



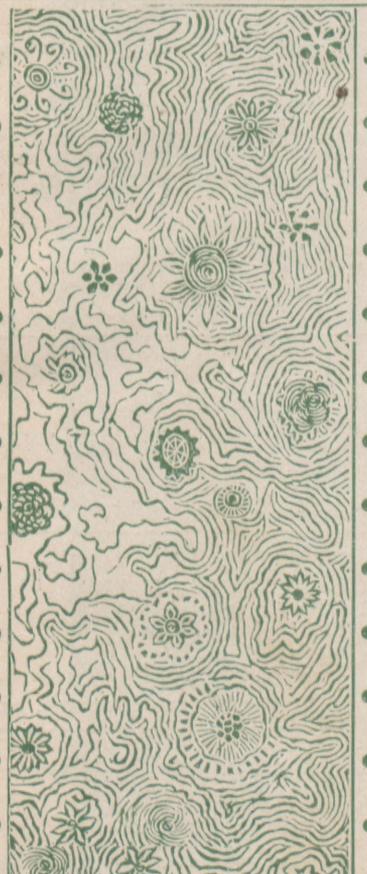
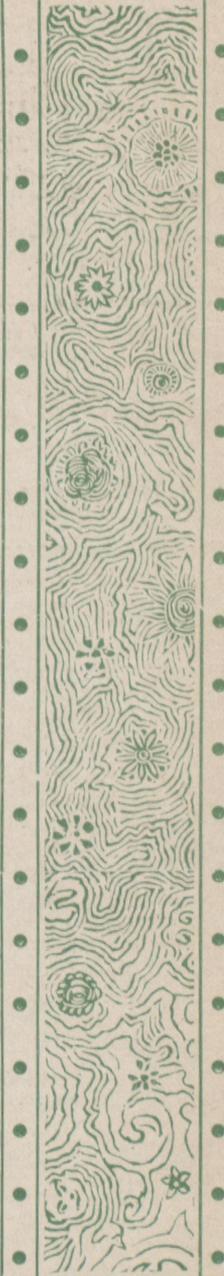
J. H. U.

June 6/99

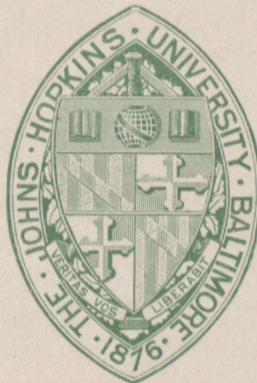
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

The

# News-Letter



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'99.

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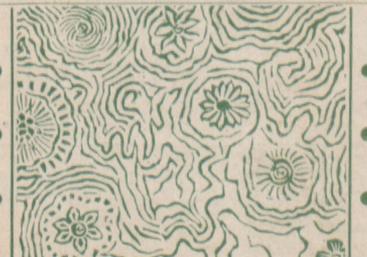


THE JOHNS HOPKINS



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BALTIMORE, MD.

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No. 17

## WHAT IS EDUCATION FOR?

It is worth while for all students to discover or recollect the highest ends of school and college training, which should be identified not only with the development of the best personal qualities, but also with social service and the public welfare. Otherwise, the individual is in danger of missing some of the main points in life, such as self-knowledge, self-control, and due regard for his neighbors. Failing to discover one's own capabilities and to master one's self at school or college, the student finds that he has wasted some of the best years of life, when by closer contact with a more exacting business world he might at least have been acquiring more sense and some practical knowledge or useful trade.

In every school and college course there are certain objects that are especially worthy of achievement, and without them all other educational acquirements are of little account. Of what use is it to know specialties, or things in particular, and to be a fool in general? Not all the personal culture of which a selfish man is capable is worth the common sense and plain morality of a good citizen. "Knowledge for man's self," said Lord Bacon, "is in many branches thereof a depraved thing." The Greeks called that man an idiot (*εἰςὄστρυς*) who had no active interest or useful part in civic society. So is he who does not voluntarily conform to the established social order. The first duty of all education is to acquire civic sense, a spirit of obedience to law and authority. This spirit is the primary virtue of every good citizen. It is the law-abiding spirit in contradistinction to lawlessness and anarchy. Order is the proper basis of every school and college, as of every civic and social assembly. A student who will not restrain himself in the class room, or who disturbs others on college premises, deserves to be repressed or put out of the pre-

cincts of learning. And yet many boys and young men seem to think that school is the place for mischief and college a fair field for horse play and breaking the public peace. The recent outbreaks of rioting and disorder in academic towns illustrate the survival in America of the antiquated notion that students are a law unto themselves, and that the rights of other people have no existence in a college community or under the common law. The idea of the antiquated notion that students are apparently still in fashion in American colleges.

Fortunately, Baltimore is a city with a well-developed public sense in favor of good government. There is little opportunity or disposition on the part of the student population of our 2,000 men in this University Town to break the local peace. Occasionally, in theatres or other public places there have been feeble attempts to disturb the performance and interfere with the rights of others, but such attempts have always been promptly checked by civic common sense, if not by the police. In Baltimore public opinion clearly recognizes that student pranks and misdemeanors do not befit a civilized community. Any old-time sympathizer with college disorder, on the ground that this is a display of true college spirit, is a foe of higher education and good citizenship. Sooner or later, even in our country colleges, boys must learn by severe treatment that they, too, are under law and that their first duty is to obey it. The mere fact that there still survives in some institutions an avowed sympathy with antiquated, barbaric customs proves conclusively that the modern civic sense has not yet fully evolved and has not triumphed over mediæval nonsense. Where that savage spirit of student lawlessness still prevails, there the primary object of higher education in civic society has not been accomplished.

Our American schools and colleges sometimes break down at the most critical point, namely, in respect for common law, constituted authority, and the rights of property on which all good government and civilization rest. A professed scholar who is not at the same time a decent and orderly citizen is an anomalous being. He is an uncivil, uneducated clown. Edmund Burke said: "Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and civil state together."

It is not often in this academic community that students break the peace by noisy demonstrations. What such things will inevitably lead to, if encouraged, is indicated in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia for Saturday, May 27, 1899, which records the fact that, on the preceding day, college students of the University of Pennsylvania started out, after chapel exercises, to celebrate the conclusion of lectures for the academic year just closing. About 400 juniors, sophomores, and freshmen formed in lines of fours and paraded about the campus and through the principal buildings singing college songs and at intervals giving the familiar yells. The more prominent of the professors were visted in their lecture rooms and called upon for speeches. The celebration was continued by the students marching along some of the public streets, stealing signboards and looting an ice wagon! One of the rioters was struck in the ribs by an ice hatchet and severely wounded. Four students were caught by the police and taken to the station-house. They were charged with breach of the peace, and each offender was held for trial on \$400 bail. These contemporary facts may be thought funny and characteristic of college life, but they are quite unworthy of liberal education, as are some other well-known abuses of student freedom still tolerated in academic institutions. It sometimes seems that school and college culture is not even skin deep. For example, when collegians this very spring painted red the statue of John Harvard, or, some years ago, branded with fire candidates for initiation to a college fraternity. If the enlightened sentiment of faculties and upperclassmen do not soon suppress student savagery and rowdiness of all sorts, the police courts probably will.

In these democratic days, when even American children are becoming pert and freshmen regardless of their elders, it is time to revive and cultivate the principle embodied in that saying of William of Wykeman, Bishop of Winchester, who founded a collegiate school in that cathedral town and also New College at Oxford: "*Manners maketh man.*" That motto of Winchester School still characterizes the students of England. When Dr. Thomas Arnold, the modern reformer of Rugby and indirectly of many other public schools, defined the qualifications of a good teacher, he said: "What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman—an active man, and one who has common sense and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the school; but yet, on second thoughts, I do not care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms, and, besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind, and an interest in his work, to high scholarship, for the one can be acquired more easily than the other."

At Rugby, as all school boys know, the method of government is by the good example of masters and the older boys, the so-called "sixth form." The influence of seniority was strongly felt at Phillips Exeter Academy in my school days, when upper class athletes ruled the lower classes, and when appointed senior leaders sat together on a high bench at prayers and when every class room was firmly governed, even in the teacher's absence, by a so-called "monitor," who was chosen by authority because of his eminent qualities as a man and as a scholar. Boys always educate one another in school and out. Gladstone said he learned more in a student debating society at Eton than from his masters. England's statesmen are trained on the cricket field and on the river. Boys in a boat and in all athletic training obey their "coach" and captain as absolutely as soldiers obey orders, and this is right.

Among all the personal influences proceeding from native ability, athletic skill, classical culture, literary talent, and mathematical genius, nothing is more important than acknowledged "good form" in everything that is said or done. Some boys possess this quality by nature or acquire it almost instinctively by association, but some never learn how to do things or say things properly. Rude and uncouth from the very beginning of school or college life, they remain so throughout their entire course and in after life are still lamentably deficient. Some boys have only a kind of superficial polish with no real substance of knowledge or character. They seem to have only the external forms of politeness on certain occasions, but no real civility, or *politesse du coeur*. The true gentleman, like the late Judge George William Brown, is always gentle, under all circumstances, and to all sorts and conditions of men. "*Manners maketh man,*" but good manners are not put on and put off at the will of the individual.

Gentle qualities, inherited or early acquired, are never really forgotten. I once saw a Christian minister who, in his old age and natural decay, had forgotten all his theology, all his sermons, his Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and even the names of his own familiar friends, as did Ralph Waldo Emerson in his last years; but the clergyman and the philosopher never forgot their gentle habits and good manners even to the last. There is something which survives all other forms of teaching and that is character, which includes personal ethics, a decent regard for social convention and the feelings of other people. Good manners are simply good habits, inherited customs or rules of conduct personified. Without manners all other education is vain.

Consider the importance of intelligent patriotism in school or college training. It was no unimportant contribution when, in 1888, *The Youth's Companion* started the idea of raising an American flag over every public school house. That idea has now become an established institution based upon popular legislation. The Stars and Stripes are now a recognized symbol of patriotism in almost

every youthful seminary of learning in these United States. Instead of personal devotion to king or emperor, queen or prince, American school children are now taught to regard with pride and affection the flag of their country and to be true to their national colors. Boys and girls see in that flag an emblem of the American Union, a star for every State and thirteen stripes representing the original members of the Old Confederation. It is folly to discourage or underrate patriotic sentiment in the education of youth. The pity is that love of country is not more universal in America. As our young people grow older, they are sometimes taught to speak disrespectfully of our National Government and of the democratic tendencies of our time.

There is something wrong in that system of higher education which produces cynics and mere critics, malcontents with the "the powers that be" and with the manifest destiny of the American people. It should be the duty of every college man to oppose and repress that scoffing, unpatriotic spirit, which, like Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*, is always in the opposition, "*Der Geist der stets verneint.*" Men need affirmation rather than denial, positive truth, and not idle negations. Students especially ought to cultivate a healthy optimism, a cheerful, hopeful tone and a belief in the future of their country. And yet colleges abound in political agnostics and unbelievers in democracy. Some self-styled "reformers" and academic croakers are about as bad in practical politics as Richard Croker and his gang in New York City. The Tammany boss perverts good and efficient government. The reform boss sometimes obstructs it and blocks the wheels of civic progress because he cannot reform things in his own way. Students and teachers alike need a civic courage which dares to do needful things, and not so much of that doubting, timid, halting spirit which says "Don't."

HERBERT B. ADAMS.

Dr. Gilman will deliver the commencement address at Boston University on June 7, and at the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, on June 15.

**HOPKINS IN DAYS OF OLD.**

Customs are largely dependent upon surroundings. In particular is this true of student customs. For example, we cannot picture the student dull or the "Hoch" as the steins hit the table together without Heidelberg or Göttingen for a background. Nor can we picture the proctor with two high-halted "bull dogs" at his heels, going the rounds of the village or Guy Fawkes night and interfering with the fisticuff arguments of the students without seeing old Oxford in the background.

Nor to take an example nearer home, can we imagine our order-loving President delivering a felicitous athletic congratulation, while in the distance an old cannon and a large bonfire of other people's property roar their approval. The affair might be attempted, but its perpetuation would depend largely upon its adaptability to our surroundings. Our University, ripe though she is in scholarship, is still young in sentiment, the sentiment which explains, though it may not always excuse, a custom.

Owing to our infancy and the constant change of student surroundings, we find perhaps that we have few traditions and customs save some modest and reasonable regulation as to entering classes and closing exercises, which can scarcely be considered distinctive. Yet we have our ways—fads, if you will—and rendering "custom unto whom custom is due." I still think that one who has passed through the Hopkins with a well-developed set of the semi-social feelings manages to secure, along with a valuable education, a few invaluable memories.

And this is true of all classes. Today Hopkins men have an admirable athletic cage, which, with energy and a good spirit, has turned out teams that have set the blood of the old-timers going. Yesterday we had Clifton and the old gymnasium "dressing room" and the "tennis court," some energy and plenty of good spirits, and, though the ways of today may differ from those of yesterday, still the sum total of things worth remembering is probably the same.

Perhaps the greatest difference lies in that very Clifton life—and it is hard for one who has been out of college but five years to realize that these days are entirely of the past, and that any story of them would not be more familiar than entertaining.

The old place itself, as almost every Hopkins man knows, made an ideal campus; in fact, an ideal university site. The great old trees that clustered about Johns Hopkins' home had all the possibilities of a university sentiment in their shade. Straight down to the edge of the athletic grounds they grew. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the two non-laboratory days, men in all manner of costumes from Grecian nudity to modern dudes, worked the dirt out of their pores and the cobwebs out of their brains.

At one end lacrosse or baseball, at another tennis, held sway; or in the crisper days of the autumn the quick call of signal and the thump of the football.

And then there was the sense of common ownership that binds men together—your own team or your own grounds. The team is beaten, you are beaten; the team wins, your victory.

And the trip to and fro. Properly considered, a bore in those days, and, indeed, a great handicap to properly training teams.

On the day of games there was the dressing in the old "gym," the scramble for the top seats on the four-horse 'bus (when the strength of the roof permitted, occasionally a doubtful matter, the 'busses being as a rule a little weak in the upper story), the University yell as the 'bus drove off, across Monument street to Charles, past the University Clubs with another yell, and out the avenue with a song or so and a wonderful lack of wit for the benefit of passers-by; a universal, heart-deep, holocaust sigh for the soul feminine as she passed, plenty of free and some excellent advice for the pedestrian who strove to look unconscious, a great display of black and blue legs, a banner or two, and a steady roar, marked the progress of the 'bus. Then out North avenue and out the Harford road, where conditions were reversed, for with a feeling of helpless indig-

nity and a discreet search for shelter, together with language appropriate to the occasion, the caravan would encounter a shower of stones from small boys who had not learned to appreciate the dignity of the Johns Hopkins University.

And then the game; more often defeat, which experience rather than reason had shown should be taken philosophically; but an occasional victory, and the celebration. Top seats at a premium, a handsome chalk pastel of the score on the side of the 'bus, a combination of victorious sounds at which a Wagnerian opera pales, songs and songs, yells and yells as —.

These things stick in your head. I can hear some old classmate of mine now say: "How about the old groans for lack of college spirit, the old fights to have a campus near the University, the disobedience of every rule of training, the helter-skelter, individual athletic ways and the other hundred and one worries?" The answer is: "All carefully and comfortably forgotten." Memory is a genial old trickster of rare discretion, for she rubs oil on the old paintings, bringing out the brighter colors and leaving the blotches and shadow.

And another central point of those days is the old stove in the dressing room of the gym.

The fire, over which presided generation after generation (in the college sense) of vestal wits—coming like water and going like the wind, they took their places in turn before the stove, fired their humor hour after hour at the crowd before them and syphonated with marvelous ability into the open door of the stove behind them.

They were a choice assembly, the pivots of loafing hours. They composed local verses for popular songs, they knew all the latest jokes, were authorities on the theatres of the week, always had an audience, and while, perhaps in justice, they could not be called drawing-room jesters, yet what it pleased them to call their "humor" was good, thus it left no sting. They occupied a most useful, if not admirable, position in the college life of the day.

And outside the dressing rooms the old brick tennis court, which is familiar to many still at the University, the great disrespect that was shown for the house of the wealthy man

across the way in matter of disposing of old tennis balls and the equally great respect shown for the old colored woman next door when by some mischance the ball slipped through the netting into her august precinct. And the hot games of tennis and the delight of the undergraduate when the blue-cut-away-coat, sky-water - blue - trousered, white - flanneled - sock graduate came out to play, and the encouraging cries in the great struggle when Greek met Greek. The heavy gambling upon results, too, when, as I have heard it said, as much as eighty cents has changed hands in a day. All delightfully innocent vices.

These are but a few of many vivid memories of the days of five years or more ago. It is a rare pleasure today to run across a congenial classmate, and to talk over old times.

And it isn't the problems solved, nor the work accomplished, that comes up for talk, but just such sort of scenes as have been mentioned here. Further, there is not one of them, I think, who went in for such things who would not tell you—confidentially perhaps, but none the less meaningfully—that there are few sensations in his life today that equal those of the old days when he caught a fly at a critical moment, threw a piece of rubber between two stakes for a winning goal, or got down the field for twenty yards with a brown pig skin filled with air.

BEN HOWELL GRISWOLD, JR., '94.

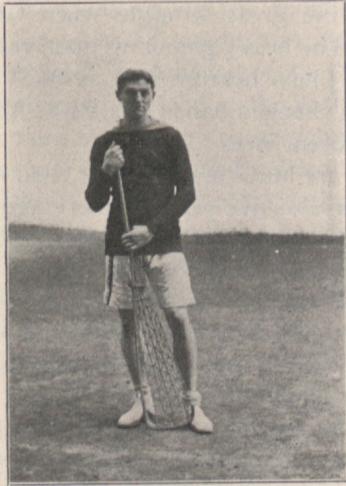


#### THE YEAR'S ATHLETICS.

We have every reason to feel proud of the showing made by our teams in all branches of athletics during the past year, which was about the brightest the Black and Blue has ever seen; but even "better times are coming," and with the advent of our new athletic regime, we should gain victories where formerly we were wont to meet only defeats.

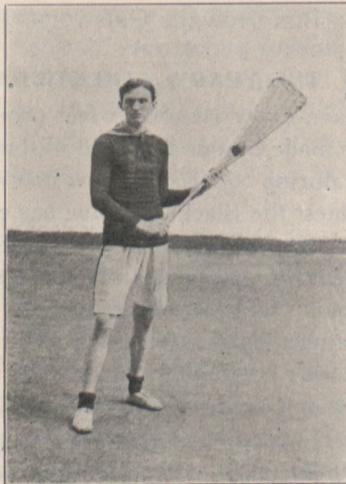
Rome was not built in a day, and a college athlete cannot be developed in a week; but we at Johns Hopkins have shown the country how we can build up in a few months a championship lacrosse team. This lacrosse team is our pride, for it has brought to us for the third time the inter-collegiate pennant, and we cannot do the men too much honor.

The team is more than an object of pride; it is a marvel. To assert that from February until May inexperienced men could be developed into experts able to beat any college team in the country, and to hold their own like veterans against the champions of Great Britain and Ireland, would have seemed preposterous six months ago. Yet this is what has been



done, and the man who has done the greater part of it is William H. Maddren, one of the finest players ever at Johns Hopkins.

The team was well supported, and every success inspired the men to fresh endeavor.



Captain Fitz, however, did not let over-confidence spoil them, and his earnest and painstaking

watch over them was at last rewarded by the victory over Lehigh and the resulting championship.

We present herewith pictures of William H. Maddren, who by his skillful coaching for the past three years has made possible our recent triumphs; of Thomas Fitzgerald, to whom belongs the honor of having captained this year's team, and who is known as one of our fastest and most brilliant players; and of Roland T. Abercrombie, captain-elect of the 1900 team, who is among the most reliable and speedy players on the field. We wish it were possible to show our appreciation of the efforts of each of the other men who have done so much for the team. G. C. Robinson, whose picture appears in another column, has been a most active



and conscientious worker, both as captain and player. It is unfortunate that an injury to his knee has kept him off the field during the greater part of the season. McInnes and Guggenheimer are also entitled to special credit for their faithful and brilliant work.

Track athletics have improved with rapid strides for the past three or four years, since Mr. Mackdermott first took charge of our track and field teams, and the constant accessions of men from Princeton and elsewhere have placed us in a most enviable position. True, during the past year we were unable to do so well as in 1898, when we stood sixth in the national inter-collegiate race, but our show-

ing was most creditable, and today we hold twelve State records.

We shall enter, in addition to the American and Maryland inter-collegiate next year, the Southern championships. Here, we may boast, we should have little trouble in carrying off the victory for the only institution which can lay claim to being our equal is Georgetown, whose best man, Bernard Wefers, has now gone the way of the greatest cracks. Among our scalps taken this year are the relay race at the University of Pennsylvania, the Maryland Athletic Union and the Columbia Athletic Club last fall, and Georgetown University and B. H. C. rink early spring games.

From the football prospects which prevailed at mid-season last fall we were sufficiently encouraged to the hope that the State championship would fall to our lot, but, though we were disappointed, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on what we may well believe was the best eleven Hopkins has ever placed on the gridiron. With a few more MacFarlands, and a continuance of first-rate material as the undergraduate department, especially the freshman class, produced, we are sure to soon have teams which cannot be defeated in Maryland.

In baseball, despite discouragements from within and without, the 'Varsity nine surprised not only Hopkins, but every other member of the Inter-collegiate League. With one or two more pitchers to supplement Strouse, who is booked for three more years in the box, we shall continue to improve in this branch of athletics, though it has always been our weakest.

#### TO '99 A WARNING.

Last summer, somewhere on the New Jersey shore,  
(Any place in New Jersey will do),  
A meet of mosquitoes was held to deplore  
A thing very sad, but yet true.

Cried one: "All the boarders are getting so tough,  
That we'll suffer if something ain't done;  
I've gotten my nice new proboscis all rough  
On some Maryland son of a gun."

Said a tiny mosquito, "I've got some good news;  
Mark Hanna'll be here in July,  
And there's room enough on him, if only you  
choose,  
For all the mosquitos that fly."

This was heard with great joy all around in the place;

Each gave his proboscis a smack.  
It was soon moved and carried that they all run a race

As to which one should get the first whack.  
Said a haughty young 'skeeter—his manner was fine—

"It's no use for you fellows to talk;  
Why, I'm an A. B., J. H. U., '99—

It's a cinch—I can win in a walk.  
"For haven't I feasted on English from Green?  
And Latin from Kirby Smith's neck?  
And my veins filled with ethics absorbed from the Dean?

I'm by far the best card in the deck."  
So he entered the race in his learning galore,  
Strode about as though faster than Knapp;  
At the take-off they stole on him six feet or more,  
And he hasn't yet finished the lap.

It's to you, '99, this sad story I tell,  
For the race you're about to begin.  
To have a diploma's indeed very well;  
But you'll find it won't cinch you to win.

The mosquito who won was most likely a "muck,"  
But his motto was never "Manana."  
He worked good and hard, and achieved the good luck

Of drawing first blood out of Hanna.

C. E. L., '97.

#### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

The assistant advertising agent of the lacrosse team, whose portrait is here given, was one of the most important factors in winning the championship. His services were secured

After the team once saw him parade around Union Park, his influence stayed with them to the end of the season. Unfortunately, however, just because he tried to raise a little enthusiasm on Baltimore street, the short-sighted management requested his resignation. A wretched animal officiated at the Stevens game, but he can never fill the place in the heart of all loyal Hopkins men that is held without rival by the great and only Hopkins mule.





pionship season began. As a result, only five of the men who composed the team had played on the 'Varsity last year. That a team made up under such difficulties should have had the success which it actually attained is little short of marvelous. By outclassing every nearby opponent which it encountered, and by playing the Crescents the hardest game they have had this season, it not only won another championship, but established a record probably never equaled by a college team.

The baseball team's work was fully discussed in our last issue, and, as we then pointed out, there is no reason to be ashamed of it. We did not win the championship, but we made a good showing under great difficulties, and the team deserves its share of the praise which this year falls to every branch of athletics.

In track athletics, although we have dropped out of the Maryland Inter-collegiate Association, our standing has been good wherever our men have been entered. The relay team has won every race in which it has contested, and next year will undoubtedly be ranked in a higher class than formerly. It is to be hoped that our track athletics will not again be cut short for lack of funds.

As regards the musical clubs, the season just completed has been the most successful which

they have ever enjoyed. At their two concerts in Baltimore they were received by large audiences, and on their trips the popularity of their predecessors paved the way. Wherever they have been heard their reception has been most enthusiastic, and in their joint concert with Princeton at Old Point, Nassau was far from unrivaled.

In regarding the year as a whole, then, we feel that a new spirit has entered Johns Hopkins, stirred up by our success in athletics and in other enterprises during the past two years. As an example of this, we cite the case of the lacrosse scrubs. In past years it would have been impossible to induce men who had no chance of making the team to go out for practice day after day, but those times are gone by. Perhaps this spirit has even been aided somewhat by the first disappearance banquet rivalry and hazing (though nothing has ever taken place worthy of this name, with all the dreadful visions which it calls up in the minds of fond parents). Last year the ridiculous inventions and exaggerations which were printed in a morning paper caused both faculty and students to take action to stop a custom innocent enough in itself. But let us hope that even the destruction of our oldest college custom may not be without its good results.



THE GLEE, BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

INTERCOLLEGIATE LACROSSE CHAMPIONS, 1899.



Sayler.	Bruton. Foster.	Tyler. Grimes.	L. E. Griffin. Fitzgerald (Capt.) Abercrombie.	McInnes. Maddren.	Gnggenheimer. Bandel.	Glaser.
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FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898.



TUG OF WAR TEAMS, 1900 AND 1901.

Sayler. Tyler. Dr. Crenshaw. Bruton.  
Swindell. W. L. Smith. Bouchelle. Beeuwkes. Foster.

**NEW DIRECTION OF ATHLETICS.**

The faculty, trustees and student body at the University have awakened to the advisability of a change in the methods of conducting the physical culture departments—athletic and gymnastic—so that they may co-operate advantageously. This is to be accomplished under the direction of a man of wide familiarity with all subjects pertaining to athletic development,

of the Manhattan Athletic Club's track and field team, which held the American championship from 1876 to 1892. His success in coaching is well known to all Hopkins men. He organized and coached the Neptune Boat Club's track team, and later the team of the M. A. C. Both these clubs were very successful as long as he was with them. He has coached the Hopkins track and field men since 1896, and during



RELAY TEAM, 1899.

C. T. Clark.

Wm. Mackdermott (Coach.)

T. F. Riggs.

G. W. Knapp.

J. M. Mullen.

as well as to the business end of running his department, from training the various indoor and outdoor teams to the employment of and supervision over the assistants and employes in his department.

The wisdom of the selection of Mr. William Mackdermott as our first Director of Physical Culture is very evident to those familiar with the subject. Mr. Mackdermott combines in the highest degree the qualifications necessary for the office. He was seven years a member

that time the success of the Black and Blue has been phenomenal, considering the great disadvantage of lack of grounds. The Hopkins track and field team of 1898 won distinction at some of the largest athletic meets of the country, besides completely snowing under any Maryland organizations that were presumptuous enough to compete with them. Mr. Mackdermott is now a member of the Board of Directors of the A. A. U. and of the Atlantic Association.

When it is understood that the directors of physical culture in other colleges merely exercise a supervision over the theoretical part of a student's physical training, depending entirely upon assistants to develop the team candidates, Hopkins is to be congratulated in securing a man who will not only be able to take the required periodical strength tests, but who will personally coach and train all team candidates, and actually take full charge of all lines of physical culture, thus producing a harmonizing effect among the various team interests.

Mr. Mackdermott will enjoy from the start the undivided and enthusiastic support of the entire student body, who have every respect for their new "professor" and every confidence in the aggressive and progressive policy which he intends to pursue from the time he enters upon the duties of his position.



#### THE CLASS OF '99.

HENRY BOGUE, JR., has ambled through Hopkins in sweet communion with the choicest wits of Rome and Greece. The charms of music, to which a place on the '98-99 Glee Club has introduced him, have failed to win him from his classical studies, and he will continue his work in this line.

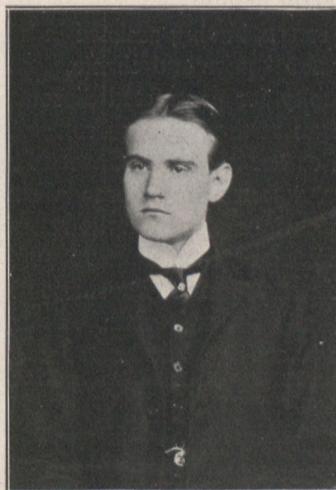
E. SKIPWITH BRUCE, long intimately connected with the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, will return to lend his fostering care as president of the Glee Club's organization. Incidentally, he will indulge in study.

The ex-sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, L. MORGAN CHAMBERS, anticipates using his experience in guiding the spiritual aspirations of such as desire forceful theology.

G. D. DAVIDSON, class poet and debater, will continue his persuasive course, and at once enter on a pedagogical career.

W. M. FOOKS, prominently connected with the Chemical Department, will put into practice the instructions there received, and will administer to his classmates' comfort by brewing pure, unadulterated beer.

J. C. FRENCH, literary man of the class, thrice Hopkins scholar, twice class debater, class historian and senior class president, having contracted an insatiable thirst for "clear-



ness, force and ease," will continue his work in English at Harvard, for which his experience as editor-in-chief of THE NEWS-LETTER and of the *Hullabaloo* will eminently fit him.

S. W. FRANK will carry out in the banking business the precepts and principles gained in minor economics.

C. M. GUGGENHEIMER, appreciating the need of a good goal-keeper at Harvard, pro-



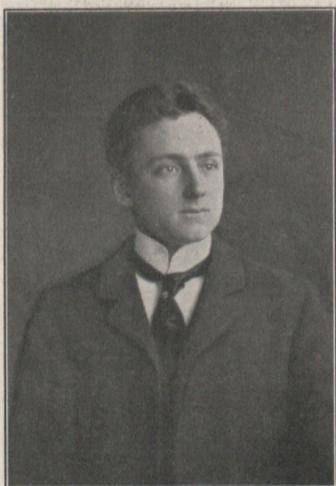
poses to attach himself to the Harvard Law School, and incidentally to carry Hopkins' lacrosse principles into the North.

H. C. DOWNES, having wearied of the comforts of Group VI., will undertake more active work in the Medical School, for whose stern duties his experience as '99 *Hullabaloo* editor will eminently fit him.

F. C. FISHER, having assisted in keeping the '99 *Hullabaloo* "pure and chaste," will indulge his propensity for protracted discourse in theological lines at the Baptist Crozier Seminary.

E. B. FOSNOCHT, C. C. GADDESS and HERMAN KURRELMAYER anticipate a summer repete with various plans for the future, not yet having decided on their next year's work.

R. H. GRIMES, formerly business manager of all Hopkins (*NEWS-LETTER*, *Hullabaloo*, lacrosse team, etc.) and more or less connected



with all the rest (Mandolin Club, Senate, etc.) expects to prepare at Harvard Law School for a continued and extensive course of politics.

The Law School of the University of Maryland will be delighted to learn that J. R. GEMMILL will bring to it the wealth of talent that made him worthy to be class treasurer.

H. S. GREENBAUM has kicked the traces the *Hullabaloo* prophecy set him, and instead of talking a jury into a state of nervous collapse will learn at the Medical School how more painlessly to accomplish that result.

Fully recuperated from the fatigues of the '97-98 football and lacrosse teams, L. W. HASKELL looks forward with eager enthusiasm to the wide fields of effort open to a Hopkins Medical School man.

While the 'Varsity baseball team has but recently emerged from a mythical state, its late captain, L. L. JOYNER, has at all times appeared as its staunch representative. The eloquence



that kept baseball on the Hopkins list will undergo the discipline of the University of Maryland Law School.

JOSHUA LEVERING, JR., ex-vice-president of the Y. M. C. A., class toastmaster '95-96, perpetually member of the Banjo Club, having drained all the possible joys of Hopkins and kept himself unruffled by all cares (save man-



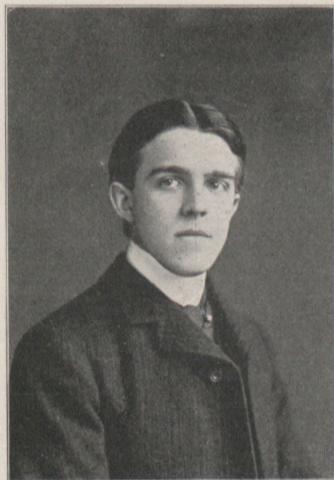
agement of '97-98 Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs), will plunge into the busy whirl of the business world. In the future he will confine himself strictly to coffee.

H. S. HANNA will pursue advanced historical-work in the University.

T. D. JONES, JR., has survived the buffets of the indoor baseball team and the historical-political course, and hopes to find repose in the congenial quiet of a country parish. He will begin his theological studies in the fall.

The successful leadership of the '98-99 Glee Club having served as a severe training school, and contributed that perfect calm and self-control so essential to the pursuit of the law, KARL JUNGBLUTH, JR., will enter the profession through the portals of the Harvard Law School.

G. W. KNAPP, JR., reputed "the fastest man that the University ever had," will find a congenial atmosphere at the Harvard Law School.



Knapp has been prominent in class and athletic affairs, and on account of his victories on the relay and lacrosse teams, received the honor of a NEWS-LETTER editorship.

P. A. MURKLAND has proved his undisputed possession of the "gift of the gab" in obtaining advertisements for the *Hullabaloo* and in advising the Senate and House debating teams. Of course, he will study law.

ALBERT KEIDEL, MAURICE LAZENBY and O. S. WERBER, devotees of science, expect to try the fortunes of four years at Medical School. Possible result—M. D.'s. They have indulged in lacrosse, football and general gymnasium work, respectively.

W. M. KRAGER, prominently connected in the past with the "Willst Circle," and closely asso-

ciated with the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, "will come back to study English" and lead the Banjo Club of next year.

It should be a cause for sincere congratulation that J. H. KING will not desert the Hop-



kings, but will be back for graduate work in biology. King, bred in the stern school of THE NEWS-LETTER staff, was one of the generators of the '99 *Hullabaloo*. He will continue his management of the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs for the season of '99-1900.

J. M. MULLEN, captain of the 'Varsity relay and track teams, has taken an active interest in Hopkins athletics and added to Hopkins rec-



ords. He was Hopkins scholar for '96-97, and an editor of '99 *Hullabaloo*. He has not certainly decided what line of work he will take up in the future.

J. A. KALB has obtained a foretaste of the joys of power as Y. M. C. A. secretary and vice-president, and hopes to secure a continuance of might as instructor of mathematics.

W. L. ROSS and R. H. THOMAS will test the power and charm of their A. B.'s on raw aspirants for similar honors.

G. C. ROBINSON expects to suffer the temporary unimportance of a first year medical scholar. Robinson has taken a prominent part in athletics, and a genuine interest in all things



pertaining to Hopkins. He was twice class president, twice captain of the 'Varsity lacrosse team, twice captain of the football team, and at the same time member of the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs.

Another of the men who will return to do University work is E. A. SPRILMAN, who has taken high scholarship honors. Sprilman will work under Dr. Gildersleeve.

In deference to the pleas of the musical contingent C. M. REMSEN will not desert the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, of which he has been for four years a mainstay, but will continue his work at the University in the Chemical Department.

L. A. REYMANN, one of the *Hullabaloo* editors, will study law at the University of Virginia. Reymann was lieutenant of the far-famed Hopkins company of '98, and will therefore seek the martial environment of the South. He played on this year's lacrosse team.

M. N. SMULL, fashion's perfect mirror, has acted as accompanist of the Clubs and sang on

the Glee Club of '98-99. He will return to the University.

G. L. TANEYHILL, C. E. FORD, JR., and F. B. FLINN will return for work at the University.

"Since some must sell, that other men may ride," RENE TAVEAU will enter the bicycle trade and dispense wheels to his unprovided classmates.

ARTHUR WRIGHT expects to delve into the secrets of chemistry and the mysteries of Laboratory B under the guidance of Professor Stewart.

J. DEL. VER PLANCK will return to his ancestral domesnes on the historic Hudson.



#### THE CIGARETTE FIEND.

When de Doctor sez I'm dyin', put a "root" between me lips,  
'n I'll breade me life out peaceful 'twixt de blissful kissful sips,  
'n I'll draw de smoke down in me, t' de remmint uv me lungs,  
'n in two hazy streamlets, spurt it t'rough me nostril-bungs.

'n w'en de gleamin' angels are chantin' overhe'd,  
De mournful, tuneful requirum fur ernudder fool det's dead,

Lord, let me wait er little, w'ile de dear ole stump I kiss,  
Den put it in me coffin wid de skelington of dis.

'n if, w'en I gits t' heaven, er "NO SMOKIN'" sign I see,

I'll turn eround 'n come right out—it ain't er place fur me.

I dunt want ter be an angel; I'd rudder shuvel coal,  
'n sell me season-ticket t' some "no tobacco" soul.

Git er match frum ole Saint Peter et det eighteen-karet gate,

Scratch it on me glis'nin' robe uv w'ite, 'n go t' hell in state,

Er-smoking uv a *Nestor*—its gold tip between me lips—

'n er-winking et de devil 'twixt de blissful, kissful sips.

Yes, I'll greet him quite jacosely, 'n giv' him an inhale

W'ich will almost make him tink det he's inside de heav'nly pale.

Wid dis favor ez er knockdown, I'll touch him fur er spot

W'ere a man may smoke in quiet, 'n it ain't too bloomingk hot.

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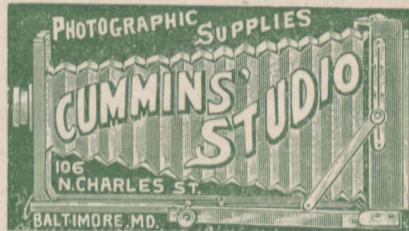
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