore, at the

final meeting under 1900 each member of the Society was appointed to some office at the suggestion of Lester Kintzing. This proposition met with such favorable criticism that the latter was unanimously elected President of the Society. Kintzing was so pleased with the way he had made himself President that he invited the Society to his house for the first meeting. Corbin and "Mag" enlivened the occasion by a scientific exhibition of blindfold boxing. It was the case of an irresistible force, meeting an immovable body, so honors were declared even. Pilcher and Perkins delivered another of their popular dialogues on the "Architect in Architecture." At this meeting Dawson took beer and a cigarette and under their baleful influence gave an eloquent speech on art. The Boy wonder was invited to speak but was so scared and embarrassed that he has not shown up at any other of the meetings.

The next smoker was held at Willing's. The judges for the toll-gate design delayed their decision for such a long time that some one suggested smoking them out, which had the desired effect. Livingston Smith, 1901, was initiated at this meeting and was incapacitated for the rest of the football season.

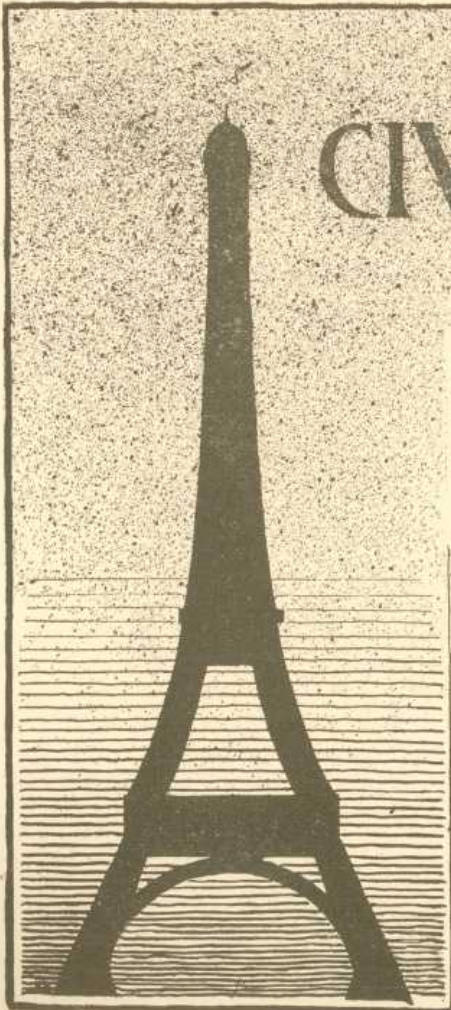
At Schenck's the speaker of the evening was Perkins, but as Dana appeared the former could only utter a few words while Dana stopped to light a cigarette. Since then Albert hasn't had a decent criticism. Preston regretted that he had not handed in a problem, as gray paper received first mention through the efforts of Mag. Albert captured second by the use of a Hildebeitelesque color scheme.

Some of the members had been collecting two dollars a week at home for dues and Adam P. was spending his regularly for red ties. Kintzing and Oakley bought all the editions (?) of Sappho they could find and the Society seemed to be in a flourishing financial condition. About this time we decided to have a certificate of membership. As it was to be printed on leather, Maggie conceived the novel idea of printing it on a pair of old shoe soles and thereby won first. In this competition Corbin ran a close ninth, which stimulated the old rivalry long existing between these two stars.

The best meeting of the year, however, was held at Hoover and Warren's house, when the phonograph entertained the assembly, including Professor Laird, with some of Bacon's Essays. A grand spree followed in the dining room, after which the profs were unceremoniously hustled upstairs to criticise the monthly problem while the members of the Society adjourned to the parlor and listened to some records which we thought the professors too young to comprehend. Oakley has never been himself since the last part of this entertainment.

We feel as we look over our brilliant meteor-like career that we have not lived in vain. Our different problems have raised the envy of the Co-eds to such a point that at times it has almost short-circuited itself. However, under the tender care of their nurse Sarah, we earnestly hope that they will be able to live down the fact that they cannot be members of the Society.

CIVIL ENGINEERING



A.F. SCHENCK.

THE Class of 1900 in Civil Engineering had the misfortune to start with thirteen members. The Faculty seeing this immediately began to reduce the number till now but five are left to be graduated with the last class of the nineteenth century. In Freshman year we looked askance at one another and the monotony was enlivened only by the frequent scraps between Hoffman, a cowboy from Montana, and Tags, a child fresh from a prep school. At the end of this year the class adjourned for a survey to Fairmount Park and there began its great work of the perversion of Willie Webb. The program of the survey was simple,—select games of chance in the mornings in the office and a line up on the fence along the drive in the afternoon to gaze on the female bicyclers. After a week the class grew tired of it and left for the vacation, Willie picking up his traps and carting them back to College.

In Sophomore year we made a map of this survey and formed, in the small drawing room where we worked, a gauntlet which all Freshmen were forced to run in passing to their room and lucky was he who got through safely. In this term Hoffman and Tags emulated the Killkenny cats, fought ten rounds to a finish and no remains of either were ever found. Hederman also went to look for them and has never returned. The great event of the second year

is the annual railroad survey. Frenchtown, N. J., was the scene of our work and there we repaired, some in a private (box) car with Willie Webb and some by wheel. The latter went by way of Princeton and arrived a day late. At Frenchtown we did not stop at the temperance hotel, and every night at supper the milk would give out and then they would furnish us, without extra charge, with glasses of—more milk. At the store appeared the sign—

“ Fresh Country Eggs	20 cents per doz.
Fresh Eggs	15 cents per doz.
Eggs	8 cents per doz.”

It was “Eggs” which carried the lunch basket for us each day. The Class of 1900 will long be remembered in Frenchtown as the founders of a large charitable institution. The night before we left, five members of the class raised a subscription of three dollars each, which they turned over to the town treasurer for fireworks on the coming Fourth of July.

When we reassembled Junior year our numbers were sadly reduced, but to compensate we were introduced to the “Dook” and began to cultivate with him for eight hours a week a new language and new sciences. For about a month we sat before him in silent awe and listened to ravings about “weversal of stewess” and other things whose new names seemed unfamiliar in our ears. But soon we grew used to this and began to admire his lectures without notes and his topic papers which we drew by lot, though we knew them all by the turn down of the corners. The physical laboratory occupied much of our time and every week we wrote up long imaginary accounts of what we had done there. We made it lively for them and both instructors resigned at the end of the year. The only member of the class to win a “P,” Hager, gained it this year by steering the Varsity to victory at Poughkeepsie. Being too small to wear it on his breast in the ordinary manner, the Athletic Association hung the top around his neck and made him a pair of trousers out of the rest. Conway now gave up all study and went into politics, taking to himself the presidency of the class and from that time he has seldom been seen around the department.

As Seniors we began to enjoy life. We gave up all other amusements to stay with the “Dook” and prospered accordingly. We this year took up astronomy and began to pay visits to the Flower Observatory. On the night when the Leonid meteor shower was supposed to arrive we all sat up there to see it, but the only Leonids to arrive were those of “the fourth magnitude, one degree,” which were taken with one of the members of the class in a black bottle. All we got on the excursion was a night on the grass, cold feet, and oysters and coffee at 3 a. m. At the end of the first term two of the class were held up in astronomy for examination. The next morning all the papers announced that Professor Doolittle had been mysteriously waylaid on his way home and we kept our thoughts to ourselves. On account of this we have since had

Eric Doolittle as a teacher and all passed the second term's work with D+'s, because Eric always does most of the work himself and always makes an apology when he finds anything wrong, but Eric can teach too.

The Civil Engineering Society was founded by the Senior Class and has proved a most enjoyable feature of the department. After a good deal of stump speaking we elected Percival president, and Hahn became corresponding secretary because he wanted his name printed on the note paper. Taylor took charge of the program committee so that he could leave his own name off the list of unfortunate ones who were called on to speak. The Society holds a smoker every month, where edibles and pipes are dispensed free and a keg holds a place of honor on top of a drawing desk. Hager is chief cook and bottle washer on these occasions. The Society always adjourns by holding on in a line to Percival's coat tails. He "mothers" the crowd and delivers them all home safely. Once a month the members are addressed by some prominent engineer. Webster has told us how the city councils were buncoed into making appropriations for the Reading Subway. Newall, of the Government Survey, advised us all to become student hydrographers at nothing a week and board. Bidde of Albany told us about the filtration plant, and Trautwine explained why Philadelphia uses water when the breweries are still running. Schermerhorn explained navigation on the Delaware River and how to get money from the United States. The annual meeting and last smoker was certainly a success and we found out how much talent we had in the department, but no one can remember just how it ended. Willie Webb became bad at these meetings and tried to smoke a pipe; result, he left early and suddenly. He announced his intention of doing the act again at the next meeting, but his wife must have given him a parting injunction not to for he turned up with the skin off one side of his face and refused a pipe with thanks.

The great event of the Civil Engineering Society was a trip down the Delaware River on a tug boat. It was marred only by having to stop to pick up Freshmen who fell overboard, and by the fact that when walking a pipe at League Island a lot of the fellows fell off and had to be dragged out of the mud.

The last great event of our College course was our Thesis work. Nelson and Conway retired to the testing laboratory and tossed bricks about in a "Rattler." From their regions came every now and then awful crashes of falling piles of brick and volleys of profanity. Conway soon gave up on account of sickness and retired from the class much regretted. The "Dook" inveigled Percival into taking his place, so 1900 has had three hod carriers. The other fellows took easier theses and succeeded in finishing them without discomfort to others.

And now that our race is run we leave the department, hoping that before long the transit flag may wave over a new building devoted entirely to Civil Engineering, and that the court of the "Dook" may be held in more splendid state than heretofore.



The Mechanical and Electrical Engineers



MECHANICAL & ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

“FRESHMEN in Mechanical and Electrical engineering will report to Professor Spangler in the Engineering building.” These were the first words officially addressed to the Engineers of the Class of 1900. They were spoken by the Dean at the close of our first Chapel exercises one Friday toward the end of September, 1896, and with them our college life began. There were more than forty of us then—in our opinion the most brilliant by whom the college has been honored. Of that company only fifteen remain to tell the story of our failures and achievements, of each of which there have been many.

By the end of November a large percentage of our class had concluded that they were not possessed of the talents requisite to success in engineering and had changed their course to something more congenial, or had retired in acknowledgment of disappointment or defeat. By that time our number was reduced to perhaps thirty.

In college life, as in other activities, certain ones become conspicuous among their fellows by reason of their personalities or their peculiarities. Perhaps the most conspicuous among us from the first has been "Gummie," *alias* Joel Gomborow. "Gummie" is a unique character in various respects. Born in Russia and reared in America, his character is the result of a combination of the peculiar influences of both nations, the final result being an odd conglomeration of opposites. "Gummie," with his "Vell, a Vell," and his persistent questioning, has given us more trouble and amusement than all others of our class combined. Yet withal he is large-hearted, good-natured, and always willing to aid his struggling fellows when the chance offers.

There were two other "foreigners" among us who have departed. One was John E. Zimmerman, called "Zimmie," for easy, who originated in the Argentine Republic, and the other, "Lady" Buckwalter, from Camden, in that newly acquired Spanish colony of New Jersey. In the middle of the Freshman year "Lady" left us and entered that intellectual "haven of rest," known in the University catalogue as the Course in Arts and Science. "Zimmie" remained in the class as a "partial" until the end of the Sophomore year, when he left us to go forth and fight the Spaniards, thereby honoring the University and covering himself with glory. "Sal," otherwise known as Bingham, also left us Freshman year, his most noted achievement during his stay being to confirm the deliberate judgment of Dr. Schwatt when that very discerning and emphatic genius called him a fool!

Midyear, with its hopes and fears, its "passed" and "dropped," was over, and we approached the "finals." When the smoke from the battleground at the close of the Freshman year had lifted, three more of our number were counted with the fallen, and we mourned the departure of Stoll, Halstead and Messick. We chanted the dead-march, and upon their monuments inscribed the fraternal sentiment "Rest in Peace." Messick was a most entertaining classmate, and delighted to amuse his fellows with tales—fish-tales—and thereby acquired the appropriate title of "The Liar." We sincerely regretted his departure, as the narration of his pretended achievements helped us for the time to forget the almost incessant "grind" incident to the course in Mechanical Engineering.

The non-return of Jessup and Somers for the Sophomore year diminished still further our forces. During this year the military spirit incident to the Spanish-American war robbed us of that heroic leader, Paul H. McCook. "Cookie" is descended from the family celebrated as "The Fighting McCooks;" and when the war fever got into his veins he had to fight, whether in the Bowl-fights, upon the campus or in Cuba. As a result of his combative propensity, he and the faculty sometimes came together in battle, and, finding the faculty always in the majority, Paul concluded to leave for parts where fighting was the natural

order of things, and, in the middle of the Sophomore year, he followed his father's example and left for Santiago. Before going he experienced the greatest joy of his college life while acting as a Committee of One to inform the Dean what he thought of the whole University outfit, and to offer some suggestions as to how things in general, and examinations in particular, should be conducted, in order to best conform to the varied desires of the undergrads.

By this period of the Sophomore year we had become pretty well acquainted with one another, and our individual likes and characteristics were appearing. We began to realize how "sot in his opinions" was "Smoky" Evans, and how impossible it was to change his views when once formed. We discovered that the peculiar tendency of Perkin's toes to turn inward was either natural or had been acquired by long practice, and we confessed ourselves unable to effect any change to the right direction, and so they continue to pursue the same evil course to this day. The soft Southern accent, the clear-cut and cherubic countenance of "Apie" Hume, have always been a charm and a benediction to us. During this year was formed that friendship between Terry and McKee, which is fitly exemplified only by that between Castor and Pollux. In this year Deakin, or "Deak," as he was known, concluded that there were more chances to excel as a civil engineer, and, upon his return in the autumn, he changed his course to conform to his changed opinions, and thus we were compelled to part with another of our number.

With the beginning of the Sophomore year we were delighted to make the acquaintance of "Little" Stuart, or as he was rated in the University catalogue "Mr." Stuart. He was of the Class of '98, and our department being very hard pressed, he was taken on to fill Fleck's place. "Fleck," or again to speak with proper decorum, Mr. Fleckenstein, had taught us Steam Engine and Mechanism during the Freshman year, but concluding that his highest aspirations would be realized in literature, he forsook the classroom and wrote a book called "The Prince of Gravas." Perhaps you have read it, we hope not.

We had but little to do with "Little" Stuart during the Sophomore year, but during the Junior he endeavored with some degree of success to instill into our juvenile minds such stuff as Hydraulics, Graphic Statics, and kindred subjects. At the end of the Junior year he concluded to see the world outside Philadelphia and go west to seek his fortune. His vacancy was filled by a dear little one whom we innocently called "Lizzie." Later we will tell you more about him.

With the Junior year came the division of our class into the Mechanical and the Electrical sections, those wishing to make the most of their college course choosing—well, ask one of us. This year we learned what work really is, and how hard the "Colonel" and his coadjutors could make the fellows grind if they chose to do so. And hence there has never been a class that has so covered itself with glory, and brought

such honor upon the "Varsity," as the one of 1900; and it is a proud legacy of illustrious example which it transmits to its successors.

In the Mechanical section there was formed that brilliant combination of "The Big Three," composed of "Dutch Bill" Brendlinger, "Dutch Eddie" Ehlers, and "Smoky" Evans. Why they styled themselves "The Big Three" the rest of us never learned, though we imagined they thought they had a monopoly of the brains of that section,— "but we may be wrong." The last row of seats in the several classrooms had such an attraction for four members of the Electrical section that they invariably occupied those chairs. It was "Rube" Temple who first named them "The Back Row Trust," when he was one day accused by Mr. Waldo of belonging to the clique. This little combine of four remained intact until the end of the Junior year when it was broken by the lamented death of one of its members, shortly after the close of the Junior year. Joseph Lawrence Mearns, or "Jimmie," as he was familiarly called, was one whose ambitious efforts and conscientious devotion to his work had been an example and inspiration to all his classmates. In his death we lost a loyal and true friend, and our Alma Mater a son of whom she may well have been proud. In every class "The Back Row Trust," Mearns, McKee, Terry and Marshall, were to be found in the position of honor, the back of the room.

Worrall Elizabeth Sharpless Temple was a character. His full name being too great for us, he was dubbed "Rube" for short, not because it was a proper abbreviation, but because it described him. He came to college as verdant as the campus, and was in town scarcely a week before he could show us how to smoke cigarettes, how to make one's hat hang on one ear, and could say "Bah Jove, fellows," so that the uninitiated would suppose he had caught it direct from H. R. H himself. When Maude Adams came to town during his Junior year, the only thing that enabled him to pull through the midyear trials was that the South Broad closed on Sunday nights. Scrape through he did, but the finals were too much for him, and when the results were posted, the red ink effect reminded us of one of his own cravats, and Rube became a "noughty-one."

Al Reeder and C. W. Baker were the pluggers of the class. Al simply worked and slept, according to his now famous declaration. He was the possessor of one of the two moustaches of the class. Reeder's was light and unobtrusive, too much so, in fact, but McKee's was stiff and aggressive. Hume pretended to rival these for first honors, but as his claims were based upon about twenty-seven and a half small black specks on his lip, they could scarcely be considered by an unbiased committee of award. Baker worked but did not sleep until compelled to part company with us during the Senior year, owing to failing health.

"Dominie" Magarge and "Curly" Martin were the musical members of the class. "Dominie" received his name in the Sophomore year from the great dissimilarity between one of Scott's characters, Dominie Sampson, and himself. He earned his musical reputation through his oft-repeated assertion, set to music, that "Of course we never could be like him, but to be as like him as we were able to be." Hearing this regularly at least three times daily, we all most heartily concluded that to be "like him," in this particular at least, was really not our highest ambition, and so the "Dominie" remains to this day the original and only impersonator of Dan Daly. "Curly" comes from Frankford, and having been fed on fried bread and frankfurters, he had a most remarkable crop of curly hair, which stood out in every direction with a kind of "touch-me-not" air. He was exceedingly fond of good music and was somewhat of a tenoric himself.

Our class has been well favored with athletes. "Walt" Kohn has repeatedly saved our baseball and football teams from ignominious defeats. "Parrot-toed" Perkins, having a brother before him, made the gymnasium team and earned a 'Varsity "P." by the gracefulness of his "hand-stand" on the parallel bars. "Eddie" Ehlers gained a reputation as a football player, oarsman and pole vaulter, once being as close as a toss-up for first place in a spring handicap game. He won the toss. "Smoky" Evans was an oarsman and a—*sprinter*. He has practiced but little as the latter, and his successes have not been very marked as yet, but by persistent effort in future he may yet "get there." His most celebrated and strenuous race was with a trolley car one lonely night, when, after a desperate "go" of seven squares, he was compelled to admit himself outclassed and to witness the car bear away into the darkness the prize for which he had so earnestly raced.

With the advent of the Senior year we made the acquaintance of "Lizzie," otherwise known as Mr. Tiemann, who endeavored to teach us Hydrodynamics. He had a beautiful complexion, with rosy cheeks, and the most artistically drooping moustache imaginable. He made himself famous by an address delivered to the class at our first meeting, in which he very kindly assured us that "If you talk I will not hesitate to mark you zero for the recitation." Under the civilizing and refining influence of our class he outgrew this little peculiarity, and thereafter we had no further trouble with him.

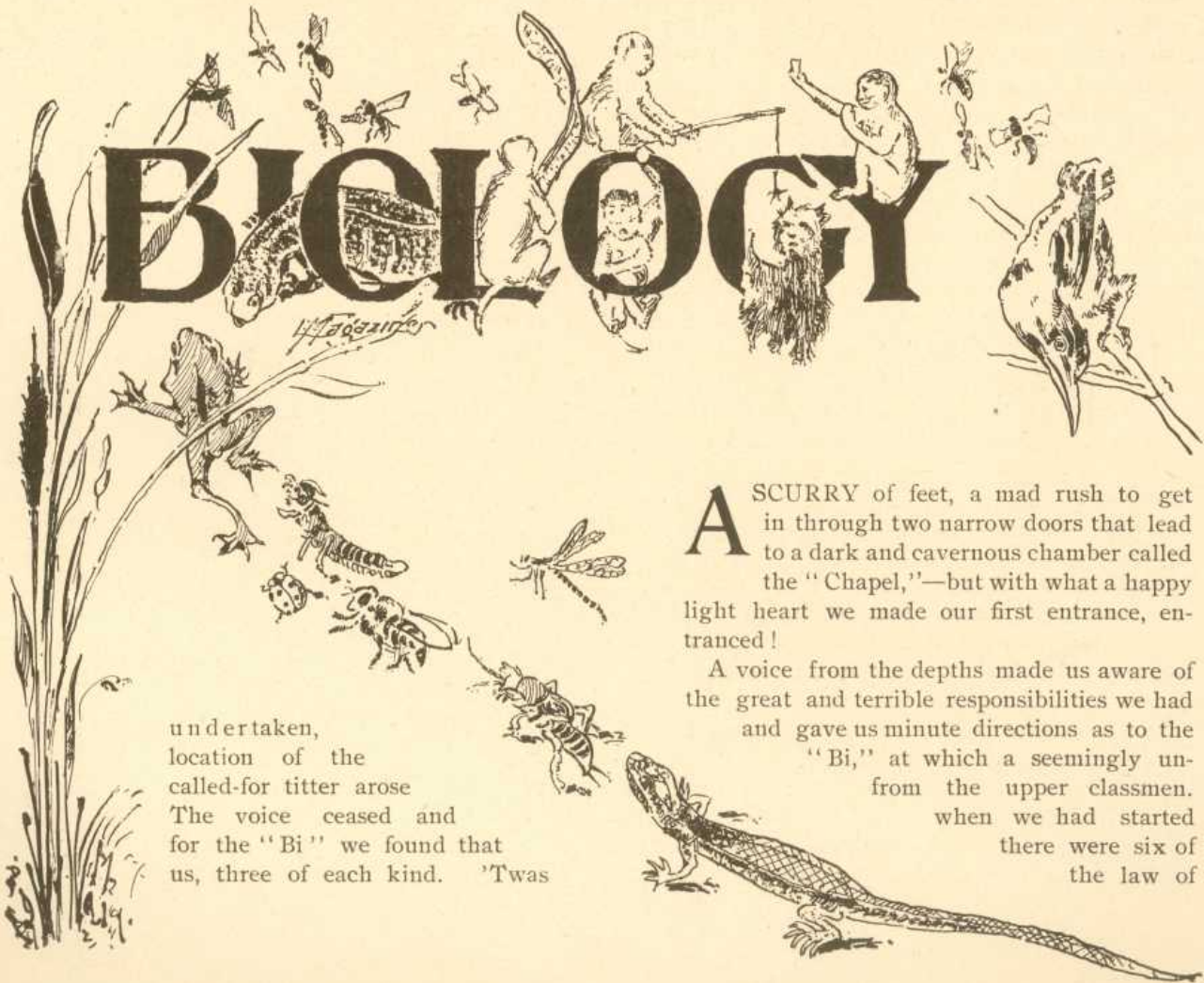
There was one course which we thoroughly enjoyed. This was Pump Design, pursued under Mr. Picolet, otherwise "Pickles." Such brain effort as was expended upon this study has probably never been equaled in the history of this department. In the first place, we had to teach "Pick" how a pump should be designed, as he had apparently forgotten all that the Class of '99 *claim* to have taught him. Then we designed our pumps—and such pumps as they were! Large pumps and small pumps, pressure pumps and

fire pumps—all displaying the remarkable inventive fertility of our intellects, and demonstrating what a wide range of design is possible in such a simple machine as a pump. Patterson, or "Pat," was in his element here, and his "No matter" might be heard at any unexpected moment. While "Pick" was in the room we worked, and when he was absent we bet on the height of a chimney or the area of a manhole, at one cent per, the winner taking the pot. Taken as a whole it was a really enjoyable course, though a little too approximate for our ideas of accuracy.

It was in this year that we developed a great love for athletics. In the fall we had football and in the spring baseball and crap. Though our football team was nominally under the care of Evans, "Captain" Nusbaum seemed to feel that the whole burden rested upon his shoulders, and in the practice and game he felt himself called upon to offer each of us valuable (?) advice as to the way to play. We lost our game with the Juniors chiefly because the "Captain," himself a Democrat, did not realize until near the end of the game that our opponents were mainly Republican in their principles. In the spring the "Captain" organized our baseball team and allowed Evans to run it. The result was that the "star" work of Hume and Perkins and of the "Captain" himself was of no avail in the Junior games and we permitted them to win out.

This year Witmer, or "Vitmer," as Schwatt had called him, allowed that discoloration of his upper lip to assume such proportions that we realized there were at least some latent possibilities of a budding moustache. Perhaps the example of his friend Reeder had something to do with his encouragement of those possibilities.

Now of course we had had smokers and dances in the department before, but it remained for us in our last year to eclipse anything which had preceded us. Though Ehlers bulldozed us into making him chairman of the smoker committee, it proved that he had made a wise choice, and we had a smoker that we all will remember and which will be an inspiring example to succeeding generations. Our dance was a most successful affair, not only from a social standpoint, but because, contrary to all college traditions, the committee came out ahead. Everybody was happy except poor "Biell" Brendlinger, who was compelled to come "stag." So elated was the committee at having come out ahead that they presented to the department an ice-cooler, something which it has always lacked and which stands there to-day as a noble example of what a dance committee *may* do.



BIOLOGY

undertaken,
 location of the
 called-for titter arose
 The voice ceased and
 for the "Bi" we found that
 us, three of each kind. 'Twas

A SCURRY of feet, a mad rush to get
 in through two narrow doors that lead
 to a dark and cavernous chamber called
 the "Chapel,"—but with what a happy
 light heart we made our first entrance, en-
 tranced!

A voice from the depths made us aware of
 the great and terrible responsibilities we had
 and gave us minute directions as to the
 "Bi," at which a seemingly un-
 from the upper classmen.
 when we had started
 there were six of
 the law of

fate. There were six of us just so arranged that each could have a Co-ed apiece if he wished. The whole faculty had gathered to welcome us and it was no fault of theirs that we were not scared out of our wits. Mac's address of welcome lasted some few hours, but that rather prepared us for his coming lectures.



There was Roberts the Jersey farmer, Mander who asked for a glass of cow at the Houston Club café and then would have expired from laughter but for the heroic efforts of the waiter to quickly serve him the "fuminant," and thus choke him off; and Leopold who tried hard to appear wise. On the other hand there was Miss Metzler, a rosy-faced, pretty little thing—the personification of the vigor of youth; Miss Boewig, whose opinion was always in evidence, and finally Miss Gardner, greatest at least in avoirdupois—she who used to walk from Chapel with her gentleman friends, till one day Mac made a suggestion, since which time she has more often been seen by herself.

Our first few weeks were ones of experience. We were tasting University life, associating with new people and at the same time being introduced with due reverence to the great sciences. But January was approaching and with it the Mid-years. They came on us like so many monsters, trying hard to haul us into the great abyss. But when we stayed holding on like grim death—only death passes—and we stayed—after the exams had passed. Miss Metzler however left before the exams and showed her good sense too. As we look back on the Freshman year, which so quickly passed away, we cannot help feeling that much time was wasted in talk and frivolities that might to better advantage have been spent in other ways, but we may as well be philosophical, we cannot help it now, so why care. Think also of the experience and lesson it holds for us for the future.

As Sophs we are a howling success, from now on our fame was assured. We had a Gardner to grace our Botany, a Baer was routed out from the Chemistry department and landed safely in the Biological cage. Bally was enticed and he proved himself quite a favorite with the "Lydies;" in Roberts we had all a Jersey collection could drum up. Miss Boewig still stuck to her opinion and in the opinion of the five of us (Mander and Leopold having disappeared), we were important, but when in the Mid-years we caught the tail-end of a "P" we were important to a less degree, but still a happy, contented family.

The second term found "Cat" our chief enjoyment. We skinned cats, dissected cats, pickled cats, smelled cats, heard cats, ate catsup, and finally when Burke called us up at the end of the year we passed Cat.

In Zoölogy we began with worms technically called Allolobophora, a word best said slowly to avoid a tickling sensation in the roof of the mouth. Then we had oysters on the half-shell, lobsters following quickly after, and found later that only the female mosquito stings, so that our hatred for the fair sex was increased the more. In Botany Mac passed around the specimens—old boots, old bottles, slime moulds and mouldy slimes, decaying potatoes, green bread, deceased fish, etc., which with a little alcohol did not go badly at all—for microscopic study.

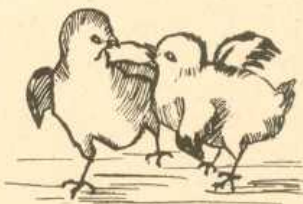
The finals had no terror for us now, exams were simply pastime, each Professor was only too glad to pass us as the easiest way to get rid of us.

As Juniors we strutted around showing our superiority over the Sophs and Freshies. Roberts now began his famous "Collection," his motto being "Things lying around belong to me if no one is looking." Bally began his career as a traveling salesman, and was able thereby to buy his own slides and covers and stop borrowing.

We were told in Embryology how once we had tails and gills like a fish and horns like a cow, etc., but that we had them before we were born, all this going to show that we had come not from a monkey but from a fish or a tadpole. This made us indeed dejected; we felt bad enough when we thought we had descended from the monkey, but to think of origin from a fish and may be, our class at least, from the devil-fish, or from a frog, in which case we would now eat our great forefather's hind legs. All this was too much. No wonder Miss Boewig's kind tender nature rebelled and compelled her to rest for a year.

"Man, poor man" was now appointed to fill the place a year before so strongly held by the poor innocent cats, but two of our number helped in this human denudation, Miss Gardner and Bally taking a consignment of Botany instead. Miss Gardner was now the only girl left, and to show her dignity dropped her gowns to full length, and arranged her hair on the top of her head. It was now that the triumvirate, or three reprobates, as the men of the class were variously called, organized the Ancient Order of the Glad Hand, a strictly unique and very exclusive society of the Biological department.

One September day in '99 we entered Chapel at the same hour we had entered four years before as Freshmen, but under what changed circumstances, and with what different feeling. Then we hurried in



and sat down with open mouth, but afraid to speak to our neighbor. Now we were kept busy looking up our friends and giving our class yell. We began the year by changing our motto to all work and no



play, etc., much to the disgust of certain members of the faculty, who tried to show their feelings at the Mid-year exams, but with poor success. One member was kind enough to tell us we did not possess average intelligence, but as all had previously come to the same conclusion concerning him we worried but little. Early in the winter we had a sleighing party on which occasion Fresh and Sophs were also invited, but the Juniors were not considered proper companions. Baer enjoyed himself so much that he fell asleep and out of the sleigh at the same time, but then he was next to a fair-haired Soph and could not help falling asleep. Friday afternoons were the best hours of the week, for on these days we all had the privilege of going to sleep, in sympathy with the sensitive plants; even Mac did this.

Bally spent much time standing in open fields when the wind was blowing watching to see the trees grow lopsided but with little success. Miss Gardner ran around with a flower pot and a bottle (not of milk) and endeavored to get the plant in the pot to



grow upside down. She now wore 'Varsity pins for buttons and where a pin was not where a button should be, well, there should have been something there anyway. Baer the chicken authority, found that chicks of three days and one hour of age, could not walk up a perpendicular fence if it were more than five feet in height. Roberts grew tadpoles to an enormous size, in the dark, and wondered why they died in an aquarium labeled "Starving Experiments."

The greatest event of the year was the dance given under the management of the Seniors and originated in their fertile brains. This is to be made a semi-annual affair, that is if the lower classes have enough push to keep up the good work begun by us. This we seriously doubt.

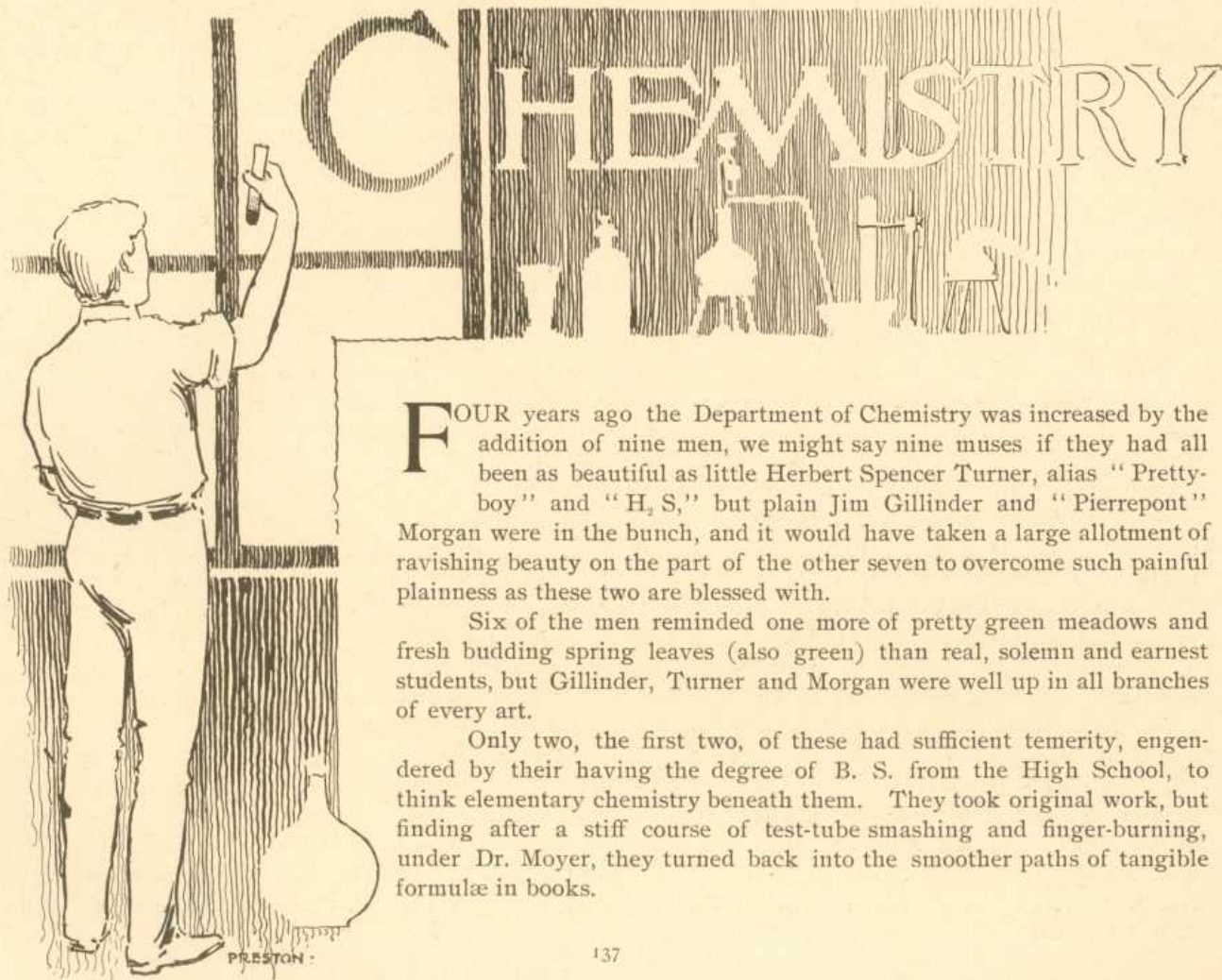
In conclusion we wish to thank the Professors for their efforts to follow our suggestions. In the future we shall not lose interest in their welfare but shall stand ready at any time to offer instructions and to help them in their work. We hope they will not grow despondent but like us be philosophical and bear like men the great loss sustained through our graduation.

When can our glory fade?
Honor the bluff we made
Noble four Bi-eds.





Class of '73 Gate



FOUR years ago the Department of Chemistry was increased by the addition of nine men, we might say nine muses if they had all been as beautiful as little Herbert Spencer Turner, alias "Pretty-boy" and " H_2S ," but plain Jim Gillinder and "Pierrepont" Morgan were in the bunch, and it would have taken a large allotment of ravishing beauty on the part of the other seven to overcome such painful plainness as these two are blessed with.

Six of the men reminded one more of pretty green meadows and fresh budding spring leaves (also green) than real, solemn and earnest students, but Gillinder, Turner and Morgan were well up in all branches of every art.

Only two, the first two, of these had sufficient temerity, engendered by their having the degree of B. S. from the High School, to think elementary chemistry beneath them. They took original work, but finding after a stiff course of test-tube smashing and finger-burning, under Dr. Moyer, they turned back into the smoother paths of tangible formulæ in books.

Morgan tried some kind of a bluff to get out of this elementary work, too, but Dr. Smith changed his ideas, and "Pierrepont" had to fall in love with some fair maid who made him cut two afternoons a week for her sake.

All the class were Philadelphians except "Pat," who came from Jersey and brought a predilection for rowing and girls with him, "Foreigner" Forbing from Ohio, and Merz from Reading, the city of pretzels and beer. Pat, the ladies' man, came very near going to Columbia; fortunately he did not, and the chemical section was saved a representative in athletics, and the University received a manager for her crew.

In June of Freshman year Forbing left for Southern skies and balmy breezes, his health was so poor, and he is not yet back. When Sophomore year opened, another defection from our ranks was noticed in the person of Baer, who joined the *ranks* of the Bi.

Hart, of P. M. C., came to try to fill his place, while Goodman, of '99, and Wilkins, from Washington, tried to fill the vacant chair Forbing had left. Hart started in as a regular, but there was too much grind about it for him, so he turned specialist and jogged along, adding to his course in chemistry, entrées of billiards, with chess and cussing on side.

In this year for the first time we made the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, the best man that ever stood in two shoes, and also scraped an acquaintance with Doc Brown, who tried to rock us to sleep with mineralogy, the science of guessing. You guess so and then guess again.

Time went slipping out of the windows accompanied with fumes of chlorine and hydrogen sulphide, and Junior year came, and with it a great addition in the person of Harris, the man with an apology for a moustache. That moustache is so ashamed of itself that it has a continual rosy blush on. Harris was the former maid of all work at the Edison Laboratory, up Jersey way, but that was such a shocking place to live in that he came down to Philadelphia to eat Schuylkill and scrapple.

Doctor Smith engineered us through Quantitative Analysis, and several men became famous, or infamous, as the case may be. Choose the term and fit it to them; in other words, use your own digestion.

Wilkins achieved lasting fame by supplying an unnamed brand of wine for analysis and assimilation, and Coffman, who had been quiescent up to this time, disgraced us in an unchemistlike manner by joining the Combined Musical Clubs. To hide our feelings we made him our curly-headed mascot and warded off many threatened misfortunes.

Wurtz's and Sadtler's Technical Chemistries were retailed to us in one-hour doses, and we took many and fearful technical trips. One trip was especially well attended; it was that to the Brewery, where we got free beer. Even Coffman came, but he said he only did it to get points for his father's next lecture to young

men. Turner and Faber, our "only original" chemists, were there to help the rest home, and so they did, as well as they could.

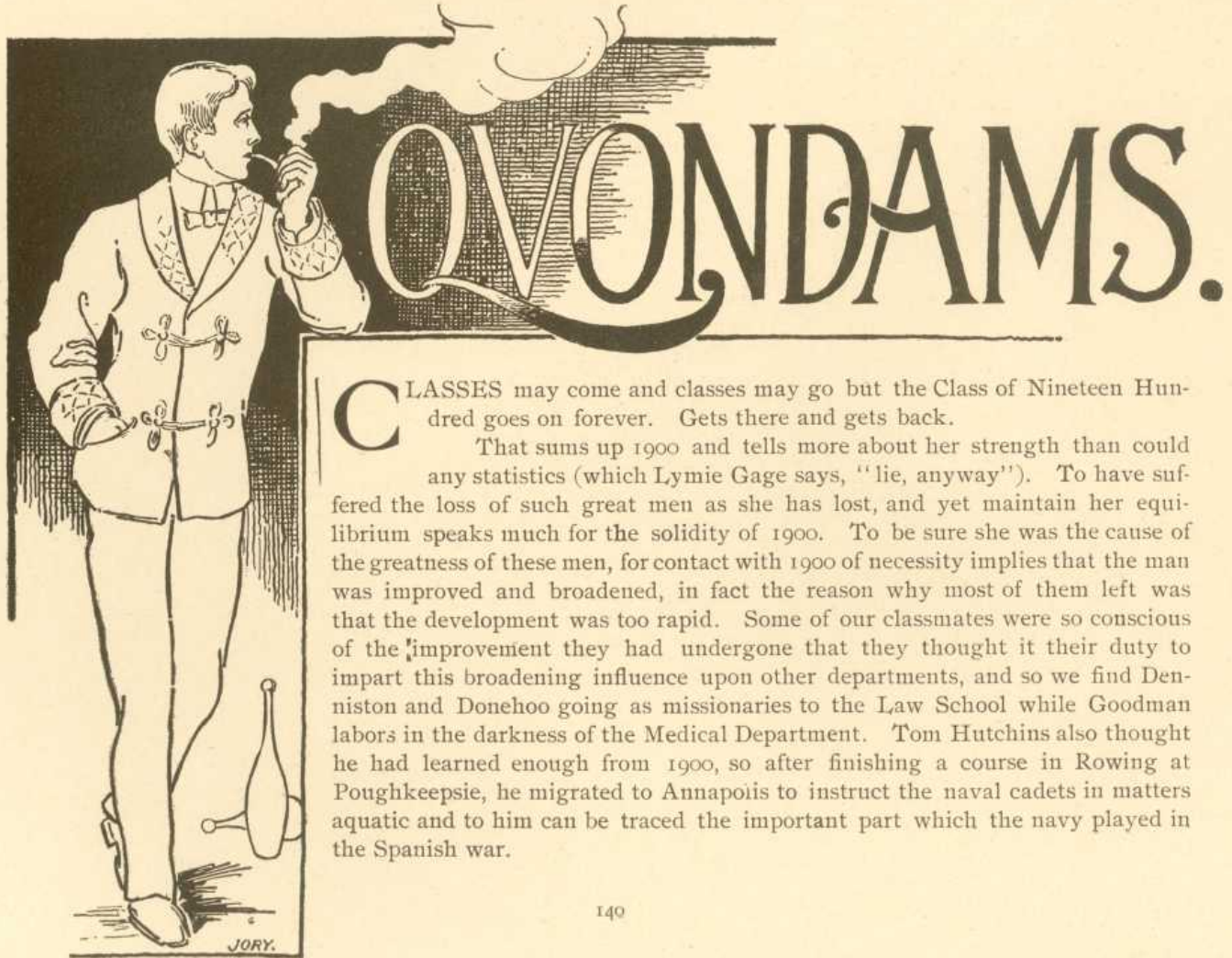
Along toward the middle of Junior year, two cosmopolites from Columbia dropped up to Pennsylvania to do a little real work, and Smith and Imlach were placed on the rolls.

Friend, the religious hermit-chemist, became infected with the gentler of Patterson's predilections that spring, and to the best of our knowledge and belief, "Nellie" still meets him on Thursday afternoons at Fifteenth and Chestnut, near the Y. M. C. A.

The last lap of our course, and the home-stretch, Senior year, came around nine months ago, more or less, seated on the lap of an encyclopedia of chemistry of 1600 pages. As an appendix to this chemical cousin of Barker's "Bible" came the famous instructor, Dr. Lorenz (with numerous aliases). He knew it all. So when he said "It is not so," we would all swear it was, and then think of something else. His wonderful rules that an absence of five minutes meant an afternoon's absence, and that to be seen apparently doing nothing was to be counted absent, are long since obsolete, but none the less remembered.

There were terrible smashups this year in organic, and it will only be due to President (of the Supply Room) Connor's leniency if our one bone and a half a week manages to cover his billets douxs.

Many and pleasant memories are around our four-years' work, and the best of them all is the remembrance of our friendship and comradeship, for he made it that, of Dr. Smith.



CLASSES may come and classes may go but the Class of Nineteen Hundred goes on forever. Gets there and gets back.

That sums up 1900 and tells more about her strength than could any statistics (which Lymie Gage says, "lie, anyway"). To have suffered the loss of such great men as she has lost, and yet maintain her equilibrium speaks much for the solidity of 1900. To be sure she was the cause of the greatness of these men, for contact with 1900 of necessity implies that the man was improved and broadened, in fact the reason why most of them left was that the development was too rapid. Some of our classmates were so conscious of the improvement they had undergone that they thought it their duty to impart this broadening influence upon other departments, and so we find Deniston and Donehoo going as missionaries to the Law School while Goodman labors in the darkness of the Medical Department. Tom Hutchins also thought he had learned enough from 1900, so after finishing a course in Rowing at Poughkeepsie, he migrated to Annapolis to instruct the naval cadets in matters aquatic and to him can be traced the important part which the navy played in the Spanish war.

We came back Sophomore year to find that McCracken had left us for the mysteries of medicine and that Walt Coombs was going to try his luck at dentistry. Forbing would no longer endanger the chemical laboratory for he had gone back to Ohio to play lacrosse—and the flute.

Thus with depleted ranks we went through Sophomore year, till one morning we woke up to find that we were at war with Spain and that here was a chance for somebody to become a hero—and, by way of parenthesis, the finals were dangerously near. This was the chance for which some had been waiting (to be a hero) and never thinking of anything but duty, answered their country's call and went to fight—and to guard powder works.

Texas Abrahams enlisted and had many narrow escapes (he was guarding a nitro-glycerine works). McCook liked his experience so well that he is now an officer in the regular army and engaged to be married, all the effect of brass buttons. Many others joined the volunteer army and in a short time their names will be found preserved on the "War Memorial Tower," that future generations may know of the greatness of 1900, or at least of the greatness of a few of 1900 who ran away to fight. The rest of us were content with joining "Woodruff's University Brigade," and as we did not get a chance to get in the game, the Class of 1900 was kept in tact.

Buckwalter, who after captaining the victorious '98 crew, felt that nothing higher could be reached, left us and settled down across the water—in Camden. Nate Folwell went to England where they *say* he is studying, but you can't believe all you hear. Hodge thought the legal profession needed some new life and began the study with the intention of supplying that need and helping Denny and Donny out. Hutchinson went to the aid of the newspapers, while Joe Knight went over to India to help build bridges and feed famine sufferers.

We might mention many more who started with us for many dropped by the wayside, but wherever you find them or whatever they are doing they are all satisfied that one of the happiest memories of their lives, though the time may have been and probably was pretty short, was the sojourn with the Nitty Nits.

QUO VADIS JR.



By the
class of
1900
University of
Pennsylvania.

FRANKLIN
FIELD
Thirty-third &
Spruce Sts

Friday Evening
May 20 1898
at 8 o'clock
Tickets 25 Cents
at John Wandaaker's
Juniper and Market Sts

Sophomore Cremation

Song the Fourth.

Air: "La Belle Parisienne."

It was our intent and our minds were bent
On burning Shumway ;
But he who is meant for a cremated gent
Must be great in some way.
We looked through his Dutch and his Grammar and such,
Not anything great could we find.
His voice was so sad, and translations so bad,
That we banished Herr Dan from our mind.

CHORUS.—Oh, Fresh!

No, he isn't worth a cent, not a blooming copper cent,
For cheapness we are now compelled to spurn him,
As he isn't fit for earth, he's a merry mark for mirth,
So we leave him, and the Freshman class can burn him.

Perhaps you have heard of that venerable Kurd,
Professor Barker?
His notions absurd, in a book that's a bird,
Made our life darker.
If a question you ask, he refuses the task,
But tells of Dom Pedro and Yale.
Never cross, if you can, such a dangerous man,
For he keeps frozen air in a pail.

CHORUS.—Oh, Fresh! etc.

And there is the Dean, who treated us mean
In the Fresh Pipe Business.
We started a rush, and the end was a squish
Of the Fresh, last Christmas.
So what did Josh do but get in a stew
And said, "I shall take every name!"
The Fresh we let be, but to-day we now see
That they haven't the pipe, all the same.

CHORUS.—Oh, Fresh! etc.

That was the way we practiced the song in our three grand dress rehearsals, but on the evening of the cremation our memory forsook us and we sang it out of tune as well as out of sight.

Indeed, we had good reason to give the songs and speeches much practice, for we had attended Ninety-Nine's cremation and—like everything that Ninety-Nine did—it was a disgrace to all previous and succeeding classes. So, to make sure of a decent performance, we took the management out of Dan Karcher's hands; the *Pennsylvanian* had printed the names of the whole committee, for it was run on newspaper principles in those days—and turned the entire show over to General Weyler, Anna Held, Theodore Roosevelt, Lydia Pinkham, Buffalo Bill, Lord Kelvin, and Mr. and Mrs. Ananias, whose names we very kindly printed on the program. This fooled the Profs, who came in a body, and believed that "Bunny" Liveright, the Co-ed, was Anna Held, while Goodspeed had all he could do, in keeping Barker from racing down to shake hands with Lord Kelvin, whom he thought he saw masquerading as Doctor Munyon.

To Nineteen Hundred belongs the honor of the first dramatization of "Quo Vadis." The book had then an amazing popularity—we didn't know why, but "Easy" Davis said, "because it possessed a tincture of the beastly and depraved instincts of man." We decided to write the cremation up as "Quo Vadis, Jr.," and we did it. Gibbons was the chosen victim, and Ed Rich was to act the part, for he had cut Latin oftener than had anybody else in the class, and had almost forgotten what Gibbons looked like. In order to give the performance at least a semblance of "Quo Vadis," the characters were given names that ended in "us," and "um," and "o," which was the way poor Crossey used to decline "bonus," back in (our) year I. Accordingly, we chose Nero, Doctor Sleepnights Munyon, *Denarius Homo* (a real pun), Vinicius, Pomejus, Eunice, Quo Vadis, Jr., and Henricuss Jibboneyus, to do their several stunts in the cremation exercises. "Alice" Gaw mildly suggested that his "experience in acting ought to recommend him to a part in the

histrionic festivities," so we induced him to crawl inside an immense book, constructed for the performance, and we bound the volume with two covers. The binding "Quo Vadis, Jr." was outside the binding "De Senectute," and the latter was to be spread to view at the proper moment, then the book was to be withdrawn from its animated contents, revealing Gaw in a provoking pair of black tights, rescued, he said, from one of his former escapades, as "Hamlet," or "Ham Omelette in the Breakfast Roll," as rumor says. "Bunny" Liveright promised to give us some slick dancing; and Ned Goodman acted Pomp, being dubbed "Pompejus," and daubed black.

After we had stolen about all the false noses and beards that Boch's man had brought with him, and had togged ourselves out in *robes de nuit* we told Eddy Beale, who had brought a goodly portion of his Municipal Band, to proceed with the "Stars and Stripes Forever." Howling incoherent nothings about "the Rathskeller under the Forum," and "witnessing Gibbons' carcass in ashes," we followed after George Turner's buggy, in which were seated Ed Rich, made up as Gibbons, and "Mendy" made up as Nero. Franklin Field was alight with sky-rockets, Roman candles and torches. We started red light but Bill Easton said it hurt his eyes and would keep him from speaking, so we—glad of the excuse—sent him home and kept on burning the red light.

"Quo Vadis, Jr.," the book, was given the introductory address, for the machine were running Gaw for the Soph. Declamation prize, under promise of voting for Conway for Senior President. The speech began on a fair evening, the sun had gone down as peaceably as Professor Cheyney's voice, one star had appeared and Oliver swore that "it looked, for all the world, like a tiny calcium light away up in the gallery of the gods." Well, the gallery was not pleased with the performance. The Grand Stand, just in front of us, was quiet and attentive but the gods, far above us, were muttering the worst kind of maledictions; we couldn't hear what they said, but the words were so strong that the air and winds were blown into a gale, surging around the speaker's scant, but neatly patted locks like a monster barber giving a giant a shampoo. Then when the wind had towzled up his hair to its pleasure, a gentle sprinkling of water was added to his poll; but even that did nothing to soothe the assumed wrath of our orator. He forgot his lines and turned his full current of speech on the unappreciative elements, ended in one burst of eloquence, crawled into the book, like a turtle into his shell, and stayed there for the remainder of the show.

We had the bad taste to sing several songs to the airs of "My Coal Black Lady," "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," and "Flee as a Bird," but the thunder-storm drowned our voices, and us too. The population on the Grand Stand began to decrease and disappear themselves, so, as our last resort, we put forth little "Raf" Kellam, who had professional aspirations and was attired as Doctor Sleepnights Munyon. The joke

in Sleepnights was that Ninety-Nine, among its selected collection of freaks, possessed one named Liknaitz, who closely resembled Doctor Munyon. "Raf" had a couple of sixteen pound shot, whitewashed for the occasion and entrusted to two small boys, picked up for ditto, while he spouted an address, also picked up for ditto. Maybe the gallery gods didn't queer him!

The rain came down so hard that the whitewashed cannon balls lost their paleness and were finally washed out of the small boys' closely held fists. Upon this, Dan Karcher, who by a stupendous pair of shoes was disguised as Josh, ordered the performance to stop. The spectators had repaired to the dressing rooms under the Grand Stand, while others, not knowing of any other shelter, stood in the vicinity of the covered track, and allowed the rain to trickle down their necks. Most of them were pitching into Sachs, declaring that although he sat in the Grand Stand, he was in disguise, and was responsible for the whole episode. He certainly was in very bad odor with the crowd when we rescued him. Everybody went home mad, but not as mad as they would have been had heaven permitted the show to proceed to its usual fiasco finish, which is a source of consolation, surely.



In Memoriam

The Popularity

of

PROF. E. P. CHEYNEY

which

Died

May 18, 1900

and over which he preached the funeral sermon

THE BOWL FIGHT



ENGAGEMENT NO. 1.

“**M**R. PRESIDENT, the Sophs, the dictators, have changed their ideas and we shall have our picnic on the old athletic field,” such was the report of the bowl fight committee in one of our Freshman class meetings. It was '99's stern will to have the fight on Franklin Field, so that non-students might not take advantage of the solemn occasion to see living Apollos. To concede this point to us was a disgraceful diplomatic defeat for the pride of '99 and they thought better to fight it out before the Freshmen made too elaborate preparation for them. Thinking it best to start a fight when we were about to get our class photograph taken, commanded by the future heroes of the Typhoid Battalion, they at

that time took possession of the library entrance. They chose this place so that if the Freshmen came out they could sneak into the library and ask Dr. Jastrow, the Assistant Librarian, to keep us out, for they knew that we were too good students to disturb the library. He knew better, however, and locked the door, and so they burned their bridge behind them. Of course we knew what was coming and we disposed of all unnecessary parts of our clothing, shook up our muscles and gave them a good hearty scrap. It was such a fight as can only be seen on the bloodiest field and it should fill a chapter in the text book of the "Art of War" for Philippine jungle fighters. Talk about General Buller's reverse; if he had seen the reverse of '99 he would say: "Oh, I don't know, there are others."

In a minute and without many casualties on our side we occupied "Literary Kop." For a few minutes the scrimmage was kept up, but knowing that fighting against high steps is not favored by a modern fighting force like the Typhoid Battalion, we transferred the scene of action to the open campus, for even Englishmen say that civilized warfare ought to be conducted in open places to be interesting. But Professor Lamberton, the Dean of the College, soon appeared with his sober looking face and dear wooly beard (which used to make us quiet as mice during the chapel services) he raised his hands and proclaimed neutrality. He said: "No fighting of any sort whatever shall be indulged in any part of the University under my jurisdiction!" So we came out to Woodland Avenue and made our final stand and the blood was thicker than mud. An attempt of a street car to ram the mass was a failure, the motorman rang the bell in vain until his leg became stiff, and Darby and Angora were cut off from communication with the city. The situation became critical and the commanding generals at Darby and Angora sent telegrams to a police station for reinforcements. Down came a squad of two hundred pounders and they took the opportunity to participate in the college sport. The Freshmen thought, however, that the little bowlman Yasi's life might be endangered under these heavy men who could readily enlist in General Shafter's Light Infantry, so they snatched him away from the mass and the '99 men were left to straighten out the tangle with the sturdy blue coats from Thirty-seventh and Woodland.

ENGAGEMENT No. 2.

The night before the real fight our strategic staff risked arrest by coppers and a night in limbo, in order to make a hole in the fence for the bowlman to get through and they did it well, too, for a horse and cart could have gone through the chosen spot. This time '99 thought they would do better than before, but again they were fooled. The day came and the two classes occupied either end of the field and the bowlman and the bowl were formally introduced to each class. With the sound of the referee's whistle, '99 dropped

the bowl on the ground and the bowlman flew away on the shoulders of a couple of big Freshmen and got very near the broken part of the fence before he was tackled. Presently a smart Freshmen yelled: "Come off, '99, the bowl is in danger," and with their usual wisdom many Sophs went off to defend the bowl. This gave the bowlman a chance to run again and he got through the opening and jumped on a team which was waiting for him by order of the President of the Freshman class, and in spite of "Sport" Harrison's heroic effort to stop it the driver whipped up the horse and off it went. The bowlman gave a grand bow to the heartbroken Sophs and said "Never touched me."

Now the whole force was concentrated at the bowl and the clothes-tearing was religiously pursued. The bowl was in imminent danger and if it had not been for the referee's modesty the result would have been different from what it was. His modesty was so shocked by our appearance, for we were, in many cases, without any extra or superfluous ornaments in the way of clothing that he blew the whistle and the fight was ended with an equal honor to both classes in the time honored, mouldy old fashion.

ENGAGEMENT NO. 3.

A year flew away and the season came round for our annual spree. The Freshmen did not know who was to be the bowlman. After our experience in the previous year, nobody seemed particularly anxious to accept the honor. They elected a man for his running ability, but he refused, because Mike Murphy told him, so he claimed, to save his legs for the Intercollegiate games. They then elected Tom Stevenson and insisted on his accepting the honor, because he had lots of friends among us and we were expected to be merciful to him. We did have mercy on him, but he must have eaten too much vegetable soup the day before, for in the midst of the fight he felt sick and was taken off the field to be cared for by a tender nurse. We waited for a substitute to take his place, but of course they did not anticipate that such a serious result would come of the soup and had never thought of a substitute. Consequently the fight was declared off without any decision for either side, but their bowlman was carried from the field in an ambulance, while for our bowlman a swell team was provided, and this will be enough for any man capable of judging to form an opinion as to which side won the fight.



NINETEEN HUNDRED'S DANCES

HOUSTON HALL, was prettier than it had ever been on that first dance night of ours, and the committee were in high hopes of a large and enthusiastic crowd to take advantage of the beauties of the hall, the glistening floor, and the delicate viands, the scent of which would come rolling down the stairways in spite of all that we could do to keep the doors closed.

As to size, the disappointment of the committee was larger than they had been preparing for, even in their most pessimistic moments, and can be measured yet by some of the less affluent ones, in plain dollars and cents.

As to the enthusiasm, it was all there and not a man (even the men on the committee) thought he was not getting his money's worth.

Socially the dance was one of the three most successful ones ever given (the Junior and the Ivy being the other two, with the Promenade approaching, at this writing, with even more brilliant prospects). Eddie Beale, the ubiquitous, flourished the baton, and the strains of music that flowed through the room

were such as to excite Bert Corbin's necktie to surmount his collar, to his great discomfiture and to cause Bill Read to laugh nervously and excitedly while he poured the temperance drink provided all over the front breadths of his best girl's skirt. But as she said, her dress was only made of "mousseline de soie" and the circus lemonade would wash out "very nicely." Bill don't know what "mauslein de soi" is, the nearest he can come is the familiar chop sooy, but he is sure it must be very expensive.

In Junior year we worked like beavers to make our dance the best ever, and in the minds of every one that went, and they were many, it was far and away the most swagger affair that ever happened in Houston Hall. As has been noted, it was another social pageant and unlike our first attempt at dance giving, was a financially successful venture, due mainly to Thee Brown, our chairman's, bunco games among the society element South of Market street.

It was a slick dance and even if some of the boys did fall all over themselves and their partners on account of a too slippery floor and dizziness caused by the near presence of the dear ones, no one felt angry with them, and though they may have been a little hurt both in body and feelings, it was nothing lasting. This same Junior it was which had the most serious effect on the men, as nearly every man in the class cut next day, or those that did not cut were counted as absent by their Profs, who knew they could not have been to the Junior, or they would not have been in class, and if they had not been to the Junior, the best thing to do with them was to get them out of the class as soon as possible for lacking class spirit.

Senior year, leaving the scene of our triumphs at Houston Hall, we sought pastures new and held our Ivy Ball at Horticultural Hall. The fates were certainly against us, as many another dance was being given that same night and it was so stormy that no one would even go out so much as to get in and out of a carriage and thus come to favor us with their company.

Arthur Jones, the chairman, wrung his hands and stuttered when he was downstairs on account of the size, or lack of it, of the crowd that was appearing, though upstairs he was all smiles and ragtime (the usual) talk. Beale played for us again at the Ivy as he had at the Junior and the Sophomore, only he played a good deal louder as it was a larger hall. The crowd was just about the right size for a comfortable, though financially unsuccessful dance, but everybody, including the committee, had a crack-a-jack time, and money is no object where genuine pleasure is concerned.

Dan Layton was there and we were all very glad of it. She was a dandy girl and dances like a streak.

Now we are awaiting in happy anticipation the last dance we, as a class, will ever hold, our Senior Promenade, which will be held at Houston Hall in Commencement week. There is no doubt that it will be

as successful, and even more so, than our earlier efforts, and a large attendance of fair maidens and callow youths, to say nothing of June bugs and other nocturnal rambblers, is expected.

Dancing may not be our forte, music may waste its charms upon our careless ears, and beauty pass before our eyes unheeded, but in giving dances, which combine all three of these, we have certainly found our proper sphere.





Nineteen Hundred's Suppers

E. A. CORBIN, JR., 1900

IT was along about the first of February that Nineteen Hundred, having passed the midyear exams, determined to have their Freshman banquet. About thirty guileless Freshmen wandered down to the Bourse on the appointed evening prepared to eat everything in sight and do other things becoming a live college man. Into the assembled clan suddenly burst the "inextinguishable" Fisher exclaiming that Sophs had grabbed him at the door, but he "had shook them off like dogs." Such an act of bravery aroused the whole class, and a wild dash was made for the street, but alas! the Sophs had disappeared. Things went merrily after that, however. The committee had divided the goats on one side and the lambs on the other, with Fisher and Remington as neutrals, to separate them. Dear old Willing, after the silence had once been broken, decided to teach all how to "eat, drink and be merry," and he was more than successful. "Chris" Hagen, not to be outdone, proposed countless toasts to our noble crew, and ended by throwing plates at "Nat" Folwell in lieu of bouquets. Then someone asked for a speech from Fisher, and the trouble began. "Ned" Cheyney tried hard to have the toasts responded to, but in vain, until Hagen and Willing were impressed with the idea that they were not all the show. Rather than listen to such wonderful speeches many left the festive board, and the result was that Fisher delivered his polemic against '99 to a discarded table and Frank Potts, who still saw something to eat. About this time "Stauf" Oliver, "Ben" Frazier and "Bid" Saul arrived, having taken a nice long carriage ride at the expense of the Sophs. They finally did obtain some ice-cream, which economical Craven remarked was "pretty ex-

pensive at three per plate." But the worst was over, and after sundry attempts to break everything, including Fisher and Gaw, an adjournment was effected. It was said, however, that Read and Kellam, the Jerseyites, spent the night riding in the ferry-boat, unable to decide which end was Camden.

The Sophomore Supper.

The main fact is that there was a supper. Some twenty-five congenial spirits (or ghouls) gathered "round the festive board" (I believe that is the time-abraded, worm-eaten way of putting it) to do justice to the excellent menu which Dan Layton, as chairman of the Supper Committee, had not prepared. This committee had started off wisely by making George Snyder toastmaster, and locating the "habitat" of the supper at the Hotel Lafayette.

Well, it was "the feast of reason and the flow of bowl." We had an excellent troupe of speakers and we left them do their stunts. Nate Folwell told us that our manifest duty was to devote our whole time and attention to athletics, "Stauf" Oliver assured us that our obligations lay entirely in fostering class spirit, George Snyder made it succinct that the indispensable thing in college was to concentrate all our hours in the pursuit of a good time, while Biddle Saul bid us all devote a few spare ones to the ladies (though strangely enough Biddle in the whole of his short young career has never been seen with one of the opposite sex!). Ralph Kellam pierced the atmosphere and our ears on behalf of the faculty, and Billy Read "retrospected." We don't know exactly what that vague nomenclature means, and we suspect that Billy didn't either, but nevertheless he did what he could under the circumstances, and the results were eminently satisfactory.

And yet ending in a burst of joy as it did, one would have scarcely believed that our Sophomore banquet had begun enshrouded in gloom. For, firstly, notwithstanding the presence of Nate Folwell, many had been the fears entertained by the rumor (no, the rumor didn't entertain them; we did) spread at the Broad Street Station preparatory to our procession to the Lafayette, that there were about two thousand Freshmen laying in wait outside. We had pluckily resolved to fight our way through, and set forth, a dauntless band, to find nothing but the night air and a clear route awaiting us. So gloom No. 1 was dispelled. But gloom No. 2 was the enervating factor.

For Fisher, irrepressible, irresistible, irresponsible Fisher, "who never opened his mouth without detracting from the sum of human knowledge," had not materialized. Eatables could be dispensed with, toasts forgotten, but Fisher—never. Was the affair about to be quashed? Despair sat heavily on every face,

Misery flaunted her hideous satirical self gaily about, and Sorrow pried open our eyelids to seek entrance, when lo! the Spirit of Sullenness was dispelled by the arrival of a disheveled, fatigue-stained, man-with-the-hoe expressioned figure, which immediately started to make a short story long by describing how the Freshmen had captured him, ridden him gaily around in a furniture van, allowing him only one drink to resuscitate his weakened vitality and humbled pride, until finally, à la Cyrano de Bergerac, he had cut his way out from the motley crew at odds of 100 to 1, to rush to our hospitable arms—and behold, when we heard this gurgling stream of talk we knew that our own dear Fisher was normal and natural and saved to us. So Gloom No. 2 was wiped from the face of the earth and those present.

Fisher then made his speech to dear old Penn and was quickly presented with many delectable tokens of respect from all parts of the table, and the meeting broke up after prayers by Parson Snyder, who decided that as the affair had been a stag, why stagnation! the only thing to do was to stagger home, which, to the best of his ability, did the best toastmaster that ever graced a table.

Then came our Junior celebration. Quite a crowd presented themselves ready to undergo all the terrors of dyspepsia and headaches for the honor of Nineteen Hundred. But alas, many disgraced themselves. Folz, to the horror of all, smoked *two* cigarettes, and then ordered a box of Nestors for the crowd. So befuddled became his hair that he engaged in a water fight with Kellam, to the detriment of many shirt fronts. Conway made a wild attempt to respond to a toast, but so popular was he that the rain of napkins, plates, bread, water and kindred flowers rendered his oratory inaudible. "Alice" Gaw tried hard to lead the speakers to higher planes of thought, so as to escape the missiles of the crowd, no doubt, but the task was beyond even him. "Ma" Upson dilated on the Band in so successful a manner that the Dime Museum engaged him to lecture on Lockport. "Eddie" Rich, our versatile "Eddie," made some very "irrelevant remarks" upon everything in general, displaying his wonderful power of bluffing. But the fun came to a sudden close when "Art" Jones, the hardest student in the University, announced that he had to go home and study, as his mother was keeping the midnight oil in readiness for him. Liveright, Kellam and Grayson suddenly remembered that they, too, had promised to be home early, and so the crowd broke up and sacrificed their fun for the sake of their marks the next day.

The Senior Class Supper was an anomaly, for while it was the fourth class supper, yet it was a first-class supper. Bill Read was toastmaster, and some of the profs were there—two notable events—and *mirabile dictu*, the profs behaved themselves very well indeed, and didn't even notice that Ralph Kellam and Deacon Karcher had an elevated sphere (high-ball) at an early stage of the game (or was it the meat course?)

In fact everybody behaved disgracefully well even after the profs left, which they did after having

delivered some soul-stirring speeches. The only threatened unpleasantness was caused by Penniman calling Charlie Upson a missionary, but Charlie took it wonderfully well and showed no resentment.

After a few "cursory" remarks on Co-eds, Alice Jaw and other ladies, in concerted measures by the class, Bill Read announced the toasts. First little Coxy Hager recounted in a vivid, blood-curdling manner the achievements of the crew during his coxswainship, and Albert spoke so well that Louis Taylor smiled. (He didn't dare laugh; his three-and-a-half-inch collar prevented that.)

Then Bill Remington made his voice heard above Ethelbert Augustus Corbin's recital of his travels in Europe,* and told something about the track team. "Come out and run, fellows," he urged in that solemn, sepulchral, sigh-inspiring voice of his. "Don't be ashamed. Why, Owen Sypherd even is running, so you're in no danger of being laughed at." Ralph Kellam next said a few words in a fog-horn way about Pennsylvania, and Oscar Loeb followed him with such a pathetic plea for the ladies, that Stauffer Oliver said he was going to try to cultivate their acquaintance; perhaps "he had misjudged them after all," while Irwee Fouse contemplated an early marriage.

Then there were a few more toasts; Dan Karcher said Ed Rich was responsible for "The Punchbowl." Ed denied emphatically this monstrous allegation. Arthur Jones plastered a few words in the nick of time, Percival maligned the engineers, then Alice Jaw's and Easy Davis' respective mothers came for them, and "the class was dismissed."

* Ethelbert can be engaged to recite this at \$2.00 per recite.



ON THE DIAMOND

WHEN Harry Hodge entered Pennsylvania, it was with the distinct understanding with himself, that he would revolutionize baseball history at Old Penn. He found, however, after a year's trial that '99 was too far gone ever to profit by his instructions, so he entered 1900. After "Bennie" Frazier had himself elected President, Hodge immediately informed him that a baseball team with the only Harry as captain would be both a necessity and an honor to the class. Time has proven it a luxury. After consultation with his prime-minister, Remington, Frazier appointed Hodge captain of the team, and as Whelen claimed to know the difference between the outfield and the home plate, he was duly named as manager.

After at least three days practice Hodge decided that he was the most eligible candidate for the position of "the man behind the bat," and that it really didn't matter who filled the other positions. But notwithstanding the general lack of interest displayed concerning the team's success, 1900 was fairly well represented on the diamond in its Freshman year. Harold Cross and "Dan" Layton alternated in the box, while Donehoo and Denniston played first and second base respectively because they informed us they had played there on their "prep" school teams. Our sympathy is extended to their former baseball associates. Cheyney saw that third base was taken care of and "Billy" Remington directed things in general

from short stop, while Grant, Newburger and Whelen, the latter of whom played because he thought he might get a suit, watched the game from the outfield.

Few games occurred during Freshman year, though we did manage to trounce '98, while our desire to remain modest and not absorb all honors permitted '99 to defeat us.

Our Sophomore team was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. Allan Henry was elected captain and Oliver showed his Wharton School training by appointing Brendlinger—later to be manager of the 'Varsity—as director of the business affairs of the team. A game was soon arranged with Penn Charter, and "mirabile dictu" we managed to defeat them by the large majority of one run. The excitement of this decisive victory was too much for some of the players. In the following game with the Freshmen, "the man behind the bat" had forgotten to arouse himself from his slumbers and Henry, who was slated to do the pitching, was compelled to catch. "Billy" Remington, the regular short stop, who needed no practice other than hurdling to prepare himself for a ball game, volunteered to do the pitching. After "Billy" had given seventeen consecutive bases on balls, forcing fourteen men over the plate, Hodge made his appearance and the members of the team went back to their accustomed positions from which they could best see the march of the 1901 men around the bases and enjoy a much needed rest. The features of the game were the picturesque language used by "Shorty" Hill when he discovered that 1900 had lost, and by the fact that our solitary run was made on a dropped third strike, the shock of which so rattled 1901 that they permitted Hederman to steal second, third and home. Momentary excitement was created by the advent of a ball into Walt Kohn's territory, fear being expressed that his repose might be disturbed.

We managed to defeat '98 (by default), while '99 claimed a game from us because we refused to play in a downpour of rain. We felt that as they were more accustomed to mud than we, the elements were against us and we yielded less to their baseball prowess, than their ability to withstand dirt.

About this time, at a meeting of the class, Remington, in his sweetest Y. M. C. A. tones, suggested that his artistic sensibilities had been shocked at the sight of Irving Fouse's stockings, and that the team should receive suits from the class, so as to have a picture taken. A search in the class treasury revealed the fact that we were bankrupt, and consequently our contribution was postponed, much to our regret.

When we wandered out to our first practice in Junior year, there were several members of the previous teams among the missing. Hederman had had an argument with the Dean about Universities in general, and Pennsylvania in particular, and in consequence decided to cast his fortunes with 1901, while Newburger departed to put some of "Josy" Johnson's and "Rolly" Faulkner's lectures to a practice test. However, Willing joined the class, and with Patterson, Bush and Müller, who was elected captain, filled the gaps to

the complete satisfaction of Willing, Patterson, Bush and Müller. Fouse was made manager, and mindful of our previous victory over Penn Charter, he at once arranged a game with that team. As we were nothing if not courteous, we allowed the Quakers to defeat us this time, but nothing daunted, determined to go to Wilmington to play the Wilmington High School. Of course our only object in going to Wilmington was to see the town and baseball was a very secondary consideration. So secondary, in fact, that it is unnecessary to state we were defeated. It was a great day for Wilmington, however, for the game was advertised in all the street cars and there was an additional attraction in the fact that Potts was to give an imitation of a man trying to play right field. As a Cissie Loftus, Potts was not a howling success.

Our game with '99 was surely a "comedy of errors." Both teams seemed to think that all necessary to win the game was to make more errors than the other side, and working out on these lines, both teams conscientiously strove for victory. "Tommy" Donaldson seemed to think the whole affair a rehearsal of a Mask and Wig burlesque, and, as always, he played his part well. So well, in fact, that Potts, who was catching, made it a point to miss every ball that came his way, the better to see the performance. "Bill" Grayson was soon substituted for him, but as this broke up our team work, we were defeated by the close score of 26 to 24.

The Chronicler of our baseball teams had hoped that our Senior year's misfortunes on the diamond might be too late to go on record, but fate has decreed otherwise, and it is with grief and scalding tears that the last sad rites over our hopes for baseball supremacy are performed.

Fouse was the captain of the forlorn hope, but he was only a small end of a bad nine and our schedule of games is abruptly brought to a close with the announcement of our inglorious defeat by a score of 17 to 0, by the hated Juniors, which put us conclusively out of the running for the college, let alone the 'Varsity championship.

However, win or lose, 1900 has unselfishly given "The" Brown, "Shoulders" Layton, and "Colored Man" (see his individual record for his real name), Cheyney to the 'Varsity team.

Perhaps had we been less selfish and kept them for our class teams, despite the faculty, this tale of woe might have been a tale of weal.



ON THE GRIDIRON

THOUGH our Freshman teams do not usually win the game with the Harvard Freshman teams, 1900's was quite sure that it would prove an exception. For weeks they had worked day and night to perfect their team work, and many a morning hour was cut on account of the previous night's hard work at the Bartram. Do not think that all the night work was done at the Bartram, for our class is nothing if not impartial in its attentions, and Soula's and Boothby's came in for their share, but a good deal of time was spent at the first named place. At last a fit condition was reached, and passed, then came the date

for the game. That's just our luck, to be at our best and be made to wait until the other fellows are fit and we are stale. However, there is no use in pouring out tears over the over-turned milk pail, for there was probably enough water in the milk anyway, and we may need the tears for some other mishap in our sad lives.

On November 23, 1896, while the 'Varsity was playing Harvard's selection of pigskin chasers to the tune of 8-6, our gallant Freshman eleven was swallowing large pills of defeat up at Cambridge. In fact, we swallowed twenty-six points' worth, which was a square meal all right enough. Not only did the Harvard men seem to be better players than we were, but the weather held us down. New England has a so much damper climate than we have in Philadelphia that the Harvard men were used to the slight impediments of

snow, rain and mud, which hampered and restricted us to so large an extent. Neither side played good football, and the game was chiefly noticeable for the methodical way in which Harvard shoved the ball slowly down the field for touchdowns.

Our team work would have been very good if we had been endeavoring to distract the attention of our opponents by several simultaneous attacks at various points in the line, but it had the disadvantage of leaving the runner, or the ball, if the runner had not happened to get it, unprotected.

Folwell, Brendlinger, Coombs and McCracken, the first and the two last, members of the 'Varsity in later years, did the best work, but as nearly every man on the team was injured early or late in the game it was hard to keep up steady and consistent playing. We did not feel so very badly about it, however, as we were no worse than others before and since, and better than some. Besides, we had the victory of the 'Varsity that year to sustain us.

On coming back to Philadelphia we were scheduled to play the Sophs (according to the *Pennsylvanian*, on Tuesday, November 31, but the day never came around). Tuesday, December 1, the Sophs appeared on the field, but our team, as one man, was suffering from incapacitating injuries, so we handed over to them by default the only victory '99 ever won from us on the gridiron.

In Sophomore year we ran everything, defeating '99 on December 2, by a score of 10-0, in spite of the umpire, who penalized us ten of every fifteen yards we made and brought back every other touchdown.

As underclassmen we had had to defeat 1901 to win the inestimable privilege of playing the Juniors and on November 30, '97, we had done the trick, 4-0, in the best class game we ever played.

This year was our banner year in football and if it had not been for '99 Med. we would have won the championship of the University. '99 Med. were firm however, and we were as graceful as possible in giving them the game at 10-0.

We are still proud of the title of college "champs" that we carried off that year, and though we never had our picture taken we swelled around just as if we were on view down town. Junior year came along and we were lined up on December 8, 1898, for our last whack at '99 in football. As it was the last one we made it a good one and gamboled all around our immediate predecessors, scoring 16 points to another goose egg for the ninety and nine.

1901 had been having a good deal of practice since their defeat by us the year before so when we met them this year we decided not to do any more than score once; for practice, if steady, deserves a reward, and as the Yiddishers say, the game was theirs at 17-6.

Not many of us were able to go out this last year but those that did, though outweighed, made a brave

fight and only succumbed when our kickers were tired out. If we had been able to kick all through from beginning to end of that, our last game, we would have kicked our way into another victory, as it was 1901 took the game at 16-0 and bought it very dearly.

Such is the record of our triumphs and defeats. The latter may be few or many, that depends on the point of view, but if there are any tears to be shed, those who have composed our various football teams do not think that they should be spilled after the perusal of this record of their haps and mishaps, but saved for a less pleasant tale of some other branch of sport, if any such there may be.





Nineteen Hundred's Champion Crew, Junior Year



ON THE WATER

WE are all familiar with the elective lecture courses taken by the lazy Wharton Schoolers, and Arts and Science men to fill up their miserable fifteen hours a week, but 'tis only the chosen few who have taken good old Ellis Ward's course on Rowing, from five to seven each evening, who can truly appreciate the meaning of the word lecture. We, the elect,—Ellis' elect eight and a half—would rather listen to his spicy remarks, and biting criticisms; and withal work till we are so tired that bed-time comes immediately after supper-time,

than sleep through all the discourses on transportation and economics that ever were written. Nineteen Hundred has many things to be proud of, but no athletic teams that she should be prouder of than her crews. They have taken part in seven races—not counting the first one in which the crew didn't "row," but rather meandered leisurely down the course—taken three firsts, two seconds, and won the championship once. She should also be proud of her oarsmen's ability as leg-pullers, for the crews are the only teams that have consistently, and insisently too, worked the class treasury for appropriations.

That the Bible is not absolutely unknown to members of the rowing fraternity, as is unfortunately the prevalent opinion, is shown by the manner in which we have proven the old adage that "the last shall be first." In the fall of '96 two or three of the more adventurous spirits, inspired by a notice pasted on the bulletin board, went out into the by-ways and hedges and gathered in those of the newly arrived callow

fledglings who had the temerity to face Ward, who then held the Chair in Rowing, as he has since. The result was that, when the day of the race came around, eight innocent young lambs, who could, if left to themselves, row the course without "crabbing" oftener than every stroke, were led to the slaughter. The magnificent scenery of the multi-flavored upper Schuylkill was new to these verdant Freshmen, and naturally enough they forgot all about the race and started down the river on a tour of inspection, tacking leisurely from shore to shore, so as to show no partiality to either side. In spite of all this they made a hard fight for last place, being only four lengths behind the other crews. Some of those who rowed on our initial crew are gone, but not forgotten, while the names of most of the others are forgotten—in that capacity, and so out of courtesy to those composing that merry band of voyagers no statistics will be given.

In the spring of the following year, when the call for candidates for the Freshman crew to row Cornell and Columbia was issued, almost sixteen men responded—including two coxswains rated at one-half each. Owing to the unkindness and inappreciativeness of the Faculty, this number was somewhat reduced, and as every man thought himself entitled to at least two days vacation every week, we usually rowed with seven and a half men—this being one of the aforementioned halves. Once or twice during the season, however, after the second and third calls for candidates, we actually had as many as ten men out at the boat house at once. Notwithstanding all our handicaps we managed to finish a glorious last at Poughkeepsie in the closest Freshman race ever rowed. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak and after leading for the first three-quarters of a mile we were forced to allow our heavier and therefore stronger opponents to forge ahead. At the finish, however, we were still in the game, Cornell, of course, being first, Columbia second, and poor us, a third of a length behind Columbia and a little over a length behind Cornell.

Many of the men who rowed on that Freshman crew have since done other things to add to the prestige of Nineteen Hundred. Beginning at the front end there was Allan Henry, who rowed bow on three class crews, but is now mourned as one of the dear departed. Then came McCook, No. 2, the chaplain's son, whose greatest paternal resemblance lay in the name. He, always of an aggressive nature, afterwards joined the army and helped fight the typhoid bacillus in the Spanish war. Recently we heard that he was one of Nineteen Hundred's first benedicts. Poor McCook, he was always in hot water. Tom Hutchins rowed three, and being disgusted with the way the Faculty conducted examinations, he went to Annapolis and overcame his laziness sufficiently to make their 'Varsity crew. Number four was Lester Kintzing, twice captain of our illustrious class crews, once of the 'Varsity, and who has done more rowing than anyone else in College, having rowed on three 'Varsity and four class crews. Five was "King Kervey," whose chief "virtues" were robbing strawberry patches, scrapping, six feet three of length, and an inexplicable partiality

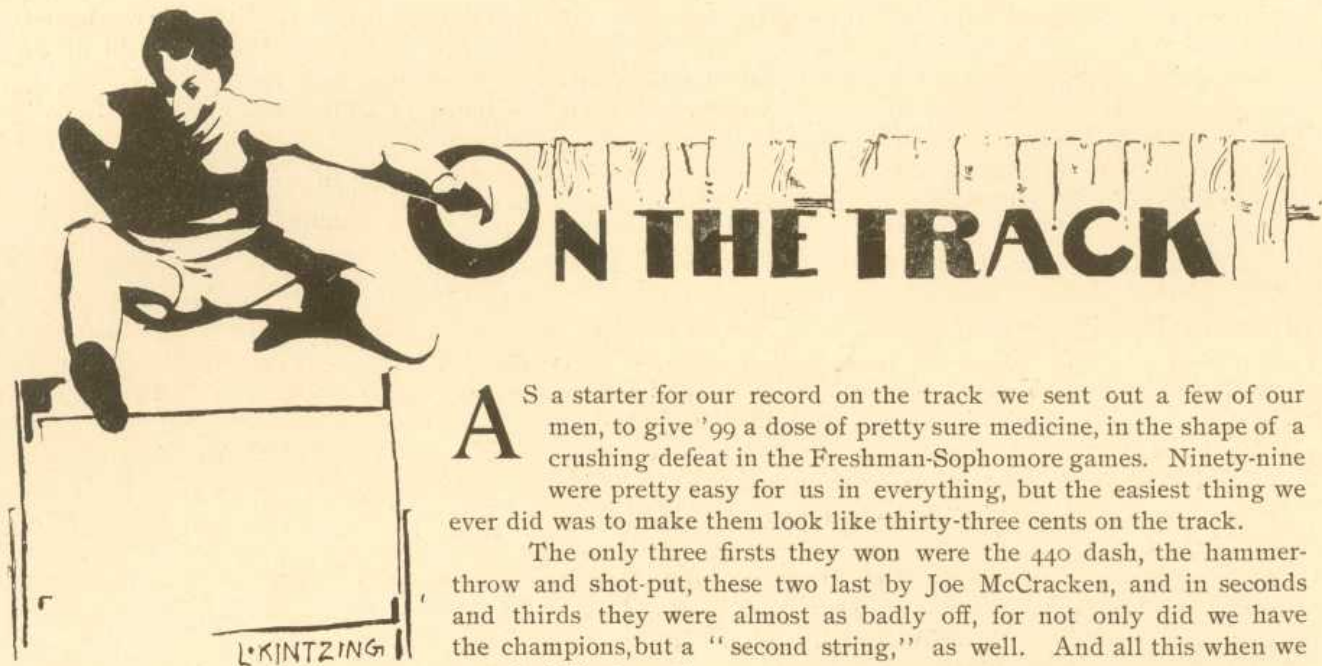
for little Hager. Then Buckwalter, who worked so hard as captain of the '98 'Varsity crew that he was forced to leave College to recuperate; and number seven, Charlie Patterson, pretty "Patsy," who with his good looks and jollying ability can get better acquainted with a girl in ten minutes than most of us can in as many weeks. He has managed the 'Varsity twice and been a member of all the class crews. "Nate" Folwell was stroke and captain, and—well many of us afterward escorted our sisters (we'll call them sisters, although we didn't want them to promise to be sisters to us) to see him play football. Last and least comes the coxswain, Hager, whose only attributes were his flow of language and the readiness with which he could be spanked.

In the fall of '97 we bobbed up serenely once again for the class races, expecting to do something this time. Of our Poughkeepsie men we had Henry, Kintzing the captain, Kervey, Patterson, Buckwalter and Hager. Folwell had deserted us for football, Hutchins had gone home to his daddy, the Commandant at Annapolis, and the fighting McCook had his fist full of studies. To fill their places on came George Percival, Bert Corbin, the ex-'Varsity strong man and O my! but he was proud of his shape, and Bill Read, the politician; but they didn't bring us any luck, for the weather gods turned the world into a cold storage plant on the day of the race, and besides we drew the Ark, the cedar shell, as a conveyance. We played Noah and the animals, and floated about on the top of the waters, being second in the trials and last in the finals.

But, as Dr. Munyon's "Ancient History" tells us, "There is hope," and the next year by dint of a little hard work, we broke the course record, and earned the right to have our names engraved on the cup in the Trophy Room. Little tin cans, with glass bottoms, were distributed to all the members of the crew. The championship crew was Henry, bow; Close, No. 2; Howell, No. 3; Read, No. 4; Corbin, No. 5; Evans, No. 6; Patterson, No. 7; Kintzing, captain, No. 8; Hager, coxswain.

Greatly encouraged by our conquest of 1898, in our Senior year we again tried to land the championship, and proved the truth of another old adage "Aim high," instead. We were first in the trials, and second in the finals by six inches—which was, as we must with our characteristic modesty say, little enough, but still better than nothing at all. This time we were made up as follows: Patterson, Kintzing and Hager, the coxswain, who was elected captain this time, chiefly out of pity, occupied their old places; Close, Evans, Percival and Corbin came back to us; and we received as additions Oliver, the Mask and Wig's "Dainty little maiden with the downcast eye," and Preston, whom the ninety and nine kindly bequeathed to us as a memento.

This, then, is Nineteen Hundred's aquatic history, and of it, Nineteen Hundred is as proud as she should be, and should be as proud as she is.



AS a starter for our record on the track we sent out a few of our men, to give '99 a dose of pretty sure medicine, in the shape of a crushing defeat in the Freshman-Sophomore games. Ninety-nine were pretty easy for us in everything, but the easiest thing we ever did was to make them look like thirty-three cents on the track.

The only three firsts they won were the 440 dash, the hammer-throw and shot-put, these two last by Joe McCracken, and in seconds and thirds they were almost as badly off, for not only did we have the champions, but a "second string," as well. And all this when we were but Freshmen!

In Sophomore year we had a much harder proposition in 1901, and one that we did not solve to our entire satisfaction, owing to a case of swelled head, on the part of Alex. Grant, who thought he was too good for class games and would not come out to win the paltry points necessary for us to win a victory.

Those of us who were there, did wonders on the spikes, however, and though the victory did not come our way, we deserved it.

These smaller matters were nothing, compared with the more important intercollegiate meetings, where our man is so apt at breaking the tape, that they have serious thoughts of substituting rope, for our man is always so far ahead that they have to set another cord for second and third. The only reason they don't is the reflection that *somebody* has to break the tape (worsted) and we might as well have the honor.

This, our man we are speaking of, is Grant again, and in view of what he has done for the University, we must be lenient with him for his not working harder for the class, as what he does for Penn, he does as a 1900 man, and that is something.

Bill Remington is the hardest worker we have on the track, and the man who gets least credit for his work. Bill worked for three years until he could do the high hurdles in sixteen, or a fraction less, and along comes another man who does them in fifteen and a fraction more. It's hard for Bill, but he exercises his spirit of forbearance gained in Y. M. C. A. conclaves, and says nothing very hard.

Ben Frazier is another track man who has won considerable fame. A couple of years ago he was practically unknown in this branch of sport. One day he put on his older brother's track shoes, and the next we heard he had been made manager of the team, and he had achieved greatness.

So, in the Intercollegiates, 1900 has made her mark.

At the interclass games many a shining light has appeared to flicker around the track lightly a few times and then to disappear in the dark of oblivion.

Such a man was Fisher. Who, on seeing his manly form decked in a bathing suit would fail to see that a man of startling proportions and wonderful grace had blossomed upon the world of athletics?

Fetterman saw Fisher walk around a couple of times in the mile walk and promptly used his influence to have the event stricken from the list of Intercollegiate events, for a mile walk won by anyone but Fetterman would have been an anomaly, and Fisher only needed a little, just a very little, practice to beat the best of them. Unkind readers who have seen Fisher walk may say it would only be because the best of them would die laughing, but that is a cruel jest, concocted to wound the feelings of a man whose stride has been compared with ducks and hippopotami, and declared the winner in a walk.

Jim Gillinder was another man who "assayed" the walk, but he found Fisher was in the field and decided to devote his energies to running, which he has done with great success.

Francis was pretty good, back in Freshman year, but he left us for the Law School, and the debilitating influences over there have brought him down very much. He was good while he was with us, and if he had stayed there is no doubt that he would have been a winner. Hodge, Goodman, Abrahams and Deakin were all men of promise, who left us for other fields of study, and their presence has been much missed.

If little Hume had kept up his good work in the broad jump, we might have had an Intercollegiate champion to add to our gallery; but Spangler's work is too hard to do, and do anything else, so Apie had to stop his outdoor sports and stick to indoor games.

Eddie Ehlers is another man who could do something in the pole vault, if he were not too busy finding

out about Westinghouse dynamos and kindred sparkling and attractive subjects; with Evans as a side partner on track, he could cut as large a swath as they do together in Lab.

Lots of us have been down to try things, and special mention is due Owen Sypherd and Ed Rich, for useless work and tiresome running which they have been doing just lately.

Owen is such a shapely lad that it is a pity no one could get him out before, and if Ed could get over his liking for the appearance of other people's soles, he would do better. He likes nothing better than the vista of a bunch of spikes flying over the cinders in front of him, and he is too lazy to show his spikes to the field.

In spite of our misfortunes and our impediments, we have done much for track athletics, and only a few weeks ago helped bring the championship of the University in the Inter-department games to the College. After all, our record is one in which we can take pride, both as to individuals and as to our team.

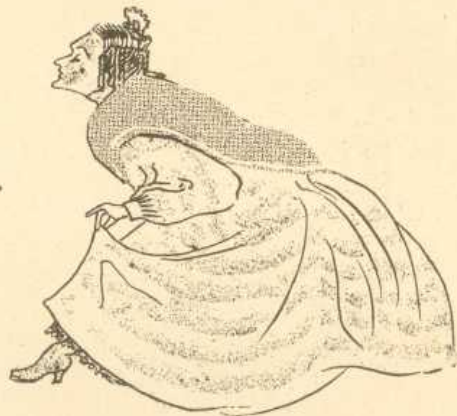




The Mask and Wig Club



THE MASK AND WIG



M

ANY of Nineteen Hundred made their first acquaintance with the Mask and Wig Club in Room 104, College Hall, where a piano was brought one day early in 1897, and a notice posted that candidates for the Chorus of "Very Little Red Riding Hood" were wanted by the management.

Lots of us turned out on the first day and were turned down and out again by the unfortunate sufferer who had to listen to our struggles for a pure tone, and our vain endeavors to hold it if we ever found it.

About ten of the best were selected at last, and we appeared with varying degrees of regularity at the Club House on Quince street, where we filled the air with sour notes and pounded the floor with

W. G. Kasper

willing, but awkward feet, in our attempts to learn how to move *nearly* in time with the music, or at least to have two or three of a chorus in time with it at one and the same moment.

Four of us, because we knew "the management," were put in the first chorus, and Arthur Wilson, as a member of that red and white bunch of female sleuths, the girl reporters, had at least five words to say, so he was in the program under "The Cast—*Continued*," and two more of us were the prettiest things ever, as Morris Dancers. "Os" Michener, "Little Bo-Peep," was one of these, as his pretty face marked him for a girl, at five hundred yards, (but no nearer,) while Ed Rich "played" *Maid Marian* in a brown dress and one glove.

Nineteen Hundred's second stab at misrepresentation behind the footlights was in "The House that Jack Built," where more of us went down, some even to the preliminary shows, to try and make a leading position in the cast, but in the final sifting most of us were caught in the screen, and our representation was slightly smaller than the year before. To offset this, we had the irrepressible toe-dancer and anti-co-ed sport, Bunny Liveright, who put his scruples in his pocket and dressed up as a girl. As it was in the pocket of his skirt that he put them, he has never been able to find them since.

Stauff Oliver made his debut this year in the character of a milkmaid, and he made such a hit with his shapely legs and willowy form that the next year when the Wiggers gave "Captain Kidd," Stauff was given the part of Ruth, and the name has been a part of him ever since.

Dan Karcher went down for the preliminaries Sophomore year, but to his great surprise, artistic talent and a love for the beautiful were not sufficient to cinch the leading part in even such a mediocre show as "The House that Jack Built," so he took a place among the farmers in the chorus, and made a huge hit as being the most natural one in the bunch. Dan liked it, because he had a good excuse for not shaving for a week.

"Captain Kidd, U. S. N.," in which Tom Donaldson, the only bright man in '99, made the home run like a man, though as he said, he felt like a Kidd, had a good share of Nineteen Hundred's talent, for besides Oliver in the cast, Arthur Wilson, Schamberg and Rich appeared to restore the confidence of the rest of the class in the fact that there was still some histrionic ability left.

Our class has been composed of such really hard and conscientious workers that it has been impossible for us to find time to grace (or disgrace) the casts of the shows very much, and so when Senior year came along no one was surprised to find that "Mr. Aguinaldo of Manila" was to go before the public without a naughty-naught in the cast. Several of our quondams were there, notably J. Kid McCormick as Naldy, and Lin Taylor as Willing Hunter, a prototype of Herlock Shomes, and they do say that if "Poor" Rich had

not been so busy playing Lucinde in the French play and bluffing his profs, he might have been brought down to the rehearsals in the evening by his nurse and have learned a part.

In the chorus Arthur Wilson made his perennial appearance, and Stauff Oliver, tired of receiving bouquets as a cast member, and not having to work anyway, as he had won an election to the Club as an undergraduate member, condescended to take a position as a pupil in the first chorus.

Three years' practice in the chorus and weekly (so he tells us) *part*-singing (do you hear *that*) in a choir down Jersey way, had so strengthened Rich's lungs that Charley Gilpin and the other powers behind the mighty organization, asked him to sing "Coon Songs" this year as a specialty. He did and the receipts at this year's show were the largest since 1893, and he was not in college then. It may not have been his fault, but both he and the girl who sent him flowers think it was.

Though the list of Nineteen Hundred's histrions in the casts of the four plays may not be large, it was due to our class that the final casts were so good. Everybody knows that the 'Varsity football team would be worth nothing if it were not for the scrub, and that's where we come in; our men took all the hard knocks and polished up the real cast, and then got none of the glory.

Then there is another view to take, which is the view that Clayt McMichael and the rest of the older Mask and Wig men present to the chorus when they want to give the latter a good jolly to make them feel as if they were something. This view is, that the Mask and Wig shows are really nothing but beautiful stage pictures (this is said with rolling eyes and outstretched arm), and it is the CHORUS (this with a wink to the cast) which makes the picture.

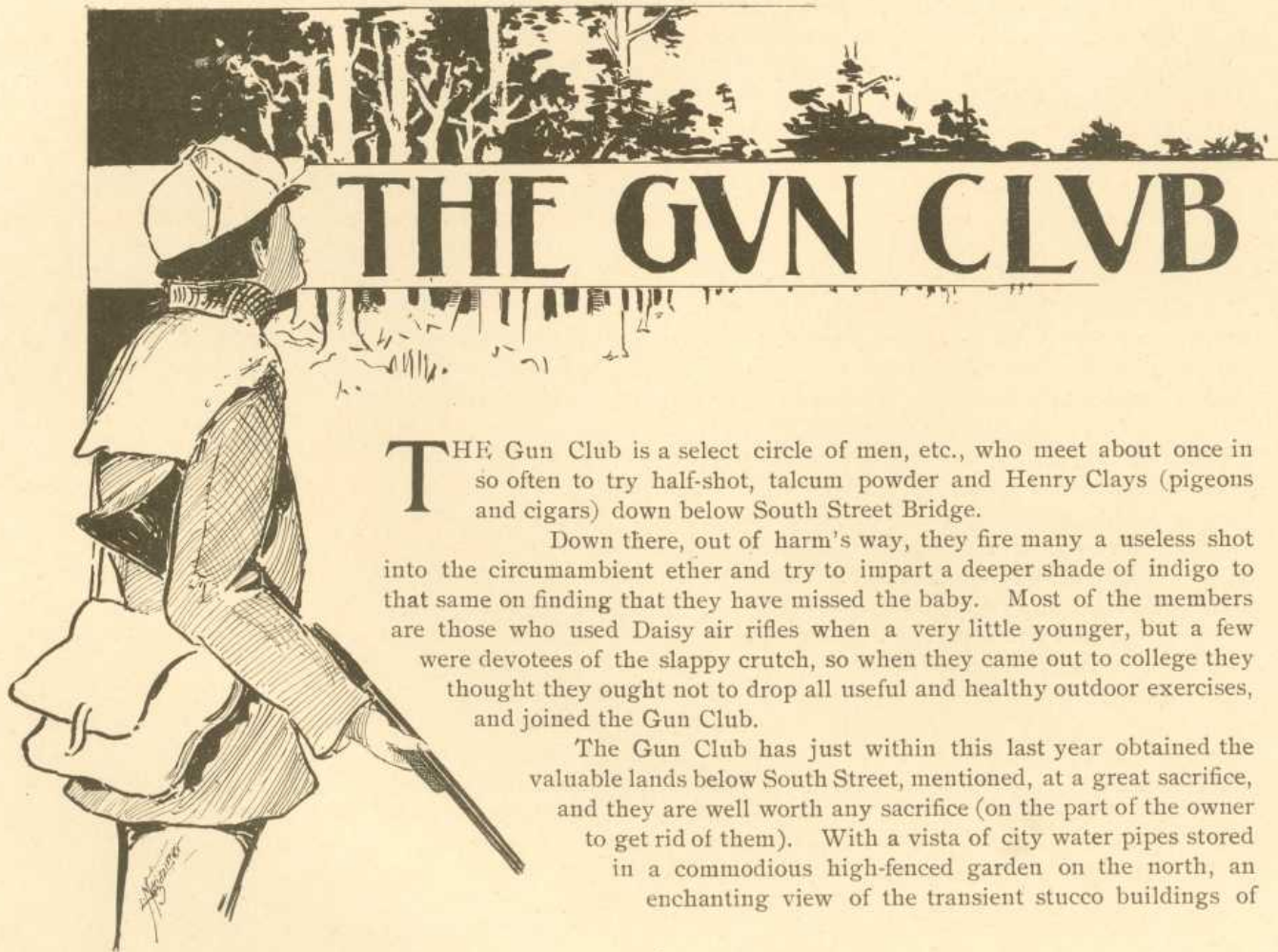
If we take this view, the honors are ours with ease, for any one who has been to the Mask and Wig shows knows that all the chorus movements since '97 have been led by 1900 men. The best and *largest* volume of sound has come from the throats of 1900 men, and the daintiest and most graceful dancing in the pictures has been done by the same 1900 men.

We must not forget what we may call the aftermath of the shows, the Smokers and the shad dinners that the chorus and cast have run up against in these four years, for here again, as gastronomic prodigies, 1900 men are again in the van. Then there is the back door from the Opera House to Riegel's, how many, many a 1900 foot has traced that path, though always steadily, for here yet again our men are invincible.

No class ever had more fun out of four years in the Mask and Wig than we have had, and there is nothing about college where a man can have more fun than in the Mask and Wig.

Right is the man who sings:

"Why is there only one Mask and Wig? Because, there's only room for one."



THE GVN CLUB

THE Gun Club is a select circle of men, etc., who meet about once in so often to try half-shot, talcum powder and Henry Clays (pigeons and cigars) down below South Street Bridge.

Down there, out of harm's way, they fire many a useless shot into the circumambient ether and try to impart a deeper shade of indigo to that same on finding that they have missed the baby. Most of the members are those who used Daisy air rifles when a very little younger, but a few were devotees of the slappy crutch, so when they came out to college they thought they ought not to drop all useful and healthy outdoor exercises, and joined the Gun Club.

The Gun Club has just within this last year obtained the valuable lands below South Street, mentioned, at a great sacrifice, and they are well worth any sacrifice (on the part of the owner to get rid of them). With a vista of city water pipes stored in a commodious high-fenced garden on the north, an enchanting view of the transient stucco buildings of

the Export Exposition on the west, a graceful curvilinear trestle which serves as a background to shoot against on the south, and the gently ebbing and flowing odorous Schuylkill on the east, happy is the man who can ally himself with such an organization with such a transcendently beautiful situation.

The clubhouse is by far the most graceful piece of work that ever met the eye, with one of '99's relics, the smoky stove of Ben Parish, safely installed in a corner to render life miserable. Surrounded by air perfuming weeds and full of chinks to permit the easy ingress of the voracious mosquito, life in or near that house is a dream, but such a dream as is superinduced by sleeping heavily and suddenly on a straight diet of lobster salad, ice cream and plum pudding with a hot lemonade chaser, in short, such a dream as one can mount and ride away on.

To be sure, they could get rid of the mosquitoes by lighting the stove, but by lighting the stove they had to get rid of the house, and for a week after a smoke out they hated both themselves and their clothes.

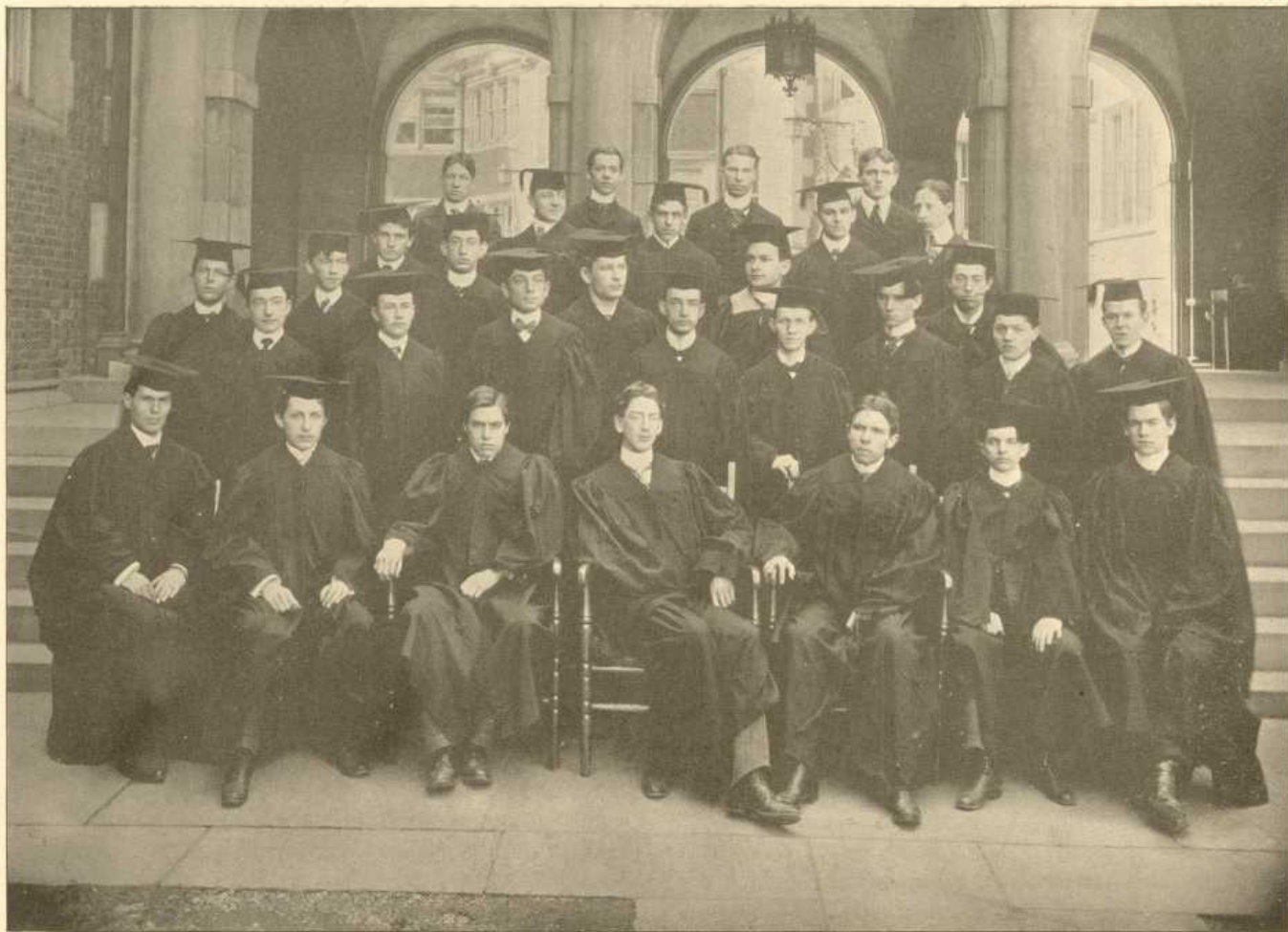
As the path from the bridge is hedged about by burrs, every match ever held on the grounds was delayed many minutes by the necessary separation of the participants from their attached burrs, for you know one can't take good aim while he is trying to remove by means of his right foot an irritating burr from the calf of his left leg.

In spite of all these small hindrances pretty steady practice has been indulged in and several rather important matches have fallen (after being shot) into the hands of the Gun Club. The Club might have won many more matches, if they had not always practiced with safety matches, using no shot, for fear of losing the precious birds. They do say that in practicing for live bird matches they had a trained pigeon a year or so ago, just to see how a real bird looked flying from a trap, and one day some new member, who must have been a regular chucklehead, put in a real shell with lead shot in it and broke the pet bird. The stupid member did not have his initiation fee returned (for he had not yet paid it) but he was tearfully though firmly dismissed from membership.

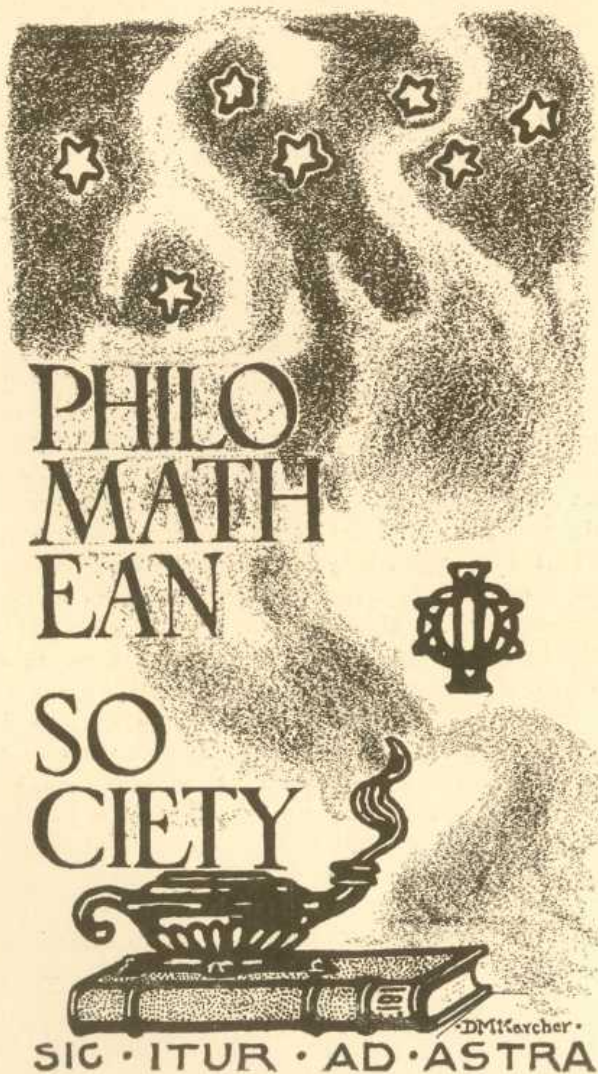
1900 in the Gun Club has been a regular circus, as the only member we had was Arthur W. Jones of Germantown, who only joined the club to have his picture taken on the same plate with "Oley" Paul, and never paid his dues or attended the perennial meetings.

In his younger days Art went by the name of "Annie Oakley the 2th," but his hand and eye, as well as his mind, had become misplaced through playing cricket, and Art was not as good a chute shooter as he had been. Then besides as Dame (some spell it differently) Rumor has it, several of the members of the team, on account of his name no doubt, thought Art was a Co-ed and refused to let him play on their meadow.

If it had not been for these sad facts 1900 might have been the ruling factor of the Gun Club and Intercollegiate Gun Club matches might have been ours with as monotonous regularity as they have not been.



The Philomathean Society



“IF you do your duty by Philo, Philo will do her duty by you.” With these words, one Friday night in October four years ago, was concluded the welcome to the Class of 1900 into the ranks of the fine old Society then eighty-three years old. It was a critical time in Philo’s history. The heroes of the early nineties had gone—the Ashhursts, Hinckleys and Morses—the leaders in Philo were passing away with the years and a little-known Freshman class was to furnish recruits to fill the depleted ranks and was to supply the men who should at no far distant day succeed to the posts held by the McKeehans, the Marks, the Brintons and the Eastons of the time. It was a moment when Philo—conservative, bound by bonds of time-drawn tradition to letter and to law—had to nominate its sons from the Class of 1900, and had to name those who were to share the responsibility of bearing onward its peerless name. How well that class has done its duty by Philo let these few words suffice to show. How large was the return made by the Society, methinks one cannot estimate. Its influence will be an abiding possession with its members, deepening with time, bearing fruit in all their literary and oratorical efforts.

On that October night, then, the die was cast. Nineteen hundred was to take her place in Philo. Yet even here conservatism forbade venturesomeness. But Easton knew of a compliant brother of his in the Freshman class and William Hastings Easton was

duly initiated. Then came Folz and Tryon, and after the former had won his spurs in the annual debate with Zelo and the latter had charmed the Society with his deep-voiced, clear-visioned utterances the portals of Philo were opened wide and 1900 went trooping in; and by the time '97 had graduated, our delegation was second to none in the Society in numbers and influence. Now be it understood that we never hesitated to share the honors of leadership with the Class of '98. We learned from McGrath and Brinton, Easton and the Langstroths, wherein the duty of Philo men consisted; but when once '98 had passed away there was not so much as a cloudless mist dimming the sun of 1900's radiance in our celestial spheres. It isn't of much moment what occurred before our rule was absolute. The record book of '98 contains an account of what we helped that class achieve, and any palæographic historian who cares may learn of those prehistoric times in the library of those antique documents remaining unsold at the printers.

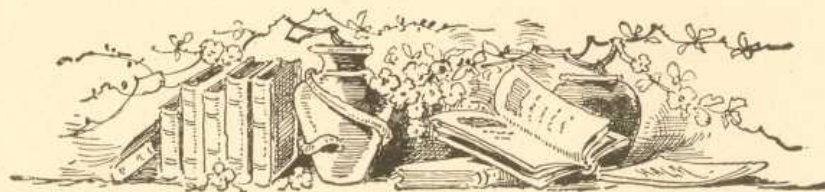
By the fall of '98, Riddle, the honey-tongued orator of the West; Davis, the poet of another world—at any rate his poetry isn't like anything on this earth;—Kellam, round as Hanna, oily as Quay, astute as Hill; and Frescoln—a wit like unto a bundle of dried fagots—had all joined our ranks and we were prepared to advance our lines. The situation was something like this. For years Philo had been giving her intercollegiate debaters, notably McKeehan, practice by annual contests with Zelo; but so regular had been victories at the cost of so little effort and preparation, that far from being of any avail for practice prior to meeting Cornell, the all too easy Zelo debates had actually proven a detriment from the over-confidence with which they inspired our representatives against the wily Ithacans. Something radical was needed. We saw that we could hope for little improvement in the calibre of Zelo's teams. All the good men were coming to us; only the Elocutionary cast-offs were joining Zelo. Something radical was needed; that has already been said; now let me add that Riddle had determined to walk in McKeehan's shoes, and two or three things radical were needed to make a good fit and brush off the dust of a couple of unfortunate walks Charlie had taken. Finally the following plan was devised, and, as things always go in Philo, being devised was immediately executed. We would retain the Zelo debate because its abolition by us would entail the destruction of a Society which depended on the coupling of its name with ours once a year to secure a position in the college world; but henceforth none but Freshmen in Philo would be eligible for the team to debate Zelo. In the next place we would accept the challenge from the Loganian Society of Haverford in order to give Riddle the practice he wanted for his intercollegiates. But right here is where the astuteness of "Dick" Kellam came into play. Said he: "If we put forth all our powers and crush the men of Haverford in our first encounter with them, in terror they will flee all future contests with us. Now I suggest that it would be a strategic policy to pursue if we permitted the Loganian Society to win the first year and by

thus giving them confidence, enable us to use them hereafter in preparation for the 'Varsity debates.' " Dicky " never made any suggestions in Philo, except that he be made Moderator, that were not adopted; and he was made Chairman of our Board of Strategy and given charge of the whole campaign. He certainly deserves great credit for his generalship, for he arranged that on this team, designed to lose, Tryon, who was the only worker should act as alternate, while Riddle who was the only orator, should eschew all preparation so that defeat might be assured us. Even then the judges declared they were able to award us the defeat only after twenty minutes' discussion and the noting of a fine scholarly smile of superciliousness, à la Roosevelt, playing about the teeth of Josh Penniman (who adorned the platform) whenever a Philo debater sat down. But however clearly our Sherlockian Dean saw through our deep laid plans, the gentlemen at Haverford were quite taken in by our strategy. With hopes raised by the victory we gave them, and all fears removed by the confidence it produced, poor souls—guileless, innocent—they marched straight to defeat this spring at the hands of almost the same team that played with them last year. Moreover, during this same time Riddle secured from the Loganian contests the experience he sought and took part in two of our inter-collegiate debates, while Folz, as the silent partner thereof, rose to the dignity of membership in the team that talked against Michigan.

But there are other events in Philo besides the inter-Society debates. It is permissible to talk at length on them because the general public is already well aware of all details connected with them, and nothing could be added to its knowledge of the subject. It is not so legitimate to discourse freely on the hallowed customs of our Society meetings. However, there are literary exercises—so-called by way of contrast—at which Dan Karcher used to etherealize on art after attending the Browning Society's gatherings, while the iconoclastic Fleisher used to destroy all our ideals and all metrical rules in harrowing reviews of what occurred at our last meeting. The weekly debates were originally intended for swift specifics for sleeplessness, and heaven knows how surely they worked until that man Cadwalader joined the Society and stirred our souls with his passionate appeals for the restoration of everything that was coated with the dust that deposits with disuse—a sort of ineffectual Gabriel with a trump of brass trying to resurrect an age of gold. Yet it was on the debates during the business meetings that we lavished the resources of our arts. Parliamentary law was then observed mostly in the breach; then it was McClellan would bring his mathematical head into play and with his nineteenthlies and his twentiethlies draw forth sighs of regret from all the under classmen because they lacked the volubility that knew no limit, other than the turning off of the current at 11 p. m. by the college electrician; then it was Rice would descend from the Censor's high chair—one rung at a time—until he had planted his slippers on the floor and his right hand in the bosom of his coat and in measured words would

berate us for all the deficiencies his inventive mind could conceive; then too it was that Allison Gaw would crackle forth his words of sage advice, paying unconscious homage to his prototype—the mysterious, awesome, dried alligator that reposes on a velvet covered board before the Moderator's desk.

And now our day in Philo is over. There never was a class whose record there was equal to ours. In literary lines six of the seven *ΦΒΚ* men of the class were Philo men; the seventh would have been had he ever at any time during his college career attained a height of three feet six. Not conducting a museum we had no place for Mendey. In debating we had representatives on two inter-collegiate teams, while we were the first class to undertake contests with the societies of other colleges. Best of all we kept untarnished Philo's name for earnest work and enriched the traditions of the Society by our wholesome innovations. We entrust to the Class of 1901 the grand old Society moving steadily on in the eighty-seventh year of her existence, strong in her heritage of a glorious past and confident in her expectation of a no less creditable future. Let the under classmen learn of her ways, drink deep of her wisdom, and apply themselves to the preservation of her customs, her traditions and her fair name as did the men that have gone before them. To them we say: "Sic itur ad astra."





The Zelosophic Society

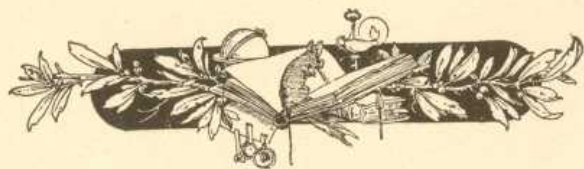


THE greatest campaign speaker in the Class of '99 was Parry and he was in Zelo ; the greatest newspaper man of '99 was Pugh and he was a Zelo man. Many a sleepy night they spent thinking of the Society as it might be after their graduation, but much to the relief of their anxiety, 1900 presented to the Society, Stern, the orator, and Craven, the journalist. Nor do we omit to mention Saul, who has a head which Mr. Bryan needs badly now. Mr. Bryan asked Uncle Sam to rent him the White House for four years and he was refused, while Saul did not ask for but took the presidential chair of Zelo to himself and held it firmly for four consecutive terms, and no college paper blamed him for breaking away from the golden tradition set by Washington. He is a great scholar in administration, and everything he learns in the class he puts to a test in executing the affairs of the Society. It was at the end of our Sophomore year when Parry retired from the presidential seat and became the leading speaker from the floor. To cope with him an opposition party was organized under the guidance of Stern and Fisher and they formed a trio of debaters hard to beat. Debates, however, were not the only interesting feature of our regular meetings, but on the contrary great attraction has always been found in the literary part of the programs. Talk about the versatility of Franklin, Craven is a regenerated Franklin. He is at once a book critic, a poet, a journalist, a historian, a musician and an artist of no mean ability in decorating books and carving tables. As a critic Schamberg stood as his rival, but as a poet he was the poet laureate of the Society.

He was much impressed with the remark on the English language by His Excellency Wu, the Minister from China, in regard to the diabolical way of spelling words, and he took up his pen to show His Excellency what can really be done, and composed a poem which makes the author of *The Philistine* guess

again and which is so good that it was given a space in *The Punch Bowl*. Craven is a writer, but the only objection to him is that he speaks in rag time. This shortness, however, was more than made up by Boswell Liverright. This last is an elocutionist and toe dancer, and his appearance on the platform has always been a signal for wild applause. Beside these men of ability, the Society was highly benefited by the presence of Blakely, Grayson and Taylor, three *more* graces from 1900. Every branch of activity of the Society has been under the leadership of men who wear two zeros.

We are now to leave our literary Society. We regret it, but we have no reason to worry about her future as '99 men did, because we have established the solid foundation for the Society's future and we trust in the incoming leaders of the Society, who have had the benefit of 1900's salutary training.





The Pennsylvanian Board

The Pennsylvanian

Vol. XVI.—No. 5.

PHILADELPHIA THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1899.

PRICE 2 CENTS

Calendar.

1 00 P. M.—Meeting *Red and Blue*
Board
1 00 P. M.—Meeting of Penn Charter

W.P. PRESTON



Pennsylvania 47, Bucknell 10.

The Varsity Outplayed in the First Half.
The University was victorious yesterday for the first time. Bucknell eleven.

Coombs to right end. Oglesby to left. Outland to left.

Senior Class Meeting.

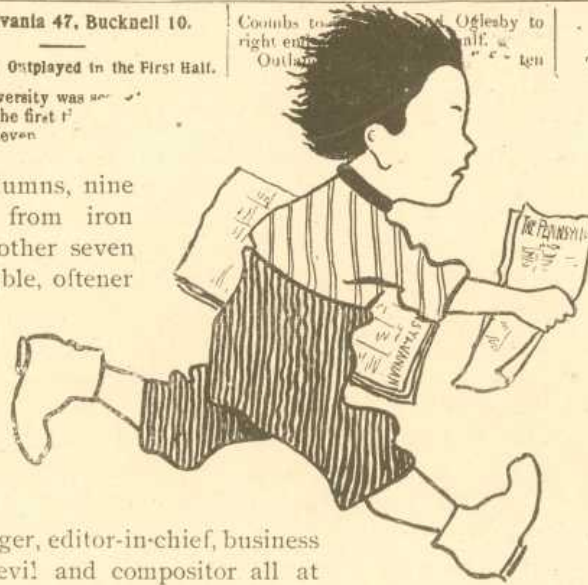
The Senior Class of the College held its meeting at the year's meeting yesterday.

SIXTEEN columns, nine everything from iron Food, the other seven sometimes intelligible, oftener picture of the lished "in the in- dents of the Uni- nia," and named

Sleepy Mech- been the whole years, associate tant business manager, editor-in-chief, business editor, printer's devil and compositor all at Brinton, of '98, had tried to get his oar in once the paper up very much in his years of service, but it remained for 1900 to put the dainty

sheet on the highest pinnacles of journalistic pre-eminence.

After Mechling left the board Jim Riddle was selected to wield the scathing pen as editor-in-chief, but



of which advertise shafting to Eskay's filled with words, not; that is a pen "only" daily pub- terests of the stu- versity of Pennsylv- the *Pennsylvanian*.

ling, of '99, who had show for at least two editor, editor, assis- manager, managing once, though Jab in a while, brought

Jim was so very, very busy that he poured out precious little of the ink from his ink well on the matter but studied for his debates and let his hardworking assistants, Frazier and Mendey, do the work.

Frazier, alias, and familiarly, Ben, was supposed to be the assistant editor-in-chief (generally written without the —istant), but if he felt tired and had to go play golf or marbles, all he had to do was to give Mendey a quarter, and Mendey would find a subject, write it up and every one would blame Jim Riddle for it the next day.

After Jim's foot had slipped, however, and he had missed defeating Michigan in debate, he came back to the sanctum and sat with his feet on the desk and his hair disheveled telling the board all about theory and practice of journalism. There he stopped, at the telling, no one ever saw any theory in that big room on the third floor of Houston Hall, still less any practice unless it were practicing going to sleep on hard desks.

The *Pennsylvanian*, both in a news way and a literary way, has never been distinguished for enterprise, and the hasty haste that characterizes the ordinary journalist is never found in any board member.

There were fourteen members of Nineteen Hundred who were put on the glorious staff, and all we have to do is to look at a list of them and we understand the manner of their selection. Any man who signified his intention of trying for the board was examined physically and mentally, if found wanting promptly accepted, and if found robust, either immediately rejected or put on probation at some demoralizing task to break his spirit and stamina. If a healthy man could prove, however, that on a search for an item of news he could play six games of billiards and miss the professor he was sent to interview, his case needed only proof that he could neither write nor read good English and his position was won.

The long list of Nineteen Hundred's men who were the support and hope of Pennsylvania's greatest daily, started back in January, '97, when Ned Townsend, W. C. T. U. Remington and Ed Rich were all taken on the board, Ned, because he could loaf so fast, Bill because he was so conscientiously sincere and wrote such good articles on the Y. M. C. A., and Ed principally because he had a good vocabulary which, however, he never used.

Hewitt was already on the paper as an assistant business manager employed to muddle Saggy's books, for he had been left behind in '99's rush for Sophomore year. Stauff Oliver and Duncan Whelen next were added to the staff to write society notes, Stauff for the north of Market column and Duncan for the sacred precincts on the lower side of the Great Divide.

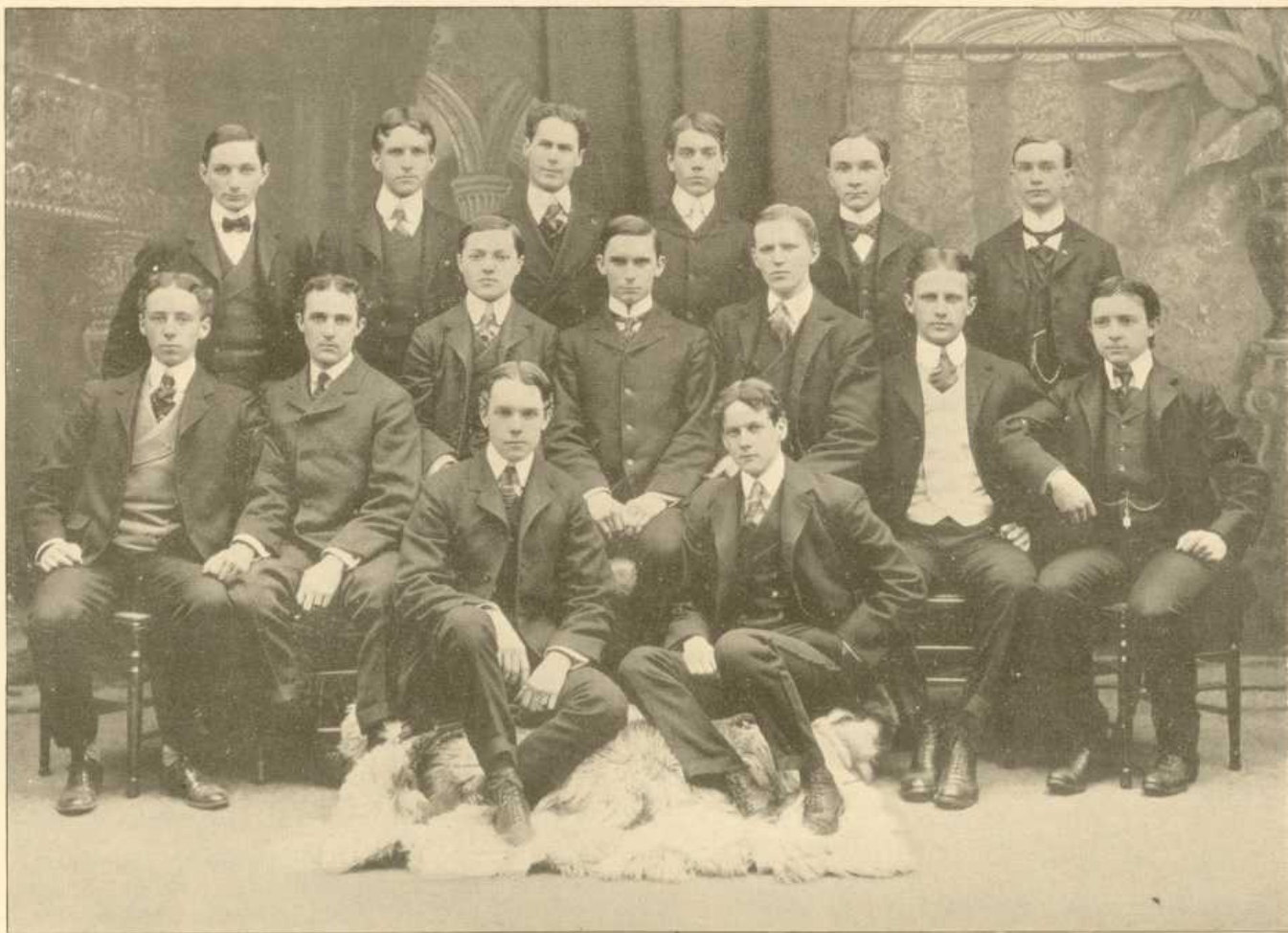
Ninian Cregar came on some time in our earlier years because he needed a quiet place to get a decent sleep, and Biddle Saul thought that Zelo was getting too much of a roast from the Philo element on the board and came on to counteract such a pernicious tendency.

No one can remember how Mendey got on, but a clue has been suggested in the fact that one day some one forgot to leave the key in the door and Mendey came in through the keyhole. Before he left, as Lengthy Langstroth and others in the class behind us can testify, a hole in the wall as big as a house was needed for his diminutive majesty's case of enlarged cranium. Mendey was the only one who ever made any money out of the paper, at all events.

The talkative Upson and the gentle Rice were on the list of the *Pennsylvanian's* star aggregation, but they were never very radical and were handicapped by the fact that they came in the game rather late and did not have a chance to get in the running.

What a horrible mistake, *running*, NEVER, just a slow and gentle walking. But 1900 ran the *Pennsylvanian*, they ran it well, and if tradition had not tied them down, and the shades of departed conservative editors had not haunted them, who knows but that they might not have joined the Associated Press and have said "gracious" at least three times a day?





The Red and Blue Board

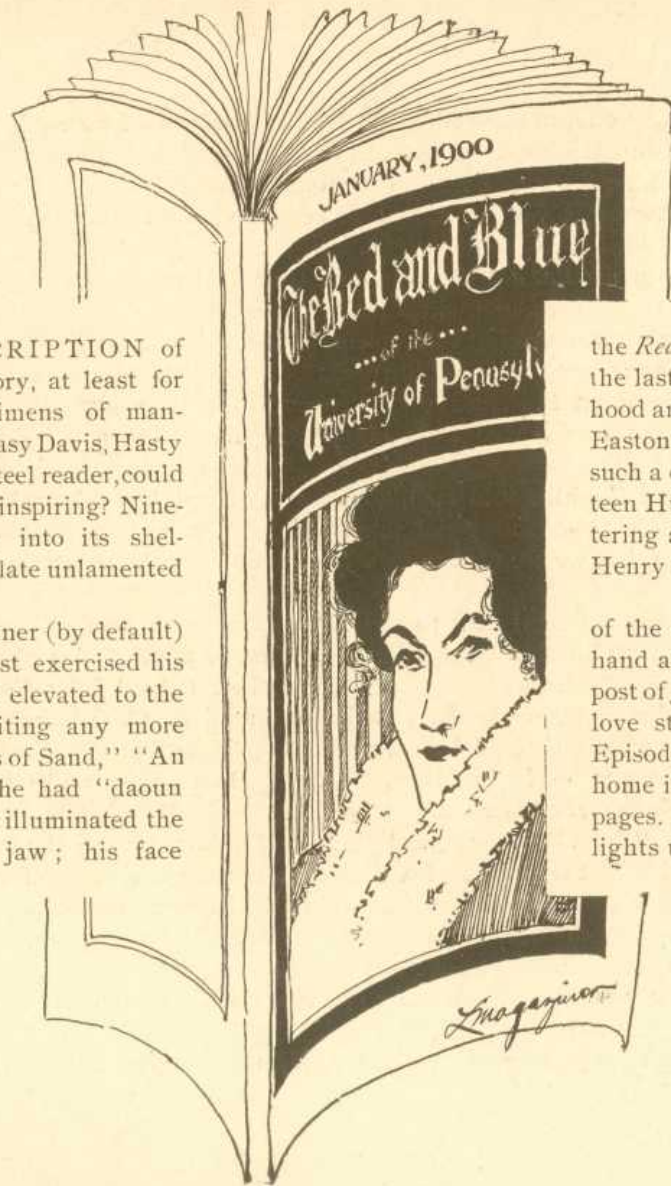


DESCRIPTION of history, at least for specimens of man-as Easy Davis, Hasty Genteel reader, could awe inspiring? Nine-Blue into its shel-

confusion into which the late unlamented thrown it.

John Conway, winner (by default) English Composition, first exercised his story, for which he was elevated to the was to prevent his writing any more sible to suppress "Ropes of Sand," "An "A Catspaw," which he had "daoun

Dan Karcher next illuminated the for he has a lantern jaw; his face



the *Red and Blue* entails a personal the last two years, of such noble hood and literary ability combined, Easton and Whit (Jr.) Riddle. such a description be anything but teen Hundred received the *Red and* tering arms, in the state of chaotic Henry Walter Jones, '99, had

of the Phi Kappa Sigma prize in hand and heart, for 1900, in a love post of Junior Editor. (Note.—This love stories, though it was impos- Episode of One Sad Summer," and home in Jersey," in a barrel.) pages. (But Dan couldn't help it, lights up, and he has a beam and

twinkle in his eye.) His first offence was called "A Rather Romantic Incident," and was highly praised by Rider Hughard, who, it might be well to note, to avoid misunderstandings, is now in his dotage.

This particularly peculiar story belonged to the romantic school, that is, it was ornate. We suspect that Dan didn't know just what it was about, and we certainly didn't, but Dan never pretended to be a realist, as we have already said, he was a romanticist.

Jim Riddle had been on the *Red and Blue* for some time, and nobody knew it—that's where the riddle came in—but he had a reverie in his system which he *had* to extract, and it appeared in an early fall issue, when the leaves were strewing the ground with solemn symbols of summer's demise. Poor Jim, how he must have suffered! He always hated to inflict torture, but that reverie would out.

Easton, brother of the great B. S., was on the paper all this time, and subsequently; but a vile conspiracy suppressed everything that flowed from his pasty pen, so the paper did not deteriorate on his account.

Ralph Newton Kellam (he likes it in full), a *rara avis* with pink cheeks, who, for some inexplicable reason, had gained a reputation for managerial ability, was made business manager to succeed the farm product from Conshohocken, but we are glad to be able to state that the paper thrived, even in spite of this handicap.

Easy Davis now joined the (very) ranks; one can't expect much from a diet of pap and lollipops, but Easy disappointed even our very humble expectations. At first he wrote philosophical treatises and speculative theses, then Dan Karcher, who had succeeded (or rather, failed) John Conway as Senior Editor, transferred Easy to the Exchange Department, in the hope of rendering him harmless. For it was possible that Easy might have found something good in some of the magazines, but alas, Easy was not to be rendered; he picked out *Ethereal Sonnets to Immortality*, *Charming Rondeaus to Phyllis' Eyes*, etc., from the other College papers, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

"Gibson" Kintzing, "Irish" Hoover, and "Rabbit" Warren, were the embellishers 1900 sent to sustain the artistic reputation of the paper. Ira Wilson inaugurated a series of covers that the gushing Pennsylvania girls declared "just too lovely for anything." In fact, Ira did so lamentably well that his fame spread to New York, and Gotham, the omnivorous absorber of all true merit, called him to its Bohemia, and the *Red and Blue's* artistic staff was left hopelessly headless.

Kintz stroked the crew, and incidentally a few pictures, about this time, and sparing of ink, absolutely refused to sign them "after C. D. Gibson."

Eddie Burwell Rich, although he wrote sonnets, rondeaus, triolets and ballads, in an inimitable way,

('twas Kipling himself who said : " Karcher writes verse, but Rich poetry ") never had his name emblazoned among the mighty staff. This was pure, rank jealousy, on the part of the other editors. " Shall this man," they asked, " shine forth in resplendent brilliancy while we crawl into obscure corners shunning the light? No ; it is true he would raise the paper from the ' Slough of Despond ' to the ' Heights of Parnassus,' and make it said that a really great man once wrote for it ; yet, where would the rest of us be? Can we afford to shine by mere reflected light?" And so Eddie was kept off, and wrote a requiem on his case, called " On My Mood Disconsolate." (Ed didn't have the nerve to name his dirge, so Dan Karcher tacked on this monstrous title.) But, joking aside, Ed should have been an editor, just to keep " His Pipe Aglow." (That's another one of those *bright* titles.)

Oscar Loeb did one better than Ed, in that he obtained a place on the paper before the staff found out that he was any good ; but after he got there, he found that because his work was so much better than any of the ordinary, that he had to fill the paper every month. A number of the subscribers, of course a number of such must be very small, wrote to the editor-in-chief, asking that either the name of the paper be changed to Loeb's Magazine, or that he be expelled from the staff. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, the time came for 1900 to retire while the controversy was still on, and Loeb's time expired by limitation.

And now for the boom. You never, no never, saw a RECORD that did have a boom for everything. We have displayed the idiosyncrasies of the individual members of the *Red and Blue* Board, and it might be as well to explain that in spite of these small faults, the sum total of our work was a stupendous artistic and literary achievement.

Under no board, rough, planed or otherwise, has the *Red and Blue*, before or since, been so heartily healthful and vitally vigorous as when fed by the pabulum given it by the facile pens of Nineteen Hundred's contributors.

Its circulation is not nearly as sluggish as it used to be, and has become like Pomp's age, and the words which issue from the Dean's mouth, indeterminate.

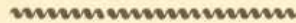
Easy in its present supremacy, and full of promise for the future, if 1900's high standard be maintained, we leave it.

We strove, we wrote, we bettered—
Then left it to th' unlettered.



The Corner-Stone Placed in Position by General Miles

“In the Triangle”



THE entrance of the Class of 1900 into Penn was marked by the opening of the Dormitories. It was something new, quite an experiment here, indeed, as was the class itself, and both have proved to be a grand success. But it was rather discouraging at the start. Mumford had assured us that everything would be ready for us at the beginning of the college year; that our rooms would be furnished and ready for occupancy. He had also arranged with a laundry company to do our work (not college work) and give us 25 per cent discount just because we were students. Behold the advantages of a college education! It is almost needless to say that when we arrived we found not more than one chair in our rooms and had to match dollars—it might have been pennies, for one grows forgetful of little things like that after learning so many great things during four years at college—for that chair. We also had the experience of sleeping on the springs of our beds the first night. We thought ourselves lucky to have beds. The next day by going through any open rooms and picking up things here and there we managed to obtain our full quota of furniture. As for the laundry company, our sheets, handkerchiefs, etc., could not stand the pace. On the second lap they looked as if they had been undertrained so we withdrew them and sent them to a laundry that didn't give a per cent off.

At first the fellows didn't know just what to do with the dormitory life which had been so hastily thrust upon them. They didn't know each other very well yet, and sort of looked awkward generally. But they finally managed to pass away the time by calling at the office about twenty times a day to inquire for mail, much to the delight of the clerk. As the football season advanced, however, the custom of having meetings in the Triangle to cheer up the team was inaugurated. This drew the fellows more together. These meetings were centred about the Arcade steps and here the fellows would gather, bring out a little band which always insisted on playing a little prelude to the “Red and Blue,” a thing which invariably threw the fellows off the tune as they didn't expect it, thinking *that* band incapable of doing such a thing, and then after a few Hoo-rahs, with Ra-ra-ra's and *Whiskey*-wow-wows on the side, the speakers of the evening would be introduced. They were generally the Coach and Captain of the team, members of the Faculty Athletic Committee and others interested in our athletic welfare. Probably the greatest demonstra-

tions we have had were those last year when the team was losing and the one held after the Harvard game of '98, when our colors were lowered by the Crimson. "Ma" Upson, '00, was the chief mover in this demonstration. All the Faculty athletic advisors were there and made speeches. We were particularly stirred by the oratorical efforts of Mr. John Bell. He told us how, when he was in college, Penn never won a game. But that they had gradually graduated men who were no good and had taken in men who were better and so they won from Princeton in '92. Defeat overtook them in '93, but the victory of '94 showed that they were not to be stopped in their upward course towards glory. And that now the defeat at the hands of Harvard should act in no other way than as a stimulus to greater deeds of valor. He then made a sensational finish by introducing Coach Woodruff as, "nature's noble-man." But Upson spoiled it all by coming to the front, and saying: "Fellows, let's give a Hoo-rah for nature's man." This is quite like Upson. He meant well. The demonstrations of last year have no especially distinctive features except that the greatest enthusiasm and devotion was shown for the team. The result of them all has been to waken in us a spirit and love for our Alma Mater and her teams, which was not seen here before.

Although many little things have happened that might be worth the telling in a more detailed account, they must be passed by here to make room for two really important events in our dormitory life. These were the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Tower and the "Night Shirt Parades."

The corner-stone of the Memorial Tower was laid on the afternoon of February 13, 1900. The tower is built in memory of those students who lost their lives and those who enlisted in our army in the war with Spain, so we had General Miles here to officiate and many more men noted in army circles. The day was rather unpropitious for ceremonies conducted in the open. It was a good deal of a puzzler. One minute it would seem to clear up and the next minute would be showering for all there was in it. A regulation February thaw had also just occurred, so that the ground, especially the grass plots in the Dormitory Triangle, were not in fit condition to be walked upon. As the classes gathered in front of Houston Hall, the sun was shining brightly, so we all left our umbrellas and mackintoshes at home. The trouble began when the City Troop rode up. Charley Page, ex-'00, is a member of that much appalled organization and with all his paraphernalia on looked as competent to manage his horse as any other gallant trooper. But appearances were deceiving. All went well until "Easy" Davis appeared with his ever-present flag and his red and blue muffler. The horse positively couldn't stand this and started in to do stunts. It was plainly apparent that Page was worried, so a number of his ex-classmates kindly volunteered to tell him how to manage a horse. All our advice was of no avail, however, and he was finally rescued by several other troopers and taken in charge by them until the affair was over.

After the usual delay the procession began. We all lined up along each side of Hamilton Walk and waited until all the dignitaries had passed by and then fell in behind. Everything was orderly enough until we approached the south gate of the Dormitories. Here a number of Dents, Vets and Fresh thought they were going to get left, so they made a rush for the gate and as the walk was crowded already they attempted to cross the grass plot before mentioned. The attempt of many was in vain. A few deserve great praise for getting through in safety. The first men that got on the grass did not sink in above their shoe tops. But after they had struggled around for a while the mixture of grass and mud became very much stirred up, and determined to get even with all intruders for spoiling its innocent good looks. A scene of great activity ensued. Everybody was taken in at depths varying from the shoe top to the knees and only escaped by first lifting one leg out, and then the other, and keeping up the good work until they reached the walks. Some, whose feet were larger than the average, could only escape by unlacing their shoes and leaving them to their fate while they escaped shoeless.

The ceremonies proper had now begun and at this point the rain took a hand in the performance. Every time anyone attempted to do anything it would rain, and as soon as he had finished, the rain would cease. It almost broke up the affair by obliterating the written speeches of the various participants, but thanks to the umbrella loaned by Mr. Houston, the end of the ceremonies was reached in safety, and the corner-stone was laid by General Miles. As soon as all was over it cleared up beautifully, but not one of us heard a word of a speech.

The "Night Shirt Parade" was a rather spontaneous outgrowth of existing conditions. On the evening of May 2, 1899, all was quiet in the Dormitories, as the fellows were now getting down to work to prepare for final exams. But the quiet didn't last long for in one of the rooms the Architectural Society was having a smoker and now and again there would be an awful roar of laughter. It's hard to tell why they laughed, for it isn't probable that any '99 Architect could tell a funny story. The fellows stood this as long as they could and finally they came to the windows and began shouting advice, and other things to the Architects. Then some one yelled: "All out!" and they all came out. While they were standing around in groups discussing the affair, an ex-member of '00 suggested that we have a night shirt parade. No sooner was the word spoken than some of the group chased into their rooms, and in less time than it takes to tell it, a member of '00 appeared in his night shirt. This was a signal for men all over the Triangle to go for theirs. In the meantime, a Proctor had come out to see what was going on. Mr. "Proctor" is a nice ladylike man with a nicer ladylike voice. He really doesn't know how to handle fellows as he has been used to teaching Co-eds over in the "Bi." We saw this one fellow in white and made for him. The fellow chased into Franklin

House with "Procter" in hot pursuit, but when he arrived at the third floor, the fellow had disappeared. "Porctor" then made a careful canvass of the rooms, and while in one of them, the fellow slipped downstairs. By this time quite a crowd of fellows were out in the Triangle in their "nightees," and when "Proctor" arrived on the scene he found he had more than one man to deal with. He sailed in valiantly enough, however, and commanded all to go to their rooms. The fellows asked, that since they were out, they be allowed to remain. "Proter" said "no!" and started taking names. That was too much, and some one made a dash for the hose, then playing on the grass. At that, "Porcter," thinking "discretion the better part of valor," retired to the safety of Dr. Singer's room.

The fellows after doing stunts on the Triangle, proceeded to the old athletic field. Here they produced wood from nowhere and soon had a monstrous bonfire going. Then began a number of dances, cake-walks and rings around the fire, making a scene very weird and ghostlike. When they got tired of this they settled down and everybody had to dance, sing, whistle or make a speech and "swear allegiance to 'de Gang,'" to stand by any one if he got in trouble over the affair. The "Parade" then ended up with Pennsylvania songs on the Arcade steps.

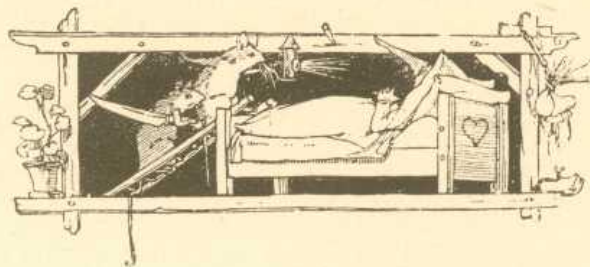
Nothing serious came of the affair and the authorities recognizing that it would be a good thing to start as a Dormitory custom, permitted it to come off this year. A great deal of preparation was made for it and wood was prepared for the fire. About eleven o'clock the fellows began to assemble until almost all in the Dormitories were out in their night shirts. Then the ceremonies of the evening were begun by the planting of ivy by the Arcade steps, and dedicating it to the Class of 1900. Johnny Gardiner delivered the oration and it was a masterpiece in its way. The only trouble was that he couldn't remember it very well, and the applause of the fellows at appropriate as well as inappropriate times, sort of threw him off his balance. But he was rescued from his perilous position by his Freshman brother, who stood behind him and read it to him, and then he told us about it. It ended with several beautiful little stanzas, the last one of which was :

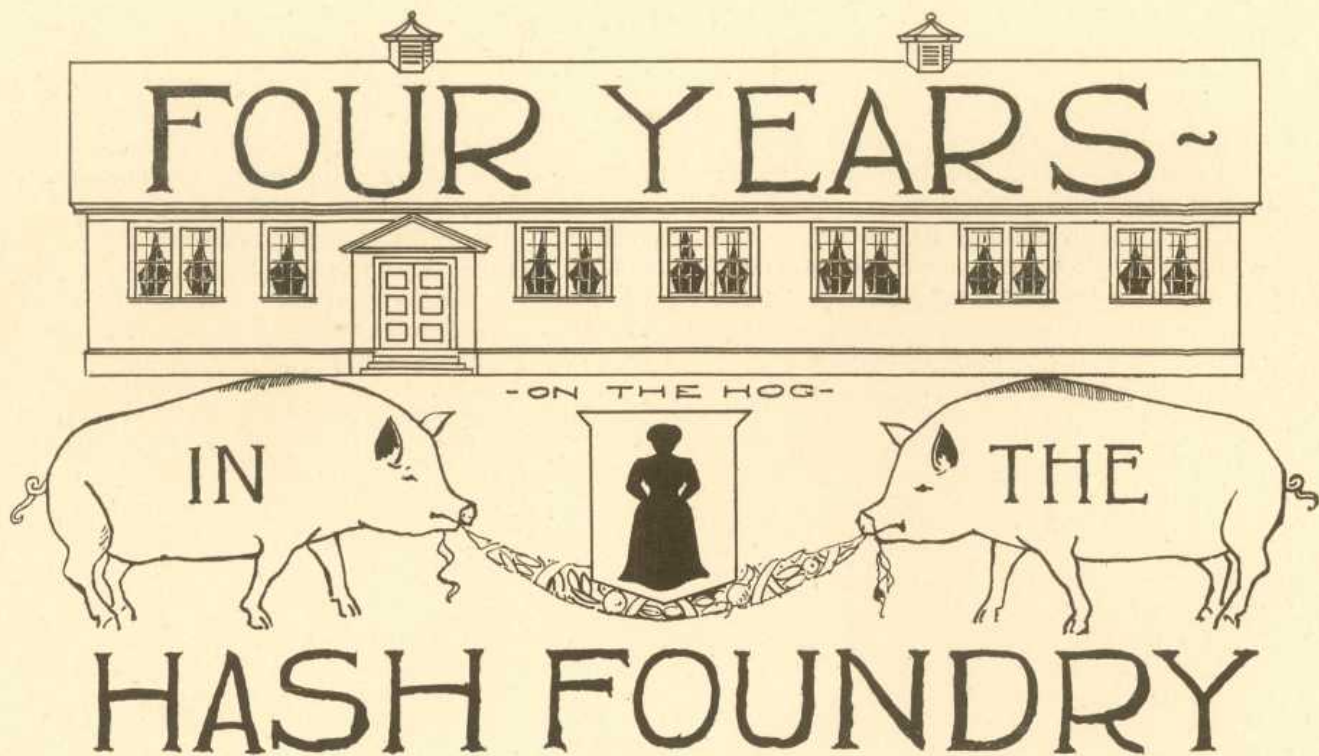
"Ivy, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's rugged main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked student
Seeing, may take hope again."

We shall hope that the ivy will have such an effect on a student in such a condition. For, alas! how many come tacking up the walk against the wind, and meet shipwreck on the Arcade steps. May they be able to see the ivy that they may take "hope again!"

A general walk-around now ensued, and finally all repaired to the old field and the fire was started. Performances similar to those last year took place with the exception that only the Freshmen were called upon for speeches, songs, etc. This they did right willingly (?), being Freshmen, although a journey around the fire on a rail was sometimes necessary to give them inspiration. A high hat was also discovered, and was persuaded to tell us a few things. The ceremonies were adjourned shortly after to the Arcade steps and songs of "Old Penn" were sung. On the whole the affair of this year was a great success, although the fellows did miss "Procter."

The tendency of things like these is to stir up that college spirit which is such a necessary adjunct to all college life. Movements are continually on foot to foster it. One of the most laudable of these at present is the scheme of building a rail fence in the Triangle, where the fellows can congregate in the evenings and sing the songs of Penn. That the efforts towards increasing this spirit may continue and that many new and wholesale customs may spring up to make dormitory life and college life at "Old Penn" more pleasant, is the fervent wish and desire of the members of 1900.





TO the uninitiated, the frame structure occupying the southwest corner of Spruce and Thirty-sixth streets, must present an appearance most inscrutable; indeed, so completely baffling is the expression of the exterior, that we can readily forgive the Freshman who once innocently inquired whether the building in question were the printing establishment of the *Red and Blue*. To us who have been privileged, during all or part of our college career to enter thrice daily its mysterious precincts, this edifice is

irreverently yet aptly known as the "Hash Foundry," notwithstanding that the catalogue, with misleading unctuousness designates it as the University Commons. Rumor states that in the dim future, a palatial dining hall will form part of the completed dormitory system,—but that's another story, and we who have faced the grim realities of the frontier, in these early years of the settlement of the wilderness known as the Old Field, shall have memories only of the original Hash Foundry, where "Mom" Lipton ruled in power and wrath.

Once formed, the Hash Foundry habit is hard to break, and though occasionally some desperate son of Penn, tiring of goat mutton and string-beans, departs for a time to try his luck at Heuser's, or strays after false gods in Locust street, in the majority of cases he eventually returns to the "good cheer," and says he'll roam no more.

That mine host Lipton is a wizard and a hypnotist in the art of juggling the menu, is an undeniable fact. With a dexterity beyond belief, he is able to transpose, accentuate, abbreviate, elaborate, and otherwise warp the dozen or fourteen stock dishes within the repertoire of the cook, into so many pale blue mimeographed variations, that the unwary are led to believe the gamut of the chef's achievement theirs, at three-fifty a week, and that boarding at the Hash Foundry is after all a gastronomic symphony. For example: bean soup, a homely dish withal, and yet paraded as follows: Monday, bean soup; Wednesday, purée of white bean; Friday, purée à la Jackson, etc., etc.

Lipton sometimes arouses partisan feeling by such announcements as: Salisbury steak, baked ham à la Chamberlain, lobster cutlets with Roberts' sauce, and other reflections denoting pronounced Boer sympathy. We suppose that he does this with a view to promoting friendly discussion and debate amongst his guests. At the time of the Exposition, great consternation followed the appearance upon the "score card" of "Purée à la Mongolian," for this came almost simultaneously with the disappearance of several Chinamen from the Midway. Not less disconcerting was the item so blurred in writing that it read, "Chicken Crowguts."

Tuesday and Thursday evenings we shall always remember with joy, in that we then received, each, his concavo-convex sample of ice cream, which looked little, and was less, on account of the void upon the under side. At dinner, on Sunday, this dessert was elaborated by the addition of what was catalogued as "cut" cake. Whether or not this referred to lecture absences is a question.

Of all the exhibits placed before us during our course in this museum of indigestibles, the daily (and Sunday) string-beans will live longest in memory. Nobody has ever been known to eat "Mom's" ancient and honorable string-beans. At least, the horrible ends of those who have done so have been effectually confined to the hospital records. The beans in question must have seen service in the Mexican war, and how

their perennial hue is preserved from generation to generation, except by the occasional use of Paris green in the boiling, is a poser.

The dissatisfaction of the inner man is not the only purpose for which we visit the Hash Foundry, however, for there we find relief from care, in the contemplation of continuous variety of no mean order. "Mom" is unquestionably the Queen of Vaudeville, and entertains us in a "weigh" all her own. Her star act is doing the walk-around, to spot him whose temerity has led him to work the waiter for a second sample of pie. On this tour she is also wont to stand upon the neck of any waiter who may have demolished by accident his tray of cast-iron plates. At such times Mom's conversation is cerulean.

By far, the most favored of the pastimes of the Hash Foundry is that of bread throwing, and some of our number have developed great skill in this, notably Kellam and Upson. Yea, even Upson, who should know better, being upon the committee of Hash Foundry investigation. It has been noted by the more observant that immediately following a bread riot, the principal article of dessert is bread pudding. The conclusion is foregone. Then, too, there is the performance of "Who was George Washington?" usually suggested and actively participated in by Sypherd, at which time the Lipton china and glassware are up against it.

All things considered, we are glad that we have faithfully bucked the old stand through thick and thin, and that by so doing we have received such forcible precept as will never permit us to forget that we live not to eat, but eat to live.

THE LIBRARY



GREAT events require great preparation. The Trustees and Faculty of the University, early in the last decade, began to reflect upon the approaching matriculation of Nineteen Hundred, and upon the responsibility devolving upon them to make our University career pleasant and profitable (notice the alliteration). With this end in view they erected the Harrison Chemical Laboratory, the Hous-ton Club, and various other new buildings, but they crowned their work when they completed the new University Library. I can well remember the first day I visited the Library, in company with a fellow who had been there once or twice before.

"Fine looking building," was remarked, as we stopped to view it for a moment before we entered; "architecture striking, but rather peculiar."

"Yes," came the reply, "Saracenic in style."

"Oh! Semitic type?"

The other fellow nodded, and we passed on into the vestibule. We were about to go upstairs, but the other fellow said: "Never mind that now. There's nothing up there, except curiosities—Semitic, you know."

We wandered on into the main reading room and past the alcoves. "Separate classified collections," said my guide, in explanation, waving his hand toward the latter. "Convenient to have them close at hand for quick reference; Semitic and otherwise."

We approached one of the librarians and entered into conversation with her,—always a favorite pastime with Nineteen Hundred. Some large, unwieldy packages were being transferred from a wagon outside, to a small room on the right. We remarked upon their size, and the fair one answered: "Yes; they're increasing the Semitic exhibits, you know."

And so it went. At last, just as we were about to leave the place, we noticed two large columns, rising one at each end of the room with curious figures and human faces "sculpted" upon them.

"Semitic, of course," I said confidently.

"Of course," answered my friend; and then, as he raised his eyes to the small placard above, "No! Why, say, these are American! From Central America!"

We looked at each other for a moment, in speechless amazement, and then silently left the room. And it seemed, as we passed him, that the bust of old Ben Franklin over the door, looked down at us with a cheerful smile, as if he would say: "Yes, my lads, and I'm another!"

This was but the first of many visits, and during our Freshman and Sophomore years we became very well acquainted with the books, the alcoves, and—the librarians (feminine). But nothing striking occurred until the beginning of our Junior year. Then, when we returned from the midsummer vacation, we learned that various improvements had been made and that our Library was in a fair way to become ideal. We found, on inspection, that individual reading desks had been erected, a new head librarian had been appointed, a new Museum had been built for the accommodation of the objectionable Central American columns, which had been removed to a safe distance, and finally that rooms for the study of the Semitic languages had been prepared on the third floor. And placards covered everything! Every possible emergency was provided for. We were told which books were reserved and where, how to use the card catalogue, what to do if the assistants could not find the books, and if we "swiped" one of the signs, just how long it would be before another would appear in its place. Every little while, the new librarian would rush out of his office and frantically measure the desks and walls with a little two-foot rule, and then we knew he was trying to find a place to put another sign. The only sign that never appeared was: "No student shall talk to any one librarian more than twenty minutes at a time," but we are expecting that daily.

This remark has probably aroused the reader's curiosity. Alas! the writer cannot satisfy it. He had planned to tell how one fair-haired youth, after assisting one of the librarians in a prolonged search for a

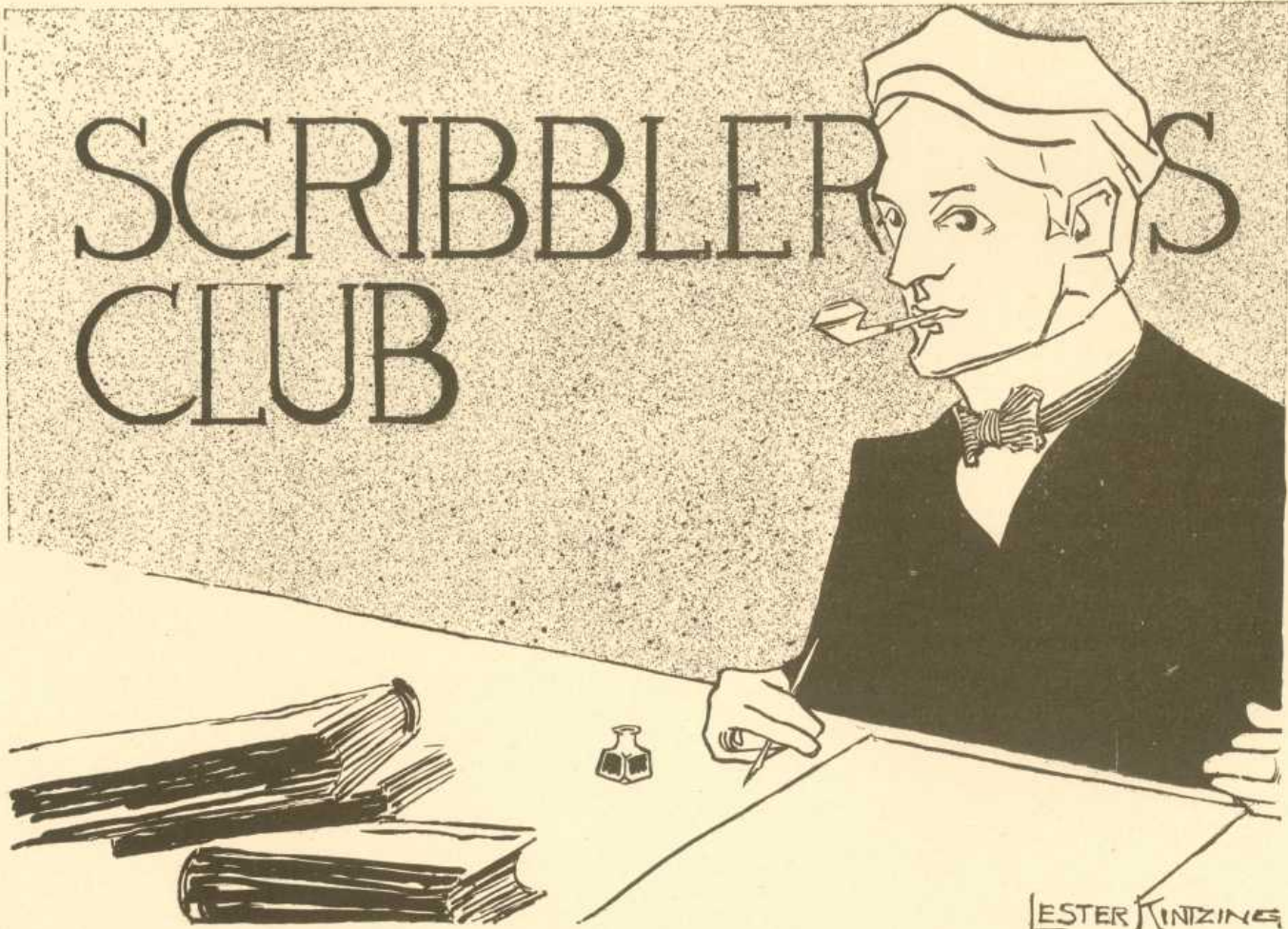
missing book in an alcove, was seen to emerge with his hair parted, for the first time in the history of the University, and obstinately refused to tell who supplied the comb. And sundry other secrets we know; but from all sides has come the plea: "Say nothing about me in the Library, you know. What would my folks think?" So the lips of the oracle are sealed. Let all fond parents who may glance over this article, remain confident that *their* boys, at least, were attracted to the Library by literary tastes alone.

One curious incident attended the removal of the curiosities to the Museum. The room previously occupied by the "stiffs" (in vulgar parlance, mummies) was partitioned off, and in accordance with the mania of the architect for inscribing improving moral sentiments upon the walls, a suitable motto was found for the new glass surface. It reads thus: "There is small choice in rotten apples."

There has been much speculation with regard to the intended use of this room. Some have suggested that it was intended as a librarian's office—but perish the thought! That remains where it always was. Others have said it was to be a reception room for visitors. If so, visitors have always felt a certain delicacy about entering it; and so it remains bare and empty, in silent testimony to the fact that there are no "rotten apples" within the precincts of the educational orchard.

Only one thing of note has occurred in the Library since our Junior year. During last vacation the books were "recatalogued." We don't know exactly what this operation consisted of; we only know that something happened to the books and to the cards that tell where the books ought to be found. It was the last—the supreme step required to make our Library ideal. We did not appreciate this at first; we had to sit down and study it out. But we can now see that when every prolonged search in the card catalogue is a valuable exercise in self-control. And we know that if a book asked for is not immediately forthcoming, it is not because the assistant cannot find it. No! It is that the unwary youth has asked for a book that is not Semitic, and is being given time to repent, before it is too late. And so, even for the ideal recataloguing, we feel that we should be thankful to the mighty brain which conceived the project and the Minervan wisdom which presided at its execution.

SCRIBBLER'S CLUB



LESTER KINTZING

The Scribblers' Club.

Of 1900.

Ink Slinger-in-Chief, Charles A. Upson

Newsboy, Daniel M. Karcher

Warden of the Paste Brush, Edward B. Rich

Money Grabber, Lester Kintzing

Scissors Slasher, Walter B. Saul

The Dauber, Edward Z. Davis

Printer's Devil, William P. Remington

The Joke (?) Maker, I. W. Hoover

The Scene Painter, John S. Conway

Suzette, Ralph N. Kellam

The Reviler, James Whitford Riddle, Jr.

The Loafer, C. J. Mendelsohn

The Spring Poet, Oscar Loeb

The Bouncer, William H. Easton

The Roaster, Benjamin West Frazier, Jr.



The 'Varsity Football Team

'Varsity Football Team, 1899

Centre

Peter David Overfield

Left Guard

Thomas Truxtun Hare, Captain

Right Guard

John Colwell Teas

Left End

John Henry Outland

Left Tackle

James Burton Snover

Right Tackle

Charles Edger Wallace, Jr.

Right End

Walter Coombs

Left Half Back

John Gardiner

Quarter Back

Albert Rutherford Kennedy

Right Half Back

Wilson Potter

Full Back

Josiah Calvin McCracken

Substitutes

Anthony Joseph McCloskey
Frank Ellis Woodley
Henry Baring Hodge
Everett Pusey Barnard
Joseph Francis De Silver
Livingston Smith
Oscar Zimmerman

Walter Leon Smith
Frederick Stehle, Jr.
John Maximilian Reugenberg
William Roberts Howell
Edward Anthony Meehling, Manager
T. L. Bean, Assistant Manager



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon

The 'Varsity Baseball Team

'Varsity Baseball Team, 1900

Manager

Wm. Brown Brendlinger

Assistant Manager

Fred. M. Fuller

Catcher

Frank Flavell, captain

First Base

John Evan Jones

Third Base

William Brown, Jr.

Pitchers

Daniel John Layton, Jr.

Francis Patrick Leary

Second Base

William Shreve Collier

Short Stop

Hermann Louis Shape

Left Field

William Dwight White

Centre Field

Joseph Hollingsworth Huston

Right Field

Robert Smith Gawthrop

SUBSTITUTES

Pitcher

Albert Joseph Devlin

Infielder

Walter Orbin



The 'Varsity Gymnastic Team

'Varsity Gymnastic Team, 1900

Captain, T. P. Stevenson, Jr.

Manager, Edward B. Rich

William Jordan

O. T. Cruickshank

E. A. Staab

W. P. Taylor

C. L. Lapp

F. B. Jacobs

J. P. Gardiner

S. F. Weaver

H. R. Balentine

J. C. McCracken

J. H. Outland

J. H. Hildebrand

B. A. Ball

A. R. Earnshaw

I. K. Baxter

F. H. Gray

William Olsen

C. C. McDermott, Jr.

P. R. Byerly



The 'Varsity Track Team

'Varsity Track Team, 1899

Captain, Josiah Calvin McCracken

Manager, Howard Kennedy Hill

J. W. B. Tewksbury
T. B. McClain
J. S. Francis
G. W. Cook
J. Gillinder, Jr.
L. J. Lane
A. Grant
W. V. Little
W. H. Parry
E. A. Mechling
W. P. Remington
I. K. Baxter
T. T. Hare
M. B. Colket
A. R. Earnshaw
C. C. Sickel
A. C. Kraenzlein
W. P. Preston
R. J. Savidge
O. Zimmerman
A. J. Willson

P. J. McMahon
Alric Garland
N. Sharp
L. A. Yerkes
J. S. Williams
A. W. Stackhouse
J. S. Hopkins
F. B. Barnitz
W. E. Drumheller
O. T. Waring
J. R. Dyer
E. W. Deakin
C. M. Goodman
G. Mallery
H. N. Rodenbaugh
J. C. McCracken
B. F. Baer, Jr.
G. Johnson
F. F. Attix
O. S. Gribble



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon

The 'Varsity Crew

'Varsity Crews, 1899

Captain, Lester Kintzing

Eight

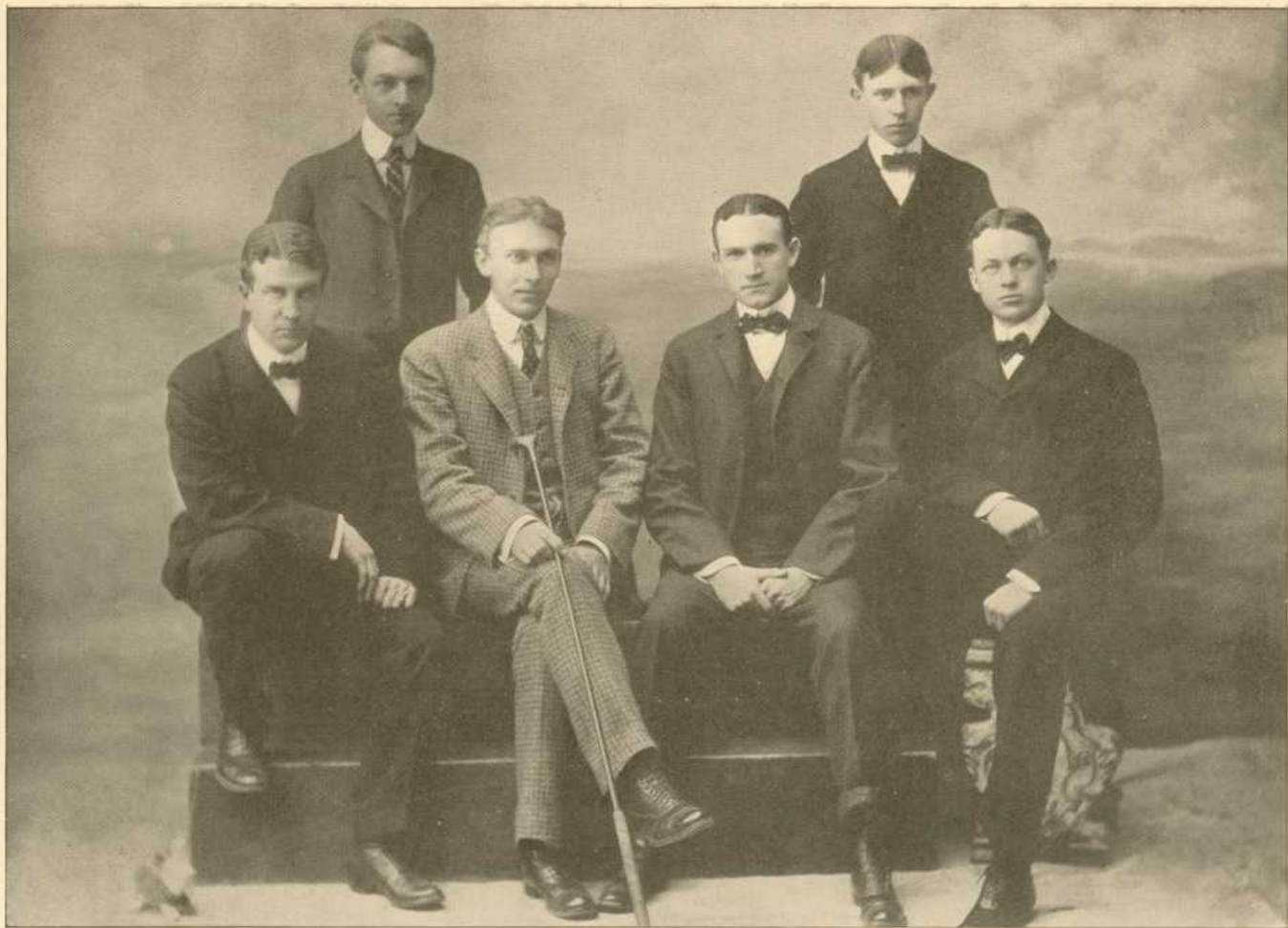
J. P. Gardiner, stroke
J. H. Hall
J. W. A. Busch
A. H. Flickwir

J. B. Snover
F. L. Davenport
W. H. Howell
L. Kintzing

Four

S. Crowther, Jr., stroke
O. B. Evans

J. F. Bechtel
J. F. B. Atkin



University Golf Team, 1899

Golf Club

President

Howard Kennedy Hill, '99 C., 1902 M.

Vice-President

Hollinshead Nathan Taylor, 1901 C.

Secretary and Treasurer

Clayton Gilbert Dixon, 1900 C.

Golf Team, 1900

No. 1—Wilson Potter	“ 5—Jos. S. Patterson
“ 2—Clayton G. Dixon	“ 6—H. K. Hill
“ 3—James I. Lineaweaver	“ 6—H. N. Taylor
“ 4—Edward F. Hinkle	

Members

Chas. A. Bilin, '02 L.
Richard L. Barrows, '03 C.
Theodore E. Brown, '01 C.
J. E. Caldwell, '03 C.
P. A. Castner, '02 C.
C. G. Dixon, '00 C. (Mus.)
J. S. Francis, '00 L.
H. K. Hill, '99 C., '02 M.
J. A. Harrar, '01 M.
W. H. Hepburn, Jr., '03 C.

T. T. Hare, '01 C.
R. Homer, '00 C.
W. H. Hughes, '03 C.
E. F. Hinkle, '02 C.
J. G. Lindsay, Jr., '03 C.
J. I. Lineaweaver, '00 L.
J. M. Magee, Sp. Law
B. D. Parrish, '02 M.
J. S. Patterson, '00 C.
I. A. Pennypacker, '02 C.

Prof. L. S. Rowe, faculty
H. J. Sullivan, '03 C.
T. D. Smith, '01 C.
H. N. Taylor, '01 C.
C. H. Welles, Jr., '02 L.
Dr. Lightner Whitmer, faculty
L. A. Yerkes, '02 C.
Wilson Potter
Claude W. Walker
Malcolm Macdonald, Jr.



The Combined Musical Clubs

Combined Musical Clubs

President, William Sidney Johnson, '00

Manager, Thomas Flavell, 2d, '00

Secretary, George Fletcher Snyder, '01

Assistant Managers

Harry W. Harrison, '01

Edward R. Kapp, '02

W. Bancroft Mellor, '03

C. H. McCauley, '02

George Capelle, '01

Glee Club

Leader, John R. McCurdy

Director, Samuel L. Herrmann

First Tenors

G. F. Walden, '00
R. L. Bennett, '00
S. M. Marshall, '00
S. L. Jordan, '01
R. B. Smith, '03
J. Sheehan, '02

Second Tenors

F. N. Magee, '02
F. V. Slack, '03
T. D. Henderson, '01
J. P. Stanley, P. G.
R. W. Welsh, '01
R. S. Dorsett, '00

First Basses

W. D. White, '01
F. Flavell, '01
L. F. Curtis, '01
W. H. Axford, '01
S. E. Fretz, '00

Second Basses

W. S. Johnson, '00
J. R. McCurdy, '00
H. C. Myers, '00
A. I. Fouse, '00
H. Newell, '00
M. F. Hardt, '01

Combined Musical Clubs—Continued

Banjo Club

Director, Paul Eno

Leader, R. Perry Cummins, '01

Banjeaurines

R. P. Cummins, '01

A. B. Dissel, '01

F. M. Hardt, '01

R. H. Hunter, '03

C. D. Camp, '02

J. R. Guekes, '01

J. A. Dissel, '03

First Banjo

R. H. W. Strang, '02

Bass Banjo

A. G. Hinrichs, '00

Second Banjo

A. W. Parvin, '01

C. H. Hertz, '02

H. J. Diefendorf, '01

Mandolins

J. Jex, '03

A. G. Cranch, '03

Guitars

G. F. Snyder, '01

W. W. Daniels, '02

R. E. Flory, '01

C. L. DeWolf, '02

Mandolin Club

Leader, A. M. Smith, '01

Director, Paul Eno

First Mandolins

A. M. Smith, '01

H. W. Bailey, '00

W. D. Easton, '01

H. F. Derr, '02

H. G. Diefendorf, '01

W. G. Smith, '02

C. H. McCauley, '02

Second Mandolins

S. L. Jordan, '01

J. Jex, '03

A. G. Cranch, '03

C. R. Jeffries, '00

H. Coffman, '00

R. H. Hunter, '03

Guitars

G. F. Snyder, '01

R. E. Flory, '01

W. W. Daniels, '02

C. L. DeWolf, '02

Mandola

C. J. Weidknecht, '02

Violins

W. S. Clark, '03 A. F. Webster, '00

'Cello

S. R. Meaker, '00

Flute

R. P. Elmer, '02

“Joking decides great things
Stronglier and better off than earnest can”



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W. G. W. 1927

Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity

Delta Chapter of Pennsylvania

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John B. Gest, A. M.

Charles C. Harrison, LL. D., Provost
Joseph G. Rosengarten, A. M.
Walter George Smith, A. M.
S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D.

Rev. Jesse Y. Burk, Secretary.

Faculty

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John Ashhurst, Jr., M. D., LL. D.
George Tucker Bispham, A. M.
Edward P. Cheyney, A. M.
Edwin G. Conklin, Ph. D.
George E. Fisher, Ph. D.
Rev. George S. Fullerton, Ph. D.
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Joseph French Johnson, A. B.
Gregory B. Keen, A. M.
Wm. A. Lamberton, A. M., Litt. D.
Marion D. Learned, Ph. D.
John Bach McMaster, A. M., Litt. D.
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William R. Newbold, Ph. D.
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Horace C. Richards, Ph. D.
Felix E. Schelling, Ph. D.
Edgar F. Smith, Ph. D.
Edward H. Waldo, A. B.
Thompson S. Westcott, A. M., M. D.
Lightner Witmer, Ph. D.

Undergraduates

Senior Class

Edward Z. Davis
Stanley Folz

Allison Gaw
William McClellan
Charles J. Mendelsohn

Alfred B. Rice
Harold H. Tryon

Junior Class

Charles F. Sladen

Clarence Stratton



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G. F. Barker, M. D., Sc. D., LL. D.
Amos P. Brown, Ph. D.
Edward G. Conklin, Ph. D.
Edwin S. Crawley, Ph. D.
Charles L. Doolittle, C. E., Sc. D.
Eric Doolittle, C. E.
Frederick Ehrenfeld, Ph. D.
Henry B. Evans, M. E.
Simon Flexner, M. D.

Arthur W. Goodspeed, Ph. D.
Arthur M. Greene, Jr., B. S., M. E.
George H. Hallett, Ph. D.
Willett L. Hardin, Ph. D.
Warren P. Laird
John M. Macfarlane, Sc. D.
Frederick M. Mann, C. E., M. S.
Edgar Marburg, C. E.
J. Marshall, M. D., Nat. Sc. D., LL. D.
Thomas H. Montgomery, Jr., Ph. D.

J. Percy Moore, Ph. D.
Jay B. Moyer, Ph. D.
Leonard Pearson, B. S., V. M. D.
George A. Piersol, M. D.
Lewis F. Pilcher, Ph. B. in Arch.
Horace C. Richards, Ph. D.
Isaac J. Schwatt, Ph. D.
Owen L. Shinn, Ph. D.
Edgar F. Smith, Ph. D., Sc. D.
Walter L. Webb, C. E.

A. P. C. Ashhurst, A. B.
J. L. Atlee, A. B.
W. S. Bertolet, A. B.
G. H. Boggs, B. S.
H. C. Carpenter
H. S. Conard, B. S., A. M.
J. S. Conway
R. S. Dorsett, B. S.
E. S. Easton, B. S.
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H. E. Ehlers
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O. B. Evans
H. Fox, B. S.
G. C. Friend
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C. J. Hatfield, A. M.
J. E. Hume, A. B.
F. M. Ives, B. S., C. E.
T. B. L. Jordan
R. C. Lamson
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M. G. Lloyd, B. S.
W. McClellan
F. E. McKee

S. M. Marshall
A. Merzbacher
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G. L. Taylor
T. M. Taylor, B. S.
W. P. Taylor
A. L. Terry
O. N. Torian, A. B.



Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Alpha Chapter

FOUNDED 1850

Wharton Barker, A. M.
John C. Sims, A. M.
Samuel Dickson, A. M.
Walter George Smith, A. M.
Randal Morgan, A. M.

Louis A. Duhring, M. D.
Barton C. Hirst, M. D.
James Hartley Merriek, A. B.
Richard H. Harte, M. D.
David B. Binney, M. D.

George Thomas Lukens
Samuel Richardson Rosengarten
Henry Winsor
Charles Louis McKeehan
Francis Wharton Sinkler
Francis Olcott Allen
Jasper Yeates Brinton

Samuel Canby Rumford
Allen Johnstone Henry
David Donaldson Bush
Isaac Harter, Jr.
Charles Stuart Wood
Alexis Felix du Pont
William Felix Norris

Edmund Cadwalader Evans
Daniel J. Miller
Lewis Rumford
Ernest du Pont
Malcolm Vernon Coates
Henry Culp Earnshaw



Delta Phi Fraternity

Eta Chapter

ESTABLISHED 1849

Rev. G. D. Boardman, D. D., LL. D.
Wm. A. Lamberton, A. M., Litt. D.

Roland Post Falkner, Ph. D.
Dana Carleton Munro, A. M.

Alexander King Dickson, A. B.
John Kenton Eisenbrey
Claude William Walker
William Heyward Drayton, 3d
Robert Leslie Frey
John Cadwalader Rowland

Charles Browne, A. B.
Cushman Newhall
Thomas Francis Cadwalader
Frederick Marshall Paul, A. B.
Frederick Williams Lake
Benjamin Wallace Hamilton

Alpin William Cameron
Leonard Augustus Yerkes
Thomas Carrick Jordan
Robert Howard Eisenbrey
Robert Massey Drayton
James Dwight Orne



Διότι.

Zeta Psi Fraternity

Sigma Chapter

FOUNDED 1850

Charles C. Harrison, A. M., LL. D.
Horace Jayne, M. D., Ph. D.
Arthur E. Newbold, A. B.
George Wharton Pepper, LL. B.
Thomas R. Neilson, M. D.

Charles Cooper Townsend, LL. B.
Joseph P. Tunis, M. D.
J. Allison Scott, M. D.
Henry R. Seager, Ph. D.
William Pepper, M. D.

Arthur G. Dickson, LL. B.

William Sidney Young
Arthur Morton Wilson
William Baker Whelen
Albert Pepper Gerhard
James Walter Steel
Corbit Lovering
Thomas Duncan Whelen

Theodore Edmondson Brown
John Gilbert
Frank Mauran Rhodes
William Roberts Howell
Lawrence Johnson, Jr.
Clark Wharton Churchman
Benjamin Franklin Pepper

Clarence Herbert Weil
Paul Bedford
Edwin McMaster Stanton
Arthur Primrose Baugh
Morris Lewis Stovell
John Clayton Gilpin
Rea Everett Smith



DRUGGERS

Δ Ψ Fraternity

George T. Bispham, A. M., LL. B.
John P. Crozer Griffith, A. B., M. D.
Charles Prevost Grayson, M. D.
Samuel Frederic Houston, A. B.

Francis Hermann Bohlen, LL. B.
George S. Patterson, B. S., LL. B.
Charles H. Frazier, A. B., M. D.
Francis Randolph Packard, M. D.

Herman Albert Denckle
Samuel Goodman, Jr.
Ralph Pemberton
Henry Kuhl Dillard, Jr.
Edward Young Townsend
John Keasbey Walker
Warren Walker
Williams Biddle Cadwalader
Lionel Willing
Charles Collins Page
John Edward Zimmerman

Thomas Truxtun Hare
Harry Waln Harrison
Robert Gratz Fell
William Dorr Carpenter
Clement Reeves Wainwright
Daniel Murray Cheston, Jr.
Horace Binney Hare
James Kent Willing
Louis Harold Rush
Benjamin West Frazier, Jr.
Richard Dale Benson, Jr.

Samuel Jones Henderson
Israel P. P. Hollingsworth
William Drayton, Jr.
Randolph Fisher Justice
Ewing Lawrence Miller, Jr.
William Wheeler Paul
John Frazer
Thomas Duncan Smith
Samuel Price Wetherill, Jr.
Gouverneur Cadwalader
Wilson Potter



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Phi Kappa Psi

Iota Chapter

Edgar F. Smith, Ph. D.
Josiah H. Penniman, Ph. D.
John Marshall, M. D.

Felix E. Schelling, Ph. D.
Marion D. Learned, Ph. D.
Frederick Ehrenfeld, Ph. D.

Gwilym Davis, M. D.

Wistar Evans Patterson
Robert Porter Donahoo
Paul Hudnut Denniston
Morton McCullough Snow
James Aitken Harrar
Lemuel Howell Davis
Carlton Matthews Goodman
Edward Harris Goodman
John Allan Donaldson
William Kensley Halstead

Benjamin Homer Le Boutillier
Spencer Fullerton Weaver
Samuel Crowther, Jr.
Walter Lee Sheppard
James Stolp Hopkins
Walter Allen Wood
Richard Frederick Schorse
Arthur Brainard Hitchcock, Jr.
William Harley Mulford
Livingston Smith
Albert Crawford Greene Allison

George Washington Childs
Sumner Hayford Cross
Clarence De Armond
Harry E. Lallou, Jr.
Sol Metzger
James Ray Shoch
George Hugh Smith
James P. Cochran
Charles Owsley
Maurice Collins Zinn



Decker.

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity

FOUNDED 1839

Phi Chapter

ESTABLISHED 1880

Faculty

John Goodrich Clark, M. D.
Samuel McCune Lindsay, Ph. D.
Arthur Hobson Quinn, B. S.

Edward Warlock Mumford, Ph. B.
George Fetteroff, M. D., A. B.
James Herbert McKee, M. D.

Elbert Augustus Corbin, Jr.
Robert Horner
Edwin Alan Perkins
Nimian Caldwell Cregar
Edwin Wright Deakin
Garrick Mallery, Jr.
John McIlvain Maris, 3d

John Kirk McCurdy, 2nd
Frank Flavell
Neilson Sharp
John Clymer Boltz
Samuel Henry Cregar
Daniel S. Howard, Jr.
Donald Sinclair Ashbrook

Arthur Ridgway Adamson
Edward George Lavino
William Houston Hughes
Fred Manwaring Law
Theodore Lane Bean
Charles Edward Folwell
Horace Evans Pastorius



Seal of the University of Toronto

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity

Beta Chapter

Rudolph Clarence Möllman
Harry Becker Schaffer, Jr.
John Adams Miskey
Gershom Vorse Wiborn
Walter Wayne Irwin
Albert Buck Dissel
John Spencer Francis
George Fletcher Snyder
Henry Arthur Mitchell
Thomas Patten Stevenson, Jr.
William Ray Baldwin
William Spoor Sampson
Meredith Bright Colket
Franklin Weidener Figner
John Dale Greaves

Oliver William Gilpin
Julian Alexander Dissel
Charles William West
Arthur Russel Fraser
Daingerfield Moseley Groome
Jost Durst Kramer
Thomas Thomson Firth
Edwin Taylor Robinson
Walter Bawden Galloway
Rufus Bell Scarlett
Thomas Baker Young
James Cambell Todd
Francis Xavier Delone
John Baillie



London, 1940.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity

William Lawson Little
Harry Smith Wampole
Arthur Pringle Hume
Harry Beach Struble
Clarence William Close
William Thompson Robinson
Henry Edward Ehlers
William Brown Brendlinger

William Stone Kearney
Stewart McCulloch Marshall
Arthur Dougherty Rees
John Aloysius Colgan
Robert Blake Griffith
Albert Christian Brand
Charles Gunnison Strickland
William Lawson Berst
John Bergen Stevens

Cornelius Decatur Scully
Porter Sawyer Kier
Frank Caspar Roth
Frank Jones Kier
Charles Avery Dravo
William Judd Crookston
William Augustus Boyd
George Byron Whitmore



Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

Zeta Chapter

John Henry Radey Acker
Edwin Henry Brevillier
Harry Goodrich Diefendorf
Charles McClure Doland
John Gardiner
Albert Nicholson Garrett
Thomas Gucker, Jr.
Francis Brinton Jacobs
David Walker Jayne

Richard C. Long
Thaddeus Brew McClain
John Henry Outland
Clement E. Paxson
William Thackara Read
Wilson Stilz
James Harris Warthman
Seizaburo Yaskawa
James Sylvester Deehan

Richard Van Selous Mattison, Jr.
Bradford Newcomb Stevens
Joseph Hutton DeFrees
Clarence Allison Godshalk
William Gilfillan Gardiner
Calvin Hudson M'Cauley, Jr.
James Harvey Baldwin
George Austin Wyeth
Jay Boone Wintersteen



C. S. WOODHULL
1854

Delta Upsilon Fraternity

Upsilon Chapter

ESTABLISHED 1834

Henry Gibbons, A. M.

Leidy Roger Reel
Oscar Schmidt
Leon Stauffer Oliver
William Bertram Imlach
Burnett Smith
Arthur Woodruff Jones
Clarence Hawley Chester
Daniel John Layton
Lester Kintzing
Robert Holmes Page

John Quincy Adams, Ph. D.

Alberto Camilo Suarez
James Andrew Walker
Charles Goss
William Frederick Bennett
Edward Armin Schuman
Charles Dean Klahr
George Sheetz Capelle, Jr.
Gregory Cook Kelly
Homer Bowen Wilcox
Ralph Hodges Plumb

Herman Vandenburg Ames, Ph. D.

Warren Frederick Martin
Frederic Bacon Barnitz
Theodore Foster Thomas
Joseph Robert Wilson
Matthew Wills Wood
Clarence Willet Lipponcott
Benjamin Abraham Thomas
Edwin Owen Lewis
Albert Watson Morton



Psi Upsilon Fraternity

Edward Anthony Mechling
William Procter Remington
John Hays McCormick
Edward Burwell Rich
Frederic Lewis Clark
Bertram Harper Rogers
Robert Foster Carbutt
Arthur Reginald Earnshaw
Louis Gilliams, Jr.

Richard Lee Barrows
James Gibson Lindsay, Jr.
Frank Brooke Evans, Jr.
Charles Frederick Hinckle, Jr.
John Sample Sharpe
Edward Louis Quarles
Stirling Walker Moorhead
Ralph Berrell Evans
George Black Rea

Tomlinson Kent Hawley
Ellwood Ellis Ramsey
Orville Theodore Waring
Robert Parry Clark
Morris Edgar Smith
Benjamin Schreiber Mechling
Tasker Howard
Reuben Nelson Bennett



Diagram

Sigma Chi Fraternity

Φ Φ Chapter

Edward Rider Kapp
Peter D. Overfield
Charles L. Ashley
Walter Winfield Wilson
Benjamin Gardiner Wilson
Frederick Alport Dale

Carroll Hunter Gerry
George Lewis Megargee
Joseph Francis DeSilver
William Jordan, Jr.
Thomas Flavell, 2nd
Lewis J. White Callan
Edward B. Shellenberger

Joseph Hollingsworth Huston
Charles Clayton Lister, Jr.
William Dwight White, Jr.
William Horace Hepburn, Jr.
Perry Wentz
George Griffiths Reichner



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Alpha Chi Rho Fraternity

Phi Phi Chapter

Faculty

Owen Louis Shinn, Ph. D.

Isaac Joachim Schwatt, Ph. D.

Joseph French Johnson, A. B.

Active Members

Howard Marshall Long
Claude Terry Taggart
Burton Scott Easton
Paul Watson
William Hastings Easton
Percival Taylor Rex
James Whitford Riddle, Jr.
Walker Moore Levitt
Elias Wilbur Kriebel
Charles Kenyon Hawks
Daniel Earnest Martel
Walter Biddle Saul
John Louis Haney

Henry Thornton Craven
Leonard Davis Frescoln
Rees Jones Frescoln
Albert Oswald Michener
Warren Frederick Thummel
Frank Dundore Arnold
Samuel Austin Allen
Donald Henry Yost
Earl Fenner Croasdale
Charles Rosenberger Warner
Otto Robert Heiligman
Maylin Joseph Pickering
Homer Jonas Rhode

Walter Herbert Fulweiler
Carl Dudley Camp
James Wallace Cooper
Jacob Clarence Roberts
William McClellan
John Dennis Mahoney
Paxon Deeter
Walter Luther Boschen
Thomas Henry Walnut, Jr.
Clarence Stratton
William August Stoecks



Veritas Liberabit

Delta Tau Delta Fraternity

Omega Chapter

J. Bird Moyer, Ph. D.

Howard Phillip Ziegler
Walter Stewart Cornell
James Gillinder, Jr.
Charles Adams Patterson
Stanley Bremer Moore
Herbert Adams Gibbons
Henry Johns Gibbons
William Paul O'Neil

George Franklin Brumm
George Ralph Combs
Cassius Hinds Watson
Albert Herman Miller
Samson McDowell
Charles Roscoe Spare
James Pyle Wickersham Crawford
George Morris Piersol
Nelson Wilson Janney

William Diehl, D. D. S.

Norman Sinclair Betts
Carroll G. Stewart
George Bryant Lang
Charles Crosby
John William Elwell
Samuel Lloyd Irving
Thomas Potter McCutcheon, Jr.
Albert Hallenberg



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Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity

Delta Kappa Chapter

FOUNDED AT YALE UNIVERSITY, 1844

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J. Dutton Steele, A. B., M. D.

Charles Ayrault Upson
John Sebastian Conway
Henry Godfrey Holler
John Henry Fager
Charles Smick Mackay

William Wallace Whitmore
Thomas Thorne Flagler
Thomas Biggs Harned
Frank Boyce Tupper
Frank Crozier Knowles

Thomas Appleton Cope
Irving Knott Baxter
Archer Jordan
Conrad Epping Koerper
Edward Bright Vedder



Xi Psi Phi Fraternity

Pi Chapter

Eugene Augustus Lincoln, D. D. S.

Leon Thomas Bigham
Walter Chipman Carpenter
Samuel William Collin
William Boyd Creveling
Leverett Curtis DeLand
Charles S. Fowler
Frank Baldwin Garner
Albert Hallenberg

George Raines Hanna
Arthur Edward Healey
Frederick Lorenzo Hunt
Herbert Frederic Knowlton
Alvah Daniel Ladue
George S. B. Leonard
El Dorado Manley, Jr.
George Schaeffer Rothermel
Frank Stephenson Scott

Chester Milton Scripture
Edward Otto Seifert
William Richard Shannon
James Robert Smith
James Burton Snover
George Van Wickle Voorhees
Jean Carroll Whinnery
Royal Eugene Wight



Emblem of Psi Chi

Wm. T. Read
Arthur W. Jones
E. A. Corbin, Jr.
Wister E. Patterson
Frederick A. Dale
Daniel P. Blose
Robert Porter Donehoo
Guy D. Engle

George L. Megargee
Lewis J. White Callan
Carroll Hunter Gerry
Charles C. Lister, Jr.
Peter D. Overfield
Walter W. Wilson
Fred. A. Whitmire



Dryden

Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity

Beta Alpha Chapter

Sarah Pleis Miller
Eleanor Ethel Hayes
Mary Harrison Howell
Mary Hibbs Geisler

Florence Dysart Sargent
Adeline Hyneman Jacobs
Mary R. Scattergood
Margaretta Atkinson

Nellie Abeles Heller



Dresden 1880.

Nu Sigma Nu Fraternity

FOUNDED 1880

Lambda Chapter

Fratres in Urbe

M. Howard Fussell, M. D.
J. Dutton Steele, M. D.
John C. Deal, M. D.

George W. Fithion, M. D.
Charles R. Reynolds, M. D.
Charles F. Mitchell, M. D.

Frank A. Craig, M. D.

Fratres in Universitate

Charles Morton Hosmer
Harry Selby Punell
Robert Shelmerdine McCombs
James Alphonsus Kelley
John Frances McCloskey
John Hedges

A. Philo Howard
Alexander H. McCrystal
Samuel George Paul
Harry Fannery, Jr.
Albert Plummer Duryea
Will West MacFarland

Calvin M. Thomas
Harlan Shoemaker
Edger Earl Gelden
Emile Samuel Silbernagel
Everett A. Lockett
William Eugene Richmond



Booker

Delta Sigma Delta Fraternity

Frederick S. McKay
George S. Schlegel
S. Merrill Weeks
George E. Davis
Samuel P. Cameron
Edmund Buckeridge
Arthur F. Webster
William M. Fine
Harry W. Bailey
Walter S. Quin
Raymond Maziene
Harry B. Kingsley
Fred R. Stathers

Gilbert F. Lane
Joseph E. Flanagan
George H. Banks
William N. Butler
William D. Gaither
Thomas C. Wright
Aurelius F. Wheeler
John H. Kelley
Robert H. W. Strang
William H. Bolton
Halbert C. Glendining
Stanley L. Jordan
Henry E. Trostel

Harry H. Morrow
John H. Bowman
Frederick S. Whitten
Robert H. Clifton
Samuel Oglesby
William H. H. Beckwith
Walter W. McKay
Julio Endelman
Frank D. Booker
Charles R. Jefferis
Alfred H. Gilbert
James C. Corbett



English, 1870

Alpha Mu Pi Omega Fraternity

University of Pennsylvania Chapter

FOUNDED 1890

Honorary

S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D.

Horatio C Wood, M. D., LL. D.

Active

Alexander Crever Abbott, M. D.

Lewis Harry Adler, M. D.

Percival Walter Darran, M. D.

Gwilym George Davis, A. B., M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng.

William Alexander Newman Dorland, A. M., M. D.

Edmund Wales Holmes, A. B., M. D.

John Howard Jopson, A. B., M. D.

John Herr Musser, M. D.

Frank Savery Pearce, M. D.

George Arthur Piersol, C. E., M. D.

Burton Alexander Randall, A. M., Ph. D., M. D.

David Riesman, M. D.

Benjamin Franklin Stahl, Ph. G., B. S., M. D.

Alfred Stengel, M. D.

John Mumford Swan, M. D.

De F. Willard, A. M., Ph. D., M. D.

Joseph Mastbaum Asher, A. B.

Perry Amidon Bly

Charles Browne, A. M.

John MacGregor Burns

Howard Childs Carpenter

Wallace De Witt

Daniel Mansfield Hoyt, B. P.

Russell Robins Jones

Holder Crary Kirby

John Henry Outland

Frederick Marshall Paul, A. B.

Edwin Taylor Robinson

Francis Wharton Sinkler, A. B.

Empson Haines Bainbridge

Sidney Alexander Chalfant, B. S.

Albert McConaghy

Josiah Calvin McCracken

Walter Eugene Rahte

Rufus Bell Scarlett

Edward Armin Schuman

Winthrop Foster Thatcher, A. B.

George Palmer Thomas

S. Mitchell Wagaman, A. B., B. S.

Henry Rihl Alburger

William Frederick Saybolt, Litt. B.



Drago Palla.

The Engineering Fraternity of Mu Phi Alpha

ORGANIZED 1895

Honorary Members

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Edgar F. Smith

Frank L. DeArmond
Horace P. Fry
David Halstead, Jr.
Alan B. Perley
Charles C. Heyl
William G. Marot
Albert Pancoast
Horace W. Ash
George B. Bains, 3d
Ralph L. Warren

Edgar S. Bloom
Walter B. Warren
Charles B. Habighurst
Charles A. Blatchley
Matthew B. Barkley
Theodore Bunker
Harold Calvert
Clinton R. Stewart
Francis J. Tucker
Francis W. Lawrence

Thomas C. Craig
Charles C. Davis
Gilbert I. Vincent
John S. Wise
William C. Biddle
Edwin Elliot
Charles Day
William R. Jones



Psi Omega Fraternity

Zeta Chapter

James Truman, D. D. S.

Alfred P. Lee
Victor Cochran
George B. Cross
Pery W. Andrews
Charles C. Dancy
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Spade Man, Charles Ayrault Upson

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Presenter, Ralph Newton Kellam

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Freshman Year

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Cheyney, 3 b.
Remington, s. s.

Sophomore Year

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Hederman, 3 b.
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Junior Year

Fouse, 2 b.
Müller, captain, 3 b.
Hill, s. s.

Senior Year

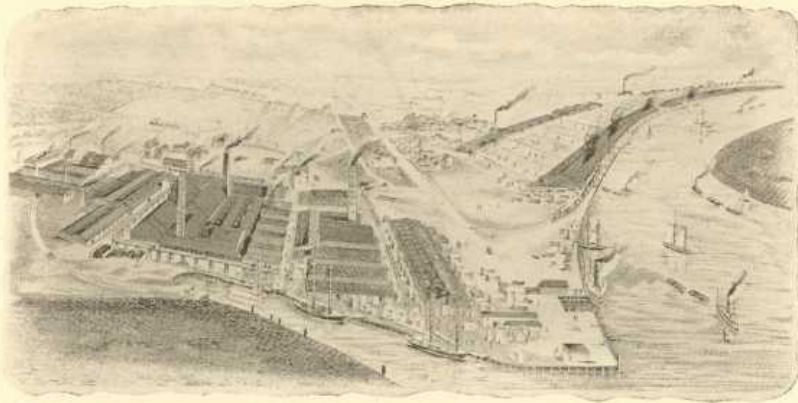
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Müller, 3 b.
Hill, Layton, s. s.

Grant, l. f.
Newburger, c. f.
Whelen, r. f.

Fouse, l. f.
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Kervey, centre
Pierce, r. g.
McCracken, l. g.
Cheyney, r. t.

Evans, l. t.
Stoll, r. e.
Stevenson, l. e.
Denniston, q. b.

Folwell, r. h., Captain
Coombs, l. h.
Brendlinger, f. b.

Hodge

SUBSTITUTES. Donehoo

Westbrook

Sophomore Year

Hodge, Goodman, l. e.
Hutchinson, l. t.
Johnson, Preston, l. g.
McCook, c.

Kervey, r. g.
Buckwalter, r. t.
Cheyney, r. e.
Evans, q. b.

Brendlinger, l. h. b.
Henry, r. h. b.
Brown, Hodge, f. b.

Junior Year

Hager, l. e.
Howell, l. t.
Corbin, l. g.
Preston, c.

Wilkins, r. g.
Ehlers, r. t.
Goodman, r. e.
Evans, q. b.

Taylor, l. h. b.
Perkins, Henry, r. h. b.
Brown, f. b.

Senior Year

Cullen, c.
Kervey, r. g.
McClellan, l. g.
Ehlers, r. t.

Fouse, l. t.
Paterson, r. e.
Hager, l. e.
Kohn, q. b.

Taylor, r. h. b.
Evans, l. h. b.
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C. A. Patterson
L. Buckwalter

H. L. Kervey
L. Kintzing
T. Hutchins

P. McCook
A. Henry
A. B. Hagar, coxswain

Freshman Year, Fall Regatta

Hutchins, stroke and captain
Oliver
Grayson

Warnick
Deakin
Rich

McCook
Buckwalter

Sophomore Year

L. Buckwalter, stroke
C. A. Patterson
L. Kintzing, captain

H. L. Kervey
W. Read
A. Corbin

G. Percival
A. Henry
A. B. Hagar, coxswain

Junior Year

L. Kintzing, stroke and captain
C. A. Patterson
A. Corbin

O. B. Evans
W. Read
W. H. Howell

C. Close
A. Henry
A. B. Hagar, coxswain

Senior Year

L. Kintzing, stroke
C. A. Patterson
W. P. Preston

A. Corbin
G. Percival
O. B. Evans

C. Close
L. Oliver
A. B. Hagar, coxswain

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2. Morice, '99
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2. Morice, '99
3. Hodge, '00

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2. Morice, '99
3. Whelen, '99

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2. Stitzer, '99
3. Sinkler, '99

Broad Jump

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2. Francis, '00
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Pole Vault

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2. Preston, '99
3. Ehlers, '00

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'99—43

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MAY 10, 1898.

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2. Deakin, '00
3. Remington, '00

Mile Walk

1. Gibbons, '01
2. Gillender, '00
3. Fisher, '00

220-Yards Low Hurdle

1. Remington, '00
2. Hare, '01
3. Goodman, '00

Pole Vault

1. Deakin, '00
2. Ehlers, '00
3. Colket, '01

Half-Mile Run

1. Little, '01
2. Abrahams, '00
3. Jackson, '01

220-Yards Dash

1. McClain, '01
2. Deakin, '00
3. Remington, '00

Quarter-Mile Run

1. Little, '01
2. Abrahams, '00
3. Moore, '01

High Jump

1. Remington, '00
2. Colket, '01
3. Hare, '01

120-Yards High Hurdle

1. Remington, '00
2. Deakin, '00
3. Hare, '01

Mile Run

1. Earnshaw, '01
2. Smith, '01
3. Abrahams, '00

Broad Jump

1. McClain, '01
2. Remington, '00

Shot Pu

1. Hare, '01
2. Call, '01
3. Hodge, '00

Hammer Throw

1. Hare, '01
2. Hodge, '00
3. Preston, '00

Total Points

'00—45½

'01—58½

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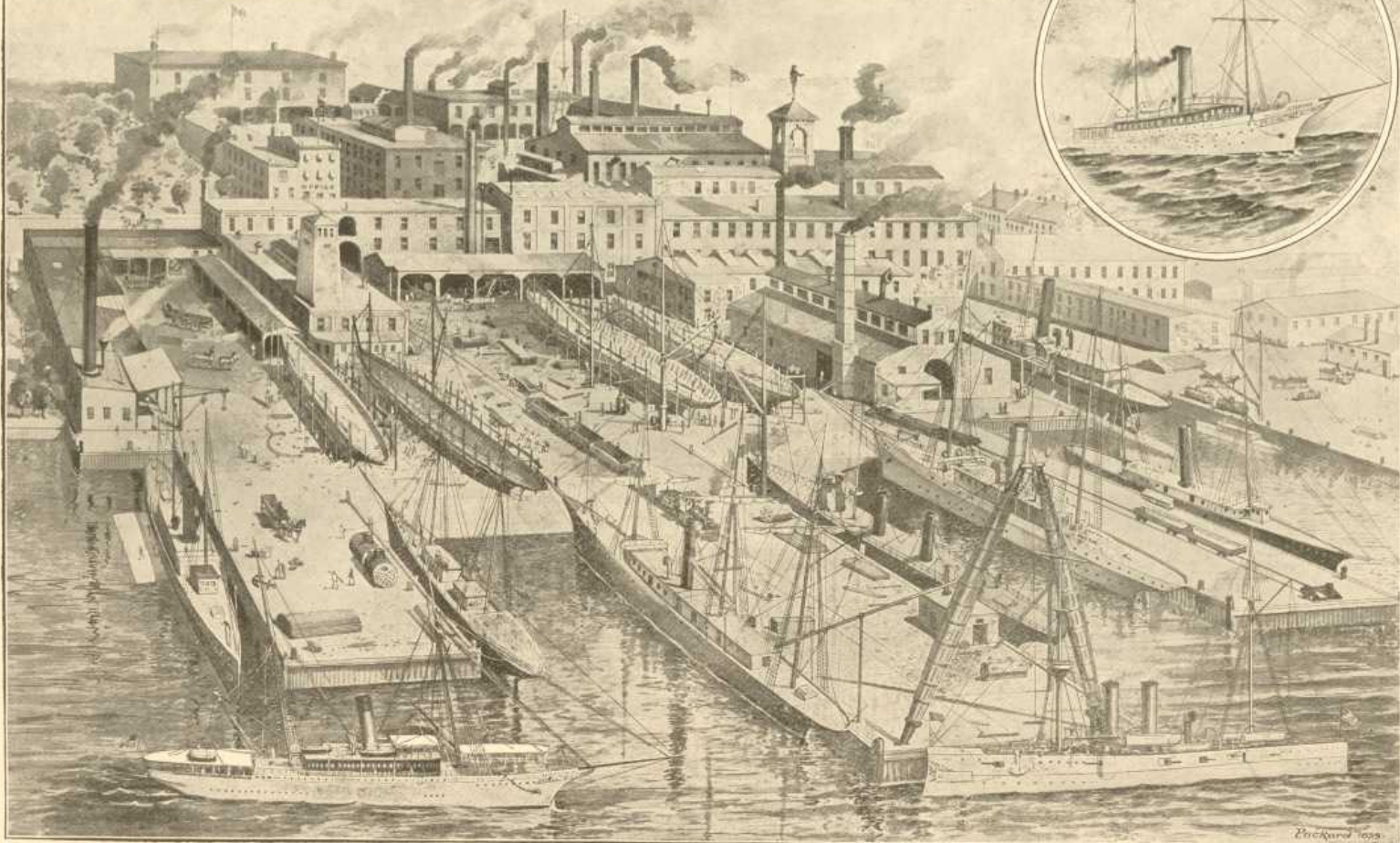
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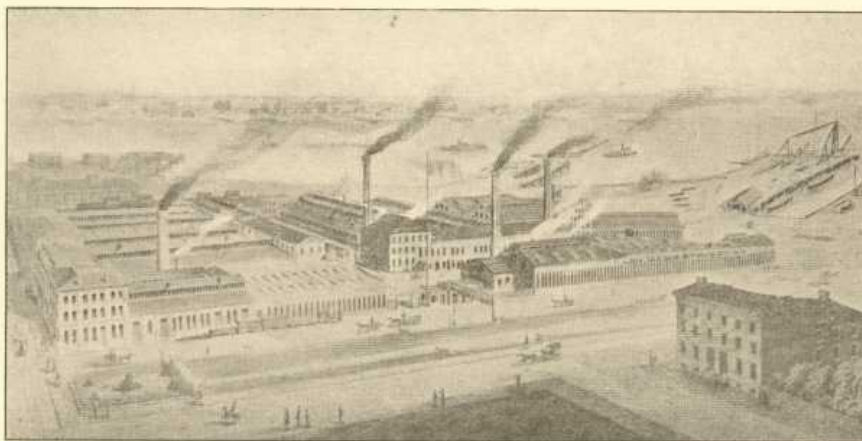
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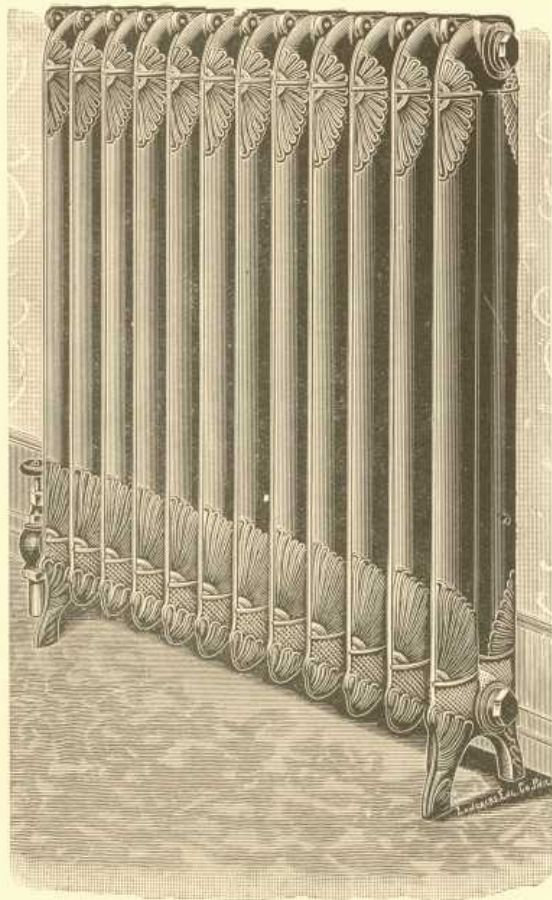
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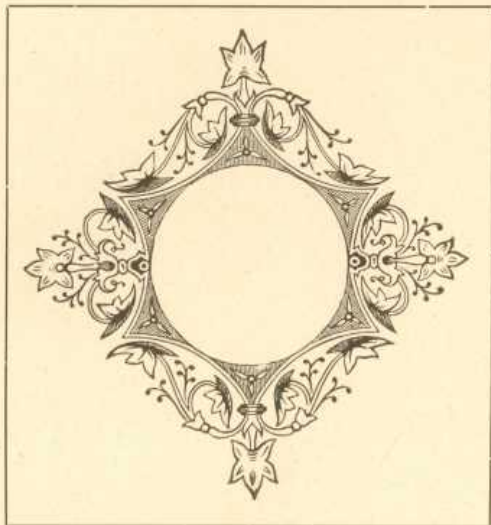
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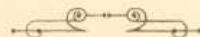
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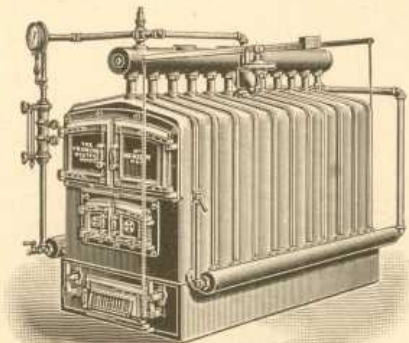
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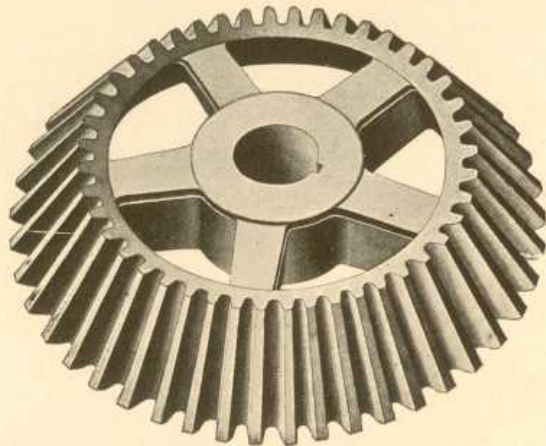
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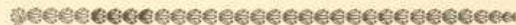
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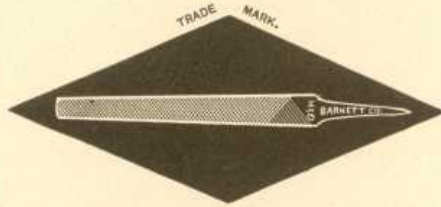
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The Census of Nineteen Hundred

Dedicated to Samuel McCune Lindsay

The compilers of these questions do not feel that they owe any apology to '99 for using the idea, for '99 borrowed it from someone else, of course. We apologize to the original source, and if the answers that our brilliant classmates have made to our pertinent or impertinent questions are sufficient to raise a smile, we will all step out into the yard and swell until we bust the studs out of our shirt fronts.

1 *Who is the first man in 1900?*

Read first, by thirty lengths; Yasakawa, Conway and Riddle also rowed. Ball received three votes because he is first in the catalogue. Sypherd, the cynic, says there is none. This was counted as a vote for Sypherd.

2 *Who thinks he is?*

1 Riddle. 2 Kellam. 3 Folz. Corbin and Upson exchanged votes.

3 *Who is the most beautifully built man?*

Kintzing voted for himself and won out by one vote over Corbin. 3 Evans. Loeb got a vote with apologies to his tailor. Rich says that Corbin is, above the waist, Davis below.

4 *Who thinks he is?*

Corbin won. Layton was seen in the distance; others could not be distinguished. Someone said: "Corbin, by a neck and other muscles."

5 *Who is the most argumentative?*

1 Michener. 2 Hunter. 3 Fisher. 4 Gaw. Magaziner, Gomborrow, Jory and Upson were tied for last place.

6 *Who is the happiest?*

1 Craven. 2 Kellam. 3 Upson. Read and Jones worked hard for this honor, and succeeded in capturing their own votes.

7 *Who is the biggest liar?*

Layton, Potts and Karcher were the favorites. But few in the class were scratched. Folz don't think there is any, hence he is "it."

8 *Who is the biggest leg-puller?*

The consensus of opinion seems to favor Oliver, Davis, Folz and seventeen others, including Arthur Woodruff Jones.

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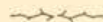
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PHILADELPHIA

CENSUS—Continued.

9 *Who is the meanest man?*

1 McClellan. 2 Layton. 3 Frazier. Others under 2 per cent.

10 *Who is our "Widow's Mite"?*

Ninety per cent of the class gave this honor to "Mendy," Hume and "King" Kervey received two votes apiece.

11 *Who is the greatest lover?*

Twenty men entered the contest, but Fager, of Harrisburg and Easton distanced them all.

12 *Who thinks he is the best lover?*

Kellam and Gaw tried for first. Warren, Fager and "Ollie" Oliver tied for third. Fouse received a vote because he thinks the ladies admire a deep bass voice. Riddle and Michener ran well as "Library Rivals."

13 *Who is the biggest politician?*

1 Conway. 2 Read. 3 Kellam. Others under 2 per cent. One vote for "Conway-Read Syndicate" and one for "Kel-Read-lam."

14 *Who is the most versatile?*

1 Karcher, in a walk. 2 Riddle. 3 Loeb. 4 Rich and Gaw. Others under 5 per cent. One vote for Read, the abridged Chambers' Encyclopedia.

15 *Who thinks he is?*

Kellam, by all odds. Fisher, Rich and Michener also figured.

16 *Who is the easiest mark?*

Fisher is "it," but was hard pushed by Davis, Cregar and Schenck.

17 *Who is our most lady-like man?*

1 Cregar. 2 Gaw. 3 Davis. 4 Ward. Others under 4 per cent, including Read and Blanche Gardiner. One vote for Lady Edwina Zacynthia Davis.

18 *Who is, à la '99, our manliest man?*

1 Tryon. 2 Conway. Some took this as a joke and voted for Easton, Blanche Gardiner, Fisher and others. The co-ed vote went to Dan Karcher.

19 *Who is the best candidate for Ninth and Arch?*

Fisher and Gaw ran neck and neck. Easton and Davis came in on the side-show.

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CENSUS—Continued.

20 *Who is the sportiest?*

Oscar Loeb, and he tried hard for this honor. 2 Corbin (hard luck, Bert). 3 Grayson. 4 Read (they are on to you, Bill). Others under 8 per cent.

21 *Who thinks he is?*

1 Liveright. 2 Corbin. Upson, Kellam and Loeb bunched for third. Nearly every other man in the class got a vote.

22 *Who is the hardest student?*

Tryon says he isn't, but the class thinks he is. Rice and Burch are also grinds. Davis is the biggest bookworm.

23 *Who thinks he is?*

1 Folz. 2 Davis. 3 McKee. All the engineers think they are, but they have never been in the Wharton School. Ha! ha!

24 *Who is the biggest bluff?*

Oliver best all-around. 2 Potts. 3 Gillinder. 4 Kohn. Others under 5 per cent. Some say it depends on the game.

25 *Who is the best athlete?*

1 Kintzing. 2 Grant. Others were not in their class.

26 *Who thinks he is?*

1 Corbin. 2 McClellan. 3 Evans. Others under 3 per cent. One vote for Sypherd in Remington's trunks, and one for "Corbin, the strong man."

27 *Who is the most religious?*

From the vote it would appear that Remington was the only religious man in the class. However, Tryon, McKinney, Gaw and Reeder received a few scattered votes.

28 *Who is the best talker?*

Riddle crossed the line first, with sails taut. Read, Kellam, Loeb and Karcher were becalmed. Many others never caught the wind at all.

29 *Who thinks he is?*

1 Riddle. 2 Kellam. 3 Fisher. 4 Michener. 5 Gaw. 6 Read. These were well bunched. Others under 4 per cent.

30 *Who is the least appreciated man in the class?*

Rich just won, Yasakawa a close second, and Remington followed hard for third. Most of the rest of the class voted for themselves. One vote for "the man with the auburn hair." This was counted for Sachs.

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CENSUS—Continued.

31 *Who thinks he is?*

1 Fisher. 2 Corbin. 3 Brendlinger. 4 C. A. Patterson.
5 Rich. Others under 7 per cent.

32 *Who is the laziest man?*

Liepsner, in a sleep. Layton crawled in second. Jones was carried in third. Others too lazy to finish.

33 *Who is the most inquisitive?*

1 Folz, and still he never knows. 2 Michener. 3 Gomborow. 4 Hahn. Others under 1 per cent.

34 *What is the best course in College?*

1 Arts. 2 Architecture and Pool, tie. 4 Politics. 5 Schelling. 6 Wharton. Others under 6 per cent.

Several men favor lectures by Fager-Liepsner, *vice* Rowe, indisposed. Cregar likes music because it is two hours a week and Co-eds. Bill Read says Chorus Girls. "He ought to know," says Kellam.

35 *What is your intended occupation?*

30 per cent of the class are going into law; 25 per cent expect to climb the ladder of fame as engineers; 18 per cent are going into business; 10 per cent will get square by teaching others; 8 per cent will design our future homes; 5 per cent will take care of our health, and 2 per cent look after our

morals. The rest will pass through life as economic bums, artistic and aristocratic loafers. Preston is going to be a prize-fighter. Fager is going to make shoes, No. 5,076 Eastern Penitentiary. And one man is going to wait for Gaw, McClellan and Davis to become famous.

36 *What is your favorite amusement?*

1 Pitching pennies. 2 Theatre. 3 Reading. 4 Sleeping. Roberts likes to watch Blanche Gardiner dissect cats. Corbin says, "Work." Oh! my! Read advises you to play Baccarat, there's money in it. Kellam likes to chase cats. Upson's is keeping the Co-eds out of chapel.

37 *What is your favorite book?*

1 Sapho. 2 To Have and to Hold. 3 Richard Carvel. 4 Romola. 5 Billy Baxter's Letters. Fisher likes Mother Goose. Percival says, "Six Tricks in Whist." Loeb says, "The one Folz will write." Scattered votes for bank-, check- and pocket-books. One vote for the "Red and Blue when I was manager." This is supposed to be Kellam's vote.

38 *What is your favorite play?*

Sapho and Zaza took the middle of the stage, with Macbeth, Hamlet, as You Like It, Mam'selle 'Awkins and Belle of New York grouped in the background. Yasakawa likes Kanadehor Chusirgare; we take his word for it. Poker, pool, the races and tennis were also included.

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CENSUS—Continued.

39 *What is your favorite drink?*

1 Schuylkil under various labels, as Punch, Potpourri, Light, Dark, etc. 2 Rhine wine seltzer. 3 Milk. 4 Beer (various brands). Quite a number of the class don't drink anything. Conway favors Great Bear Spring Water. Folz recommends the Pierian Spring, but he has only tasted it. Oliver likes best the liquid melody of the voice of our Dean.

40 *What is your favorite smoke?*

1 Captain. 2 Sweet Caporal Cigarettes. 3 Golden Scepter. 4 Opium. 5 Cigars, including the other man's. Sixty-eight per cent of the class smoke; and Müller, Liepser, Hill and Hildebeitel hit the pipe. Gaw and Folz smoke only at class suppers.

41 *What is your favorite soap?*

Forty-seven per cent of the class use soap. 1 Pears. 2 Ivory. 3 Sand. 4 Soapine did it. Three vote for William's "It's free." "Like my favorite fruit, it's Pears." Perkins uses dog soap, but not for himself. Those that can, use the Faculty's soap. The rest never heard of it.

42 *Who is your favorite actor or actress?*

1 Irving. 2 Nethersole. 3 Joe Jefferson. 4 Maude Adams. 5 Anna Held. Our class is full of them, Gaw, Corbin Live-

right, Si Patton and others figuring in the make-up. One vote each for Penniman, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Oliver. Kellam voted for Edna May. Why?

43 *Did you ever use a crib?*

Forty-nine per cent of the class were brought up that way, and have never broken the habit. Twenty per cent have not. The rest refuse to answer, which means that they do. Conway prefers opening the book. Folz says he has never been *known* to use one. Oliver says, yes, when he slept in a corn-crib.

44 *Have you ever read the Bible?*

Eighty-five per cent of the class have, ten per cent are doubtful, and the rest have not. Fager has read it, but not wholly. Reeder has read it in six languages.

45 *Why haven't you?*

Corbin says, "Too much work." Fisher can only read picture books. Read says, "Work first, pleasure afterwards." Saul didn't because he was stranded on the "bega's." Upson claims that a pretty teacher was the cause.

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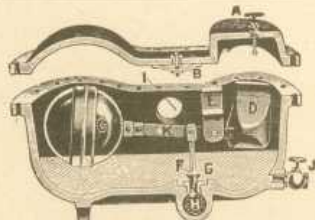
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CENSUS—Concluded.

46 *Do you intend to marry?*

Seventy-two per cent intend to marry, nine per cent do not, and the rest are doubtful. Most of the class would if her father could afford the luxury of a son-in-law. Three members said, "You can't do a good thing too often." These were counted as Mormons.

47 *What style of girl do you prefer?*

1 Brunette. 2 Brown eyes. 3 "The Girl with the Auburn Hair." 4 Blue eyes and pearly teeth. Husik likes a "hydrogen-peroxide" blonde. J. S. Patterson likes a short, stout girl. Gaw likes her kind. This looks suspicious. Hager likes a twin. Willing wants a suitably selected swell sweetheart.

48 *What do you do in summer?*

All of the class perspire. The Jerseyites kill mosquitoes. Gaw says he communes with nature. Again suspicious. Nelson builds bridges, in his mind. Three of the class work, the rest loaf, recuperate and bum in "several" styles.

49 *What do you think of the faculty?*

Two-thirds of the votes are not printable. Merzbacher says he don't care to break the Fourth Commandment. Marshall claims its like a bee-hive, you can't meddle with it. Many of the class fear meeting them in the next world. Fisher thinks they're all right.

50 *Why are you glad you are in 1900?*

"Because it is the greatest class ever." "Because I am an easily satisfied cuss." "Because I love you." "Because I got all I wanted." "Because it is the least of four evils." "Only class opposed to Co-eds." "So I can vote for Gaw, Riddle and McClellan." (Cregar.) "So I can have the exquisite pleasure of hearing Karcher speak." "I would do anything to miss the gang in 1901." "Because I met Folz." "Because its Bill Read's class." "Because a solitary light shines most brightly among dark shadows." "Because it is *fin de siècle*."

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